

in her love and trust. An immeasurable gulf separates the two faces

What, is that a tear? Am I actually crying? I, who have not wept for so long? I have been taxed to-day beyond my strength; I am over-fatigued. Do they really want me to go home? Will they be kind to me if I go? No one has been kind to me since I left home.

I trusted so implicitly in my handsome, dark lover; I thought him the soul of honour. My father distrusted him, and forbade all communication between us, but we arranged meetings through the connivance of a school friend, and one fatal day he suggested that I leave home and marry him.

Shortly after my twenty-first birthday I had received a small legacy from an aunt, which was placed under my absolute control. My lover, Charlie Warner, was daily expecting some remittances from England, but as they did not arrive before the day on which we contemplated flight, I gave him a power of attorney to draw on my banker.

We were married secretly, and came on to New York, and there I lived in a fool's paradise for some months. My husband's remittances did not arrive, much to his annoyance, but I had enough for both for present needs. I wrote home twice, but each time my letters were returned, without comment.

One morning I noticed that Charlie was very much pre-occupied, and answered me shortly once or twice when I addressed him. After breakfast he went out, saying not to wait dinner for him, as he had business which would probably detain him until late at night. I felt very much hurt at his manner; it was the first time he had been unkind to me. I felt very miserable for a while, and then drew my writing desk towards me with the intention of once more writing home.

Pushing some papers to one side, a letter fell on the floor. I picked it up, and saw it was from a woman, addressed to my husband. As I laid it down I read the words, "Your wretched and unhappy wife". Will the most fastidious blame me when I say that I read that letter every word, and discovered that the man whom I called my husband was the husband of another.

I did not weep; I was too dazed to grasp the full significance of my discovery. A knock sounded on the door, and before I could rouse myself, a tall, keen-eyed man crossed the threshold. He looked at me intently for a moment and then said, "Where is Mr. Warner?" I said, "he will not be in till late this evening". "Madam", replied the man, "Warner has made you believe that he is your husband, but he is a scoundrel. He has a wife and four children whom he left behind in England, but they are now here. He found out they were on his track and has fled. He is probably miles away by this time". I heard no more, and knew no more for four months, when I was discharged from the lunatic asylum to which it had been necessary to send me.

When my mind had become balanced I found that Warner, on the strength of the power of attorney I had given him, had possessed himself of the whole of my money.

"You had better go home to your friends", said the kind hearted doctor at the Asylum. "I have no friends", I said, "I want none; I will earn my own living". "Well then", said the doctor, "won't you stay with my wife until you find something to do? She will be glad to have you".

I obtained a situation in the office of a large publishing house; now I am on the reportorial staff of a daily paper. No wonder my face has grown hard, for I have had to fight every inch of the way. I made no friends among the women I met. They rather shunned me; I was too reckless, and my bitter laugh rang out at times when they would weep. A woman said as she passed me on the street one day, "What a hard face".

I arranged for leave of absence, and one week later saw me across the boundary line, in Canada, and soon I was in my native city. I would take no cab at the Depot, but preferred to walk through the city and see what time had done for it. No one would recognize me, of that I felt sure, and then I was closely veiled.

At last I drew near the home where I had once been so happy. The trees had grown very tall, almost hiding the house from view.

In the dusk I saw two figures standing on the steps, a lady and a gentleman. Presently the gentleman came down the walk and stepped into a waiting carriage. He was evidently a doctor. I looked at the remaining figure on the steps, a white-haired old lady. My mother. Yes, I knew it was she.

Tremblingly I opened the gate, and walked up to the door, pushed aside my veil, and faltered "Mother"! She clasped me in her arms, and I was welcomed home again.

They had written, and advertised again and again, after reading in the newspapers the account of Charlie Warner's perfidy, and receiving no reply, finally gave up hope. When Rowena was so very ill, she kept constantly calling for me, and some one suggested the "personal" which found me.

I never went back to New York, and I never wish to. Its associations are too sad. I found it difficult to take up the home life again. For a long time my hands were fully occupied in nursing my sister back to health, and then a new interest grew into my life, and happiness was mine once more on the day when I gave my heart and hand to the doctor whom I had seen leaving my home the evening of my return from New York.

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