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Saturday, Nov. 24

We will have a 10c, 15c. and 25c. counter.

New goods, latest designs and very pretty.

WE SELL
Dinner sets, \$6.50, 97 pieces.
Tea sets, \$3.00, 44 pieces.
Chamber sets, \$1.95 each.

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New selected Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Figs and Apples, sugar cured smoked shoulder, 12 1/2c per lb; hams and bacon, best corn cured.

Leave your order with us and we will give it our prompt attention.

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Money to loan at the very lowest rates of interest on mortgages. Apply to
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Our fine, sugar cured, home-made HAMS
This season's cure, most delicious.
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At 4% and 5%
Liberal Terms and privileges to borrowers.
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Edward's Liniment Cures Burns,

The Face Behind the Mask.

A ROMANCE.

"With Sir Norman Kingsley!" repeated Leoline, faintly. "I am afraid I do not understand."

"Then you will not be much longer in that deplorable state," said George, backing out, "for there they are."

"Pardon this intrusion, fairest Leoline," began the count, "but Sir Norman and I are about to start on a journey, and before we go, there is a little difference of opinion between us that you are to settle."

Leoline looked first at one, then at the other, utterly bewildered.

"What is it?" she asked.

"A simple matter enough. Last evening, if you recollect, you were my promised bride."

"It was against my will," said Leoline, boldly, though her voice shook. "You and Prudence made me."

"Nay, Leoline, you wrong me. I at least, used no compulsion."

"You know better. You haunted me continually; you gave me no peace at all; and I would have married you to get rid of you."

"And you never loved me!"

"I never did."

"A frank confession. Did you, then, love anyone else?"

The dark eyes fell, and the roseate glow again tinged the cheek.

"Mutely!" said the count, with an almost imperceptible smile. "Look up, Leoline, and speak."

But Leoline would do neither. With all her momentary daring gone, she stood startled as a wild gazelle.

"Shall I answer for her, Sir Count?" exclaimed Sir Norman, his own cheek flushed. "Leoline! Leoline! you love me!"

Count L'Estrange, with a frown on his brow, said: "My word being pledged, I must submit. But, beautiful Leoline, you have yet to learn whom you have discarded."

Clinging to her lover's arm, the girl grew white with undefined apprehension. Leisuredly the count removed his false wig, false eyebrows, false beard, and a face well known to Leoline, from pictures and descriptions, turned full upon her.

"Sir!" she cried in terror, falling on her knees with clasped hands.

"Nay, rise, fair Leoline," said the king, holding out his hand to assist her. "It is my place to kneel to one so lovely. Instead of having her kneel to me. Think again. Will you reject the king as you did the count?"

"Pardon, your majesty!" said Leoline, scarcely daring to look up; "but I must!"

"So be it! You are a perfect miracle of truth and constancy, and I think I can afford to be generous for once. In fifteen minutes we start for Oxford, and you must accompany us as Lady Kingsley. A tiring woman, but I will wait upon you to robe you for your bridal. We will leave you now, and let me enjoin expedition."

And while she stood still too much astonished by the golden proposal to answer both were gone, and in their place stood a smiling lady's maid with a cloud of gossamer white in her arms.

"Are those for me?" inquired Leoline, looking at them and trying to comprehend what it was all real.

"They are for you—sent by Mistress Stuart herself. Please sit down, and all will be ready in a trice."

And in a trice all was ready. The shining jetty curls were smoothed; and full in a gossamer shower, trained with jewels, the pearls Leoline herself still wore. The rose satin was discarded for another of bridal white, perfect of fit and splendour of texture. A great gossamer like a fall like a cloud of silver mist over all, from head to foot; and Leoline was shown herself in a mirror, and in the sudden transformation could have exclaimed, with the unfortunate lady in Mother Goose, shorn of her tresses while in the balmy slumber: "As sure as I'm a living woman, this is none of it!" But she it was, nevertheless, who stood listening like one in a trance to the enthusiastic praises of her waiting maid.

Again there was a tap at the door. This time the attendant opened it, and George reappeared. Even he stood a moment looking at the silver shining vision, and so lost in admiration that he almost forgot his message. But when Leoline turned the light of her beautiful eyes inquiringly upon him, he managed to remember it, and announced that he had been sent by the king to usher her to the royal presence.

With a fast-throbbing heart, flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes, the dark-eyed Leoline followed him, wondering that she had never looked so incomparable before in her life. It was but a few hours since she had dressed for another bridal, and what wonderful things had occurred since then—her whole destiny had changed in a night. Not quite sure yet, but that she was still dreaming, she followed on—saw George open the great doors of the audience chamber, and found herself suddenly in what seemed to her a vast concourse of people. At the upper end of the apartment was a brilliant group of ladies, with the king's beautiful favorite in their midst, gossiping with knots of gentlemen. The king himself stood in the recess of a window, with his brother, the Duke of York, the Earl of Rochester, and Sir Norman Kingsley, and was laughing and relating animatedly to the two peers the whole story. Leoline noticed this, and noticed, too, that all wore traveling dresses—most of the ladies in-

deed, being attired in riding habits. The king advanced himself to her, and, drawing her arm within his, he led her up and presented her to the fair Mistress Stuart who received her with smiling graciousness; though Leoline, all unused to court ways, and aware of the lovely lady's questionable position, returned it with almost cold hauteur. Charles being in an unusually gracious mood, only smiled as he noticed it, and introduced her next to his brother of York, and her former short acquaintance, Earl Rochester.

"There is no need, I presume, to make you acquainted with this other gentleman," said Charles, with a laughing glance at Sir Norman. Kingsley, stand forward and receive your bride. My lord of Canterbury, we await your good offices."

The bland bishop, in surplice and stole, and book in hand, stepped from a distant group and advanced, sir Norman, with a flush on his cheek, and an exultant light in his eyes, took the hand of his beautiful bride, who stood lovely and blushing and downcast the envy and admiration of all. And

"Before the bishop now they stand, The bridegroom and the bride; And who shall point what lovers feel In this, their hour of pride?"

Who, indeed? Like many other pleasant things in this world, it requires to be felt to be appreciated; and for that reason is a subject on which the unworthy chronicler is altogether incompetent to speak. The first words of the ceremony dropped from the prelate's urban lips, and Sir Norman's heart danced a tarentella within him. "Wilt thou?" inquired the bishop, blandly, and slipped a plain gold ring on one pretty finger of Leoline's hand.

Leoline gave one earnest glance at the ring on her finger. Long ago slaves wore rings as a sign of their bondage; is it for the same reason that she now wears hers?

While she yet looked half doubtingly at it, she was surrounded, congratulated and stunned with a sudden clamor of voices, and then through it all, she heard the well-remembered voice of Count L'Estrange saying:

"My lords and ladies, time is on the wing, and the sun is already half an hour high. Off with you all to the courtyard and mount while Lady Kingsley changes her wedding-gear for robes more befitting travel, and joins us there."

With a low obeisance to the king, the lovely bride hastened away after one of the favorite attendants, to do as he directed, and on a riding-suit. In ten minutes after, when the royal cavalcade started, she turned from the panic-stricken city, too-and-fairest, where all was fair, by Sir Norman's side rode Leoline.

Sitting one winter night by a glorious fire, while the snow and hail lashed the windows, and the wind without roared like Bottom, the weaver, a pleasant voice whispered the foregoing tale. Here, as it paused and seemed to have done with the whole thing, I naturally began to ask questions. What happened to the dwarf and his companion? What became of Hubert? Did Sir Norman and Lady Kingsley go to Devonshire and did either of them die of the plague? I myself, when I said it, that the last suggestion was beneath contempt, and so a withering look from the face opposite proved; but the voice was obliging enough to answer the rest of my queries. The dwarf and his companion, being put into his majesty's jail of Newgate, where the plague was raging fearfully they all died in a week, and so managed to cheat the executioners. What happened to France, and laid his claims before the royal Louis who, not being able to do otherwise was graciously pleased to acknowledge them; and Hubert became the Marquis de Montmorency, and in the fullness of time took unto himself a wife, even of the daughters of the land, and lived happy for ever after.

THE END.

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THE LOVE SIGN OF THE ROSE.

She trained a little rose to grow
And grace the gate above.
And hence I love the pathway so
That leads me to her love.
And oft my heart before me goes
To read the love sign of the Rose.

Through fairer bloom for lovers' eyes
To me it seems as fair
As if an angel's lips had kissed
And blessed it blooming there.
For heaven's sweetest smile bestows
On the dear love sign of the Rose.

The patter of little feet
When shadows blur the light,
And rosy tending arms that meet
And necks are at sight,
These my glad heart enraptured knows
At the dear love sign of the Rose.

Not far away Love's steps shall stray—
In thorny paths to roam
While over the meadows of life's May
Shine signals sweet of home.
When night falls drear, one heart still knows
Rest at the love sign of the Rose.

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