

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

her beneath the shelter of their humble roof did all in their power to restore her to life.

At length their patience was rewarded. The great dark eyes slowly opened and gazed dreamily into their compassionate, honest faces.

'You lost your way in the storm last night,' Quintin explained kindly. 'Try an' sleep now; you'll be able to speak better after you've rested a bit. Come, lad,' turning to Casper, 'don't waste time. Let the sheep out of the fold an' drive 'em into the long meadow.'

'Who are they?' Esther asked wearily, as the yeoman and his son passed through the arched doorway. 'Did they say I had lost my way?'

'Yes, dearie,' Mrs. Crewe replied, parting the damp, tangled hair from her burning forehead. 'If you can tell me where you live I will send to your friends and let 'em know you're safe.'

Those words brought back the poor wanderer's mind.

Too vividly she remembered all that had passed, and a wild, agonized look came over her face.

'I have no friends, no home,' she cried, trying to raise herself on her pillows. 'Let me rest here, for I am weary—so weary! and she sank back again with the mute, pleading air of a tired child.'

'There, don't fret,' the woman said soothingly. 'You're welcome to stay here as long as you like.'

'Thank you, thank you; I can never repay you for those kind words.'

'Never mind that, dearie. We poor folks don't sell kindness. It is all we have to give, and we give it freely when it's needed.'

The good woman proved her words to be true, and under her motherly care Esther daily recovered her strength.

Her thoughts often wandered back to the old Abbey and her husband, but she scarcely ever let her mind revert to those days in Paris when Kenard Gwydir had formed part of her life.

And yet she loved him.

Time passed on. One by one the flowers faded, and the leaves grew seared and withered on the trees, but she heard no tidings of Sir Jerom.

The long days darkened into night, and night melted again into morn, without bringing any change.

At last one dawned that was to break the dreary monotony.

A strange unwonted restlessness had stolen over her.

The pastoral conversation of the yeoman's family failed to interest her, and she had no appetite for their evening meal of hot dough cakes and fragrant tea.

With a tired, listless air, she rose from the table and wandered out among the steep white cliffs and verdant valleys, where all was bathed in soft purple twilight.

Feeling at liberty and at ease in the calm solitude, she roamed heedlessly amongst the wild autumnal flowers and bronzed heather until aroused from the troubled reverie into which she had drifted by the ring of a quick, firm footstep.

Instinctively she shrank back, and half concealed herself in the hedge as the tall figure of a man advanced from the deepening gloom.

The slight rustling of the leaves arrested the stranger.

Pausing for a moment, he turned and peered searchingly into the darkness.

'Are you in trouble?' he asked gently. Esther started, and sank down amidst the broad feathery ferns and tangled wood bines, her breath abated, her face hidden in her trembling hands.

Again the question was repeated in that kind, musical voice; but there was no response.

Only the delicate head drooped lower and lower, till the glorious hair mingled with the waving grasses, and lay like a sunbeam amongst the lengthening shadows.

'You are ill; let me help you to rise.'

And he laid his hand lightly on her shoulder.

With a cold shudder, she shrank from his touch.

'Leave me—leave me!' she moaned despairingly. 'Oh! all men I would have avoided you most!'

At sound of those sweet piteous tones a dusky wave surged to his brow, and darting forward he snatched her hands from her face.

'Lady Farquhar!' he exclaimed, a great joy setting his handsome features alight. 'Thank Heaven I have found you at last! My poor—'

'Hush!' she cried, springing to her feet with the terrified air of a hunted deer, 'not another word—I command you, Kenard Gwydir!'

'Can you expect me to obey that command?' he asked, bending his clear, penetrating gaze full upon her. 'Nay, Esther, using her Christian name for the first time, 'you know I love you. Why have you hidden yourself all these months?'

She silenced him with a haughty gesture, exclaiming:

'Stand aside and let me pass. Is it not enough for you to know that this sinful love has already cost, that you insult me by the repetition of such words? But for you I should still be a loved and honored wife; but for you my father would have had no cause to cast me from him for ever; but for you I should not be the miserable outcast I am! Kenard Gwydir, you cast the first stone that was to wreck my life's happiness, and I—'

'Stop! You would not curse me?'

She was silent.

'Remember all is different now,' he went on eagerly. 'There is no barrier between us. You are free to be won—free to love whom you will.'

'Are you mad?' she panted, her face crimsoning with anger.

'Ay, if loving you be madness!' he answered recklessly; then as he saw the wild hunted look deepen in her eyes, his own filled with compassion, and bending down he took her hands and held them in a firm warm clasp.

'Esther, you are shivering—and,' regarding her inquiringly, 'how pale you are! My darling, you must not remain in this isolated place. I will take you to summer scenes—to Italy, or—'

She flashed him a swift glance of indignation strangely blended with reproach and disappointment, and again her voice with its proud serene utterance rang out on the gloomy stillness.

'Once more I bid you leave me. Do not stay to insult me more by your presence. And you scorn and reject my love as worthless?' he asked hoarsely.

'As utterly worthless, since it would degrade me.'

'You are hard—'

'Would you have me act otherwise? What should I be in my own estimation? What ought I to be in yours, if I did?'

The face of Gwydir grew and drawn, grey shadows crept about his set mouth, and his eyes glowed beneath his knit brows with a burning passionate scorn.

'I thought I had found you,' he said, his tones sounding hard and strained. 'I was mistaken, you are further from me than ever. Answer me one question, Esther. Are you sure what I have said can never be?'

'After what has passed to-night—never!'

And the next moment Gwydir stood in the leafy darkness alone.

CHAPTER VII.

Since her meeting with Kenard Esther had not ventured beyond the ivy-covered porch of the cottage. But the long confinement and over anxiety began to play upon her health. She grew languid, listless, and silent. Unable to bear the restraint longer, she risked all chances of being discovered, and without giving herself time to think of the consequences, wound her way lightly through the clustering groves of pine and elm.

The wind was high, and with every fresh gust the brown rustling leaves fell from the swaying branches, and chased each other through the glade.

Presently a newspaper, doubtless dropped by some passing stranger, was blown towards her, and became entangled in her skirts.

Stopping to free herself from the encumbrance, she saw that it was part of the *Westles Gazette*.

'At last,' she exclaimed, sinking on to a fallen tree. 'At last I shall gain tidings of home!'

The paper was dated three months back, but that mattered little to Esther.

Eagerly, impatiently, she smoothed out the creases, and scanned the columns.

Suddenly a smothered, gasping cry escaped her lips, her sweet face grew ashy white, her eyes dilated, and she almost shrieked aloud in her anguish.

The sheet that had so strangely fallen to her hands contained an account of the death of Sir Jerom, and the mysterious disappearance of his wife.

'What is this I have done?' she cried in an agony of self accusation. 'Have I read aright? Yes, yes; Jerom is dead! Jerom my husband dead! and I—I—the cause—'

A great shudder shook her frame, and with an effort she tried to rise; but she was as it turned to stone, powerless to close even her dry, aching, hollow eyes.

'If I had been more patient, less wilful he would not have died cursing me—cursing me! No, not that, not that.'

Like one bereft of reason she murmured incoherently to herself.

The scene of the frightful storm she had braved in her flight from Westles came before her with ghastly force. She fancied she saw Sir Jerom lying on the ground, the forked lightning quivering around him the cruel, outting hailstones beating against his rigid upturned face.

She could suppress her feelings no longer, a wild piercing shriek broke the twilight stillness, and the echo was borne far over the blue mountains by the autumn breeze.

Flinging back the clinging locks from her brow, she sprang to her feet and rushed madly through the valley, the off repeated cry breaking from her parched lips in a soul wrought wail.

'Jerom, Jerom! forgive—forgive me. Presently a little terror bounded towards her followed by Casper.

'I am not—well,' she said faintly, as he boy stopped still and gazed wondering into her horror stricken face. 'The air has been too much for me. Let me lean on you, Casper.'

She struggled courageously for mastery over her feelings, but her voice was painfully strained, and as the shepherd boy led her gently forward his young heart was filled with pity and amazement.

'How are things going on at the inn, Quintin?'

'Badly, wife, badly. They've given up all hope of the sick man's recovery.'

'Hasn't he any friends who could be sent for?'

'If he had it'd be hardly worth sending for 'm. I don't think he'll trouble anyone long.'

'It all sounds very sad,' Esther remarked, rising from the window seat, where she had been listening quietly to the above dialogue. 'Is he quite alone? Must he die without any loved one by to soothe the last dreary hours of life?'

'Ay,' responded Quintin; 'he's alone, and no one knows who he is, and now he raves, and poor Meg looks anything but cherry, tagged and worried as she is.'

'Perhaps I might be of some assistance to her. I will persuade her to let me take her place tonight.'

Filled with compassion for the friendless and dying man, she wrapped a shawl loosely about her head and shoulders, and bidding the cottagers not to sit up for her return, hurried through the gathering darkness towards the red gabled inn.

'I am come to watch by your patient,' she said, when the inn keeper met her at gate. 'Is he better?'

'He breathes, and that's about all.'

Without staying to question him further, she noiselessly ascended the stairs, and

hastily removing her cloak, entered the chamber of death.

'Meg,' she whispered, going up to the tired woman who was half dozing in her chair, you must go and lie down. I will see that the poor sufferer has all he requires.'

'God bless you, miss. Give him half a glass of this medicine, it—when he wakes; and call me if you see a change.'

Left to herself, Esther looked slowly round the room. Everything was ominously silent; the fire burned low in the grate, and gaunt black shadows lay gloomily on floor and ceiling.

With a shudder she walked over to the bed. The feeble glimmer of the one solitary candle, mingled with the moonlight streaming through the latticed window, made the pale emaciated face lying on the white pillows look awfully death like.

For a moment she gazed in mute freezing horror at the wan countenance, then, uttering a sharp cry of anguish, sank half fainting on her knees.

'Kenard! Great Heaven! have I killed him too?'

She seized one of the thin hands resting upon the velvet coverlet, and pressed it tightly over her heart.

'My love—my love; speak—smile—move, that I may know you are but sleeping!'

She laid her hand on his cold forehead, and a numbing terror crept over her as she tried to force some brandy between his closed lips.

'Kenard—Kenard,' she wailed in a passion of tearless grief. 'Awake! It is I—Esther, whom you love!'

As though called back to life by those despairing, heart-broken accents, the heavy eyelids of Gwydir were slowly raised, and the dark sunken eyes looked into hers with a gleam of returning consciousness in their depths.

'I knew,' he murmured faintly, 'you would come—at last.'

She bent down and tried to speak, but the words she would have uttered died in their passage from her brain to her lips, and she was silent.

'Better death—with you near me,' he went on with an effort, 'than life—apart.'

Still she did not speak, nor did she weep—then; only long, quivering sighs, that seemed almost to suffocate her, broke unceasingly from her lips.

'You will stay with me, Esther until death comes between us?'

'Until death do us part!'

A month passed by, and Gwydir, though on a sure road to recovery, was still prostrate.

Esther had not left him until all the danger and dread were over, and now, as she sat beside him, he said, with a touch of the old bitterness:

'You have saved my life, Esther, but what have I to live for?'

'Hush!' she answered softly. 'You must live for me.'

'Esther!' he cried, his face beaming with a surpassing gladness; 'you are not deceiving me? You—'

'I love you—I have loved you since first we met.'

'Then why did you send me from you that night?'

'Can you not guess, Kenard! I did not know Jerom was—'

The sweet voice quivered to a sob, and the brown eyes became clouded.

'My darling!' and he drew her face down till his lips touched her cheek, 'I am content. Forget the past, and let not his shadow come between me and thee.'

The Health Promised By Paine's Celery Compound.

Comes as Surely as Light Follows Darkness.

Amongst the First Good Effects of The Great Medicine Are Firmer Nerves and Completer Digestion.

People who decide to use Paine's Celery Compound should not entertain a doubt regarding the health-giving power of earth's most successful medicine. The health promised by Paine's Celery Compound, comes as sure as light follows darkness. Its good work has been vouched for by Canada's best people, as well as by our friends and neighbors.

The use of Paine's Celery Compound means, firmer and stronger nerves, completer digestive vigor, more regular bodily functions, brighter eyes, clearer complexion and sweeter breath.

Why defer the use of Paine's Celery Compound when the testimony of tens of thousands proves that the wonderful medicine encourages and strengthens the kidneys, cleanses the blood of waste and poisonous matters that the direct cause of headaches, drowsiness, listlessness, melancholia and that rundown feeling that develops organic disease?

Every man or woman whose nervous strength is overtaxed, should try the invigorating and vitalizing effects of Paine's Celery Compound the use of the first bottle will show wonderful and encouraging results.

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.

DIVORCE MILL AT BUFFALO.

Canadians Involved in Fraudulent Divorces—Arrest of Alleged Offenders.

Two alleged professional perjurers employed in the working of a Buffalo mill have been arrested in Toronto at the instance of the Buffalo police. The case promises to equal in interest the sensational New York divorce mill suit. [David Carlton Fitzgerald, the Buffalo attorney who was arrested some days ago on a charge of subornation of perjury, is said to have been the actual proprietor of the divorce mill, by means of which upward of a hundred couples have been illegally separated. Some Canadians were among those for whom he secured divorces. Illegal actions are said to have been conducted by him for residents of Collingwood and of Fort Erie. Some very pitiful cases have been met with among this man's victims by the detectives who have been investigating the matter. Several young people who had made early and improvident marriages had after resorting to Fitzgerald, married again and were living happily until they discovered that they were still legally attached to their first spouses, and were, in fact, guilty of bigamy.]

The two persons who have been arrested in Toronto are understood to be the Buffalo attorney's chief confederates. Henry Kline and his wife Gussie. Fitzgerald advertised that he could secure divorces cheaply and without publicity. If the applicant had not the necessary evidence of wrong-doing on the part of the husband or wife, as the case might be, Mr. or Mrs. Kline, as the prosecution required, was brought in, it is alleged, and under various aliases swore that the defendant in the divorce proceedings had committed criminal offenses. The provision in the New York law requiring the notification of the interested parties was evaded by means of the agency of Mr. or Mrs. Kline, it is said.

The allegation of the prosecution is that one of them would personate the wife or husband of the party seeking the divorce, and on being served with the official papers by an officer of the court tore them up in his presence. The necessary affidavits were then sworn out before a registrar, it is alleged, and when the case came up in court the divorce was granted by default. In many cases the supposed divorce was thus obtained without the knowledge of the defendant.

The detectives spent some time scouring the city of Toronto before locating Mr. and Mrs. Kline. The accused waived extradition proceedings and have gone to Buffalo in custody. It is said that when arrested they admitted their guilt to the detectives and that they will probably turn State's evidence against him.

Shaking Palsy.

Shaking palsy, or paralysis agitans, as it is called by physicians, is a nervous affection in which there is a weakness, almost amounting to actual paralysis at times, combined with a constant and uncontrollable jerking of the muscles.

The affection is classed among the diseases of old age, but is not very rare in younger persons, and may occur even in children. As a rule it begins gradually, the first thing noticed being an unsteadiness of the hands, or perhaps a trembling movement of only one finger, generally the thumb. With this there may be moderate pain, which is supposed to be rheumatic.

The trembling movement is often intermittent, at first coming and going without apparent cause; but later it becomes permanent and extends to other parts, finally involving both arms and legs. Less frequently the neck muscles participate in the movements, the head then nodding, turning or moving from side to side. The muscles of the face and the tongue may also be implicated.

In conjunction with the trembling the muscles are weak, and may be almost incapable of voluntary movements, and the patient feels tired and long for the constant shaking to cease. The trembling does cease during sleep, and it is also less marked when one executes voluntary movements.

movements.

The onset of the affection, although commonly gradual, as we have said, is in some cases very sudden, following some great mental or physical shock.

In later stages of the disease the muscles of the body become more or less stiffened, the back is bent, the head is inclined forward, and the various segments of the arms and legs are slightly flexed one on the other.

The rigidity of the muscles of the face gives to the countenance a fixed expression of sadness, of indifference, or it may be of bad temper. There is a peculiar gait—something like that of a drunken man who has to walk very fast, or even run, to overcome his tendency to fall forward.

Shaking palsy is seldom cured, but it does not always get worse, and may continue for years without apparent change one way or the other. The general condition of the patient is usually below par, and the chief indication of treatment is, therefore, to improve the nutrition by tonics and a generous diet. Some relief to the constant and fatiguing tremor may be obtained by the patient's making slow voluntary movements, or by massage.

Nerviline a King of Pain.

Nerviline is a combination of the most potent pain curing substances known to medical science. It represents the latest discoveries in the healing art—so concentrated that one drop of Nerviline is equal in pain-subduing power to five drops of any other. For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cramps, Pain in the Back, its action is rapid and certain. Sure to cure. Your money back if you do not find it so. Druggists sell it.

The Keeper's Program.

The professor, according to a London newspaper, had taken a few of his pupils to the Zoo. While the lions were being fed he remarked to the keeper, with a view to his pupils' instruction, at first hand: 'If one of these gigantic and ferocious carnivora should contrive to emancipate itself and should hurl its prodigious strength into our midst, what steps would you take?' 'Bloomin' long uns, sir,' said the man; whereat the boys tittered.

Barnestom—Yes: poor Ranter has gone crazy as a loon. The par he had to play was too much for him.

Buskin—What was he playing, Jekyll and Hyde?

Barnestom—No; Monte Cristo, at \$12 per week, and six weeks' salary due.

Bill—Did you say that gun of yours would shoot a thousand yards?

Jill—that's what I did.

'Well it's marked to shoot only a 500 yards.'

Yes; but there are two barrels.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CHAS. J. CARTER, Proprietor, Littleton, Colo.

© CURE SICK HEADACHE.