

## Sybil's Elopement.

BY K. T.

## CHAPTER III.—Continued.

He clasped the little hand in his own with an impulsive grip.

"I will not again—until you give me permission," he replied, catching up her smile, and keeping it in his blue eyes. "Only do not forget, if ever you are troubled and need human help, to come to me; I will never fail you."

Roderick came up just then, and greeted Sir Rosslyn with a scowl.

At Forest Court those two had often met and passed.

Now Sir Rosslyn, overcoming his momentary embarrassment, held out his hand.

Roderick glanced at the outstretched palm, and deliberately folded his arms across his chest.

"Not out of compliment to her," he muttered, with a ringing sarcasm in his voice. "I have a man's pride, Sir Rosslyn; you shall not condescend to me!"

Sybil understood what prompted the words. Was he not Sir Rosslyn's equal—his equal by birth and education?

She admired that sullen passion in him, when it was now rising up against herself, and she was ready to blame Sir Rosslyn for offering his hand.

"I hope you are not going to quarrel," she said, when the silence began to pall. "It would be much better if you would be friends."

"Sir Rosslyn's friendship is the last I would trust to!" Roderick responded gloomily. "I made him my enemy when I made you my wife."

"Oh no!" Sybil exclaimed, looking entreatingly from one to the other. "What had our marriage to do with him?"

"Did he not hope to win you for himself?" Roderick asked, a cold cruel smile on his lips. "Is it likely he can forgive the man who stepped before him—who stole his prize?"

The blood tingled in Sir Rosslyn's cheeks.

"You are mistaken," he said. "I knew Sybil could not love me well enough to be my wife. I do not stand in the light of a rival—but simply as a friend—Sybil's friend."

There was a touch of defiance in the last two words, and Sir Rosslyn's eyes flashed steadily.

Something in Roderick's manner filled him with distrust, and he could not bear to feel that Sybil was wholly in his power.

"I shall take care to keep a watch over her," he thought, as she left them to make some alteration in her dress. "The fellow couldn't do her a greater wrong than he has done by marrying her!"

After this he went often to the theatre. Sybil had become the rage of London. Her name was a word of delight in every household, her beauty the glory of all the greatest artists.

She was proud of her triumph—proud because it was the price paid for Roderick's happiness—for his love.

In the excitement of this new life, she scarcely felt the sorrow she had brought away with her from her father's cheerless door.

Roderick was always in a good humor, spending freely the money she made over to him.

Everything gold could purchase they had; nothing seemed too extravagant—nothing seemed beyond their income.

Accustomed all her life to luxury, and hardly yet having learned how to measure the cost of things, Sybil never wondered at the rate they were living at.

Roderick might have bought half the kingdom with her earnings, and the purchase would have seemed reasonable.

Sir Rosslyn studied her closely whenever he had a chance of being with her, and his face took an anxious expression.

"Heaven help her, poor child!" he murmured once, as he walked home from the theatre, with the late autumn winds blowing round him. "She is too true. How can I rouse her to what is going on—how warn her that her faith is put in a spendthrift—a man who on every side is linking her to ruin? The hound! I wish he had shot himself before he crossed her part path!"

## CHAPTER IV.

For one full year they lived in this whirl of feverish restless contentment. Sybil unconscious of the dark misery gathering around her—misery that was rising out of countless debts and heavy bonds.

She had told Roderick she must take a rest; her health was giving way under the strain and fatigue; and when the brilliance of the stage was not around her, she seemed to droop like a pale lily sinking when the sun has left it.

For the first time he saw the change in her, the fragile hands, the wan sweet face, colorless but for the hectic flush sometimes brightening her cheeks.

He grew suddenly alarmed, and took her to Cowes for a few weeks. There he was all devotion to her; but the fresh sea-breeze did not restore the healthful glow to her face, and as time went on, and she became more languid day by day, he began to get impatient.

It had amused him a little while to take her out for long drives; to walk by the side of her bath-chair in the cool of the

evening, or to lounge in some favorite nook enjoying a cigar while she read to him.

Yet the days began to drag, and he hated this growing weakness of Sybil.

"You must try and rouse yourself. It will never do for you to go on like this," he said one morning when she had leaned back on the sofa, not caring for the fatigue of going out. "I cannot allow you to turn yourself into an invalid—besides you know you are engaged for the new piece next week."

She turned her head wearily on the cushion, and let the tired lids droop over the hot tears in her eyes.

"I do not feel as if I shall be able to go to perform," she replied, with a hard sob; "you must write and tell them to give me a longer rest."

Roderick went over to the window, and looked moodily at the open sea tumbling its waves in the sunlight.

"I had better go up and speak to them," he muttered; "you won't mind if I leave you for a day or two? The journey would only bother you."

Already he was glad of an excuse that would take him away from her. To be in constant attendance on a sick wife bored him, and he longed to feel himself free.

Sybil gazed at him with sad reproachful eyes. She dreaded being left alone; it seemed to her that she could not live apart from him, and she was pained that he should wish to leave her.

She got up from the sofa, and went to his side.

"I think I shall be well enough to take my part next week," she said wistfully; "I was tempted to prolong this holiday, it has been so sweet away from the world with you; but, if you do not care to stay, there is no longer any pleasure here."

"I shall soon be with you again," he argued, his glance still directed to the leaping sea. "I have some business to transact, that I can get through better alone, and then I shall be able to devote myself entirely to you."

He took her hands, and kissing her pale cheek, put her away from him, as though already bidding her farewell.

"Will you go soon?" she asked, clinging to him.

"The sooner I get this duty over, the sooner I shall return," he replied resolutely; "say good-bye to me."

"Now!" she murmured, a cold pain gripping her heart.

He saw the tears rise in her eyes; his own filled with a vain careless laughter.

"You poor little thing!" he exclaimed, pressing her against his breast; "you look as miserable as if I were leaving you for ever. Let me see you smile before I go; I shall be back before you have had time to miss me."

"You will think of me all the while, won't you?" she said, resting her hot brow against his cheek.

"Of course, my darling—as if you could be out of my thoughts for a single moment! It is for you that I am going up to town."

"I would rather forfeit whatever you are going for," she returned earnestly; "I shall be so wretched by myself."

"Two days, little wife!"

He kissed her again, and then hurried off in time to catch an early boat—the boat he had been watching from the window while he bade Sybil good-bye.

Looking shoreward, he could see the sensitive beautiful face turned eagerly to his gaze, the passionate loving eyes singling him out from all others on board.

He waved his hat, and smiled through the space dividing them.

A vague feeling of surprise came over him as the distance widened, and he could no longer see the tender face at the window.

How suddenly he had acted on his word! A few hours ago he had not thought of leaving her—of the urgent business which was taking him away.

What spirit of restlessness had possessed him? Why had he been so eager to make this journey alone?

He half reproached himself—half wished he had never come on deck. He knew the pain this parting had caused her, and yet had not had heart enough to spare her.

With an exclamation of contempt he checked these thoughts.

Why should those soft dim eyes haunt him? Tears more bitter than those would spring from her heart as her life passed on. Better harden her soul to suffering—she would feel less the sharper agonies in store for her.

With these philosophical views he seated himself on a campstool, and buried his mind in a newspaper.

Sybil was as sweet a little girl as could be found anywhere, was his last reflection; but it was a pity her happiness depended so much on his mood; it placed such restraint on his actions, and made him the cause of so many anxious tears.

He was determined not to let any remorse enter his heart, and the morning's news drew his thoughts completely from Sybil.

A paragraph his glance fell upon sent the blood rushing to his face; his hands closed convulsively on the paper, and he devoured the words with thirsty eagerness.

His uncle had advertised for him! He was forgiven!

Lord Wolverton desired earnestly to see him, and as soon as the message reached

him, he was to start for Paris—not to delay a moment more than was actually necessary.

Roderick changed his course as quickly as possible, and was very soon crossing the channel, with the white borders of England far behind him.

He reached Lord Wolverton just in time to receive pardon—to hear the last words of the proud old man to whom he had been a source of bitterest disappointment and shame.

"How have you redeemed the past? How have you lived?" the feeble voice asked, when Roderick bent over the man whose hours, they had already told him, were numbered. "Have you wiped the stain off the shield, and brought it back to me bright?"

"I trust so," he murmured with grim mockery. "As to the way I lived, at first I lived the life of a vagrant, camping with a tribe of wild gipsies; then I became Lady Ellison's groom—she used to be awfully fond of me in the old days, you know, but she never recognized me; still, in spite of herself, whenever I spoke to her the liking was there, and one day her husband got furious, and we parted. After that I went in for some fine shooting, and then—"

"And then you married a woodcutter's daughter, or a circus-rider—or something as horrible!" Lord Wolverton exclaimed, trembling with sudden rage. "I might have known this—I might have foreseen what would happen! Go—go back to the life you have dragged yourself down to! There is no hope for you—none—none!"

Roderick laid his strong hand firmly on the quivering wrist.

"Uncle, be calm, and hear me out. What you have conjectured is false! I remembered the pride of my race—your race—too well to choose a wife from the low-born; even my name I kept secret that I might no more disgrace you."

The dying hand closed feverishly on Roderick's.

"Swear to the truth of your words!—swear that you are not married—or lose all!"

Roderick recoiled slightly, and his hand grew cold as ice in the thin hot fingers clutching it.

"Swear!" the old man repeated, his voice growing awful in its deathly hollowness. "Or be once more what you have made yourself—an outcast, a wanderer—even worse—even worse!"

These words, broken by the labored breathing, rolled huskily, and then followed silence—a silence that grew terrible.

"Speak!"

Once more the tuneless voice broke the breathless silence, and with a shudder Roderick recovered himself.

"As God is my witness, I am not married as you thought."

The dying man sank slowly back on his pillows, his rigid eyes fixed on the bloodless face before him.

He made a motion for his lips to be moistened with some cooling drink placed on a table near him.

Roderick would have complied to the mute request; but before he could reach out his arm, a small white hand lifted the glass, and someone he had only just noticed in the room stepped to the bedside—someone with a tall slender form softly robed in clinging cashmere that swept silently over the thick carpet.

A faint perfume of mignonette stole on his senses, sweetening the air around him, and as he glanced up, a face pure and fair as some medieval saint's, seemed to rise out of the deathly gloom of the chamber.

"Elaine, you know what my wishes are," the sick man murmured, revived by the draught she had given him. "You are dear to me as a daughter, and I would have made you heiress of all that is mine. I never wanted to reclaim the nephew I had so long disowned; once unworthy my trust, he must be ever so—"

Elaine laid her hand gently on the faded brow, as though to soothe away the anger gathering there.

"You have forgiven him," she said quietly, "and he is of your own race—your brother's."

"Do you think that takes from his wrong-doing? In a stranger the sin would have been more easily passed over."

"But you have forgiven him," she repeated, her clear tranquil voice stealing with strange tenderness across those querulous broken tones.

Lord Wolverton sighed restlessly, then he motioned Roderick to come nearer.

"The title will be yours," he said, his voice losing strength with each word; "the estate will go to Elaine, my ward, so settled upon her that no one can claim any part. There is one alternative; should you make her your wife, give her my name, then what is hers will be yours. It is your only hope. Under her influence you will mend your life, and prove yourself worthy the sacrifice she is making. Since you have seen him, Elaine," he added slowly, turning to her, "do you still offer yourself?"

She did not glance toward Roderick as she answered resolutely:

"If there is not other way of securing him the wealth, and he is willing to take me for the sake of it—yes."

The dying man looked fondly into the beautiful earnest face.

"You will save the old name?" he murmured. "Sweet Elaine, you do not know how much you are doing for me—for me more than for him!"

## SPECIAL MARK DOWN SALE!

Note a few of the many Bargains we are offering at our SPECIAL MARK DOWN SALE now going on. The season has been cold and backward and our stock of Spring and Summer Goods is still very large. We have marked everything down to prices that are bound to effect a speedy sale. Buyers will find this a splendid opportunity to secure nice Goods at Low Prices.

Ladies' Fine French Kid Gloves, former price \$1.22, marked down to 89c.  
Ladies' Black Kid Gloves, Mosquaire Cut, 6 and 8 button lengths, former price \$1.65, marked down to \$1.25.  
Black Silk Warp Henrietta, former price \$1.88, marked down to \$1.10.  
Fine quality All Wool Black Henrietta, Silk Finish, former price \$1.00, marked down to 75c.  
Fine quality All Wool Serges, Double Width, new summer shades, marked down from 50c to 37½c.  
Shaker Flannel, fancy stripes, marked down from 8½c to 7c.  
Men's Fine French Balbriggan Undershirts and Drawers, former price 75c, marked down to 50c, all sizes.

D. C. SULLIVAN,  
114 Main Street, MONCTON

**SHARP'S**  
TRADE MARK  
**BALSAM**  
OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED  
FOR  
CROUP, COUGHS, AND  
WHOOPIING COUGH  
AND  
COLD.  
40 YEARS IN USE.  
PRICE 25¢ PER BOTTLE  
ARMSTRONG & CO. Proprietors.  
FL BARKER & SON, Agents, St. John, N. B.

First-Class  
TAILORING  
ESTABLISHMENT  
WATER STREET,  
CHATHAM, N. B.,  
F. O. PETTERSON, - PROPRIETOR.

A Fine stock of Cloths to select from kept constantly on hand.  
Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.

ADMINISTRATOR'S  
Real Estate Sale

There will be sold by public auction on the premises, near Weldford Station, Harcourt, County of Kent, pursuant to a license for that purpose granted by the Probate Court for the said county on Saturday the 20th day of September next at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following described lands and premises: On the north by lands owned by Thomas Ingram, on the south by a reserved street and lands owned by J. Dorothy, on the east by lands owned by said Thomas Ingram and on the west by the highway road or main street running from the Weldford Station to the Beckwith road, containing sixty feet by one hundred and fifty feet, or one-quarter of an acre more or less.

Terms—10 per cent. of purchase money at the time of sale and the balance to be paid on execution and delivery of deed.  
Harcourt, 18th August, A. D. 1891.  
B. S. BAILEY,  
Administrator of the estate of George R. Bailey.

NEW BRUNSWICK, ss.  
To the Sheriff of the County of Kent or any Constable within the said County—

Greeting—  
Whereas, Isaac B. Humphrey and Matthew T. Glenn, executors of the last will and testament of Duncan McDonald, late of the Parish of Harcourt, in the said County of Kent, deceased, hath prayed that the heirs and all parties interested in said estate, may appear before me to attend the passing of the final accounts of the said estate,

You are therefore required to cite the said heirs and all others interested to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be holden at Buctouche within and for the said County on Thursday, the 10th day of September next at 11 o'clock in the forenoon at my office in Buctouche to attend the passing and allowing of said accounts.

Given under my hand, and the seal of the said Court, this eighth day of August, A. D. 1891.

(Signed) HENRY H. JAMES,  
Judge of Probate County of Kent.  
C. RICHARDSON,  
Registrar of Probate for Kent County.  
PHINNEY & CARTER, Proctors.

**JAMES BUCKLEY,**  
MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN  
**BOOTS & SHOES**  
WELDFORD STATION.  
Also in stock—A fine assortment of Boots and Shoes, Moccasins, Horse Collars, etc.

JOHN HANNAH,  
—MANUFACTURER OF—  
Woven Wire **Mattresses,**  
Of Different Grades for the Trade only. Warranted not to sag.  
To be had from all the principal furniture and general dealers in the Maritime Provinces.  
Repairing promptly done. 105 CITY ROAD, ST. JOHN, N. B.

**FARM MACHINERY**  
AND IMPLEMENTS OF ALL KINDS.  
**ROTARY MILLS & SHINGLE MACHINES.**  
**PIANOS AND ORGANS.**  
**FINEST CANADIAN AND AMERICAN SEWING MACHINES.**  
Special attention given to repairs for all kinds of Machinery. Bring or send me the piece, whether broken or not, and I can get it duplicated for you. I do not wish to sell the cheapest, but I shall strive to select goods as good as the best, give good value, fair terms; and hope by upright dealing and careful attention to business to merit a share of the patronage of the citizens of Kent County.  
Agent for FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.  
E. E. PECK, Office—305 Main St. Moncton, N. B.  
at I. C. R. Crossing, Telephone—Office, 45; Residence, 37 A.

**MILLER'S TANNING EXTRACT CO., LIMITED.**  
—WORKS AT—  
**Millerton and Mortimore, N. B.**  
Cable Addresses—"Hypotan," London; and "Miller," Miramichi.  
A very complete stock of General Goods, cheap for Cash or Trade, at  
**OUR MORTIMORE STORE.**

## Change of Business.

**GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF DRY GOODS.**  
**\$20,000 - - - WORTH - - - \$20,000**

Will be sold at cost, on Goods other than Staples much less than cost, as we mean to dispose of the entire stock. Bargains in everything. The stock is still complete and well selected in all lines. Purchasers will save from 15 to 50 per cent. We will sell for CASH only. Those who have accounts are requested to call and settle. Sale will continue till all is sold. Call early in the day to avoid the rush.

**J. FLANAGAN**  
MONCTON, N. B.

**RICHARD SULLIVAN & CO.**  
—WHOLESALE—

**Wine and Spirit Merchants,**  
—IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN—

**TEAS, TOBACCOS and CIGARS,**  
54 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Bonded Warehouse No. 8.

**James D. Irving**  
—COMPRISING—  
**LUMBER OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS**  
SHEATHING, WAINSCOTTING, FLOORING, CLAPBOARDS, WINDOW and DOOR CASINGS, MOULDINGS, LATHS, & C.  
FLOUR CHEAP FOR CASH.  
Buctouche, N. B., June 22, 1891.