

After Many Days. "And your husband has been dead four years!" "Yes, four years."

Linden Walks. A profuse rain had frozen upon the trees, and sheathed every branch and twig with silver.

you know, and I would do my best to get you well settled in life. What do you say?" "I will go home," answered Elsie faintly.

Hotels. PARK HOTEL, KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B. Waverly Hotel, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

GENERAL BUSINESS. LATE ARRIVALS. J. B. SNOWBALL'S, CHATHAM. JUST RECEIVED. NEW STYLISH PRINTS, 5 Bales UNBLEACHED COTTONS, (various grades.)

General Business. NOTICE. Parish Returns and County Accounts. Dressmaking. Mrs. James Gormack.

MIRAMICHI STONE WORKS. NORTHESK, MIRAMICHI, New Brunswick. REMINGTON FIRE ARMS. REMINGTON AGRICULTURAL CO., ILLION, N. Y.

And your husband has been dead four years!

Yes, four years.

Nothing could be lovelier than Angelique Wharton's pale, pensive profile, seen in the twilight.

Hubert Knox looked at it earnestly, and Elsie White, a sadness and vague fear coming over her happy heart.

My cousin is very handsome—don't you think so?" asked little Elsie, wistfully.

Knox was silent for a moment. "She is a very handsome woman, no doubt."

Something in the cool voice cheered Elsie a little. She slipped a warm little hand into her companion's, and he received and held it tenderly.

Angelique's health is much better than it was at Linden Walks. She is very nervous, and never likes to be alone.

She chattered on merrily now, reassured by that warm hand.

"Your cousin is not much like you." "No; it is strange that we are of the same blood, for Angelique is not at all like me."

Elsie yielded to the caressing arm and allowed her young cheek on the strong breast, all unseemingly in the starlight.

"How did you come to make her house your home?"

Well, there was a large family of us at Fern Cottage, and when Angelique came there visiting, she took me home with her.

Linden Walks was loneliness, she said, though Angelique was quite a stranger to me—I had never seen her until then that summer—I finally consented. Papa was willing. He has four daughters left now."

"And how long have you lived there?"

"Two years this summer."

Though Hubert Knox knew so little of Elsie White's circumstances, it was none the less true that they were lovers.

A little tenderness, and the strong, fearless man had won her heart as the lily is opened by the sunlight.

She was very young—only seventeen. She never thought to ask him of his history or circumstances. She only knew that she had never feared him, as she did most men, and he was kind and tender as itself.

Her young heart held a perfect worship over him, and yet he had little thought beyond the happy present. She only troubled herself about his "intentions" and let the days go by, never realizing that she might be laying up a store of misery.

Afterward she remembered that evening—the white surf rushing up to the beach, the rocking and glimmering cold in the moonlight, the sky piled with silver-edged clouds, and all along the pale beach people sauntering to and fro.

It was getting late in the season, and the place was less crowded than usual. She never thought to ask him of his history or circumstances. She only knew that she had never feared him, as she did most men, and he was kind and tender as itself.

Knox was very quiet, yet she could feel the strong beating of his heart against her temple.

By-and-by, Knox looked at his watch. "It is past ten o'clock, little pet. Here come a sudden light step along the verandah."

"Still in your corner, truant?"

"Everybody is on the beach, and I thought to see you there. Mr. Knox, I want to speak to you a moment."

"Perhaps I will tell you sometime, Elsie. Do you know where the key is to this cabinet?"

It was an old Louis XIV, cabinet of ebony, with mosaic pictures upon the panels.

At first he did not see her. He began walking the floor, his hands locked behind him, his head bent, evidently thinking. She put down the vase of chrysanthemums she held and he turned toward her.

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