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is to me. If she has made a mistake, and and has not acted towards you quite as she ought to have done, let me put in one word for the poor child, the poor darling, too young to know better, and not able to run alone, and so bitterly, bitterly punished."

"Punished!" The word escaped him.

"Punished indeed. Oh, she has suffered—no one knows how she has suffered. Could you not see? Will you not believe it?"

"When you can explain your meaning, Lady Julia,"—but in spite of the assumed firmness, he was shaken.

"It was a mistake from the very first," she almost whispered. "You know how closely those poor children had been kept, and, as a matter of fact, you were the first person who had ever been bold enough to pay my poor Rosamund any attention,—lovely as she was, she had scarcely been seen, and she had never seen any one—hardly anyone, in return. She admired you—you became a sort of hero in her eyes—indeed in all our eyes, for your noble your courageous conduct,—and then she thought, she fancied,—in fact, she mistook that feeling for another. My poor sister saw this, and would have saved her, but unhappily her interference roused all Rosamund's generous nature. She would not hear the absent attacked. She supposed then that she cared for you, but she did not know herself. She did not know what she was doing. Major Gilbert, will you, can you, have pity on my child? She is so young. And oh, forgive her. She is so miserable."

He had not, by word or sign, attempted to stem the current of her words. He harkened attentively, drawing long breaths but without movement or exclamation; and she felt that if she could only move him, reach through this terrible self-control, it would be worth all the risk and effort.

She began to plead afresh. "What I only saw the other day," she said, "there was one of us saw long ago—"

"Who?" Like a bolt from a cannon-mouth.

"Hartland warned me it was so—"

"Hartland did, did he?" There was rising passion in the tone. "This is Hartland's doing, is it? He saw—he whispered—he sympathised—perhaps he even suggested,—oh, I think I see the light now. A peeress?—A coronet?—She would have been an angel if she had not been tempted. And yet I could have trusted Rosamund," softening—"I could have believed in Rosamund—"

"Believe in her still. Oh no, she has not been tempted, and he has never tried to tempt her. Would it had been so!" sighed poor Lady Julia, unable to resist the aspiration. "It was what we all wished—"

"And he has been in league with you?"

"He has not—he never would. Oh, long ago, long ago, if they could have—have cared for each other, we should have been so pleased, so glad,—but it was not to be. No, Major Gilbert, you are altogether wrong about Lord Hartland," with a fragile attempt at dignity; "there never was anything between them—never."

"Why, so I thought," said Gilbert, gloomily. "But what the devil—your pardon, Lady Julia, but what, then, is a fellow to suppose? You tell me he was the first to—perceive this alteration in my future wife, and what am I to understand from that, but that he had a special motive for such discernment? I suppose Rosamund has confided in you?" he added abruptly.

"No, I cannot say that she exactly has."

"Not asked advice, nor besought your intercessory good offices—that sort of thing?" scornfully.

"Never, by a single word," averred Lady Julia, with the utmost solemnity, not perceiving the extent of such an admission.

"Not!" exclaimed he: his surprise was evidently great, and was followed by a look of doubt and perplexity. "But I thought—I thought—you came straight from Rosamund's room; I never doubted that you had her warrant—"

"I had nothing of the kind. She and I have never let one word upon the subject pass between us."

"More and more strange," muttered Gilbert, but the cloud upon his brow obviously lifted. "You must allow me to observe then, Lady Julia, that you were hardly justified—though what matters it?" he suddenly cried, with a reaction to joy and relief alike touching and frightful to behold. "My dear lady, I excuse you; I know you mean well; but I believe, from my soul, you were in error. You have been misled by this illness. You have been upset, and have hit upon a false scent. You have not been all day; and every day with your niece, as I have of late, and seen this coming on, the result of grief, a shock a nervous depression all at once. Your own medical man vouches for this attack being one of pure nervous depression. Take my word for it, you have been dwelling on it with exaggerated apprehensions, until they took this form. Possibly you have noticed, and misunderstood, some trifling irritability—Rosamund has been unable to help a little irritability of late—and you connected this with your present fears. Oh, I was a fool, a madman, to take for granted what I did. I will not so wrong her and

myself again. Unworthy suspicions of Hartland too! But I scarce knew what I was saying. Let me now go up to Rosamund. I am impatient—can you wonder at it?—to put this misconception straight, although I promise you that I do not fear the result. No, I do not doubt her—not for a moment. She must never know that I once did—it would hurt her too much."

"Major Gilbert, I cannot let you go up."

"Is she in a nunnery—is she locked up behind prison bars?" cried he, half angry, half jesting. "Come Lady Julia, trust me. I will do Rosamund no harm. I am not a boy with no experience of sick-rooms, and I will be as tender as a woman with your charge. She will not suffer through my seeing her, but see her I must," he added, in a tone that none would have dared to trifle with. "This is too serious a matter—I had almost said an accusation—to be altogether dismissed, and your good doctor must not be left labouring under a delusion, neither. From Rosamund's own lips—"

"She will not give you up," cried Lady Julia, in an agony. "THE STATE—"

"I shall not ask her to give me up."

"Are you going to question her? Oh, Major Gilbert, it was the truth, the solemn truth, you heard from me—"

"I hardly think it was."

"Oh dear, oh dear! I cannot say more. I cannot convince you—"

"If it be the truth, Lady Julia, Rosamund can convince me: one word from her—"

"and he moved towards the door."

"One moment—one moment. I know she will say she will marry you. If that is the question you mean to put to her—"

"It is not the question."

"I have not come to torture you, my dear, nor to blame you. You have told me truly, as in the sight of heaven, the one thing I cared to know, and why need I remain for more? You no longer love me. All is over between us."

The brave soldier knew the worst, and faced it thus.

"I should never, never have told you. Frederick, God knows I meant to be—to be a good wife to you," faltered the pale, death-like lips before him. "I have been so miserable, so ashamed"—between heavy sobs—"and I had been going now to be so different. Let me try. Only let me try. Frederick, there is still time, and I can, I will—if you will bear with me, if you will but have a little patience, and—"

"and trust me once again."

"Do you and myself a great wrong, Rosamund?"

"Oh no—not now. Not now that you know all. I ought to have told you myself, ought I not? They said so, but—but I was such a coward, and I thought, I fancied things might come round without that. You have forgiven me, haven't you? And you will let me try, won't you? None but ourselves need ever know, nor guess about—about to-day. Let it be so, Frederick. Let it be between us two. You will help me to—"

"Deceive the world? Is that my proud, pure, spotless Rosamund? Would she go with me before the altar with a lie in her mouth? Would she let me place a lie upon her finger? Give me her fair cheek to press a lie upon?"

"Oh no! Oh, not that!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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G. W. COX.

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At last I went to W. E. Thistle's drug store to get something to relieve me, and he recommended GRODER'S SYRUP. I have taken two bottles and am now COMPLETELY CURED. I feel like a new man; I can eat or drink anything and enjoy my food. I have recommended your remedy to others. I cannot say too much in its favor. Yours truly,
 G. W. Cox.

P. S.—I am confident that Groder's Syrup will cure any case of Dyspepsia if it is properly used. Others who suffer as I did should know of the intrinsic merit of your remedy. For some time I have felt it my duty to write you and let you know just what two bottles of your medicine have done for me. This statement is to be used as you think best. It is true in every particular, as my friends can testify.—G. W. C.

Mr. Cox is a well known carpenter and joiner of Hartland.

Hartland, Carleton Co., 7th Mo, 1893.

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Daily Mail

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COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned non-resident ratepayer of School District No. 1, Parish of Richibucto, in the County of Kent, is hereby notified to pay District School Tax as set opposite the name, together with the cost of advertising—\$3.00—to the undersigned at his office in the town of Richibucto, within two months from the date thereof, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same from the administrator of the estate.

Estate of Peter Logan, District School Tax for 1893\$12.00.
 Dated at Richibucto, Kent County, November 28th, 1893.
 JAMES McDOUGALL,
 Secretary to School Trustees.