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The face and hands were completely covered. He could not say whether it was male or female. It moved now to arrange the ottomans, and Terry shuddered as he watched it go hither and thither. It was so oppressively still in all its movements, and languid. Whether it was that spirit-like servant that stole his appetite Terry could not say, but he could not eat. He thought of Zell waiting for him down in the vale, in the shadows.

"Our servant is like ourselves, Terry Denver, flesh and blood; not a spirit, as you think. Spirits are not capable of action other than motion. Do not worry for Zell, you will see her many days to come."
"No, I leave to-morrow, early."
Zanea smiled, then looked away into the distance. Terry thought she saw further and more than he could, were he to look in the same direction. She sat with such a pathetic little droop that Terry for the first time in his life felt like touching a woman's hand and telling her he was sorry for her. Then Zell's sunny face flitted into his memory, and his utter lack of concentration put the act out of what was possible. Zanea turned to him, tears stood in her eyes and she spoke in lowered tones.

"Zell again. I thank you, though, for your thought of pity. Some are fated to receive naught but pity, while others receive love. Pity is the atmosphere while love is the ether of our existence. Some there are who can breathe more rarified air than others, for those are created such as you are, Terry Denver. For such as Terry Denver are created mates like lovely, uncultured little Zell yonder."

"Zanea speaks sadly to-night, what worries thee my child?"
"Ishmael too, would pity Zanea. Well, so let it be. Remove the tray and get me my scarf, Judith."
The figure thus addressed moved slowly, vacantly as a sleepwalker, removed the tray, and brought a scarf of white silk. This Zanea wound around her head and shoulders, looped the end



"THOU ART A MAN."

over one arm, and looked at Terry. She smiled as she met his look of genuine admiration. It was a smile of hopeless hope.

"I will go to the foot of the hill with you. I will come again, Ishmael, before the gloom. Do not be lonely."
A short distance without words, then Terry asked:
"Why do you live here alone, Zanea? You would be such an acquisition to some city with your beauty and education. Have you no womanly vanity to gratify? Your life is simply useless here. I never dreamed that such a mode of life could be found in our great world."
"Your own life, Terry Denver, has been as useless. You sought education because by it you wished to earn your bread. I sought education because I love wisdom. You lived, you fitted here and there, you practiced law, you loved one friend. Your ease of manner, your steady eyes, your natural indifference won woman's love. There are those who sadden this night, when they stand apart and recall the eyes so brown of Terry Denver. Ah! what have you done for the city you lived in. You, too, are educated. I lived my life, I studied hard, none knew better than I the triumphs that awaited me, yet I stay to comfort that aged man. To Ishmael I filled the place of guardian. I gave him service, comfort, all he wished for. Has my life been useless? No further to-night. Say to Zell, Zanea will see her to-morrow before the first quarter of the day has passed."

"Wait, Zanea—your words are true. My life has not been fully lived. I could not help it, because I did not think of it in the way you put it. Yet I never tried to win that most sacred passion, love, from any woman. I have never felt its power, but I hope I may. I feel to-night that until I do I am not complete. Even if I find in love, life, death, sorrow, joy, hatred and strife, as you and Ishmael say all do, I pray, it may come."
He held out his hand to her. She had stood, her hands clasped behind, her head leaning against the rock. Her eyes had never left his face; in their deep beauty surged an ocean of yearning, an ocean of love, and an ocean of hopelessness. She looked at the outstretched hand, then back to his face, then she lay her hand in his gently. Oh! so gently. She might have been an image so motionless she stood after. How still everything was.
"Good night."
She looked up at him, and again the comfortless words, "Good night, Zanea." She bent her head and it was like the drooping of a rare flower deprived of some life-sustaining element.
"Good-night, Zanea, you must return to Ishmael."
Now she lay her soft, warm cheek on Terry's hand, and another moment of to Zanea, blissful silence passed, then she pressed her lips to the responseless hand, and without looking up she sped up the hill like a startled fawn. Half way up she disappeared right into the rock, as Terry thought, at least she disappeared. He followed to where he had

seen. He retraced his steps, thinking over Zanea's outburst; he spoke his thoughts softly to himself.
"How kind and loving she is, beautiful and cultured. I like her very much. How alike are Zell and Zanea, yet so different. Zell's mind is ready for seed, Zanea's full blown. Were they to be married, Zell's husband would see the growth, Zanea's reap a golden harvest rich and full; which would be the better? Zell is my ideal of womanly beauty, but she is a babe mentally; may heaven grant her a continuation of her present life until death, or better still, a noble husband, one fitted to fill a mother's place as well as a husband's."

CHAPTER VI.
E was so deep in thought that he did not see that Zell had come to meet him until she spoke.
"You are late; I feared you were not coming."
"I had not thought of staying. Zanea came part of the way with me; we walked slowly. She bade me say to Zell that she would come to see you to-morrow before the first quarter of the day would pass."
"Zanea come to see me? Oh, Terry! what will I do? Is she like me?"
"Yes, very like you; dress, too."
"Why, is there any other way of making garments than this?"
Terry laughed outright as he thought of the numberless fashions in which the women out beyond made their clothes.
"Yes, but not nearly so pretty as you and Zanea make yours."
"I do not make mine. I do nothing but arrange my room and inlay. I never thought who made this," touching her gown. "I will ask them. They have always been there, that is why I never asked."
They had reached the home now, and Zell led him in with simple dignity.
"This is where I live while the snow fills the Tarn. Is it not lovely, Terry?"
"Wonderfully so, Zell. I cannot find words to tell you how lovely it is."
The room was large, the whole size of the building. The angle formed by the roof was hung with silk of a dainty roseate hue. The windows were hung with the same shimmering material. The walls had been well planked up, and these planks Zell's busy fingers had inlaid from ceiling to floor with the purest specimens of the quartz, all equal in size. From the center hung a chandelier of frosted silver weighted with the same little lamps of the peculiar make seen in the cave. The floor was spread with a thick, soft covering of the same color as the windows were draped with. Zell's bed stood at one side, curtained with flimsy, soft silk, through which the sparkling quartz flashed like the eyes of veiled beauties. One low divan and a number of ottomans completed the furniture of this unique room. Zell was pleased to see the effect her work had on Terry.

"I am glad you like it. I work on the outside all summer and all winter on the inside. I will have finished all when the snow falls. Sit down and tell me this as nice as Zanea's home?"
"They are so different, Zell. You did all this yourself, with your own fingers? Do they not get tired and hard with so much whittling?"
"They get tired, very tired. Sometimes they pain after a whole day with the knife. I do not think they are hard, are they?"
She reached over her little hands, palms uppermost. They looked like crumpled rose leaves, pink and soft.
"Are they hard, Terry?" she asked, now lifting her eyes to his with a pretty questioning expression, and Terry had to take the tiny hands in his. He did not look at Zell, so he did not see the startled, half-frightened look that shot over her face when his strong hands closed over hers.
"Don't! don't! Terry, your hands are not hard, but they—they must be made of lightning. Let me go. Once, years ago, a storm passed over us; the lightning struck yonder. Shem was thrown to the ground and all through myself a slightly painful shock ran. Just the same shock went over me when you took my hand, only the pain was less."
Terry dropped the hands and he thought of Zanea's words. "Ere the morning at eventide Terry Denver will have sown the seed of love in Zell."
"Forgive me, Zell, if I hurt you. I am sorry."
"Do not be sorry, now that you have released my hand I find a pain worse to bear. Take it again."
She lay one hand on Terry's where it rested on the arm of the divan, and thus they sat and talked until Shem brought Terry his light and told him he would have to sleep in the shelter he had built to the right of the house. This shelter was a wigwam made of brush and small trees woven together. Shem must have worked rapidly to carry and lay in place all the material that was in this rude construction. The contents of the canoe had been brought here, a comfortable bed, and seats. Shem placed the light on a table and turned to Terry.
"Stay with us a month, Terry Denver. Will you promise? But you are not to talk of your world to Zell, or tell her aught."
A moment's hesitation.
"Yes, I will stay then."
"Good, may you rest well." Then Shem passed into the darkness, and Terry went to bed. He lay listening to the stillness that reigned without.
"Would that I had let Mr. Nutsford keep his money. I must be careful. I believe I was glad when Shem asked me to stay with him a month. Will they both be as interesting at the end of that time? Ah, Jack, that diabolical lack of concentration has followed me here to the very core of seclusion. The circle is very perceptibly narrowed though."
He buried his face in his hands, and, worn by the events of the day, he went to sleep. He was awakened in the morning by Shem saying to him:
"We always breakfast early. You have half an hour to dress in."

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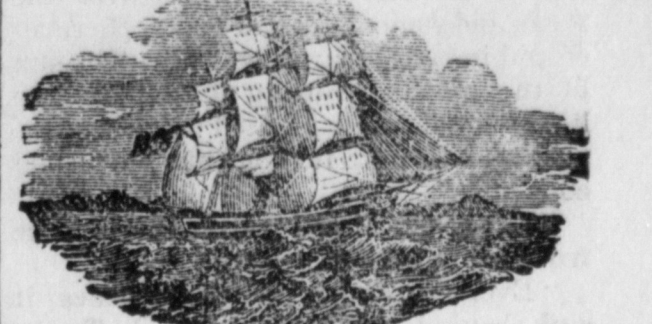
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References—New York College of Dental Surgery, and University of Pennsylvania.
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I have used part of my second bottle, and consider it the best remedy for RHEUMATISM ever discovered. I would recommend any one to try it who suffers as I did—I was unable to work, or even walk, and now enjoy better health than I have for years.
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Daily Mail
And Passenger Stage leaves Weldford Station, I. C. R., for Richibucto, via Bass River and Kingston, on arrival of the St. John, Halifax and Quebec express trains. Sundays excepted.
Returning—leaves Richibucto at 4.00 p. m., local, and arrives at Weldford Station in time to connect with night express trains going North and South.
Fare, \$1.50.
Good Livery Stable in connection.
L. J. WATHEN,
King St., Weldford, I. C. R., Kent County

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Painting a speciality.
GEO. W. WILSON.

NOTICE!
Having sold out my business to Mr. Odber K. Black I would solicit a continuance of the liberal patronage bestowed on me to Mr. Black.
JAS. S. WRY.
Kingston, Aug. 2, 1892.

Referring to the above I would beg to inform the public that I will keep on hand a full line of coffins and caskets, and will attend to all orders promptly and in a manner that will give satisfaction.
ODBER K. BLACK.
Richibucto, Aug. 2, 1892.

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WILLIAM HUDSON
Richibucto, Aug. 11, 1892. (2m)

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