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press for Halifax.....5 35, a m
press " Yarmouth.....9 10, a m
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Daily Service.
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Vol. XV. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1896. No. 28.

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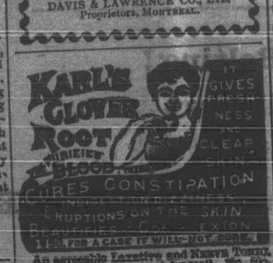

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POETRY.

Some Day.

Some day, some gladder day, my hand will touch
The cords that now are silent in my harp;
And that sweet song that I could never sing
Will burst in rapture from my happy heart,
Some day, some happy day.

Some day the voices that have called to me
Long from the mystic realms of shadow land,
Will woo me nearer, and my ears will catch
Some message sweet that I will understand,
Some day, some gladder day.

Some day the bloom of hope that would not bear
For me, tho' tended well, the rosy fruit,
Will bloom again about my pathway fair;
In summer clime will ripen, rich and sweet,
Some day, some happy day.

Some day, I know not when or where 'twill be,
But all the radiant glow that lit the skies
Of my lost childhood will shine forth again:
And that to me will be fair paradise—
Some day, some happy day.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER X.—*Continued.*

For a moment or two she stood trying to realize the situation. She had only to say, "I am innocent. I went in search of my lost locket. I saw the marquis—" Ah, how could she betray him whose secret she had learned by an accident, whose words she had overheard as a common eavesdropper might have done?"

She turned, and meeting Lady Ruth's gaze steadily, said:

"I accept. I will go now—at once." Her breath came with difficulty. "Don't speak another word to me or—or I will stay! I am innocent, and you know it!" She drew herself up to her full height, and looked down at the little fury with all the majesty of injured innocence in her glorious eyes. "Yes, you know it. But I will go—on one condition."

"Oh, you dare make conditions!" sneered Lady Ruth. "Well?"

"That you promise to tell the marquis nothing of this. Give him what reason you like for my going, but do not let him know that you heard him or saw me last night, or that you have accused me as you have done."

She panted hard and leaned against the window.

Lady Ruth thought swiftly.

"I agree," she said. "I've no doubt you consider that I have acted as I have done from sheer hatred for you."

Constance waved her words aside.

"It does not matter."

"Well, I hate you, but I consider that even in my hatred I have been your best friend. You will think so when you come to your senses. I tell you once again that he would never have married you; never, never!"

"Will you go, please?" broke from Constance's white lips.

Lady Ruth laid her hand upon the handle of the door.

"I am going; there is no more to be said. A carriage will be ready in three quarters of an hour. I will account for your sudden disappearance."

She halted a minute.

"You will want money; here is some."

She went and laid it on the dressing-table. Constance took it up and flung it at her feet. Lady Ruth laughed scornfully.

"I understand, in three quarters of an hour!"

CHAPTER XI.

With feverish eagerness Constance commenced packing her things. She felt that, short as was the time Lady Ruth had given her it was all too long for her to remain in Brakespeare Castle. Her one desire was to go away, and yet she paused a moment, and a strange thrill ran through her as she thought what the marquis would say when he heard that she had gone.

What would Lady Ruth tell him? Would she be able to persuade him that the reason she gave for Constance's departure was a reasonable one? Would he not rather think that she had flown because of the scene in the drawing-room, and her discovery of his strange meeting with the tramp? Would he not think that she had gone because of his wild avowal of love for her?

Somehow there was not much consolation for her in that reflection; and she felt, and was angry at feeling, her eyes grow suddenly moist.

What a strange and eventful time it had been! She had thought that her life at Brakespeare Castle would be calm and serene; that she would find rest and peace after the old restless, adventurous, and painful past; but, instead, almost every day at the castle had been fraught with momentous incidents for her.

And now she was going! Then she remembered Arol. She had grown to love the child, to cling to him, as she knew that he loved and clung to her. She would never see him again. Surely there would be no harm in her taking one last look at his pretty face. Even Lady Ruth would not begrudge her that small comfort.

Her packing was done in an incredibly short time, and when she had put on her hat and ulster she found that she had still some minutes to wait.

Obeying an impulse which was irresistible, she opened the door, went down the corridor, and through the nursery into Arol's room.

He was fast asleep, his face resting upon one arm, the other flung in childish abandon on the silken quilt.

Constance looked down at him, her heart very full indeed, then she knelt beside the bed, and softly put her lips to his. Gentle and cautious as the caress was, it woke him.

He opened his eyes, and looked at her dreamily for a moment, then he smiled.

"Miss Grahame, dear! Is that you? Is it time to get up yet?"

"No, no, Arol," she whispered; "not yet. Go to sleep again."

He put his arms around her neck, and closing his eyes, fell off again. Constance waited, her tears falling fast, until he was sound asleep, then gently loosening his clasp, she stole away.

When she reached the room she found Lady Ruth there.

"You are ready?" she said, coldly and suspiciously. "Where have you been?"

"I have been to wish Lord Lancebrook good-bye. Yes, I am ready," replied Constance as coldly.

Lady Ruth sneered.

"You appear to have grown very fond of him—in a short time," she said.

"Yes, I am fond of him, Lady Ruth," assented Constance. "If the carriage is ready I should like to go now, if you please."

"It is quite ready."

She went to the door, and beckoned to the maid who usually waited upon Constance, and who was standing in the corridor with an unmistakable expression of surprise in her face.

"Miss Grahame has had bad news, and is obliged to leave the castle at once," said Lady Ruth. "Take the portmanteau down to the side entrance, please, and go quietly."

"Yes, my lady," assented the maid. "I'm very sorry, miss," she added in an undertone to Constance.

Constance said nothing, and was following the maid, when Lady Ruth stopped her with a gesture.

"I have invented a reason for your sudden departure," she said in a low voice. "When a few days have passed I shall say that you have written to me stating that you find it impossible to leave your sick relative, and that you cannot return. You had better write me such a letter."

Constance turned her head and looked at her steadily.

"You must rely on your own falsehoods, Lady Ruth," she said. "I cannot assist you."

Lady Ruth's face flushed, and her eyes glittered angrily.

"Please yourself," she said; and as Constance went down the stairs she leaned over the balustrade and watched her as if she could not be satisfied until she was assured that Constance had left the house.

A brougham stood at the door, and the maid put the portmanteau in.

"I'm so sorry you are going, miss, and I hope you'll soon be back," she said, sympathetically.

"Thank you," replied Constance, and her lips trembled.

The girl, considering that her emotion was quite accounted for by Lady Ruth's assertion that Constance had received bad news, nodded in a pitying kind of way, closed the door, and the brougham started.

As it reached the station, Constance heard the bell ring. Lady Ruth had timed it pretty accurately. A porter came and got out the portmanteau, and Constance was going up the stairs, when a gentleman on horseback came riding by.

He glanced at the carriage listlessly, then at Constance, and then pulled up, flung himself from the saddle, and hurried after her.

"Miss Grahame!" he exclaimed.

It was Lord Elliot.

Constance turned with a start, and a sudden flush on her pale face.

"Lord Elliot!" she faltered.

"Why, what is this!" he exclaimed, his color coming and going, his eyes fixed eagerly on her face as he held her hand. "Where are you going?"

The question made Constance start. Where was she going? Until that moment she had not asked herself the question.

"Are you going to London?" he said, his surprise developed in keen anxiety.

"Yes, my lord," she replied.

"At this time of the morning! Have you—have you heard bad news?"

Constance remained silent, and the pressure of his hand grew warmer and sympathetic.

"I am so sorry. So very, very sorry. It is not very bad news, I hope. Were you obliged to go?,'

"Yes, I was obliged, Lord Elliot," she said, as steadily as she could.

He walked beside her, seeming bewildered and confused by his unexpected meeting with her, and her sudden departure, his frank face indicating his emotion as plainly as the dial shows the hour.

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked, looking down at her with all a man's tender solicitude for a woman in trouble. "If there is anything, I should be so glad; any little thing—"

"No, there is nothing, thank you, my lord, faltered Constance, and she quickened her steps, for the train was coming in.

"I can get your ticket, at any rate," he said, and he hurried to the booking-office. "It is so strange that I should meet you here," he said, as he put her in a first-class carriage, the porter standing respectfully by, and the guard waiting quite patiently until his lordship should be ready. "I—I was rather wakeful this morning, and—and thought I would shave a gallop. Oh, is there nothing I can do?" he broke off. "I—I hate the thought of your going up alone at this time of the day."

And he looked wistfully up and down the platform as if he were strongly tempted to jump into the carriage.

"I am quite safe. I am used to travelling alone, my lord," said Constance, trying to smile.

"But you should have had a maid. Can I wire to your people in London to meet you? Have you done that?"

A chill seemed to fall on Constance's heart. Her people in London! Where and whom were they?

"It is not necessary, thank you, my lord," she replied, feeling that if he waited another minute or two she must break down.

"And when are you coming back?" he asked hurriedly and eagerly.

"I'm—I'm afraid—I do not think—I am not coming back at all, Lord Elliot," she said, faintly.

His handsome face went pale, and he stared at her with unconcealed dismay.

"Not—not coming back? Why? I—I don't understand. You are not coming back! Miss Grahame—!"

"Time's up, my lord," suggested the guard, respectfully but firmly.

"One second," he said, putting up his hand anxiously. "Miss Grahame—your address. Have you left it with them at the castle? Will you give it to me—"

Constance's face went scarlet, and then pale; but she was spared a reply, for the guard having given his lordship all the rope possible, blew his whistle, and the train started.

Lord Elliot sprung upon the steps, and held out his hand.

"Good-bye!" he said, and his voice shook in its earnestness. "If—if I dared I would come up with you. Say the word!" he exclaimed, impetuously. "Say that I may—"

Constance shook her head, agitatedly.

"Take care, my lord!" shouted the porter, and Lord Elliot dropped reluctantly from the footboard. As the train rushed on, Constance saw him standing looking after it, as if he could not even yet realize that she had gone. As for herself, the meeting with him had only accentuated the painfulness of her position and her loneliness and helplessness. With the exception of Lady Ruth, every one she had met at the castle had been good to her—even this young nobleman, who parted from her as if she had been an old friend. Not being vain and self-conscious, she never suspected for a moment that his kindness was actuated by any other and warmer feelings than friendship; but for many a mile his handsome face, with its expression of eager sympathy, rose before her, and haunted her even to the exclusion of the great question: Where was she going?

At last she faced it, and leaning back in the corner of the carriage, closed her eyes and tried to think.

Of friends she had absolutely none. Her father had died in Melbourne. For years before their departure for Australia they had been living in an out-of-the-way place in Ireland. Dr. Grahame, an eccentric man, absorbed in science, had quarrelled with his people at the time of his marriage. So far as she knew, Constance did not possess a single relative. The only acquaintance she had in England was the kind-hearted woman, Lady Armstead, with whom she had come over from England and who had procured her the situation at Brakespeare.

Constance had stayed for a few days with her at Allingham Street; but when Constance left for Brakespeare, Lady Armstead was just on the point of departure for Scotland. It was improbable, even impossible, that she would be in London now.

And even if she were, how could Constance go to her? Her very first question would be, "Why did you leave Lady Brakespeare?" and what could Constance answer? Whatever reason she gave, Lady Armstead would write to the marchioness; she would learn the falsity of the reason Lady Ruth had given her, more questions would be asked, and— With a heavy sigh she put the idea from her whirling mind.

But the problem still remained, and demanded a solution. The train was rushing on to London. She would find herself in the great busy terminus presently, homeless, and friendless! She took out her purse, emptying the money into the palm of her hand, counted it.

It was a pitiably small sum, but it would suffice to keep her for a short time, until—Until when?

She grew too weary to think at last, and closing her eyes, "let the great sorrowful world pass by her."

The train reached Paddington, and the usual bustle and movement surrounded it. Constance got out, and was making her way to the luggage van through the impatient crowd, intending to get her portmanteau and call a cab. There was only one thing to do, and that was to go to a private hotel.

A porter found the portmanteau, and was going toward the cab rank, when a small crowd of people came plunging down the platform, all very excited and curious, and all staring in one direction.

Constance was standing immediately in their way, and was driven, though not very roughly, against one of the iron pillars.

There she stood and waited, and watched, if her listless patience could be called watching.

The object of attraction apparently was an exceedingly handsome carriage. The coachman, seated in stately dignity upon the embroidered hammer-cloth, wore a powdered wig; two footmen in handsome liveries stood like sentinels at the door, as if waiting for their master; while their horses chafed on their bits and pawed impatiently, as if fully conscious and proud of the attention the equipage was exciting.

Constance looked at the whole business with weary listlessness.

"Is it one of the royal family?" she asked the porter, who stood staring with half-opened mouth.

"Royal family! No, miss. It's the great City man they're all talking about. Here he comes," he broke off, pushing forward.

Constance turned her head in the direction the crowd had taken, and saw a gentleman coming down the platform. He came with a quick, resolute step, his head held high, a look of concentration and power in every movement. A servant followed him with a dispatch-box and sundry wraps, and the station officials hovered about him with respectful homage.

In a few paces he came close to her, and as he did so a thrill of surprise shot through Constance, for the great man, whose movements everybody was watching so eagerly, was—Rawson Fenton!

Continued Next Week.

Elsie—My husband is very hard to please. Louise—He must have changed considerably since he married you.

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