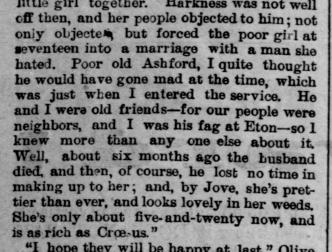


little girl together. Harkness was not well

ever!"



How she did wish he would go away and let her have the rest of the day to herself, to think it all over—the mistake, the trap into which she had fallen, and what would be the consequences thereof. She felt just as a little Lird must feel when the meshes of the fowler close over it, and there is no prospect of freedom, never forever, except the narrow liberty of a cage—a cage still, even though the wires might be well gilded. Oh, was there no escape? He was all very well to talk with a little, to dance with, even to flirt with, if the flirtation meant nothing but harmless fun; but to marry! Well, he might have been well enough to marry if she had not wanted to marry Harkness. Then she remembered that Harkness did not want to marry her, or any one else but the woman who had loved him, as he had loved her, when they were boy and girl together. No, there was no escape! She must either marry Authony Hartog or let the world know-her world, that is-that she had given her love where it was neither valued nor returned. Thinking of what that im-plied, Olive Weyland said within herself that she would *die* first.

had ever known. There was a great fuss had ever known. There was a great fuss when her father and mother came home, for Hartog asked Mr. Weyland for his consent there and then. And then there was a great deal of kissing and joking, such as made Olive's very soul sick. There was an extra merry dinner, to which Hartog stayed with-out ceremony; and then a long evening, practically spont along with here become practically spent alone with her-lover; for Mr. Weyland went off to sleep in a chair be-side the hall fire, and his wife sat near, at a large round table of black Bombay wood, writing to tell her sister the last news about Olive; and Olive and Hartog, after strolling in and out, looking at The Graphic and The Punch upon the larger table by the door, set-tled down at last on the sofa in the cozy little morning room, an arrangement which, though the door was wide open, and Mrs. Weyland could speak to them from where she sat, made them in reality alone. I can hardly tell how wildly Olive longed

for the time of Hartog's departure, to be re-leased from the strain which she had endured since his arrival. But Hartog never stirrel until a prodigious yawn from Mr. Weyland warned him how time was flying; and then Olive was free to go to her room, and, if she liked, to cry her very eyes out. Bu<sup>+</sup>, as a matter of course, she did not shed a single tear.

prayed to them. she is sure you are not happy in your ap-

"And this?"

"But what are they for?" "They are holy people." Olive allowed her hands to lie passively in "Who is this?"-apparently a squabby his, but she did not speak nor look at him. mage of Queen Vic

were materializa-

tions of his wildest

schemes for making

money. One was

something that

would enable engi-

neers to run their

trains safely, and another, with a

piece of Dutch chi-

na baked into one

side of it, was used

for telegraphing.

Then the man drift-

- ed into a string of

complaints that the railroad company and the county had

not paid him for

his discoveries. He

"That is the Virgin Mary."

CHAPTER IX. PLUCK! O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

Land me, she says, where love Shows but one shaft, one dove, One heart, one hand. A shore like that, my dear, Lies where no man will steer, No maiden land.

-Love at Sea. It was a rather remarkable thing that Olive had been so thoroughly deceived by the handwriting of the note which she had received with the locket of the sapphire initial. But, as a matter of fact, it was well known in the regiment that Harkness and Hartog wrote very much alike, as is not un-usual among men of the same class who have been educated at the same schools.

Nobody at Copplethwaite was really familiar with the caligraphy of either, only short notes, in answer to invitations, having come under the notice of any of the members of that household. Those which had come from Harkness, Olive had been careful to read; but when her mother remarked, "Mr. Hartog accepts for the fifth, Olive," or "My dear, Mr. Hartog, has an engagement for Tuesday," she had been content to accept the fact, without satisfying herself by the seeing of the eye that it really was so.

It seemed an incredible circumstance that she could impart, and her mother receive, news of such importance without the mention of a name, and that she should be speaking of one man and her mother of another, and the difference remain uncorrected; yet so it was, and now, be the consequences what they would, she would abide by her mistake.

Hartog discovered nothing. Some lovers are abject, willing to be trod-den under the feet of their fair mistresses; den under the leet of their fair mistresses; but Hartog was not of that order. Quite the contrary, indeed; for he was imperious to a degree, continually bidding Olive, "Come here," or "Do that," or "Don't go there," and adding on a "darling," or "please me," at the end, like a spoonful of jam after a powder, and always having his own way, because Olive was too sick at heart to offen because Olive was too sick at heart to offer

any opposition. But he discovered nothing; and, in truth, he was too fully occupied in making fierce, passionate love to her, to see that she merely submitted to and never reciprocated his affection in any way.

Other folk saw clearly enough that something was grievously wrong-that Olive each day looked more spiritless and ill. He noticed, of course, that she was not looking well; but he put it down to her illness of the autumn and the severity of the winter, and never suspected for a moment that her altered appearance was due to mind instead of body.

of body. He announced his engagement immedi-ately to his brother officers, causing thereby no particular surprise, except to Lucy, who had not expected such news, but who, never-theless, pulled himself together, like the brave and gallant gentleman he was, and wished his comrade joy. But oh, when at length he saw her-when he saw the poor pale face from which the delicate peach-bloom tints of old had all vanished; when he saw the downward droop of the once arch saw the downward droop of the once arch

"And Edith persists," he continued in very gentle tones, "that it is partly, or wrather altogether, my fault. Is that twrue, Olive, my dear?" "It is too late now," she said mournfully-"it is too late for anything." "But if you love me—" he cried eagerly, nistaking her meaning.

pwroaching marwriage."

sorely tempted than she had ever been in all her life, to hide the truth to the last; then pluck, true English pluck, won the day, and she spoke.

"Capt. Lucy," she said, "believe me when I tell you that I have never cared for you in that way. I—I—made a mistake—a great mistake, and I have sacrificed all my life to hide it from the world." And then briefly, yet sparing herself not at all, she told him the truth: "My people do not know, and he least of all. I meant," with a sad smile, "to hide it, even if it cost my life; but I have no right to ruin the rest of yours, by leaving you to believe as Edith does. It would be a sin little, if anything, short of murder." Lucy stood silent, dumb with surprise; then all at once he realized what the telling

of such a story must have cost her; he recognized the true, steadfast heart and the brave spirit which dwelt within her-a pluck greater far than his own.

end as the noblest woman who ever lived." \* \* \* \*

"Oh, Lal!" cried Mignon, a few hours after the joy bells for Olive's wedding had ceased to ring. "Such a pity you didn't go; it was lovely!" heaving a sigh of supreme satisfaction as she gazed at the beautiful brooch of pearls and diamonds which had brooch of pearls and diamonds which had been the bridegroom's gift; at the beautiful bouquet of snowdrops given by the best man, and at the goodly box of bonbons and nougatines gathered off the breakfast table by the father of the bride for the little lady who had won all hearts at Copplethwaite, as she had won all hearts in the Scarlet Lancers six years before. "I did nothing all the way home but be sorry you had missed it."

"And you forgot poor Lal while you wewre thewre," said Lucy, reproachfully. Mignon twined her arm tightly round his neck, and pressed her golden head against his cheek. "No, Lal; I didn't indeed," she cried earn-estly. "See"—diving eagerly into the pocket of her pretty bridesmaid's frock—"see, I

brought you this!" ding cake.

THE END. Two Rooms at the White House.

The young wife's room is the scene of con-

president is attending to affairs of state.

How different the apartment which adjoins

it on the west! Visitors have often noticed

"My good friend, Joe Stickler." "And this big one" "Oh, he is just a holy one." The hands and feet, he explained, were those of his friends. The irregular objects For a moment she was tempted, more

ONE OF THE IDOLS.

"Your secwret shall be safe," he said, simply, "and I shall honor you to my life's to strike the keynote of the man's desires.

"The mountain is hollow. These holy peo-ple will sit in the temple and say what is in the mountain—silver, gold, diamonds—and everybody be happy. Up by the Crystal cave I make my temple. But there is no money-no money." Crystal cave is a cavern in the mountain a

few miles distant, brilliant with calcareous incrustations. Near this the pagan would build his temple. "How many images have you here?" "More than six horses could haul in a

wagon." "How long did it take you to make them?" "More than three years." "Will you sell one of them?" "No, no; not so much as even these." And

he took two pieces of burnt clay from his in-ner vest pocket. They were colored blue, with one end of each dipped in red. "What are they?"

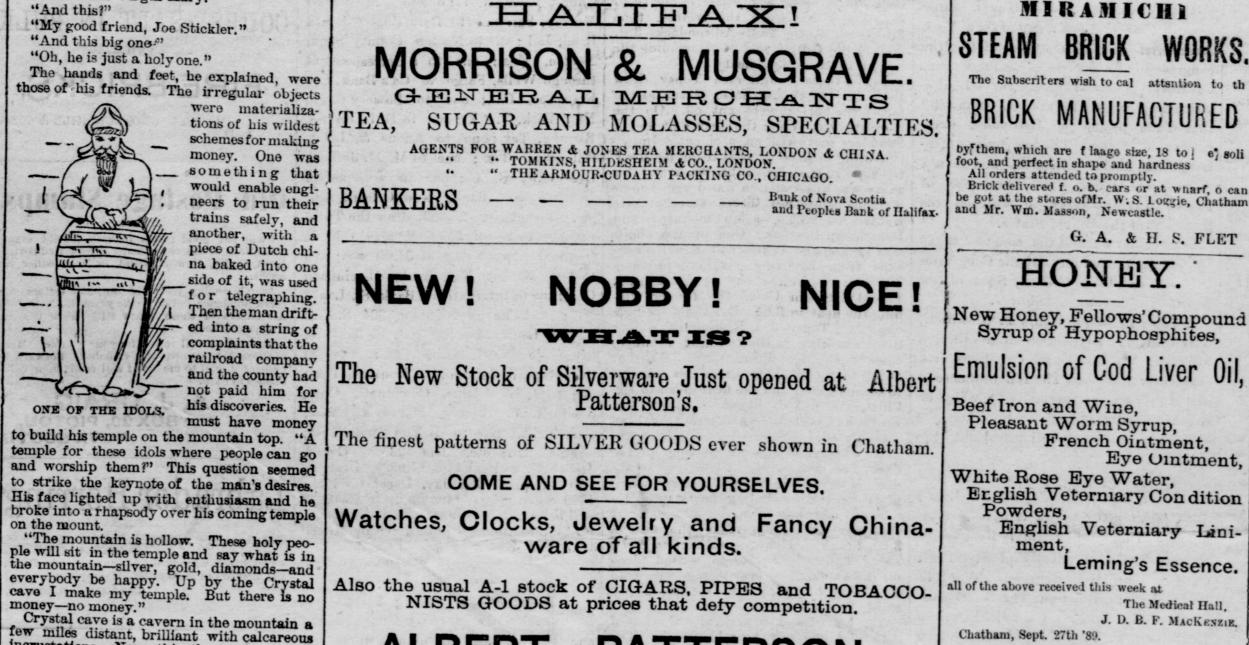
The answer was in a half whisper: "This the finger and this the toe of my friend '

It used to be said that the girls were afraid to meet Robert Grant, author of "The Confes-She thrust something wrapped in a white paper into his hand. Lucy opened it and found it was a piece of Olive Hartog's wed-

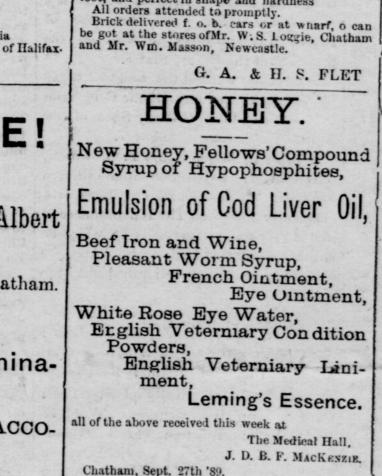
Senhor Eca de Queiroz, Portuguese, is thought to be a really great novelist. His best work, "O Primo Basilio," has made considerable sensation in England under a trans-lation entitled "Dragons' Teeth."

tinued gayety during the hours when the Tennyson has a horror of the biographer; he keeps no diary and has destroyed all his correspondence and all records of it. He re-cently said to a friend: "When I am dead I will take good care they shall not rip me up that this room is never opened. The cur-tains are tightly drawn, and no one ever like a pig."

thinks of crossing its threshold. It was in this room that Garfield lived for months, William Hosea Ballou, the author of "A 200 Suits MEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS' Clothing, and smiling mouth; the mournful look in the black-fringed gray eyes—oh, when he



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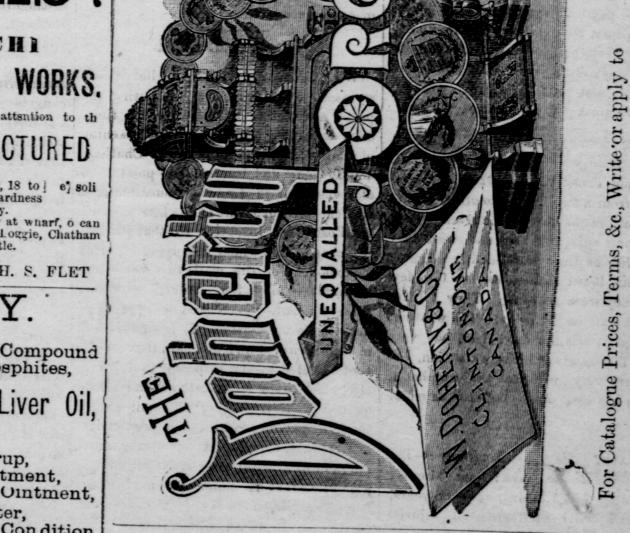
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