

AN Old Man's --::-- Darling.

BY MRS. ALEX. McVEIGH MILLER,

AUTHOR OF "QUEENIE'S TERRIBLE SECRET," "JACQUELINE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII—Continued.

Bonnibel put her hand to her heart as if the shock of joy were too great to be borne.

It was the voice of the poor girl over whose unknown fate her heart had ached for many weary days—the welcome voice of faithful Lucy More.

"Yes, it is Bonnibel," she murmured gently back, fearing that her voice might be heard by Dolores Dupont, who slept on a couch in the dressing-room to be near her mistress.

"Are you alone?" inquired Lucy, softly.

"Yes, quite alone," was answered back.

"Miss Bonnibel I have a rope ladder down here. I am going to throw it up to you. Try and catch it, and fasten it to your window strongly enough for me to climb up to you."

Bonnibel leaned forward silently. A twisted bundle was skillfully thrown up, and she caught it in her hands. Stepping back into the room she uncoiled a light yet strong ladder of silken rope.

"Fasten it into the hooks that are used to secure the window-shutters," said Lucy's voice from below.

Trembling with joy, Bonnibel fastened the ends strongly as directed, and threw the rope down to Lucy. In a few moments the girl had climbed up to the window, sprang over the sill, and had her young mistress in her arms.

"One kiss, you darling!" she said, in a voice of ecstasy, "then I must pull up the rope, for I fear discovery, and I have much to tell you before I take you away with me!"

Bonnibel's heart gave a quick bound of joy.

"Oh! Lucy, will you really take me away?" she exclaimed, pressing the girl's hand fondly.

"That's what I am here for," answered Lucy, withdrawing her mistress into the darkest corner of the room, after having drawn her rope up and dropped the curtains over the coil as it lay upon the floor.

"Lucy, how did you ever find me?" exclaimed Bonnibel, gladly, as they sat down together on a low divan, mutually forgetting the difference in their position as mistress and maid in the joy of their reunion.

"I've never lost track of you, Miss Bonnibel, since the night your husband turned me into the cold, dark street."

"Cruel!" muttered Bonnibel, with a shudder.

"Yes, it was cruel," said Lucy, "but I didn't spend the night in the streets! Pierre, the hall-servant, let me in again, unbeknownst to Colonel Carlyle, and I slept in my old room that night, though I couldn't get to sleep to you because he had locked you into your room and kept the key. At daylight I went away and secured a lodging near you—you know I had plenty of money, Miss Bonnibel, because you were always very generous! That evening when Colonel Carlyle took you away, along with that hateful furrin maid, I followed after, you may be sure, and I've been in Naples ever since trying to get speech of you; but though I've tried bribery, and corruption, and cunning, too, I've always failed until to-night."

She paused to take breath, and Bonnibel silently pressed her hand.

"So there's the whole story in a nutshell," continued Lucy, after a minute; "I ain't got time to spin it out, for you and me, Miss Bonnibel, has to get away from here as quick as ever we can! Do you think you can climb down my ladder of rope?"

Bonnibel smiled at the anxious tone of the girl's question.

"Of course I can, Lucy," she said, confidently, "I wish there were nothing harder in life than that."

"Miss Bonnibel," said the girl, in a low voice, "we must be going in a minute or two, now. Can you get a dark suit to put on? And have you any money you can take with you? For it will take more money than I have in my purse, perhaps, to carry us home to New York."

"To New York—are we going back there?" faltered the listener.

"As fast as wind and water can carry us!" answered the girl. "You and me are needed there in a hurry, my darling mistress. At least you are, for I feel almost sure that a man's life is hanging on your evidence."

"Lucy, what can you mean?" exclaimed Bonnibel, in amazement.

"Ah! I see they have told you nothing!" answered Lucy.

Bonnibel caught her arm and looked anxiously into her face.

"No one has told me anything," she said. "What should they have told me?"

"Much that you never knew, perhaps," said the girl, shaking her head gravely.

"Then tell it me yourself," said Bonnibel. "Do not keep me in suspense, my good girl."

"May I ask you a question first, Miss Bonnibel?"

"As many as you please, y!"

"You remember the night poor old mother was murdered?" said the girl, as if reluctant to recall that painful subject.

"As if I could ever forget it," shuddered the listener.

"You were down at the shore until late that night," pursued the girl, "and when you got back you found your uncle dead—murdered! Miss Bonnibel, was Mr. Dane with you that night on the sands? I have sometimes been athinkin' he might a been."

"Lucy, what are you trying to get at?" gasped the listener.

"I only asked you the question," said Lucy, humbly.

"And I cannot understand why you ask it, Lucy, but I will answer it truly. Leslie Dane was with me every moment of the time."

"I thought so," said Lucy, fervently. "Thank God!"

"Lucy, please explain yourself," said Bonnibel anxiously. "You frighten me with your mysterious looks and words. What has gone wrong?"

"I am going to tell you as fast as I can, my dear young mistress. Try and bear it as bravely as you can, for you must go back to America to right a great wrong."

"A great wrong!" repeated the listener, helplessly.

"You were so sick after Mr. Arnold died," said Lucy, continuing her story, "that the doctors kept the papers and all the news that was floatin' around, away from you; so it happened that we never let you know that your friend, Mr. Leslie Dane, was charged with the murder of your uncle."

There was a minute's shocked silence; then, with a smothered moan of horror, Bonnibel slid from her place and fell on the floor in a helpless heap at Lucy's feet.

"Oh! Miss Bonnibel, rouse yourself—oh, for God's sake don't you faint! Oh, me! oh, me! what a born fool I was to tell you that before I got you away from this place!" cried Lucy in terror, kneeling and lifting the drooping head upon her arm.

"Oh! Miss Bonnibel, please don't you faint now!" she reiterated, taking a bottle of smelling salts from her pocket and applying it to the young lady's nostrils.

Thus vehemently adjured, Bonnibel opened her blue eyes and looked up into the troubled face of her attendant.

"We have got to be going now," urged the girl, "you must keep all your strength to get away from here."

"I will," said Bonnibel, struggling to a sitting posture in Lucy's supporting arms. "I am quite strong, Lucy, I shall not faint, I give you my word, I will not! Go on with your story!"

"I mustn't—you can't stand it," answered the girl, hesitating.

"Go on," Bonnibel said, with a certain little authoritative ring in her voice that Lucy had always been wont to obey.

"If I must then," said Lucy, reluctantly, "but there's but little more to tell. Mr. Dane got away and they never caught him till the night of your grand masquerade ball when Colonel Carlyle recognized him. The next day he had him arrested and put in a French prison on the charge of murder."

"And now?" asked Bonnibel, in horror-struck accents.

"And they all sailed for the United States more than two weeks ago," answered Lucy, sadly. "Mr. Dane to his trial, and Colonel Carlyle, Mrs. Arnold and Miss Felise Herbert to testify against him."

"More than two weeks ago," repeated Bonnibel, like one dazed.

"I heard some men talking about it," Lucy went on, "and they said that if Mr. Dane couldn't prove his absence at the time of the murder he would certainly get hung."

A moan was Bonnibel's only response. "So you see, my dear young mistress, that his only chance rests on your evidence, and we must start right away if we are to get there to save him!"

Bonnibel sprang to her feet, trembling all over.

"Let us go this moment," she said, feverishly; oh, what if we should be too late!"

Wild with horror she set about her preparations. Her one thought now was to save Leslie Dane though the whole world should know the shameful secret she tried so hard to keep from its knowledge.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

February winds blew coldly over the sea at Cape May, the day was bleak and sunless, a misty, drizzling rain fell slowly but continuously, chilling the very marrow of one's bones. No one who could have helped it would have cared to venture out in such dreary, uncomfortable, depressing weather. But up and down the beach, before the closed mansion of Sea View, walked a weird, strange figure,

bareheaded in the pitiless war of the elements, bowed and bent by age, clothed in rent and tattered finery, with scant, gray locks flying elfishly in the breeze that blew strongly and cruelly enough to have lifted the little, witch-like form and cast it into the sea.

"I am a fool to come out in such stormy weather!" this old creature muttered to herself. "What is it that drives me out of my sick bed to wander here in the rain and wind before Francis Arnold's house? There is a thing they call *Remorse*, ha, ha—that is that haunting devil that pursues me!"

She looked at the lonely mansion, and turned back to the sea with a shudder.

"Whose is the sin?" she said, looking weirdly out at the wild waves as if they had a human voice to answer her query.

"She tempted me with her gold—she had murder in her heart as red as if she had dyed her hands in his life-blood! Ugh!" she wrung her hands and shook them from her as if throwing off invisible drops, "how thick and hot it was when it spurted out over my hands! Yet was not the sin hers? Hers was the brain that planned, mine but the hand that struck the blow!"

"Gold, gold!" she went on, after a shuddering pause, "what a devil it is to tempt one! I never harmed human being before, but the yellow glitter was so beautiful to my sight that it betrayed me. Strange, that when it had made me do her will, it should have grown hateful to my sight, and burned my hands, till I came here and cast every golden piece of my blood-bought treasure into the sea."

She drew nearer to the waves, peeping into them as if perchance the treasure she had cast into their bosom might yet be visible.

"There was a man named Judas," she muttered; "I have heard them tell of him somewhere—he sold a man's life for some pieces of silver—but when it was done he went and cast the treasure back to those who had bought his soul. He must have felt as I do. What is it that I feel—*remorse*, *repentance*, or a horror of that dreadful leap I shall soon be taking into the dark?"

Walking wildly up and down she did not see two figures coming towards her through the mist of the rain—two female figures shrouded in long water-proof cloaks and thick veils.

"Miss Bonnibel," said one to the other, "tis the wicked old witch—the fortune-teller—Wild Madge. Sure the old thing must be crazy, tramping out in such wild weather!"

Bonnibel shuddered as she looked at the weird old creature.

"Cannot we avoid her notice?" she inquired, shrinking from contact with the sibyl.

At that moment Wild Madge turned and saw them. Directly she came up to them with her fortune-teller's whine:

"Cross my palm with silver and I will tell your fortune, bonny ladies."

"No, no, Wild Madge, we haven't got time to hear our fortunes told," said Lucy Moore. "Don't try to detain us. We are on a mission of life and death."

"So am I!" mocked the sibyl with her strange, discordant laugh. "Death is on my trail to-day; but I know you, Lucy Moore, and you, too, lovely lady," she added, peering curiously under Bonnibel's veil. "I told your fortune once, pretty one—did the prophecy come true?" she inquired, seizing hold of Bonnibel's reluctant hand, and drawing off her glove.

"Yes, it came true," she answered, tremblingly.

"Yes, I see, I see," said the sibyl, peering into the little hand; "you have suffered—you suffer still! But, lady, listen to me! The clouds are breaking, there is a silver lining to every one that droops over you now. You may believe what I tell you; ha! ha!"

"Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore, And coming events cast their shadows before."

Uttering the quotation with the air of a prophetess, she released Bonnibel's hand and suddenly sank upon the wet ground with a stifled moan of pain.

"Oh! Lucy, she is ill—her hands are as hot as fire, her eyes are quite glassy," exclaimed Bonnibel in alarm as she bent over the fallen form.

"We can't help that, Miss Bonnibel—we are compelled to hurry on to Brandon," said the girl, for though ordinarily the softest-hearted of human beings her impatience to be gone made her rather indifferent to the visible weakness and illness of the sibyl.

"Oh! but, Lucy, we must spare her a moment," cried Bonnibel, full of womanly pity, and forgetting her dread of the sibyl at sight of her sufferings; "she must not die out here in the cold and rain. Let us take her between us and lead her to the house, and leave her in care of the old housekeeper if she is there."

"We must hurry, then," said Lucy; "Mr. Leslie Dane's life is worth more than this old witch's if she lived two hundred years to follow her trade of lying!"

She stooped very gently, however, and helped the poor creature to her feet; supporting the frail form between them, the mistress and maid walked on toward the house.

"What threatens Leslie Dane's life?" inquired the old sibyl suddenly, as she walked between them with drooping head.

"No Eye Like the Master's Eye."

You are master of your health, and if you do not attend to duty, the blame is easily located. If your blood is out of order, Hood's Sarsaparilla will purify it.

It is the specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, bowels or liver. **Heart Trouble**—"I had heart trouble for a number of years and different medicines failed to benefit me. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and three bottles completely and perfectly cured me." Mrs. C. A. FLINN, Wallace Bridge, N. S.

A Sarsaparilla—"As I had lost five children with diphtheria I gave my remaining two children Hood's Sarsaparilla as they were subject to throat trouble and were not very strong. They are now healthier and stronger and have not since had a cold." Mrs. W. H. FLECKER, Pembroke, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"They are trying him for the murder of Mr. Arnold, more than three years ago, if you must know," said Lucy.

"Is he innocent?" inquired the old creature in a faltering voice.

"Innocent? Of course he is—as innocent as the angels," answered Lucy, "but he can never prove it unless me and Miss Bonnibel can get the witnesses at Brandon to prove an *alibi* for him. So you see we are wasting time on you, old woman."

"Yes, yes," faltered Wild Madge, humbly. "But where are they trying him, Lucy Moore?"

"At Cape May Court House, old woman—and the evidence will be summed up to-day, the jurors will give their verdict. You see we must hurry if we would save him."

"Yes, yes; better to leave the old woman to die in the rain, and hurry on," whined the sick woman.

"We are here now. We will leave you under shelter at least," Bonnibel answered gently.

They led her in, and consigned her to the care of the wondering old housekeeper at Sea View, and went back to the shore.

The Bonnibel, battered and worn, but still seaworthy, rocked at her moorings yet. They loosened the little craft, sprang in, Bonnibel took up the oars, and the little namesake shot swiftly forward through the rough waves to Brandon.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why the sentence of death shall not be pronounced against you?"

The solemn words of the judge echoed through the crowded court-room, and the sea of human faces turned curiously and with one accord towards the spot where the prisoner sits with his friend, the handsome German artist, by his side, where he has remained throughout the trial.

The case has excited much interest, for the murdered man had been widely known and as for the man accused of the murder, his native land had but just commenced to hear of him as a son whose brow was crowned with laurels in the world of art. But almost simultaneously with the announcement of his brilliant success abroad had followed the dreadful tidings of his arrest for the murder of Mr. Arnold, and the distinguished position of the murdered man and the fame of the gifted young artist accused of the crime had drawn thousands to the trial.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

March and the Lion.

Something Better Than the old Saw.

The saying about the lion and the lamb in March often proves false, but there is another and a better one which is literally true. When March comes in and finds you taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify enrich and vitalize your blood, you may expect, when it goes out, that it will leave you free from that tired feeling and with none of the boils, pimples and eruptions which manifest themselves because of impure blood in the spring. If you have not already begun taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for your spring medicine, we advise you to begin to-day. We assure you it will make you feel better all through the coming summer.

ADVERTISING.

One step won't take you very far
You've got to keep on walking,
One word won't tell folks what you are
You've got to keep on talking;
One inch won't make you very tall
You've got to keep on growing;
One little "ad" won't do it all
You've got to keep 'em going.

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH
Pain-Killer.
A Medicine Chest in Itself.
Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for
GRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS,
COLDS, RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA.
25 and 50 cent Bottles.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
BUY ONLY THE GENUINE.
PERRY DAVIS

RICHARD SULLIVAN & CO.

—WHOLESALE—

Wine and Spirit Merchants,

—IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN—

TEAS, TOBACCOS and CIGARS

44 & 46 DOCK STREET ST. JOHN N. B.

Bonded Warehouse No. 8

Fall and Winter Goods.

DRESS GOODS.

Men's Overcoats,
Men's and Boy's Ulsters,
" " " Hats and Caps,
Shirts and Drawers,
Top Shirts,
Men's and Boy's Sweaters,
Wool Blankets,
Flannelette Blankets,
Horse Rugs,
Buffalo Lining,
Homespun,
Men's Suitings,
Overalls and Jumpers,

Ladies' Jackets,
Ladies' Underwear,
" " " Hats and Caps,
Saque and Coat Cloth,
Flannelette,
Flannels—all colors,
Eiderdown Flannel,
Chenille Portiers,
Chenille Table Covers,
Lumbermen's Socks,
Ettafe Jumpers and Pants,
Trimmings of all kinds,
Cotton Flannel,
Ladies' Wrappers,

Ladies' Fur Trimmed Capes, Men's Fur Lined Coats, Men's Fur Caps, Men's Fur Coats, Ladies' Fur Collars, Ladies' Fur Muffs, Goat Robes, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Overshoes.

A full stock of Groceries, Hardware, Iron and Steel, Herring, Shad, Codfish and Ling, Flour, Cornmeal and Oatmeal.

J. & W. BRAIT KINGSTON, KENT CO., N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1889.

The Review,

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Published every Thursday at \$1.00 per year in advance; \$1.50 if not paid within three months.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER!

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND!

SUBSCRIBE NOW

All Kinds of Printing.

Good Work---Low Rates.

Address Labels, Books, Bill-Heads, Bills of Lading, Blanks all kinds Bonds, Blotters, Bills of Fare, Business Cards, Ball Invitations, Ball Programmes, Catalogues, Circulars, Calendars, Checks, Certificates, Counter Bills, Charters for Societies, Dodgers, Drafts, Druggist's Printing, Folders, Gang Saw Bills, Hangers, Hotel Registers, Invoices, Insurance Printing, Letter Heads, Labels, Magistrate's Blanks, Memorandums, Menu Cards, Note Heads, Notes of Hand, Orders, Posters, Programmes, Pamphlets, Price Lists, Receipts, Reports, Statements, Show Cards, Shipping Tags, Tickets, Visiting Cards, Wedding Cards, Wedding Invitations, executed with neatness and despatch.