

- - AN - -

Old Man's Darling.

BY MRS. ALEX. McVEIGH MILLER,
AUTHOR OF "QUEENIE'S TERRIBLE SECRET," "JACQUELINE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

Every word is spoken with such a pretty air of excusing and defending the young wife's errors, and condemning her dead uncle as their cause, that Colonel Carlyle is entirely deceived. He did not know that Bonibel was so neglected and unloved before, but he takes it on trust since Felise is so confident of it, and the thought rankles bitterly in his proud heart. But he passes over the subject in silence and returns to the primal one.

"So you would not, as a rule, Miss Herbert, commend the practice of married women waltzing with other men than their husbands?"

She drops her eyes with a pretty air of mingled confusion and earnestness.

"Perhaps you will call me prudish," she says, "or perhaps I may be actuated by the more ignoble passion of jealousy; but I have always felt that were I a man it would be insupportable shame and agony for me to see my wife, whom I loved and revered as a being little lower than an angel, whirled about a common ball-room in the arms of another, while the gaping public nodded and winked."

She saw a look of shame and pain cross his face as his eyes followed the white figure floating round the room in the clasp of Byron Penn's arms.

"I suppose there are not many women who feel as strongly on that subject as you do," he says, slowly.

"Oh, dear, no, nor men either, or they would not permit their wives such license," is the quick reply.

The waltz-music ceases with a bewildering crash of melody, and some one comes up and claims Felise for the next german. She floats away airily as a rose-colored cloud on her partner's arm, and leaves her victim alone. He stands there quite silently a little, seeming lost in troubled thought, then goes to seek his wife.

He finds her the center of an admiring circle, the young poet, Byron Penn, conspicuous among them.

With a slight apology to his friends he offers his arm and leads her away from the throng out to the long moonlighted piazzas.

"Shall I find you a seat or will you promenade?" he inquires politely.

"Oh! promenade, by all means," she answers a little constrainedly.

They take a few turns up and down the long piazza, Mrs. Carlyle's long robe trailing after her with a silken "swish, swish;" she makes no observation, does not even look at him.

Her large eyes wander away and linger upon the sea that is glorious beyond description with the radiance of the full moon mirrored in its deeps, and making a pathway of light across its restless waves.

She thinks vaguely that the golden streets of the celestial city must look like that.

"I hope you are enjoying the ball?" her liege lord observes interrogatively.

"As much as I ever enjoy anything," she returns listlessly.

"Which means—" he says, quickly, then checks himself abruptly.

She finishes his sentence with a dreary little sigh:

"That I do not enjoy anything very much!"

He looks down at her, wondering at the unusual pathos of her tone, and sees a face to match the voice.

Moonlight they say brings out the true expression of the soul upon the features.

If that be true then Bonibel Carlyle bears a sad and weary soul within her breast.

The white face looks very *spirituelle* in the soft, mystical light, and the delicate lips are set in a line of pain.

No man likes to see his wife unhappy. It is a reflection upon himself. It is his first duty to secure her happiness. Colonel Carlyle is nettled, and says, half querulously:

"I am sorry to see you *ennuyed* where everything seems conspiring to promote your happiness. Can I do nothing to further that end?"

Her large eyes look up at him a moment in grave surprise at his fretful tone. Then she says to herself in apology for him:

"He is old, and I have heard that old people become irritated very easily."

"I have never waltzed in my life, and cannot, of course, enter into the feelings of those who have, but I can see what I am about to ask may be a great sacrifice to you."

She glances up inquiringly into his face but he will not meet her eyes.

"Bonibel, I want you to give up waltzing altogether—will you do it?" he asks, brusquely.

"Give up waltzing?" she echoes, in surprise. "Is not that a very sudden notion, Colonel Carlyle? I did not know you harbored any objections to the Terpsichorean art."

"I do not in the abstract," he answers, evasively. "But you will pardon me for saying that I consider it exceedingly delicate and improper for a married woman to dance with any man but her husband. That is why I have asked you to give it up for my sake."

"Do other people think the same way, sir?" she inquires timidly.

"All right-minded people do," he answers firmly, quite ignoring the fact that he is a perfectly new proselyte to his boldy announced conviction of the heinousness of the waltz.

Silence falls between them for a little time. They have stopped walking and stand leaning against the piazza rails. Quite unconsciously she has pulled a flower from his elegant *boutonniere*, and is tearing it to pieces between her white-gloved fingers. She looks up as the last rose-leaf is shredded away between her restless fingers and asks, quietly:

"Would it please you very much to have me give up waltzing, sir?"

"More than words can express, my darling; are you going to make me happy by the promise?"

"I am quite willing to please you, sir, when it is possible for me to do so," she answers quite gently; "you have my promise."

"Bonibel, you are an angel!" exclaims the enraptured colonel. He draws his arm around her an instant and bends to kiss her lips. "A thousand thanks for your generous self-sacrifice!"

"You need not thank me, sir—it is not much of a sacrifice," she answers, dryly. She has drawn out her programme of the dances for the evening and is hurriedly consulting it.

"I find that I am engaged for one more waltz," she says, carelessly. "I suppose you do not object to my dancing that? It would be embarrassing to excuse myself."

"Your partner is—whom?" he inquires, with a slight frown.

Again she consults her programme.

"It is Mr. Penn."

"Cannot you excuse yourself? Say you are tired? Your head aches? Women know how to invent suitable excuses always—do they not?"

"I will do as you wish, sir," she answers in so low a voice that he does not catch its faint inflection of scorn.

Other promenaders come out on the piazza, and one or two laughing jests are thrown at him for keeping the "belle of the ball away from her proper sphere."

"Perhaps I am selfish," he says. "Let us return to the ball-room, my love."

"As you please," she answers.

He leads her back and lingers by her side awhile, then it strikes him that *les proprieties* do not sanction a man's monopolizing his wife's company in society.

With a sigh he leaves her, and tries to make himself agreeable to other fair women.

He has hardly left her before the band strikes up "The Beautiful Blue Danube," and Byron Penn starts up from some remote corner, from which he has witnessed her return to the ball-room.

"This is our waltz, is it not?" he says with a tremor of pleasure in his voice.

A slight flush rises over Bonibel's cheek.

"I believe it is," she answers; "but if you will not think me very rude, Mr. Penn, I am going to ask you to excuse me from it. I am tired and shall dance no more this evening."

"You are very cruel," says the poet, plaintively, "but if you wish to atone for your injustice you will walk down to the shore with me and look at the moonlight on the sea, and hear how delicious the music sounds down there. You can form no conception of its sweetness when mellowed by a little distance and blent with the solemn diapason of the waves."

"If you will go and tell my maid to bring me a shawl," she answers, indifferently, "I will go with you for a minute." He returns with a fleecy white wrap, and they stroll away from the "dancers dancing in tune."

CHAPTER XX.

Colonel Carlyle soon misses his heart's fair queen from the ball-room, and immediately the whole enchanting scene becomes a desert in his love-lorn eyes. He

glances hither and thither; he wanders disconsolately around, yet no fitting glimpse of his snow-maiden rewards his eager eyes. She has vanished as completely from his sight as if a sunbeam had shone down upon and dissolved her into a mist.

"Have you seen Bonibel anywhere?" he inquires of Felise, meeting her on her partner's arm as he wandered around.

Felise looks up with a low, malicious laugh.

"Bonibel?" she says. "Oh, yes; she and Byron Penn have been down on the beach this half hour in the moonlight, composing sonnets."

Her partner laughs and hurries her on, leaving the anxious old husband standing in the floor like one dazed. A dozen people standing around have heard the question and its answer. They nod and wink at each other, for Colonel Carlyle's patent jealousy has begun to make him a laughing stock. After a moment he recollects himself and turns away. People wonder if he will go out and confront the sentimental pair, and a few couples, on curiosity bent, stroll out to watch his proceedings. They are rewarded directly, for he comes out and takes his way down the shore.

Felise's assertion of a half an hour is merely a pleasant fiction. It has not been ten minutes since she left the house on the arm of the young poet. They are standing on the beach looking out at the glorious sea, and the young man whose soul is so deeply imbued with poetry that he can think and speak of nothing else, has been telling her what a sweet poem is "Lucille," Owen Meredith's latest. He repeats a few lines, and the girl inclines her head and tries to be attentive.

"O, being of beauty and bliss! seen and known
In the depths of my heart, and possessed
there alone,
My days know thee not, and my lips
name thee never,
Thy place in my poor life is vacant forever,
We have met, we have parted, no more is
recorded
In my annals on earth."

The pretty lines have a more attentive listener than Bonibel. Her husband has come up softly and unnoticed. He sees the graceful head graciously inclined, hears the lines that Byron Penn has, unconsciously to himself, made the vehicle for expressing his own sentiments, and his heart quakes with fury. He strides before them white and stern.

"Miss Carlyle," he says, in low, stern accents, "will you come with me?"

The young wife lifts her drooping head with a start and sees him standing before her, wan, white and haggard, quite a different man from the enraptured lover who had kissed and praised her but a little while ago.

"I—oh, dear me—has anything happened, Colonel Carlyle? Are you ill?" she falters, in her innocent unconsciousness.

"Will you come with me?" he repeats, grinding his teeth in a fury.

"Certainly," she says, thinking that something dreadful must have happened surely, and simply saying, "You will excuse me, Mr. Penn," she bows and turns away on her husband's arm.

The handsome young fellow looks after them blankly.

"Upon my word," he exclaims, "what a furious, uncalculated outbreak of jealousy! So that's what it is to be an old man's darling, is it? Truly an enviable position for such a peerless angel."

He throws himself down on the beach, to the detriment of his immaculate evening costume, and resigns himself to some rather melancholy musings.

Meanwhile Bonibel, as she walks away, again asks, with sweet unconsciousness: "Has anything happened, Colonel Carlyle?"

"Let us go to your private parlor; I will tell you there," he answers, coldly.

Inside that safe retreat they confront each other in momentary silence, Bonibel anxious, troubled, and totally unconscious, Colonel Carlyle pale with anger and wild, unreasoning jealousy, his brain on fire with contending passions that have been seething there ever since Felise's consummate art had been employed to torture him this evening.

"Now you will tell me!" she inquires, standing before him with loosely-clasped hands, the fleecy drapery falling from her shoulders, the fairest vision his eyes ever rested upon.

"Bonibel, you surely do not pretend to be ignorant that you have given me cause for offence?" he exclaims, hoarsely.

Her blue eyes dilate; she retreats a step with genuine surprise depicted on her face. Then she remembered her promise about waltzing.

"Surely, there is some misunderstanding," she answers, slowly. "I assure you, sir, that I have not waltzed any more since you asked me not to do so."

"You have done worse, much worse!" he exclaims, passionately, "and your affectation of innocence must certainly be eigned. No woman in her senses could be oblivious to the fact that your open flirtation with that silly rhymester, Byron Penn, is simply scandalous!"

In his excitement he characterizes her offense in terms more forcible than true. She is dumb with astonishment for a moment, then she walks straight up to him, a blaze of color rushing over her face and

"Example is Better Than Precept."

It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of testimonials are examples of what Hood's has done for others, and what it will do for you.

Dyspepsia— "I was weak and had fainting spells. Dyspepsia and indigestion in severe form troubled me. Five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made me well and strong." Mrs. WILLIAM VANVALKENBURG, Whitby, Ont.

A Good Medicine— "We have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family as a spring medicine and used Hood's Pills for biliousness and found both medicines very effective. For impure blood we know Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good medicine." R. S. PELTON, publisher Bee, Atwood, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
NEVER DISAPPOINTS

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

neck, while her eyes flash lightning scorn upon him.

"This to me!" she exclaims, her girlish voice ringing with passion and resentment. "Such an accusation to Harry Vere's daughter! Oh! for shame! How dare you!"

"You provoked it yourself," he answers, retreating before her, for her little hands were clenched wildly as if she would strike him down to earth; "I gave you my honored name to wear—a name as proud as your father's—and you have dragged it through the mire of a moonlight flirtation with a dandy, an idiot."

"It is false," she answers, proudly, "I never flirted in my life, I should not know how to do it. And there was no harm in my short walk down to the shore with Mr. Penn. No one could make harm of it except a man blinded by jealousy!"

A glimmer of the truth had begun to dawn upon her. It angered him bitterly to know that she had detected his weakness.

"I have been blinded by many things," he answers, furiously. "I was blinded by your beautiful face before I married you, and could not see that you had never received the proper training and education to fit you for the position to which I elevated you. My eyes have been opened by your recent conduct, and I find you simply an unformed child, utterly ignorant how to maintain your dignity as my wife!"

Word for word he is going over the specious sophistries of Felise, but he is utterly unconscious of the fact. He has been merely a pliant tool in her artful hands, but he believes that he has found out all these facts for himself, and he asserts them with a perfect conviction of truth.

For Bonibel stands listening in stunned silence to his vehement rhodomontade. She has walked away from him a little way, and stands clinging to the back of a chair, as if to save herself from falling. The angry flush has died out of her face, and she looks marble-cold, and white even to her lips. As he pauses, she speaks in low, resentful accents:

"Colonel Carlyle, you are the first man who has ever offered me an insult!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of *Dr. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

When a child chokes insert the fore-fingers into his mouth, and try to hook out the offending morsel of food or other object. Hit him smartly on the back at the same time.

When a pudding is to be boiled see that the cloth to be used is very clean, that it is dipped in boiling water, dredged with flour, and shaken well before the pudding is put into it.

"Take time by the forelock." If your blood is out of order, begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla at once and prevent serious illness.

"They say that things are getting consarnedly rotten over in old Paris."

"They must be. The last lot o' Paris green I bought wasn't wuth chucks."

Pyny-Pectoral
A QUICK CURE FOR
COUGHS AND COLDS
Very valuable Remedy in all
affections of the
THROAT or LUNGS
Large Bottles, 25c.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited
People of Pyny-Davis' Pain-Killer

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. 2

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,
Homespuns,
Men's Suitings,
Overalls and Jumpers, | Ladies' Jackets,
Ladies' Underwear,
Sacque and Coat Cloth,
Flannelette,
Flannels—all colors,
Eiderdown Flannel,
Chenille Portiers,
Chenille Table Covers,
Lumbermen's Socks,
Etoffe 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, N. B.
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.

God 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.