

Poetry

A GLAD NEW YEAR.

Ring, ring, ye glad new bells
From your bellies ring
Ring out your joyful strains
From earth to sky!

We'll lift with braver heart
Life's burden once again
We'll act a nobler part
Among our fellow men

Ring, ring, ye bells!
Ring loud, ring clear!
Peal out your glad new year
From earth to sky.

Literature

Winged and Righted.

CHAPTER XIII.

"GOOD-BY, FOREVER!"

Richard then gave him an outline of what he had just related to Pearle, explaining all that he consistently could regarding the mystery of the Dove, concerning which Pearle's wild words had puzzled him greatly and troubled him exceedingly.

"I do not wonder that she had been driven to such a desperate measure," he said, with a pitying glance at his sister. "As things were represented to her, and after seeing what she did at the Dove cot."

"I know it—indeed it. Oh! if she had but charged me with it before it was too late!" he cried, despairingly.

"You do not consider the pride of our race, my friend. She believed she had been fooled and duped in the worst way imaginable, and her pride arose in rebellion against you."

"I see; I was wrong to keep this matter about Ariel from her. I could at least have told her as much as I have to-day; but I had the same as pledged myself to keep even her existence a secret. However, that is past now, and hopeless as everything seems, yet I cannot relinquish all hope. Alton, this marriage—a forced one—is no marriage; it can be annulled," Richard said, eagerly.

The earl shook his head doubtfully. "I fear, Richard, it could hardly be called a forced marriage—instead, only the mad act of a rash, almost insane girl. Oh! my dear sister, why did you not confide in me?" he asked, with sorrowful reproach.

"Because I dared not. He said he would not spare Richard a single moment if I told any one," Pearle answered, her head still bowed upon her knees.

"The wretch! I could not bear his heart out with me," the earl said, bitterly. Richard byrholm said a deep crimson and the veins swelled out full and hard upon his forehead.

"There is murder in my heart, but my hands are tied," he whispered, with a convulsive shudder and a despairing look at Pearle.

Adison Cheetham was now the husband of the woman whom he idolized, and Pearle, if she were made free that moment, would never see him again.

"Alton," he cried, turning almost fiercely to the earl, "give me a ray of hope—is there no possible way out of this trouble?"

"None save death, I fear," was the reply. "You know our English laws are very strict regarding the marriage contract. That Pearle has really been driven into this union there can be no doubt; it would be very difficult to prove it, in the face of the opposing testimony which would be brought to bear against us, should we carry the matter into court. There are plenty of witnesses who would be obliged to swear that she asked and obtained your consent to release her from her engagement to me before she entered the church, and her voluntary appearance at the altar with that villain would hardly look as if she had been forced into the marriage."

"I see," Richard replied, with a groan. "Too well he knows the rigid code regarding marriage in a divorce that prevailed in England. But every feeling of his nature rebelled against the cruel fate that had separated him from the woman he so fondly loved."

"Oh, Pearle, if you had but trusted me!" the earl said, gloomily, as he passed excitedly back and forth before her. "Don't Alton's eyes tell you that I dare not, and every proof seemed so incontestable, the stricken girl moaned helplessly.

"I know, but if such had been really the fact, you ought to have allowed the punishment to fall where it was merited. You had no right to sacrifice yourself, even to shield the man you loved from the consequences of his crime."

"I know it, but there was where I was weak. I loved Richard—ah! you can never know how well," she cried, raising her clasped hands toward her head with a gesture of misery; "and I thought that no torture could be so great as that of seeing him disgraced, his name ruined, all his sin made public, and his reputation lost. Alton—all the future will do that, with out the additional weight of your displeasure."

The earl went to her and took her tenderly in his arms, conscience-smitten that he should have added a pang to what she already suffered.

"My poor girl!" he said, tenderly. "I would do anything to save you from this trouble. Let us look this matter squarely in the face now, and see what can be done."

He put her gently back in her chair, and turned his perplexed face to Richard, as if he thought he would suggest something.

"For the moment, Richard lost all control of himself—hated, anger, bitterness raged hotly within him.

"Pearle," he said, going to her and kneeling by her side, "this dreadful thing is too—too hard to bear. Say but the word, and I will do you and fight that wretch; and if I do, you may be sure I will kill him."

She shivered at the cold. "Richard! that must not be. I must not allow you to stain your hands with human blood," she whispered.

"No; for that would separate us just as effectually," he answered, brokenly. "But oh! my lost Pearle, what am I going to do—how can I bear the long years that must follow this fatal day?" and his head dropped heavily upon the arm chair.

"How can either of us bear them?" she moaned; and lifting one hand, she laid it gently on his bowed head, laying unconsciously with the masses of hair as she had been wont to do.

CHAPTER X

DAFFLED.

The guests who had gathered at Ashton Manor to celebrate the marriage of the beautiful girl who, although she was loved, were filled with consternation at the strange events that had occurred that morning.

"How I have loved you, you can never know. I do love you now too well, and for my idolatry I am thus punished," he returned, in a hollow voice.

"Darling, do not say that this misery has been sent you for love of me; and yet your words have comforted me greatly. My own love," he continued, bending toward her and touching her burning forehead with his lip, "it is for the last time. I have no right any longer to speak to you as being speaking; but, at heart, I know you still belong to me. I shall wait, Pearle, always hoping that some time I shall have my own again—it will not be long, I will try to bear it all patiently for your sake, and you must do the same for me. If ever you should be in trouble—if ever you should need protection that I can give you, send to me, and nothing shall keep me from you."

She could not bear it—he was torturing her with every word he uttered; and putting him from her, she rose from her chair, that terrible stare that had been seen in the vestibule of the church in her eyes, while her lips moved in indistinct mutterings.

"What are you going to do, Pearle?" the earl asked, coming forward and taking her hands in his. "He, too, was frightened by her appeal. "I do not know," she cried passionately, and breaking from his hold.

"At this moment a peremptory knock sounded on the door. The earl went to open it. Adison Cheetham stood without his face livid with anger. He entered the room, and walked directly to Pearle.

"Well," she said, fixing him with a look that made him cringe; "what will you have?"

"My wife!" he answered, with a leer at Richard byrholm.

"The young man clenched his hands and ground his teeth. It was no ordinary self-control that kept him from striking the villain dead at his feet.

"It is not acceptable to me the idea of propriety for the wife of one man to be holding private interviews with another," the angry husband sneered, with a sullen look at his rival.

"You will please observe to the propriety of keeping a civil tongue in your head while you remain in this house," said Mr. Cheetham, sternly, and advancing toward him.

He bowed with mock humility at this remark; then, addressing Pearle again, he asked: "Mrs. Cheetham, how soon will you be ready to depart? Our carriage is at the door."

He could almost see her flesh creep with horror at his words. She opened her lips to speak, closed them, thought a moment, and then, to the infinite surprise of all, replied calmly in less than an hour.

"Margaret!" exclaimed her brother, aghast; "surely you would not spend even one hour of your life with this traitor?"

She gave him a quick, searching glance; then drawing herself more proudly erect, she replied defiantly: "I believe I should."

"Pearle, you shall not sacrifice yourself thus. This wretch who has tricked you into this marriage shall never take you from this house; neither shall he go unpunished," the pale bride answered, with a strange smile on her lips.

"No; I do not think he will go unpunished. His retribution began from this moment," the pale bride answered, with a strange smile on her lips.

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CHAPTER XI

THE MARRIAGE.

He passed solemnly up the great staircase, turned to the left in the upper corridor, and rapped upon Pearle's door. Every one of the group in the hall who had witnessed his departure, as if with his presence some spirit of evil had dawned.

Another moment and the sound of horse's hoofs upon the gravelled driveway proclaimed that he was gone, and a sign of relief escaped from the breast of every one of the group in the hall who had witnessed his departure, as if with his presence some spirit of evil had dawned.

He knocked again, with the same result. He turned the handle, the door yielded, and he entered. There was no one within.

He passed through the charming bedroom door, and rapped upon that. Still no answer. He pushed it open. He could see Pearle's bridal dress lying in a heap upon the bed, where it had been hastily and carelessly thrown; one glove lay upon the floor, the other on a chair; the small, white satin boots, with their embroidery of pearls, were tossed into one corner; but there was no other sign nor sound of the fair young bride in the room.

"Where is Miss Pearle?" the man asked of her.

"Is she not within her room?" she questioned, evasively, and without meeting his eyes.

"I would I'll wager that the very old Nick's to pay," he answered, as he stole softly down the staircase, with a crest-fallen air, but with a gleam of triumph in his eye; for there was not a servant at Ashton Manor, who could endure "Master Richard's Gheet," as he was slyly called among them.

He passed straight by that group at the foot of the stairs, and presenting himself before the impatient husband said, as he bowed with mock reverence: "Madam is not in her room, sir."

"What! Where is she then?" he demanded, in a startled tone, and with a murmur of "No, no, no!"

"I could not say, sir," replied the unflinching servant.

"Go and find her; and don't return until you can bring me some message from her," he roared, and then recommenced his pacing up and down the room.

"What is it, John?" the earl asked, anxiously, as the man came out of the saloon. "Miss Pearle not in her room?"

"No, my lord."

"Are you sure?" the earl asked, in a startled way.

"Yes, my lord. There was no one in Miss Radcliffe's rooms."

"How they all avoided speaking of Pearle by her new name!"

"Where is Elizabeth?"

"Upstairs, my lord. I met her going into Miss Pearle's room as I was coming out; and—my lordship," the man continued, speaking in a whisper, "the apartments were in great disorder."

"The girl was trying to speak calmly. 'I don't know, my lord.'"

"You don't know! Where have you been during the last hour and a half?"

"Part of the time with Miss Pearle, and part of the time in my own room."

"How was that, when you should have been assisting her to prepare for her journey?" he demanded sternly.

"I did assist her, my lord, to change her dress; then she told me that she was not going to take me with her—that she should not need me, and it nearly broke my heart, sir."

"The girl began to sob again, but kept looking at her master, as if she wanted to say more but dare not in the presence of others."

"Well, that is very strange," he answered, with clouded brow. "Of course she cannot go without you; you must have been wild to have thought of such a thing."

"The girl now leaned forward and whispered something in his ear.

The earl uttered a low exclamation of dismay, grew white as the tie about his neck, and then, turning, bounded up the stairs two steps at a time. He hurried to Pearle's rooms, and going to her writing-table, found there a note directed to him.

Elizabeth had whispered that "Pearle was gone, but had left a letter for him."

He seized it, and read: "Adison Cheetham can take his departure from Ashton Manor with all possible dispatch, since no one will accompany him. Did he think that he could succeed in compelling me to sacrifice all my future hopes, that I would humiliate myself sufficiently to carry out that fraud—that miserable mockery perpetrated in the church to-day? Never! I may be his wife in name—let him gather what comfort he can from that; but for nothing would I allow myself to be his when this is read; I shall remain to be his, for when this is read I shall be beyond his reach. And now let him beware that he does not sow my path in the future, for I will not spare him if he attempts to hunt me down. I will never consent to abide in his presence for a single hour."

"A. C. RICHARDS & CO., YARMOUTH, N. S."

TESTIMONIAL. MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO. DEAR SIR:—I was formerly a resident of Port Hope, N. S., and there received much benefit from Minard's Liniment, especially in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Strains, Headaches, and all kinds of rheumatic affections. I have since used it in various parts of my body, and it has done me much good. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, JOSEPH A. SNOW, Norway, Maine.

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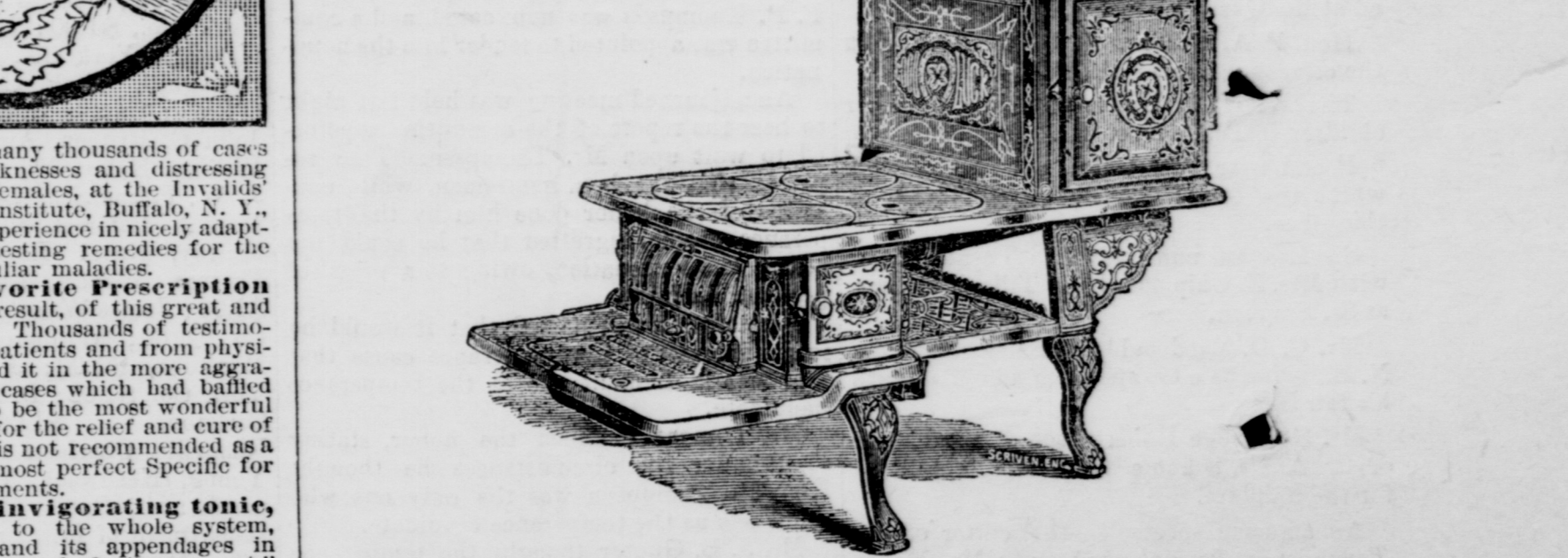
"The familiar act broke him down completely, and great sobs shook his manly form with a force that was frightful to witness. The earl could not bear it, and walked to the window to hide his own emotion.

But the fair bride sat apparently unmoved except for the hopeless, agonized look upon her face, which, however, were starting bright, and no sobs shook her form. It was as if all feeling had for the time, been paralyzed.

The "GOOD LUCK."

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TINWARE, in all lines a specialty.

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Full set of Latest Inventions. No Charge for Extracting for Artificial Teeth.

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