

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

'A sister, Roger?' I interrupt, quickly. 'Yes, dear! A little sister as pretty and as charming as yourself. And I almost worshipped her, and so did my mother. She was the light of our small house after my father died; and we both thought so much of her—dear little Amy! And then, one fair spring morn, there came to our small village a wandering artist—a man of about forty, with fine figure, large dark eyes, and grave but fascinating manner. A week passed by, and rumors reached our small household of the beautiful bit of scenery dashed off in fine and careless style by this artist.

'And Amy, my dear little sister, laughingly said: "I must see these wonderful paintings." As was fond of her brush and hand some taste, though then uncultivated. Day by day she wished more and more for a sight of the stranger's canvas; and, at length, she had her wish gratified. Ah! how well I remember that bright May evening, when, as I sat alone with my mother in our pretty sitting room, the door suddenly flew open, and Amy entered, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, and then her tale was told; and harmless enough it seemed to us that fair May evening, and merrily enough we joined in Amy's clear, happy laughter, as she told, in her pretty way, all the incidents connected with her casual meeting with the stranger-artist and her view of his wonderful sketches.

'Ah, we could neither of us foretell the future nor divine for an instant that the day would come when the remembrance of that evening would be as gall to us!

'The weeks flew by, and the artist was no longer a stranger to us, but a frequent guest at our table. And Amy—our dear, innocent Amy—well, it was clearly seen from the beginning what a charm his presence had for her. All the love of her pure maiden heart was showered upon Hugh Gordon! 'Yes, my dear little sister loved Hugh Gordon with all her heart, and shamefully he returned her maiden confidence!'

Roger pauses, while an angry and indignant look overspreads his countenance.

'Villain!' he mutters, beneath his breath while his right hand is raised and clenched, as though against some hidden foe.

'Roger, don't look so!' I murmur, leaning my head against his shoulder, while the tears trickle down my cheeks.

At my words, at my action, he starts. Then, glancing down tenderly at my tear-strained face, he murmurs, gently—

'My own little Elsie, did I frighten you, dear? I will not finish my—'

'Oh, please go on, Roger!' I plead. 'Your little sister—what happened next?'

'Poor little Amy! She gave her wealth of love, and received in return a broken heart. They were married, and this Hugh Gordon took her away to some quiet seaside lodgings—only for a time, he assured my mother. But he feared to declare his marriage to his friends just then, as he did not wish to offend an old uncle who was very rich, and whose estates he hoped, and had every reason to expect, he would inherit, should he continue to please him till the time of his death.

'And so, in sadness and sorrow, we let our Amy go away with her artist husband, and for a time all seemed well with her. Her weekly budget of news was bright and cheerful in its tone. Then came a change.

'The months passed by, and then, just as she was looking forward to holding in her arms her first-born, the end came. My mother was hastily summoned, but three weeks later all was over, and our bright Amy lay beneath the sod.

'Her husband had soon tired of her pretty face and artless ways.

'Poor, loving, true little Amy! Oh, Elsie! You can never know how we have mourned her; but we keep her wooing her marriage, and her death, a secret now; for it all seems so sacred to us, that we naturally shrink from letting strangers into our confidence. But you—you will soon be one of us, darling; therefore I have told you this. My mother wished you to know all; and then again, another reason is, Elsie, I believe that you have met this man, and I dread his fascinating ways. I have been warned in a dream!'

A fearful idea flashes through my brain. Can Sir Hugh Staunton and the husband of Roger's sister be the same man?

What can possibly have suggested the idea to me?

I cannot say; but I feel sure that I am correct in my surmise.

'Listen, Elsie!' Roger adds. I dreamed that you and I were together in some

fair flowery meadow, through which flowed a wide and silvery stream. We stood hand in hand, and watched it as it flowed gently on.

'Suddenly another figure came into view and took up its position exactly facing us, but on the other bank of the stream. It stood there, silent and motionless; then suddenly raised its left hand, and beckoned to you. You smiled in return, and slipped your hand quickly from my grasp, then took a step or two forward as though you would leave me for that other. But even as your feet were at the brink of the stream a chasm opened and you disappeared.

'At the same instant a loud laugh of mockery and derision issued from the lips of the figure on the opposite bank, while I fell senseless to the earth! That was my dream, Elsie. Not very dreadful in the telling, you will say; but yet I feel thankful that it was only a dream!'

'But the figure, Roger, that beckoned to me—did you recognize it?'

'I did, Elsie, and therein lies all my terror!'

'Who was it, Roger?'

'It was the man who ruined my dear sister's life! It was he whose likeness we destroyed together, Elsie!'

'But, Roger, that was the photograph of Sir Hugh Staunton! I exclaim.

'Sir Hugh Staunton now, Elsie. His hopes have been realized, and he has succeeded to the estates and title he coveted so much. But, Sir Hugh Staunton, or plain Hugh Gordon, the man is the same for all that. And you have met him, Elsie, have been thrown in his way in crowded ball rooms, have stood with him on the moonlit balcony, and yet have come back to me—unscathed!'

'But, Roger! The photograph—where did you find it?'

'Where I found one of the same man long ago, when he came as Amy's lover, Elsie.'

'Where was that? I stammer forth.

'Enclosed within the leaves of a song that my sister was accustomed to sing to us.'

'Ah! I remember now. But he did not put it there, I feel certain, for I sorted all my music only—'

'Never mind, dear, who put it there,' answers Roger. 'I am quite satisfied that it did not find its way there through the agency of these little fingers, and bending low his head, he lays his lips on my hand.'

I am at Ellerton Park.

The colonel is abroad, but he has kindly given me permission to use his fine, old library, and so I am about to avail myself of his permission to obtain a book of poems of which I have heard so much.

I cross the room, and make my way through the gloom—for the shutters are still barred—to the window, which faces the shelves, where I know I shall find the poet I seek.

I unfasten the shutters and look out.

A woman's face is pressed close against the pane, and her eyes are peering into the room.

With a slight exclamation, I turn and cross to the book-shelves.

'Who is the woman? I naturally wonder as I begin my search.

The volume is found at length, and I open it and glance down at the lines.

'How beautiful!' I murmur softly, as I turn another page and read on.

So absorbed do I become in the poet's thrilling language, that I am deaf and blind to all around me for the time being, and start aside with a slight scream as a voice sounds quite close to me.

'We have met again then, Elsie. I prophesied to you in the woods that day that we should, and I am a true prophet.'

'Sir Hugh Staunton!' I gasp.

'Yes, Elsie; and you are glad to see me?'

As he speaks, he bends forward, and takes my hand in his.

I really am too astonished—too frightened—to offer any resistance, for he seems so changed.

The same fine figure, the same handsome face the same dark eyes; but the expression, in the latter!

Ah! I shudder as I glance up and note it all.

Like a flash, too, comes the recollection of his dead wife.

Again he speaks.

'Elsie, I have sought long how I might bring about this meeting, and now Fate has played into my hands. Elsie, now I can tell you what I have suffered since last we parted, and now I can hear from your lips that you will no longer look coldly on me and set aside my love!'

As he utters the last word a low and a low and hissing sound makes itself distinctly heard from the direction of the window, against which I had seen pressed a woman's face.

'Sir Hugh, you forget that—that I am already the promised wife of—'

'Ah, yes! Of the respected doctor of this small village, Elsie. No; I do not forget anything. Only, that is swallowed up in the other thought which has taken complete possession of me. I mean the thought of the great love which I have for you Elsie. Think, before you reject my love, of the advantages it can bring you. Think of all this. Weigh it well in your mind with that other love offered you and then choose mine! Your happiness will ever be my first and last thought. Elsie, Elsie! I love you! Do not reject me!'

Again the hissing sound, but this time far more distinct.

It reaches my companion's ear, too, for he starts, and glances round with knitted brow and stern eyes.

'What is it?' I almost shriek, for the whole scene is fast overpowering me.

'Nothing, Elsie, that need thus alarm you. I will just go out, and prove to you that there is no one outside. Wait here for me.'

Sir Hugh releases my hand, and turns away.

I sink into a chair near by, and burying my face in my hands, sob aloud.

'Oh, Roger! where are you?' I cry, in my sorrow.

And then, even as I utter his name, I hear his dear voice in the hall.

I rise and rush to the door, and look out, only just in time to see his figure disappear round a corner, in company with—

And here a fit of trembling seizes me, and I am compelled to seek shelter in the library.

For the terrible dread has entered into my very soul, and I wait, with heavy beatings of my heart, for my lover's return.

For Roger is in company with that other—and harm may befall him.

And then I recollect the expression in Sir Hugh's eyes, as he bent them on me a few minutes previously; such a look of passionate and intense feeling, as though the man could be, and would be capable of anything or everything.

Still the moments creep by, and still I am alone in the darkness, with aught for company but the shadow of the dread thought that flashed through my brain as I saw Roger's form disappear.

And then all my past rises before me; I see how very wrongly I have acted throughout.

I recognize the fact that I am to blame for Sir Hugh's presence here this evening, for I ought to have confessed my engagement to Roger long before I met him.

But it is too late to recall the past; I must bear the consequences of my foolish pride and wrong-doing.

Another ten minutes passes thus, and then Roger enters the room.

I spring towards him with a little glad cry of relief and joy, and he draws me very close to his heart, and murmurs—

'She is still my little Elsie! I thought the serpent had been near her again. Still she is free from his trail, thank Heaven!'

'Oh, Roger! where is Sir Hugh?' I ask. My lover puts me from him quickly, and in the twilight, searches my face eagerly with deep and questioning gaze.

'The trail is not there, he murmurs to himself, as he again draws me closer. I dare not repeat my question.

'Now, dear,' says Roger, 'I will go and get my hat. I think I left it in the house-keeper's sitting-room. You will not mind waiting here a moment alone, dear?'

'I will wait, Roger. Only, please do not be long. I do not like this dark room.'

'Silly child!' laughs my lover, as he turns away in search of his hat.

Five minutes, or more, elapses. Then he returns, but hatless.

'Elsie, I believe I must go home without it, for I really cannot remember where I left it, and I do not like to disturb Mrs. North in her evening nap. It is very mild, and I shall not take cold.'

He offers me his arm at the same time and then we make our way out of the library.

'You will not mind coming out the back way, Elsie?' Roger says, presently. 'It will shorten our walk, and it is already late. Your father will be expecting you, dear.'

I am too worn out to make any demur at this arrangement, but feel I can submit to anything Roger likes to propose.

So in silence we set out from Ellerton Park.

Arrived there, I bid Roger a farewell, then take a candle from the hall-table, and repair at once to my chamber, where I sink into my favourite chair and go over the events of the past hour.

As I reflect on the late scene my eyes wander up and down my dress and jacket.

My dress is a lawn-coloured cloth, of which I have taken great care hitherto, as it is such a good fit, and our village is not noted for a good dressmaker; but now, as my gaze wanders up and down, I fancy I detect some dark spots, where no such spots should be.

Not being able to satisfy myself upon this point, I rise and draw nearer to the light.

Yes; there, too surely, are several large spots of a dark colour.

And—oh, horror! They are of blood!

Then, like a flash of lightning, it all dawns upon me, only I can't yet shape my dreadful thoughts into words.

No! I must act—and at once!

Hurriedly blowing out my candle, I open my door and descend, carefully and noiselessly, and let myself out at the hall-door.

Then, with winged feet, I fly along the road in the direction of Ellerton Park, in at the gates, up the winding drive till I gain the library window, then on till the white stone steps of the front entrance come into view in the half-light.

It strikes terror to a mother's heart to have her child wake up at night with a croupy cough.

Child can scarcely speak, can hardly breathe—seems to be choking.

There is no time for delay—apply hot poultices to the throat and upper part of the chest, and give Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup—nothing like it for giving prompt relief—will save a child when nothing else will.

Mrs. Wm. Young, Frome, Ont., says: 'One year ago our little boy had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs and croup, which left a bad wheeze in his chest.'

'We were advised to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which we did, and it cured him completely.'

'Now we always keep this remedy in the house, as it excels all others for the severest kinds of coughs or colds.'

Laxa-Liver Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Sick Headache. Do not gripe or sicken.

Little Clarence (with rising inflection) 'Pa?'

Mr. Clippers—'Uh?'

Little Clarence—'Pa, if a man 50 years old married a girl of 17, and his son aged 25 married the girl's mother, don't that make the old man the son-in-law of his own son, and the father-in-law of himself; and—and, pa, can I go fishin' all this

A few months later, and we—Roger and I—stand side by side before the altar of our small village church, and listen to my father's faltering tones, as he reads out the sacred words that pronounce us man and wife.

And so I am happy again.

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afternoon with Johnny Jumpup if I won't ask you any more questions?'

Mr. Clippers (hastily)—'Great guns! Yes!'

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Its Purity is its Strength
Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.

Imitations are numerous.
Avoid them.

CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

I slacken my speed now, for am I not nearing—

What? Gracious Heavens! There it is!

My fearful idea is realized; and I fall senseless upon the lifeless body of Sir Hugh Staunton.

'Elsie, are you strong enough to read this?'

It is the first Friday in the New Year.

I am lying on the sofa in our pretty drawing-room, to which I have been borne in my father's arms for the first time to-day, since that dreadful night.

'Yes, father, quite,' I reply, as I glance up and note that it is addressed to me in Roger Elston's handwriting.

'I will join you again presently, Elsie,' father says, as, having placed the letter on the table at my side, he goes out, shutting the door behind him.

I lie and gaze at the superscription for a few minutes, then slowly lift one hand and take it up. Another minute, and I am slowly reading down the first page.

It is not a long letter, and there is no date or heading to it.

It runs thus—

'Ere you receive this, Elsie, I shall be far, far away. We shall not meet again in this world, till I can procure proofs of the real murderer—no need to say whose. But Elsie, I ask one favor at your hands in the mean-time—that is, try to think, try to bring yourself to firmly believe me, when I say that though my hat was found near the body, that though guilty stains were found on my apparel, still, believe me that I assert nothing but the truth, when I again say I had no hand in the crime. Life was assuredly extinct when I placed my hand for the first time on the body after I saw it fall there by the stone steps. Time will prove all. When I can bring you proofs, I repeat, I will come back to my dear love, and ask for a renewal of—'

Here the letter ends abruptly in a broken sentence, as though the writer—

But I grow faint again.

'Father!'

And then all is darkness once more.

'The proofs, Roger, where are they?'

'What, dreaming, Elsie?' questioned a familiar voice, as I wake with a start.

It is a bright sunshiny afternoon in early April.

I have been slowly regaining strength during these beautiful spring days.

But this afternoon a certain weakness and drowsiness has overpowered me, and I have lost consciousness in a deep sleep for more than an hour.

And I have dreamed! Dreamed of Roger my dear, lost love.

And yet the dream has not been a sad one.

For I seemed to see him as he was before that awful night, bright and handsome, coming towards me, with outstretched hands and a look of love in his eyes.

'Asleep! and dreaming? Oh! Elsie. And to think that I have been waiting so anxiously all this long time for you to awake, that I might tell you a visitor was wishing to see you,' says Cousin Maude.

'Who is it?' I ask, quietly.

My dream is still fresh in my memory, and seems so real.

'Whom would you like to see most on this earth, Elsie dear?' Cousin Maude questions, in low and gentle tones.

'Oh! Cousin Maude. It cannot, cannot be! Tell me quickly!'

'He shall speak for himself, dear.'

Then the door opens; a well known figure enters, and—

'I have brought the proofs, Elsie, my love! and then I am clasped once again in my own dear love's arms, and feel his warm kisses on my lips.

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PINEAPPLE ESSENCE.

In the Shape of Dr. Von Stan's
Pineapple Tablets in Curing
Stomach Ailments of
Every Kind.

The pineapple has a valuable constituent known as vegetable pepsin, a wonderful digester of food. Test this by mixing equal parts of pineapple and beef and agitating at a temperature of 103° Fahrenheit, when in due time, the meat will be entirely digested. This rare juice is the principal ingredient in Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets, and anyone, at any time, can enjoy the healing virtues of the ripe fruit by their use. You eat them like candy. They are very palatable; harmless as pure milk. They afford instant relief in all cases of indigestion and dyspepsia. Their right use will cure all stomach troubles and establish sound health. Box of 60 Tablets, 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

In Consequence.

A police court trial took an unexpected turn the other day.

An Irish witness had just been sworn to give evidence.

Magistrate: 'Do you know the nature of an oath?'

T. W.: 'Yes, sorr.'

Magistrate: 'Do you know how serious matter it is to swear falsely?'

T. W.: 'I do sorr.'

Magistrate: 'Now, do you know what will be the consequence if you give false evidence?'

T. W.: 'Our side will win, sorr.'

Magistrate (after an impressive pause): 'You may stand down, sir.'

PREACHER'S NERVE

Will Break Under the Strain of Indigestion—Here's the Testimony of the Preacher and His Wife—Backsliders From Good Health Reclaimed by the Power of the Great South American Nervine.

Rev. W. S. Barker of Peterboro', says: 'I was greatly afflicted with indigestion and nervous prostration, and my wife was all run down and suffering much from general debility, and we heartily join hands in giving testimony to the great relief and curative powers of South American Nervine. Splendid results followed the taking of the first bottle, and a few bottles have cured us both and we cheerfully recommend it to our fellow sufferers.' Sold by E. C. Brown.

Mixed.

This particular young man had been introduced to the political club as a rising orator who would make just a few brief remarks. He had apparently become impressed with the belief that the mantle of Cicero had fallen upon his shoulders, and was not going to let it slip off if he could help it.

When he had at last brought his oration to a conclusion, he went to a group of friends to receive their congratulations. One of them, and old friend of his family took him by the coat lapel, and led him aside.

'My boy he,' he said, 'I want to talk to you.'

'About my speech?'

'Yes.'

'It's very kind of you,' began the young man, in misguided anticipation.

'I know it is. You may not think it's kind when you hear it, but it is. That speech of yours lasted two hours and a quarter.'

'But I was applauded five times.'

You were. For the reason that we were misled four times into thinking you had finished.

BAD HEART—DIZZY HEAD.

Life was a Living Death. but Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Relieved in Thirty Minutes.