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Walton Court;

OR—ADELAIDE CAMERON'S "SHADOW LOVE."

By the Author of Dora Thorne.

CHAPTER XLIX. (Continued.)

'Through all these scenes of trouble you have grown to be like a dear sister,' he said, 'and I want you just for a little longer to take care of my house.' So Adelaide remained at Walton, and Lord Rylestone took Margarita to Nice.

For some short time there was marked improvement in her health. The bloom returned to her face, the light came back to her dark eyes, the mouth grew once more like a rosebud, and Lord Rylestone was as happy as a child.

'You will live, Margarita,' he said one day. 'We shall be happier, darling, than if we had never suffered.'

He never forgot the sad, sweet smile that came over her face.

'Whether I live or die,' she said, 'I do not care now. I have been happy. I have lived and loved, Allan; now let me die.'

'You will be happy for many long years,' he said; but she shook her head, mournfully.

'I am always tired now,' she replied, 'and I have been so happy that I am willing to die.'

If tenderest and most passionate love—if most untiring devotion—if most watchful care could have saved her, she would have lived; but she had told the truth when she said that she had had her death blow. Day by day the beautiful face grew more shadowy—day by day the health and strength seemed to fade from her. The graceful figure grew thin—the white hands whiter.

One morning, carried from her room to the balcony in those faithful tender arms that never tired, while she lay watching the sun, the birds, and the flowers, she turned suddenly to her husband.

'Allan,' she asked, 'will you send for Adelaide? I should like to see her again before I go to the unknown land.'

'I will send for her, darling,' he replied. He knew no greater happiness than to gratify her very wish.

She lay silent for some minutes. Suddenly she stole one white arm round his neck, and drew his face down to hers.

'Allan,' she said, quietly, 'do you know that Adelaide loves you?'

His face flushed. He remembered the scene in the picture-gallery, and he was at a loss what to say.

'I found it out,' continued Margarita, 'quite by accident. She had told me that she loved a shadow, and that, for this love's sake, she was willing to give up the whole world. I found out that you were the shadow.'

'I need hardly tell you, Margarita, that not one word of love has ever passed between Miss Cameron and myself.'

'No, I am sure of it—she told me so; but none the less she loves you.'

He knew then that she was so near death as to have lost all a woman's jealousy, and his heart sunk within him.

'I have never given one thought to any woman but yourself,' he said, 'and you know it, Margarita.'

'Yes, I know it, dear; you have been like Douglas, 'tender and true.' You will send for Adelaide! I love her very much—all the more that I think she loves you. The time is coming when I shall 'wake, and remember, and understand.' Those words haunt me, Allan—they are from a ballad that Adelaide loves. Ah, when I am dead, dear, shall you come and 'watch by my side for an hour? Oh, Allan, love, I am living now, and your warm hands clasp me, your warm lips touch me! You will spare me a little thought, a little love when I am gone?'

For the first time since her terrible illness had begun, she burst into passionate tears—for the first time she realized that death meant leaving him.

'Allan,' she cried, in her paroxysm of sorrow, 'I shall be all alone, love—all alone! I am frightened at the shadow and the great deep calm.'

He took her in his arms as he would have taken a child. He kissed the white eyelids and the quivering lips, he tried his best to soothe her; but she would not be comforted.

'I know I have to die,' she said, mournfully; 'that will with its secret was my death-warrant. Allan, in the years to come you will love some

one else—it is the common order of things. When you have forgotten me just a little, and all the needs and wants of life are pressing on you, some one else will fill my vacant place. Ah, my darling, do not love her the best! Let me be buried near you, where sometimes, when the moon is shining, and the dew lies on the grass, you can come to see my grave. 'Poor Margarita,' you must say, 'she loved me so well that her love killed her.' And when another fairer head lies on your breast as mine lies now, when fairer lips than mine caress and bless you, say, 'Margarita loved me just as well.' Oh, Allan, how hard it is to give you up.'

'What could he say to her?'

'When you think of me, it must not be as of the unhappy woman who sinned for your sake—who sinned because she thought the sin would save you; it must not be as of the jealous dying woman, whose feeble arms tightened their hold of you, but of the girl who used to steal out and meet you, dear, in the dewy mornings—the girl who loved you as no one else ever will or can.'

From that hour she seemed to grow weaker, but there was always a smile on her face; and at length the day came when her last wish was gratified, and Adelaide Cameron stood once more by her side.

CHAPTER L.

LADY RYLESTONE died, one bright, sunshiny morning, calmly and sweetly as a child falls asleep. They had placed her, as she wished, on her favorite couch by the window, and for some time she lay watching the blue sky. Then she called Allan, and he hastened to her. She did not seem to recognize him. He heard her repeat—

'Sweet is all the land about, and sweet the flowers that blow, And sweeter far is death than life to all who long to go.'

'Margarita,' he said, quietly, 'you called, and I am here.'

She looked at him like one awakened from a deep sleep.

'I have heard all the angels call, Allan—it is time for me to go.'

He fancied that she was wandering, she looked on that fair morning so unlike death. She was thin, wan, and white, but her face was exquisitely still.

'Take me in your arms, dear,' she said, 'and hold me fast.'

He clasped his arms round her, and Adelaide, kneeling, said the prayers that Margarita had lisped at her mother's knee. Something of calmness came to her then; and, taking in her wasted hands the white hand of Adelaide Cameron and the strong, kindly hand of Lord Rylestone, she held them together.

'After I am gone,' she said, gently—'Allan, you will not forget—I shall wait for you, love—I shall wait beyond the grave, dear. You will be mine, all mine, for you loved me first and best.'

And then holding both the hands she had clasped, she died as a child falls asleep, and when he knelt by her death-bed Allan Rylestone knew how he had loved her.

She retained her marvelous beauty even in death. As was the custom of the country, those who prepared her for her last long rest crowned her with flowers and placed flowers in her white, cold hands. When Adelaide went to take her farewell, she was half startled to see that in one white hand was placed a scarlet geranium. All the words of the ballad rushed to her mind—

'Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead;'

she remembered the reading of it, and Margarita's words. How little had she dreamed then that the beautiful dark-eyed woman would lie dead so soon, with a geranium in her hand!

They took her home to England, and laid her to rest in the pretty church-yard of Lutdale—not in the cold vault where the ladies Rylestone lay, but in a green grave on which the flowers blow, the rains fall, the sun shines, the dew lies like tears, and the leaves drop in winter.

On the day before the funeral, Mr. Beale came humbly to ask if he might attend—

'I have wronged her my lord,' he said; 'I wish to Heaven she had trusted me, but she did not. Let me make all the amends I can.'

So Mr. Beale was one of the chief mourners at the funeral of the woman whom he had so cruelly misjudged.

The funeral was over, and once more Lord Rylestone and Adelaide Cameron were alone together—no longer strangers, but dear friends. He knew her goodness now and appreciated it. She was standing alone by the great western window in the library when he entered the room; he went up to her at once.

(Concluded to-morrow.)

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—1,200 lbs. extra choice—

Baltimore BACON,

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A Fresh Lot Choice HAMS, very cheap. mar5,6t

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ON SALE BY CLIFT, WOOD & Co., THE CHEAPEST Laundry Soaps in the market, from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per box of 30 bars. feb23

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Fresh Codfish Tongues, Halibut, Herring, Venison And Smoked Turbot, per s.s. "Curlew." feb27

Preserve : Your : Sight

by wearing the only FRANK LAZARUS, (Late of the firm of Lazarus & Morris), Renowned Spectacles & Eye Glasses. These Spectacles and Eye Glasses have been used for the past 35 years, and given in every instance unbounded satisfaction. They are THE BEST IN THE WORLD. They never tire, and last many years without change. For sale by R. HEFFER, agent for Nfld., jan25 200 Water Street, St. John's.

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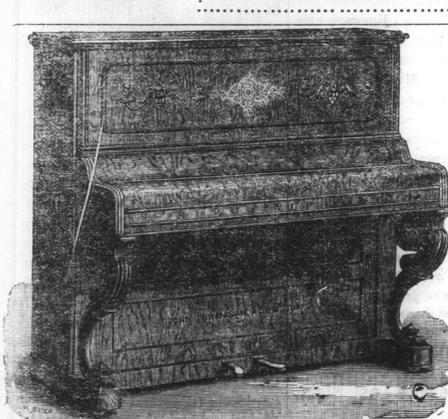
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ON SALE BY CLIFT, WOOD & Co., Choice Smoked Caplin, In boxes of 5, 10, 15 and 20-lbs. each. A Cheap and delicious article of food. feb18

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They have the Brinsmead patent cheque repeater-action, that dampness will not affect.

M. F. SMYTH, 172 Water Street, Sole Agent for Newf'd. June23

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