The Story of the Wedding Ring

By Bertha M. Clay.

Continued from 1st Page.

There opened then to Ismay Waldron a most brilliant life; nothing that she ha ever dreamed of equalled this magnificent reality. There was one drawback. She had one dispute with Lord Carlswood; he was very desirous that she should relinquish the name of Waldron, and that she would not consent to do. She looked at him with flashing eyes, her beautiful face crimson with anger.

"I have broken my husband's heart," she said; "I have deserted him; I have spoiled all his life; but I will not give up his name. I was proud enough the day I bore it first; I will not give it up." He saw that it was useless to urge the point, so he ceased discussing it. Ismay had more spirit and determination than he had given her credit for.

She was know as "Mrs. Waldron," Lord Carlswood's beautiful granddaughter. People at first used to ask where was her husband—who was he?—and the answer was, "She married very much beneath her, and is separated from him."

After a time they ceased to ask, and the beautiful Mrs. Waldron became one of the queens of the fashionable world. How admired she was! Men spoke of her with wonder—of her marvelous loveliness and grace, her bright smile, her quick ready wit, her radiant face.

Ismay Waldron enjoyed her life. She gave herself up heart and soul, to the spirit of gaiety; no party, no ball, no soiree was complete without her; she was indefatigable in the pursuit of pleasure. Lord Carlswood smiled as he watched her.

"I was not mistaken in my estimate of her character," he thought. "She has forgotten her husband."

He became warmly attached to her, chiefly because her great beauty and popularity flattered his pride. He loved her, too, because she so closely resembled her mot er, the Katrine he remembered as a child, and had loved so dearly. He took great pride and interest in the little Leo—his heir who was to be, the Lord Carlswood of the future. There were times when Ismay Waldron looking around her, said to herself, "I did well; if the time and the choice were to come again, I should do the same. It would have been cruel to waste such a life as mine in a woodkeeper's cottage; it would have been cruel to deprive my beautiful Leo of this grand heritage."

So year after year passed, and with time her beauty developed into magnificent womanhood; she grew more fashionable, more popular. The beautiful Mrs. Waldron was perhaps more universally admired than any other lady in London. The world loved her, as she loved it.

There were times when she hardly realized that she, the admired and flattered beauty, the queen of the season, the most popular woman in London, was the wife of Paul Waldron. In the midst of her grandeur she looked back with a sick, faint shudder on the past—that past wherein she had been the discontented wife of a poor man.

She had reached the climax. Life had nothing more to give her. Wealth, luxury, magnificence, pleasure unbounded, admiration—all were hers. She delighted in her own beauty, she took the greatest pride in adorning it, she was never weary of contemplating it.

The admiration of men pleased and amused her, it did no more. She was vain and worldly, she loved riches and grandeur better perhaps than she loved her own soul; but she was never even in thought, false, to Paul Waldron. She never forgot, that, though parted from him—though she had deserted him—she was still his wife. No one dared to speak to her of love that she could not receive. Yet some of the best and noblest in the land would fain have wooed her, had she been free to be wooed. Lord Carlswood noticed that trait in her character, as he noticed everything. "She is a true Carlswood," he said more than once. "She is beautiful and pure as were all the women of our race."

So the years passed away to Ismay Waldron, one of the most admired and celebrated women of her day.

CHAPTER XV.

There was one season in London when people were all talking of a "new man," who had made his entry into public life. He was a Mr. Dale, of Ravensdale, who had been recently returned as M.P. for Taverton. At first Tories, and then Liberals, had tried to ignore him, but he was becoming a power amongst the people. He could be ignored no longer. He had made some of the most brilliant speeches ever delivered in the House of Commons.

"If he would but become one of us!" said the great Tory leader, with a sigh.

"If we could but get him over on our side," said the Liberal chief.

But Mr. Dale had taken a line of his own and he adhered to it. He was the poor man's friend—some of his speeches were one long burning tirade against the rich and their treatment of the poor. He was prejudiced and bigoted, but his wonderful eloquence, his passionate words, carried with them a certain force of conviction. He was rich himself—master of a fine estate—but he was no aristocrat. He thanked heaven that he had sought to buy no man's soul with gold. Shrewd men, who read his speeches, said there must be a secret attached to his life; he could not hate the aristocracy so much unless he had suffered through one of them.

But no one even guessed that he hated the aristocracy because an old aristocrat had tempted his fair young wife to leave him.

He had become one of the leading men of the day—a power and a voice in the land. Lord Carlswood, who was a great admirer of talent, admired him, although he deplored his principles.

"He has not only talent, that man," he said, referring to him—"he has positive genius. I admire him even for his honest hatred; but I wish his talents were all enlisted on our side—I wish that he were one of us."

People talked a great deal of him; it was said that, although he was so fierce a democrat, even Royalty admired him, and that princes had praised his eloquence. Still, he would not enter what was called fashionable society.

He was walking one day through the park with Major Henchly, a great friend of his, and they saw the carriages of the ladies who were going to the Drawing-Room.

The Major, a fervent admirer of fair women, stopped to look at them, and, in spite of his unwillingness, Mr. Dale was forced to do the same. Suddenly his face grew pale, and the breath came in thick, hot gasps from his lips. His hand clasped the arm of his companion.

"Who is that?" he asked, in a fierce, hoarse whisper.

Major Henchley looked.

"That is the beautiful Mrs. Waldron, the granddaughter of Lord Carlswood. She is a magnificent woman. I do not think she has her equal in London—nay, in all England."

"Mrs. Waldron!" repeated Mr. Dale, in a low voice.

"Do not put the question that no one fails to ask, 'Who is her husband?' "

"People ask that, do they? Well, I am inclined to imitate them. Who is her husband?"

"I cannot tell you; she made some low marriage, I believe."

"Does a low marriage mean that she married a poor man?" asked Mr. Dale.

"I suppose so. I do not know. I have heard, in common with the rest of the world, that she married beneath her, and is separated from her husband."

"Because he is low—I can understand that I am what is called a self-made man, Major. If a high-bred lady looked kindly on me, and an alliance were formed, should you think she had contracted a low marriage?"

"Because of you?" cried the Major. "Certainly not. Why, you are one of the most rising men of the day!"

"It is difficult to discover what a low marriage is," said Mr. Dale; but the strange pallor did not die from his face. He was unlike himself for the whole of the day after he had seen Lord Carlswood's grandchild.

There were many who remarked at the Drawing-Room that the beautiful Mrs. Waldron looked unlike herself; she was not so brilliant, not so radiant; there was more of thought on her brow, of care in her eyes; her smile was not so bright, her repartee not so ready.

It was the truth. The pleasures of the world were beginning to pall upon Ismay. Perhaps she had exhausted them too quickly. She had drained the cup of pleasure to its very dregs; there was nothing left for her to wish for—nothing to desire.

Her life for ten long years had been one series of brilliant triumphs; the world had worshipped her; and during that time she had lived without love; without tenderness, engrossed in vanity, pleasure, and love of luxury. She was in the very pride of her mangificent womanhood now, and she was beginning to feel tired of frivolity—to wish for something better.

She was at a ball one evening, and some one presented her with a beautiful rose. She took it carelessly, and held it in her hands while she sat down to rest. The perfume stole slowly upon her senses; it brought back to her the time when she had sat with Mr. Ford in the pretty shady garden; she remembered her own passion of wonder and emotion as she listened to his steps. Then her husband's face rose before her as she had seen it last—handsome, haggard, with misery, yet full of love and tenderness. She remembered how he had clasped her in his arms and kissed her lips—how he had said to her:—

"You will find nothing in the world like my love."

She started, for a warm tear had fallen upon her hand.

"What am I doing?" she thought. "I have hardly thought of him for years. Can it be possible that I am weeping for Paul?"

She flung the rose away, but she could not dismiss those haunting memories from her heart—Paul's love, Paul's tenderness, Paul's devotion, his incessant watchful care. How proud he had been of her! How madly he had worshipped her!

For the first time—so engrossed had she been in her new life—she began to wonder what had happened to him during those ten years.

"He took my decision very quietly, she said; "he never even tried to persuade me to alter it."

How useless all such persuasions would have been no one knew better than herself; but it began to strike her as strange that he should have made no effort to see her—to induce her to return to him. Of the tempest of pride and passion, of love and despair, through which he had passed, she knew nothing.

Paul, Paul! Why should she be haunted now? she asked herself, impatiently Surely in ten years she had time to forget; surely there could be nothing so absurd as that she should wish for him—long to see him now

Yet by day and by night there was the lingering pain, the longing desire. At times when she woke her pillow was wet with tears; there were times when she found herself moaning, "Paul, Paul!" almost unconsciously to herself And this was the vain, faithless woman who had left her husband because she valued luxury more than love.

She began to long to see him. Once she had compared him with the polished gentlemen she had met at Bralyn, and the comparison, in some respects, had always been his disdvantage; they were so refined, he was so homely. But now, her eyes wandered wearily over the great crowd, she looked in vain for a face like his.

So slowly, but surely, repentance began its work. She had been so eager for riches, so eager to show her great beauty, so eager for admiration—she had longed with such an intensity of longing for the pleasures of life, for its brilliant gaities—she had been eager as a child; and now all that she had longed for had been hers. For ten long years she had been engrossed, heart and soul, in the world's delight. She had been like a man intoxicated with wine. Now the intoxication was subsiding—her sober senses were beginning to return; and with them came a yearning, longing desire for her husband—for the love and kindness of other days. She had been like one in a delirium—now the delirium was wearing off, and the reality frightened her. She had been so dazed, so bewildered, with the prospect held out to her that she had never thought of the wrong.

Perhaps years had steadied her, had given to her better sense, clearer judgment, better thoughts, nobler ideas. One thing was quite certain—all that she had overlooked when she made her fatal choice came clearly before her now—the wrong she had done to her husband, the enormity of the sin she had committed.

"I was so sorely tempted," she cried to herself—"I forgot all the wrong."

She tried hard to drown all these thoughts. She went out more than ever—tried to forget, to drown her sorrow in galeties. It was not possible. By night and by day memory was here to torture her.

She grew thin and pale. People remarked to each other and to Lord Carlswood how changed she was, and he grew anxious about her.

"We will leave London earlier than usual this year," he said. "You must go to the seaside, Ismay. You are not looking so well, my dear child. What ails you?"

She could have told him that it was an awakened conscience, a troubled heart, an uneasy mind, a longing desire to see her husband again, a longing wish if possible to undo her sin.

"Was it a sin?" The question came suddenly to her mind one day, and startled her terribly. A sin? She had always been frightened at sin—it was not a pleasant word. Was this a sin—to have left the husband to whom she had plighted her troth, for no better reason than the desire of being rich?

Not all the sea-breezes that ever swept the waves would bring health to the unhappy wife who had been so frail, so weak of purpose, so easily tempted. No medicine, no tonic yet discovered, had power to quiet the pain of her awakened conscience.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ismay Waldron had felt the pain of ungratified wishes; she had known what it was to be poor, yet to long to be rich—to long for pleasure and gaiety, yet to have all denied to her. But in all her life she had never suffered anything like this sorrow—the sorrow of unavailing remorse, of repentance, without the power of atonement, of love that knows itself all unworthy of ever metting with love in return.

Lord Carlswood took her to the seaside, but she looked no better when she came back. The music of the waves could not drown the voice of her heart. It was so aroused that never again was Ismay Waldron to lull her conscience to sleep or to forget the wrong she had done.

Even dress had lost its charm. All the diamonds of Golconda could not have restored her peace. She began to excuse herself from accepting invitations, to find reasons why she should not go out—and this, too, when, as Lord Carlswood said, she was in the pride of her glorious beauty.

The struggle was killing her; it seemed all the greater that for so long she had forgotten Paul. She was always picturing to herself the delight of a reunion with him, night after night she dreamt that these ten years were but a dream—that she was at home with Paul in their little cottage again clinging to him and praying him never to let her go; she would wake with tears streaming down her face, and weep again that it was but a dream.

"I would go back to him," she said to herself one day with a deep sob—"I would go back to him if I could."

And that idea took possession of her—the idea of going back—giving up all the advantages she had gained—leaving her beautiful world. Was it a beautiful world? Her heart ached for some little love and tenderness—she was tired of her loveless life — wearied with the weight of her sin.

"I would go back to him if I could," she said; and, just as the thought of going to Bralyn had once seemed to her to embody all that was most desirable in the world, so now the thought of going back to Paul made her heart beat with delight.

She pictured his happiness. What would he say if, some day he should wake up suddenly and see her standing before him? She remembered his loving words—his tender and caressing manner—his worship of her. He would be overpowered with delight. She forgot that the wrong she had done him was a grievous one, such as a man never forgets and seldom forgives.

She must go back. Of course Lord Carlswood would never forgive her; but she did not seem to care now so much for that. She had tried both lives, and she knew that for real happiness the life she had led with her husband was the truest.

"I will go to him," she said. "I am not happy here. I cannot live away from him any longer."

In her own mind she felt sure that Lord Carlswood would never disinherit her boy. He had brought him up for ten years as his heir, and it did not seem probable that he would disappoint him now. She resolved to go; and once having made the resolve, she was very much happier for it. Then the practical details began to bother her. She remembered that for ten years she had heard nothing of Paul's whereabouts. Was he still in the little cottage? Her heart contracted with a sudden, terrible fear—was he living or was he dead?

When should she go? The sooner she could find an opportunity the better it would be. Then she was obliged to put aside her thought for a time. Lord Carlswood had made a point of her attendance at Lady Brentway's ball, and she was compelled to go.

She was especially careful about her dress that night. She wore a robe of pale violet velvet, with a suite of superb diamonds, Lord Carlswood's present to her. Never in her life had Ismay Waldron looked more beautiful.

The rooms were crowded when she reached Lady Brentway s. As usual, she was surrounded by a crowd of admirers, and then she forgot for time her doubts, her fears, her troubles. Her beautiful face grew radiant; her eyes shone bright as stars; she was the very embodiment of beauty and grace; her voice sounded like sweetest music, her laugh was sweeter than the chime of bells. She was enchanting; people looked on her with wonder. She danced two or three times, and then, feeling tired, sat down. Lady Brentway seated herself by her side.

"I have the lion of the season here, Mrs. Waldron. Will you allow me to introduce him to you?"

"To which particular lion do you allude?" she asked.

"Mr. Dale of Ravensdale, the 'popular member,' as he is called. He is a very handsome man, with a sad, half bitter expression of face. You must charm him and convert him; we want him on the Tory side. I told Lord Brentway, if any one could convert him, it must be you."

"Making conversions is not much in my line," replied Mrs. Waldron.

"Political, of course. I have made many political conversions."

"I hope they were sincere ones," said the beautiful woman, with a laugh.

"I hope so too. If nature had gifted me with a face like yours, I should have made more. Here comes Mr. Dale. I have been wondering why he accepted my invitation; he goes nowhere."

The next moment a tall figure was bowing before her, Lady Brentwood said:— "Mrs. Waldron, allow me to introduce Mr. Dale to you." Then, bent upon hospitable cares Lady Brentway moved away.

Ismay looked into the handsome face bending near her; and then a short, sudden stifled cry came from her lips, her face grew suddenly white as death, her eyes assumed a startled, incredulus look.

"Mr. Dale!" she said, in a low voice like that of one in a dream.

There was no answer in the face into which she gazed was cold and dark and proud.

"Pray pardon me," she said. "You are so much like— It is—it is Paul himself! Paul, do you not know me?"

"I have not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Waldron," he said, turning abruptly away.

She stood looking after him, wonder, fear, love, dismay, all striving for mastery.

"It is Paul'!" she said. "As surely as I breathe there is my husband, and he does not know me!"

The whole room seemed turned round. A nervous cry rose to her lips which she could with difficulty repress. She looked after the tall stately figure.

"It is—it must be Paul," she murmured. "That is Paul's figure and Paul's face; yet—no, I must be dreaming. How could Paul be Mr. Dale, and a member of Parliament? I must be going mad."

Lord Brecon came to ask her to dance; she declined, and he looked with wonder at her pale agitated face.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Waldron?"

"No," she replied, "I am well enough; but I am puzzled. Lord Brecon, do you know anything of the new member, Mr. Dale?"

"Nothing much," he answered. "I now that he is wonderfully clever, and I have heard that he is a self-made man—he has risen by his own efforts."

"What was he originally?" she asked, with trembling lips.

"I cannot tell; I have never heard. He rose from the humblest ranks, I believe. Does he interest you Mrs. Waldron?"

She played with her fan for some moments before she answered.

"All clever people interest me," she replied.

"I wish I were clever," said Lord Brecon.

"Is he—Mr. Dale—married, do you know?" she inquired.

"I think not. I have met him several times, but I have never heard of a Mrs. Dale."

And then Lord Brecon seeing that Mrs. Waldron was distraite and unwilling to talk, went away.

"It is Paul," she said as he watched the stately figure. "I remember that fashion of bending his head—I remember—ah me, how shall I bear it? It is most surely Paul!"

He was standing somewhat apart, looking over some photographs. She watched him with a beating heart; her hands trembled so that her fan fell from them, her pulse throbbed, every nerve seemed strained.

"It must be Paul; no other man living ever had a face like his! Dare I speak to him? He did not know me; he could not have understood my name. I must go to him; or I shall die!"

With all the pent-up, long-repressed love of her heart shining in her face, the light gleaming in her jewels and falling on her rich violet dress, she crossed the room and went up to him. He did not move even when he saw her. She laid her hand on his arm. He looked up in polite, cold, surprise.

"Paul," she whispered, bending low until her beautiful face was near his, "Paul, do you not know me? I am Ismay—Ismay, your wife."

He smiled politely still, but coldly.

"I fear you are mistaken, madam; I have no wife."

She looked at him long and earnestly.

"Can I be mistaken?" she said. "I must believe—"

But the words died on her lips. Lord Brentway joined them with some remark about the warmth of the room. She was obliged to control herself although the effort was terrible. Mr. Dale left them with some excuse as soon as he could.

"He does not know me," she said.

She would not believe that his want of recognition was real. She was in a passion of love, of sorrow, and dismay. When she looked round the room again, Mr. Dale was gone, but Mrs. Wadlron did not leave until she had obtained his address; she had resolved, come what might, to call upon him

CHAPTER XVII.

Mr. Dale sat in his room alone; on the table before him lay pamphlets, papers, reports, all of which he had been resolutely studying. But from each page a lovely face looked at him.

"Paul, Paul, I am Ismay—your wife," sounded ever in his ears.

He studied hard; he tried to drown his voice. He had been haunted all night by both.

"It is my own fault," he said to himself. "I went to that ball purposely to see her—I thought to satisfy the hunger of my heart, to still the fever of my longing, by looking once more on her face, and it has been the worst thing I could have done. How dare she think I could forgive her! Forgive such a wrong as that. No; not if I were a peasant and she were a princess!"

He turned again to his books, but the lovely face seemed to shine on the page.

The morning sun came bright and warm into the room; there was a fragrance of mignonette and heliotrope which brought the garden at Ashburnham back freshly to his mind. He laid down his pen with a sigh of despair.

"How am I to work," he said, "if I am troubled in this way?"

"A lady wishes to see you, sir," announced the servant. "She would not give her name, but said her business was very important."

"Show her in here," he said. "It is about some subscription, or charity, I suppose."

He looked once more at his book, to note the page, and when he raised his eyes again he saw Ismay standing near him—Ismay, his beautiful wife, once so beloved. The morning sunbeams fell upon her lovely face, on her sweeping dress, on the mass of golden brown hair, on the white hands so tightly clasped. She looked at him eagerly.

"Paul!" she cried. "You are Paul; neither your changed name nor your changed position can deceive me. You are Paul—my husband."

She went up to him with an eager step—she knelt at his feet and raised her face to his to his.

"Speak one word to me," she said "I am Ismay; and, oh, Paul, I am come to pray you to pardon me—to implore you to take me back—to tell you how grieved I am, how sorry for my sin."

The words died on her lips in a passion of tears. The stern pride and coldness of his face frightened her. He drew away from the touch of the white jewelled hands.

"I have no wife," he said. "The woman I loved with my whole soul, who promised me her truth, and faith, deserted me. I have no wife."

Her voice was broken with sobs as she answered him.

"I know it was wrong—cruelly, wickedly wrong—but I was tempted, and I fell. Oh, Paul, be merciful to me! I was so young, so vain, so weak. Forgive me, and take me back."

She might have seen how terrible was the struggle—great drops stood upon his forehead, his whole frame trembled.

"You ask me to take you back. Why? Tell me why."

"Because I love you—because it seems to me that my soul has been in a long sleep. It has awakened and knows no rest. My heart cries for you—I love you. Take me back, Paul"

"You were happy enough for many years without me," he said.

"No, I was not happy—I was intoxicated with vanity I was engrossed in pleasure—I was given up heart and soul to the world. I never stopped to think—I never dared to do so—I have lived as in a dream. I have awakened from that dream, and I am here, kneeling at your feet, praying you to pardon me."

"Do you remember that you robbed me of my son," he asked—"that you took him from me, and never thought of my claim to his love as well as your own?"

She bowed her head, while the tears rained from her eyes.

"I am guilty," she said—"oh, so guilty, Paul! I pray you to forgive me and take me back."

"You feel that you will not be happy again unless I do so, Ismay?"

"Never!" she replied.

"Then listen to me. The hour of my vengeance has come at last. What I suffered when you left me, only heaven knows. The agony of death cannot equal the agony of outraged love and despair. I will not tell you of all my pain lest you should pity me, and I will have none of your pity; but in my anguish I swore that I would take vengeance. Now the time has come when I can keep my vow—when I can send you from my feet—when I can refuse your prayer, and tell you that never, never more shall you be wife of mine!"

She bowed her head with a deep, bitter sob, and then she raised her arms and tried to clasp them round his neck But he drew back and caught her hands; he would have no caress from her. He held her hands so tightly that he left great red marks upon them.

"Woman—weak, vain, light of purpose, light of love—what do you know of the force of man's passion, the strength of his love? Weak, frail, easily led, ready to sell your dearest and best to the first bidder, you think you can play with a man's heart as children play with a ball! You think that you may lay a man's life in ruin—blight it, drive him mad with despair—and then win him back with a smile and a caress!"

She raised her beautiful white face to his, her quivering lips could hardly utter a sound.

"I own that I am guilty; I make no excuse; I pray you to pardon me You loved me so dearly once, Paul; for that love's sake, forgive me now."

He raised his hand with a warning gesture.

"Do not raise an evil spirit within me," he cried—"do not, if you are wise, remind me of that love!"

His voice was harsh, his manner stern.

"You are so changed," she sobbed "you are so altered."

"Who has changed me? Who turned my strong, bright, glad young life into living death? Who changed love into hate? Whose fault is it that for long years I have been ready to curse my fate and die?"

"I will try to make amends," she pleaded. "Oh, Paul, forgive me! I will be so humble, so good. I am not the same—my soul is awake. I care no more for anything on earth but you"

"It is too late," he returned "Years ago, no wifely love, no pity pleaded for me; no voice in your heart asked for mercy for the man you were dooming to a living death. And my only fault was loving you!"

"Love me again," she said; "try me again. If I could die to undo my fault, I would."

"Listen to me. If by my refusal I broke your heart and mine, I would still refuse. You yielded to vanity, yield to pride. I will not take back to my heart and my home the woman who deserted me because I could not minister to her vanity You left me because I was poor; I am rich now, and I refuse to take you back."

She shrank shuddering as thought he had struck her a sudden blow.

"You refuse?" she repeated.

"Yes, absolutely. I never wish to see your false face or listen to your false voice again."

The beautiful face drooped until it was hidden from his eyes. He rose from his chair, every limb trembling; he could not have borne the sight of it another moment.

"You have sought this interview," he said, trying to speak calmly; "let it end. Do not say I have a hard heart—you broke my heart years ago. I bid you farewell."

He heard her cry to heaven to have mercy on her—he saw her fall with her face to the ground. He stood for a moment half hesitating.

"If I speak to her again—if I touch her—I am lost," he said, and then he left the room and summoned his housekeeper.

"There is a lady in the library—she is ill," he said. "Be very kind to her. When she is better send for a cab; she will want to go home."

And he himself left the house lest any cry of hers should reach him and he should go back to her.

'I have had my revenge," he said to himself; "but never yet did vengeance cost so dear."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lord Carlswood looked up in dismay. He had been dining out and Mrs. Waldron had given orders that she was not at home to any one. He was pleased to find her alone; the dinner had fatigued him, and he was glad of the prospect of a quiet evening. He had drawn his chair to the window, making some careless remark about the warmth and beauty of the night. There was no reply, and the old lord thought she had not heard him. After a time he spoke to her again, and again there came no reply. She was standing by the open window, her face hidden from him.

"Ismay, what are you thinking of?" he asked.

Then she turned to him, and her face frightened him, it was so white, with colorless lips and shadowed eyes—the face of one who has received a mortal blow; she seemed almost unconscious of his presence, unable to understand his words. He was shocked and terrified—he went to her and took both her hands in his.

"Ismay," he said, "what is the matter, my dear child?."

The eyes raised to his were dazed and heavy with grief.

"What has happend to you?" he cried. "You look so ill, you frighten me; you look as though you were dying. What is the matter?"

To be Continued.

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Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated

WEATHER AND WATERPROOF,

THE BEST EVER MADE.

School Blackboard Paint.
Gloss Carriage Paint, requires no Varnishing.
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Kalsomine all shades.
7 bbls. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure
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100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints.
1 bbl. Machine Oil, Extra Good, Neats Foot Harness Oil.
Ready Mixed Metalic Roofing, 92 per cent Iron.
10 Kegs, 100 lbs. each Dry Metalic Roofing, 92 per cent Iron.
Paint and White Wash Brushes.
VARNISHES, Elastic Oak, Carriage, Copal, Demar, Furniture Hard Oil Finish, Pure Shelac, Driers.
Joiners' and Machinests' Tools, a speciality.
Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges etc
Sheet Lead and Zinc, Lead Pipe, Pumps.
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Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers Grindstones Grindstone Fixtures.
WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZERS $1.90, CLOTHES WRINGERS $2.50, DAISY CHURNS $3.75.

Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens, Green Wove Wire 14c. yd., Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales, Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 35 Single and Double Barrel Breech Loading Guns.

Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordeons Violins, Bows and Fixings.

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Mower Sections, 70c. doz. Heads, 40c. each, Knife Heads. $3.00.
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All persons requiring goods in my line will save money by calling on me, as they will find my prices away down below the lowest; prove this by calling.

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BOOT AND SHOES IN GREAT VARIETY,

SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS,

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OILCLOTHS, HEARTH RUGS & DOORMATS,

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All work personally supervised. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Send for estimates before ordering elsewhere.
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THEY NEVER LET GO,
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3rd—That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optic purposes, by DR. CHARLES BARDOU'S improved patent method, and is PURE, HARD AND BRILLIANT and not liable to become scratched.

4th—That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect.

The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glassi so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted or no charge.

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Chatham N. B., Sept. 24, 1895.

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Following are our Prices for Dyeing. Orders Promptly Attended too. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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PANTS,	75	PANTS,	50
VESTS,	50	VESTS,	25
OVERCOATS	1.50	COATS,	75
UNDERCOATS,	1.00	OVERCOATS,	1.25

LADIES' WEAR.

DRESSES DYED, WHOLE,	$1.50
DRESSES DYED, RIPPED,	1.25
SKIRTS DYED, WHOLE,	1.00
SKIRTS DYED, RIPPED,	75
WAISTS DYED WHOLE,	50
WAISTS DYED, RIPPED,	25
SHAWLS	50c. to 1.00
CLOUDS,	25c. to 40
SHAWLS, (Berlin,)	40c. to 60
SILK DRESSES,	$1.00 to 2.00
SACQUES,	50c. to 1.00
DRESS GOODS, per yard,	10
WINDOW CURTAINS, per yard	20
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FEATHERS, CLEANSED,	15c. to 4[illegible]

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