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# Ruled BY Destiny!

CHAPTER XXXII  
THE BURDEN OF A SIGH.

Florin nodded; she scarcely heard what the child was saying, but suddenly the coachman pulled up, and the next instant the horseman was beside the carriage, and Florin heard her name spoken.

She looked up and met her lover's eyes fixed on her, and her heart gave a great bound.

"Bruce!" she whispered, joyfully yet reproachfully. "Oh, Bruce, why have you done this?"

He leaned forward and laid his hand on the carriage door.

"I cannot speak to you there. Will you come out? I must speak to you! Ah, why did you run away from me?"

"Because I knew—I felt—I was afraid you would come to see me, and—and—" she said faintly, in a troubled voice. "Oh, go back, Bruce!"

"I will—shortly," he said, in a strange voice, with a strange light in his eyes. "Come into the road for a moment or two."

He got down and opened the door, and held her hand even after she had alighted, forgetting his horse.

"Signor, the horse!" shouted the coachman, but it was too late the sagacious animal having had quite enough work for that day, had swung around and was off in a good trot for Florence.

"Never mind," said Lord Bruce, with a short laugh; "it does not matter. Nothing matters now, Florin! Hush! not a word yet."

He drew her arm within his, and led her under the trees, out of sight of the curious wide open eyes of the man and maid.

"And so you were running away from me, were you?" he said, holding her hands and looking into her eyes with the fire of excitement and happiness in his. "Running away from me—was that fair? Oh, my darling, how can I tell you?—the words tremble on my lips! My heart is so full of joy and happiness—"

"Bruce!"

"Yes, so full that I can scarcely wait for the words that must be spoken. Florin, since I saw you last night all has been made clear. Look!"

He drew a card from his pocket and was about to show it to her, when he whipped it behind his back.

"Wait! Florin, you are sure it was I you saw that afternoon at Ballysloe?"

Her head drooped.

"Oh, Bruce—why ask me? Why not let it be buried?"

"You are sure you will know my face again?" with a strange laugh.

"See—is that the face of the man you saw at Lady Blanche's feet?"

And he held out the card.

She took it very slowly and looked at it.

It was a portrait of Oscar Raymond, which he had found among the papers packed in one of his portmanteaus. A bewildered expression came into her eyes.

"Yes it is! But, But—" she raised her eyes to his face, "is it not you, Bruce?"

"No," he said, gravely; "it is not. Look at the back, you will find the name written there, Florin. It is the portrait of a man who for purposes of his own passed himself off on you for me. Look at the name, please."

She turned the card.

"Oscar Raymond to Lord Norman" was written on it.

For a moment her brain swam, and he put his arm around her and held her close to him or she would have staggered.

"You see, darling," he cried, "it is all clear now, is it not?"

And in swift, hurried words he told her the whole story.

"All this I heard last night from their own lips. One thing only is a mystery to me still, and that is the cause of the repentance—that is still an enigma, Florin."

"Shall I tell you Bruce?" she whispered; then with her hand upon his shoulder, she made the last portion of the mystery clear.

"My darling!" he murmured. "And it is you, you who have really saved us both, after all! If he had not seen you, we should still be— Oh, I cannot think of it! Oh, my darling, my Florin, once again and forever. Let us thank Heaven humbly and meekly for His mercy! A few days more and all would have been lost; there would have been a gulf between us which death only could have bridged—and now, death only can divide us!" and with a cry of almost solemn joy, he strained her to his bosom.

With his arm around her waist they walked through the woods, her head resting on his shoulder, her eyes suffused with the tears which sprang from a joy almost too intense for endurance.

It had come so suddenly, this flood of light after darkness, that she felt bewildered and dazzled. Could it be true?

In low, endearing tones he told her over and over again all that had happened, dwelling on the misery and helplessness, and making all the points that had seemed so dark, clear and intelligible; and every now and again he stopped and looked at her face, ay, and kissed it, as if he, too, felt there was something too marvelous in his good fortune for it to be quite real.

They forgot the coachman and little Marie, but those two individuals resigned themselves to the circumstances with admirable philosophy; the coachman drew his horse into the shade, and lighting a cigar, flung himself, Italian-like, into the sun, and went to sleep, and Marie gathered

some flowers and made a pose "for the signorita when she should come back."

And at last Florin remembered where she was.

(To be Continued.)

## Happiness Secured AT A Heavy Cost!

CHAPTER I  
A GLOOMY DAY.

It is all very well for Len to tease—it is an old trick of his. Let what will happen, he must have his joke! But to come back to the old house at Deepdene—that one solitary piece of property that we have ever possessed, or are ever likely to possess, but which, so far as I can remember, has never yet brought us in anything beyond the very barren honor of possession.

Neither my sister Adelaide nor I have ever seen it, though Len has paid it more than one visit. We have always lived in London, and our means are far too limited to admit of any such extravagant flights as country excursions. But for all that, we have heard so much about that lonely, deserted old house, which fell by such odd chance into the family possession so many years ago, that it has long since come to take high rank in our minds, along with all the romantic and mysterious old houses we have read of in novels.

And there certainly is both mystery as well as romance connected with Deepdene, to explain which I must go back to the time of my mother's grandfather, the then owner of a fine old house and estate in one of the most picturesque parts of South Devon, called the Priory.

Mamma's mother was Squire Rutherford's only child—a merry, light-hearted girl, who, greatly to the grief and indignation of her father, ran away from school with a worthless adventurer named Dalton, who in less than five years from the time of their marriage broke her heart, and killed himself by his reckless dissipation.

The only child resulting from this ill-starred marriage was my mother, who was scarcely three years old at

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the time of her parent's death. On hearing of her existence, the squire—who had never forgiven his daughter that fatal marriage, and who had previously made a will, leaving everything he possessed to his nephew, the son of a widowed sister who had always lived with him at the Priory since the death of his wife—took the poor child to his home, simply, as he said, out of charity, and treated her at first with something very little short of contempt—a feeling that gradually gave way, as time passed, to one of deep affection; and from a mere dependent on her grandfather's bounty mamma became the very pet and darling of the old man's heart—a change that proved anything but satisfactory to the squire's sister, Mrs. Erroll, who soon began to fear that in little Edith Dalton she saw a rival for her son, whom she had long since learned to look upon as the future master of the Priory.

From the first hour of their meeting Mrs. Erroll conceived a secret dread and dislike of her brother's orphan grandchild, though so carefully was the feeling concealed that, for a time, no one suspected it.

She was a good dissembler—a woman whose looks and words were well under control; but the time came at last when her envy and jealousy of the little Edith grew too strong for restraint, and quarrels and reproaches ensued between the brother and sister, which grew so violent at last as to result in open rupture.

Although tractable and easy-going almost to a fault in most things, the squire was not the man to be dictated to where his affections were concerned; and, very much to Mrs. Erroll's indignation, he began to admit the fact that he had changed his mind with regard to the final disposal of his property.

To compensate his nephew for any disappointment that might have arisen through his change of plans, Mr. Rutherford did everything in his power to promote the young man's interest—sending thousands of pounds with a liberal hand on his education and final launch in life. But as little Edith Dalton grew to womanhood he made no secret of his intention to make his daughter's child the mistress of the Priory.

Finding it impossible to shake this determination, Mrs. Erroll quitted her brother's house in anger and chagrin, and went to live at a place of her own some few miles distant from the priory. This house, which had been left to her by some member of her late husband's family, was Deepdene—not at that time the ruin it has since become, though even then a poor place for a woman like Mrs. Erroll, who had been so long accustomed to rule over an establishment like the squire's.

Time rolled on. Frederick Erroll, who was more than ten years my mother's senior, chose the army, as a profession, and went to India with his regiment, and married there; while his mother, disappointed in her ambitious hopes for him, shut herself up in the solitude of Deepdene, holding little intercourse with the world, and no communication of any kind with the inhabitants of the Priory.

(To be Continued.)

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**Forty Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram**

## N. I. W. A.

At a special meeting of the N.I.W.A. held last evening to discuss the problem, Messrs. J. Anderson, Gibbs, and President J. A. McGee of the I.S.P.U. addressed the assembly in a very interesting and instructive manner, explained the phase of the proposed scheme, the addresses had been given, members voiced their approval, plan, among whom were Messrs. Whitty, T. M. White, G. F. G. W. A. O'D. Kelly. Particular interest was shown in the speech of Mr. who, as city appraiser, has entered into the housing conditions of the city. He gave many examples of the houses existing, houses with snow and wind coming through roofs and walls; X-ray houses that could be seen through front to back, and they, one-story houses that had formerly been used as cellars, and which are now being rented from 7 to 15 dollars a month as tenement houses. He was thanked by the speakers of the meeting was unanimously accorded.

## The Man With the Hoe

Hoing is a severe strain on the back. It calls for lifting muscles not used in plowing or in other kind of farm work.

If you have a weak back you cannot stand much more hoing unless you use Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to set the kidneys right and remove the cause of weakness and lameness of the back. Just try one pill dose at bed time and see how much better you will feel.

## There Yet.

We notice that the condemned ter sprinkler, now lying on George Street, at the foot of Flavin Street, still there. If the Council intend for an ornament, why not give it a bit, and people will then know it is there for decoration purposes.

## Garden Party

The annual Garden Party of Donnelly's people, will take place Conception Harbor in August. Mr. Donnelly and a committee of ladies are making preparations to have a most successful, and provided the weather be fine, probably large number of their city friends will go out to it.

## Personal Mention

Mr. John Duff of Carbonara arrived in the city yesterday and is guest at the Crosbie.

Miss M. Stick leaves shortly for New York to purchase autumn goods. Magistrate Fitzgerald of Grand Falls is at present in the city on short visit.

## Baseball.

**VISITORS vs. CITY.**

Contingent upon the visitors here, a game will be played at George's Field at 7 o'clock this evening. The names of the teams follow:

VISITORS:	Pitcher	Catcher
Frazier	.....	.....
Granger	.....	.....
.....	1st Base	.....
Gleeson	.....	.....
.....	2nd Base	.....
Swanson	.....	.....
.....	3rd Base	.....
Peterson	.....	.....
.....	Short-stop	.....
Grandfield	.....	.....
.....	Centre Field	.....
Wall	.....	.....
.....	Right Field	.....
Nylander	.....	.....
.....	Left Field	.....
Breswahan	.....	.....
.....	Spares	.....
Gates	.....	.....
Goodwin	.....	.....
Cullen	.....	.....

**SOLD OUT.**—That's what happened to the first shipment of Marsh's "Excellence" Port Wine after but two days on the market. The Stores Grocery still have a small quantity, get yours there. jly20,lm,eod

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