

Wedded and Parted.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "Between Two Loves," "A Fatal Wedding," "Which Loved Him Best," "Her Second Love."

(CONTINUED.)

"Not if he loved that daughter," said Herman Culross. "Pardon me, a man who loves a woman will try all he can to win her."

"That is a plebeian love, Mr. Culross—a man of birth loves differently; he prefers the happiness of the woman he loves to his own."

"Pardon me again if I venture to say that your notions are quite fanciful, Lady Ianthe. Will you let me speak to you about what you are pleased to call plebeian love—love which, if you had seen it in a man whom you deemed noble, you would have considered exalted chivalry."

"I cannot prevent your telling me what you choose, Mr. Culross," she said, with an air of resignation. "I have no choice, save to listen."

"Many years ago," he began, "when I was quite a boy, I was invited to spend my holidays with my father's solicitor in London; and it so happened that on our way thither, business brought him to Crocombe and I came with him. I was only a boy, Lady Ianthe, untrained, unformed, ignorant—a manufacturer's son, utterly, I grant, beneath the notice of Lady Carre; but the ignorant boy, the manufacturer's son, had, I suppose, a poet's soul and an artist's mind—had something in him that raised him above a mere clod. I was a boy; and, walking in this grand old park of yours, where the trees are centuries old, I saw what seemed to my boyish eyes a vision of perfect grace and bewildering beauty—a bright young girl, who passed me with drooping eyes. She vouchsafed me one glance—proud, careless, indifferent—and then went on her way and forgot me; but my heart went with her. I was only a boy, standing under the light of the summer sky, blinded, dazed, bewildered by the bright vision—only a boy—yet in that moment a man's passionate love came to me, and I was a boy no more. How that fair, proud, girlish face haunted me afterward! Look where I would, I saw nothing but the proud eyes and tender, haughty lips. Only a boy, yet to be so haunted! I inquired, and found that the fair vision was no other than Lady Carre. Then I said to myself that I would study hard, that I would work as man had never worked, that I would make for myself a name that should be famous all over the land, and then, if I could, I would win Lady Carre. I was a boy when I made that resolve, but my love grew with my growth; it shielded me in every temptation, it helped me in every difficulty, it spurred me on to the dizzy heights of ambition, and now—now, Lady Ianthe, that time has matured it—that it has grown to be more to me than life itself, I bring it to you, and, kneeling at your feet, offer it to you."

The passion of his words touched her—the handsome pleading face touched her—but she drew back coldly.

"I cannot take it," she said, "for I can never return it."

"If I were what you call noble, Lady Ianthe, would you be touched by this great and constant love?"

"If you were of my order," she said, "I might learn to care for you."

"And in one nobly born you would say that was a chivalrous love?"

"Yes," she replied, frankly, "I should."

"But, because I am a son of the people, a man whose father rose by his own industry, you consider my love an impertinence, and you refuse to accept it?"

"Yes," she answered, candidly. Herman Culross stood for a few minutes in silence; he did not know how to contend with pride so bitter, so great as this.

"Will you tell me one thing, Lady Ianthe?" he asked. "Do you love any one else?"

She did not answer at first—the struggle in her own mind was great. Pride urged her to refuse to answer, but the memory of her father on his knees urged her to temporize.

"I do not love any one else," she replied; "I love only my father."

"Than, Lady Ianthe," he said, "even were your heart harder and colder than marble, I shall win you yet—I shall win you by the force of my own great, mighty, passionate love."

"Mr. Culross," she said quietly, "it is quite impossible for me to love you. I cannot alter my whole nature—I cannot act against the cherished convictions of my whole life. Will you not be generous, and save my father from me?"

"I cannot," he replied. "If you had confessed that you loved any one else, I would say no more; but you are to be won—therefore will I give you my whole life to the winning of you."

"You will not succeed," she said. "It were better that the whole race of the Carres should sink into obscurity than that the last of them should stain her name by such a marriage."

"You refuse me because I am a commoner—because I have no pedigree, am not of noble birth?"

"Yes, for those reasons," she said. "Lady Ianthe," he continued earnestly, "do you think that noble souls belong, like hereditary estates, to men of noble birth?"

"I have always believed so," she replied.

"Have you never heard of a nobleman being a thief, a forger, robbing his ward, betraying his trust?"

"Those are the exceptions, not the rule," she answered.

"Still you have heard of such?"

"I do not deny it."

"And you have heard of poor men who have not hesitated to give their lives to save others—of soldiers receiving the bayonet thrust meant for their captain—of sailors giving their place in life heat to a woman and child and dying in their stead—of firemen content to save a little one and die in its place—you have heard of such?"

"Yes," she replied, slowly, "I have."

"Then how can you say that noble souls belong only to men of noble birth? You see that it is not so. Some of our greatest men have sprung from the people. Lady Ianthe, let me prove to you that a commoner's son can be chivalrous and true—let me prove to you that I, though sprung from the people, can love you as loyally and nobly as any peer of the realm."

"I cannot," she said, with more of pride and hauteur than he had seen in her yet. "It is an impossibility."

"For a few minutes silence fell over both. Herman was the first to break it."

"I repeat, Lady Ianthe," he said, "that, if your heart were colder and harder than this marble Psyche, I would win you by the might of my passionate love. You think that you would make a great sacrifice if you married me, and that the sacrifice would be all yours?"

"I do think so," she put in.

"Then will you listen to me for a few minutes longer? If I could hope to interest you in my father, I should tell you of how he worked incessantly, how he toiled almost night and day, how he accumulated a vast fortune by his own talent and industry, how he lived and died with one great hope—it was the hope of being the founder of a family."

"A poor ambition," she replied.

"Poor in your eyes, Lady Ianthe, great in his," commented Herman; and then he resumed—"He talked to me of nothing else. He hoped and prayed that in time the name of Culross might be a power in the land, and he trained me in that hope. When your father spoke to me and told me his troubles, I buried that hope—I laid it at your feet. I told him that if you would learn to care for me I would consent to his wish. I would take out by letters-patent the right to bear your name, so that it should not die; and, believe me, Lady Ianthe, scorn me as much as you may, I make as great a sacrifice in renouncing my father's favorite idea as you would do in giving up the cherished prejudice of your life. It is a sacrifice to me, but I make it most gladly, as I would the sacrifice of my life, were it pleasing to you."

"I do not respect you the more for it," she replied, coldly. "A man who had any name to be proud of would not so lightly give it up."

"It is for your sake, Lady Ianthe. Oh, listen to me! Let me plead to you, pray to you! In time you must appreciate my great love—must learn to understand it—must return it—I am content to wait."

"Yet your great love will not permit you to save my father without sacrificing me?"

(Continued.)

What the Death Mask Shows.
The value of a plaster cast as a portrait of the dead or living face cannot for a moment be questioned. It must of necessity be absolutely true to nature. It cannot flatter; it cannot caricature. It shows the subject as he was or is, not only as others saw him in the actual flesh, but as he saw himself. And in the case of the death mask particularly it shows the subject often as he permitted no one but himself to see himself. He does not pose; he does not "try to look pleasant." In his mask he is seen, as it were, with his mask off.

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Kno-Bug not only kills the bugs, but, unlike Paris Green, acts as a vegetable tonic to the growth of the plant or vine. Prevents blight, scab and rot. Wholesale and retail by

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Wholesale and Retail dealer in Hardware.

Quality and Style



Are back of the suits we make to measure. Not enough that the cloth is good, well woven and shrunken and well put together, but the garments must be cut according to the latest styles and finished perfectly before leaving our establishment. Whatever chosen will be of a quality to give the greatest satisfaction under all conditions of wear. Just think of it! A nice Tweed Suit, All-wool for TWELVE DOLLARS, others from \$14.00 to \$25.00

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The University of Mount Allison College,

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Annual Session 1902-03 opens September 25th.

Students proposing to enter College are invited to correspond. Calendar for 1902-03 is now ready.

ADDRESS

D. ALLISON, President.

Union Mutual Life Insurance Co.,

PORTLAND, ME.

Payments to policy holders \$33,710,096.58. Deposit at Ottawa nearly \$1,000,000.00. The following comparative statements show the marked progress made by the company in all departments during the last eight years:

	Assets.	Surplus.
1893	\$6,453,309.56	\$229,292.86
1894	6,597,336.30	359,783.12
1895	6,797,391.05	435,113.55
1896	7,039,323.43	507,348.19
1897	7,236,555.75	548,321.09
1898	7,544,227.02	574,224.75
1899	7,991,042.63	576,807.50
1900	8,482,038.00	586,040.24
1901	9,013,082.63	607,932.00
	Premium Income.	Total Income.
1893	\$ 964,201.08	\$1,261,930.51
1894	989,552.73	1,296,145.86
1895	1,040,240.77	1,353,713.38
1896	1,107,779.45	1,421,686.70
1897	1,182,965.15	1,525,630.16
1898	1,278,649.29	1,665,430.85
1899	1,444,862.21	1,833,919.16
1900	1,575,176.25	1,959,882.01
1901	1,735,036.06	2,115,141.94
	Notices of Death.	Amount of Insurance in Force.
1893	\$456,000.	\$35,914,417
1894	452,628	36,312,041
1895	498,969	36,932,148
1896	418,436	38,086,849
1897	604,811	39,943,575
1898	571,316	42,222,364
1899	600,206	46,054,820
1900	594,110	50,191,853
1901	685,472	52,945,044

From the foregoing tables it will be observed that more than two and one-half million dollars have been added to the Assets during the period outlined, that the Premium Income has increased seven hundred seventy thousand dollars, that the