

SANARITAN.

Health he Points to Others.

Acted Upon by Mr. Miles...

of Wellington, was a...

He felt that if he could...

without resting he was...

He felt that if he could...

One day he was in Pictou...

He felt that if he could...

He felt that if he could...

He felt that if he could...

He felt that if he could...

He felt that if he could...

He felt that if he could...

He felt that if he could...

He felt that if he could...

THE ACADIAN AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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TAKE THE BEST CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE.

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"The time I gave you has nearly expired," she retorted, with scorn. "You were to marry the Marquis of Brakespeare," he went on, as if she had not spoken.

"I had almost lost all hope, and would have gone then and there to London and tried to wait until chance gave me an opportunity of taking you from him, but the Fates smiled on me.

"I dined at the castle—your future home. As I looked round the room and saw you and him, saw the loving glances that passed between you, my heart burned with the rage of slighted love and jealousy.

"He paused as if he were recalling that time. "There was no marquis between us then! You had not learned to love me, it is true, but you would have learned in time!

"I would have made you!" he retorted, with suppressed ferocity. "We were alone. You had to depend on me every day, almost every hour.

"I thought of all that as I sat and looked upon you and him, and if I could have—killed you both with a word, I would have done it!

"Wait," he said. "You are different to the usual run of women, Constance. One can count upon your reason, your self-possession. You will need both. Listen to me patiently, for both our sakes."

"I will give you three minutes," she said; "but, remember, Mr. Fenton, that every word that leaves your lips I shall repeat to Lord Brakespeare, and that to-night!"

"I think not; we shall see. Lord Brakespeare!" he laughed. "You aimed high, Constance. The best match in England, I suppose. Yes, you aimed high. If I had not loved you as I do I could have been almost content to step aside and make room for so great a man. But I loved you; I love you still."

leave Rawson Fenton to face Wolfe's anger, and would utter no plea for mercy. "Has he told you—this great, all-powerful marquis—anything of his past history?" he went on.

"You were to marry the Marquis of Brakespeare," he went on, as if she had not spoken; "a good match even for one so beautiful as Miss Graham. But you forget the man who had loved you for years, and who told you that no power on earth could tear you from him.

"Take your mind back to it. It will not be difficult if it is burned on your heart and brain as it is on mine. Think—Do you remember your father deluding himself with the idea that he had found the secret of the Jasper rock? Do you remember Daniel coming to warn us that the rangers were on the trail, and that we were to be prepared for them? You have not forgotten? No, it is not possible. But recall every incident of that night. Remember how, even as Daniel was talking, the rangers burst in upon us."

"He paused, as if to give Constance time to recall the scene. "You have it all before you? Then you have not forgotten the ring-leader of the gang? Do you remember him? He was a tall, strongly built man, a man with a bearing and style above his fellows. They called him Gentleman Jack. It was said he was an Englishman, a gentleman, and that he was engaged in the work for mere amusement. Do you remember him?"

"Constance stood silent and motionless. His words recalled every incident of that never-to-be-forgotten night, and the leader of the gang seemed to stand before her. But still she marvelled why Rawson Fenton should go back to it all. Was he indeed mad? It is the cleverest people, the geniuses, whom the gods deprive of their reason. Had his acute, restless brain given way under the efforts which had crowned him with wealth?"

"She glanced at him as he stood in the doorway. The storm had gathered while they had been standing there, and was now spending its fury. A flash of lightning lighted up his face. It was white, and the eyes gleamed with the intensity of his emotion, but not with the fire of madness. And yet he must be mad!

"Do you remember his voice?" he resumed. "It was not like the voice of the equators or the seam of the bush of which the rangers were composed. It was the voice of a gentleman, an English gentleman. The way he moved, his courtesy to you, all marked him out as different to his companions. It did not strike me so forcibly at the time, but—Well, you went with your father in the wagon, and I was left. An alarm was raised a few minutes after, and the rangers went off. I was left alone in the hut which your presence had made a shrine to me—alone to think of you! As I lay there before the fire I saw something glittering on the floor. I thought it was one of the stones which your father had cut from the rock, and picked it up. It was not a stone, but—what do you think, Constance?"

"He had drawn quite close to her now, and his voice had sank to a whisper. "Shrinking as far away from him as she could, she looked at him. If this were madness it was reaching a climax. He might suddenly grow violent. Should she call out?

"It was not an equal, but a ring-leader, ring, such as a gentleman might wear, and as I held it in the fire-light I saw that it had a crest engraved upon it. He paused and breathed hard. "Now, whose ring could it have been? Not yours nor your father's; of that I was certain. Whose then? Can you guess, Constance?"

"She looked at him with no fear, no suspicion in her heart. "It was the leader of the gang's, the

Englishman's who 'played at ranging for amusement.' I put the ring in my pocket. It is there still."

"My luck turned that night. No matter how, I made my first step to wealth. I have reached the top of the hill, but I kept that ring through it all. For, you see, I might by its aid some day discover and identify the chief of the rangers. There was a reward of two thousand pounds out for him. It would be worth having, to say nothing of the honor and satisfaction of bringing such a man to justice."

"And then I came to England, found you, was spared by you, and chance—no, not chance, for I had followed you—brought me to the dinner-table of the great Marquis of Brakespeare. And there, as I looked at him and you, I saw on the fork I held in my hand, and the napkin on the plate, every where, the crest—an eagle and a broken spear—the crest which was engraved on the ring which I picked up in the hut, the ring that belonged to the leader of the rangers."

"Constance had listened to every word, had followed every link of the chain with scornful attention, and now, as he paused, she looked at him still unmoved for a moment. Then a chill struck her, a sudden vague fear of which she was ashamed the moment after she had felt it.

"Are you listening? Do you not see?" he demanded, stretching out his hand to her. "The ring with the crest—the same crest as that of the Brakespeare's. That night, in the man who had robbed me of you, I had discovered it," his voice grew hoarse in its triumph, "the leader of the gang, the man over whose head hung the reward; the Marquis of Brakespeare was the chief of the rangers and a felon!"

"Constance staggered, then she grasped the arm of the seat that ran round the altar, and drew herself to her full height. "It is a lie!" she cried, and her eyes seemed to blaze with scorn.

"It is a lie!" she cried, and her eyes seemed to blaze with scorn. "The words rang out with indignation, scorn, and Constance confronted him, her hands clinched, her bosom heaving. He smiled.

"It is the truth," he said. "But I did not expect you to believe it on my assertion." "No!" she assented, contemptuously. "I would not believe a single word you could say."

"Thanks. Yes, I know that, and I am, therefore, not unprepared." He leisuredly took out his match-box and struck a wax-light. "Look at the ring," he said; and he held it out to her.

"You may have stolen it," she said. His face grew red. "Thanks again. No, I did not steal it; I found it, as I have told you, on the floor of the hut after the ranger, that is, the marquis, had left."

"It is false, false, false! He was never there!" "I have not finished," he said, calmly. "Wait until you have heard me out. Reserve your insults until you have heard the whole of my evidence."

know, can you guess for whom this man, a rough tramp, had mistaken me? He had mistaken me for the marquis!"

Constance listened breathlessly. "He had been lying in wait for the marquis, and was familiar with him. Can you guess what his business was with him?"

"Constance's heart beat heavily; his calm, self-possessed voice awakened a keen presentiment of evil. "He had come to levy blackmail on him—to get more money; he had already had some. Why should this scoundrel, this tramp, blackmail the marquis, the great Lord Brakespeare?"

He laughed as he paused. "Because he knew him. He was an old friend. The man who was a member of the gang of rangers? His name was Long Ned, and I identified him; I could identify him in a court of justice by a scar on his arm from a wound which your father—yes, your father himself—dressed in my presence out there in the bush!"

"A low cry escaped Constance's lips, and she sank on the seat and covered her face with her hands. For a moment she was overwhelmed—one moment only; the next she had risen again and confronted him as before.

"The man, when I taxed him with the truth, admitted it—admitted it, after a struggle. He meant the marquis no harm; he only wanted to obtain money from him; but my suspicions were well founded. The all-powerful Marquis of Brakespeare was—the ring-leader of the ranger gang, and—a felon over whose head hung a reward!"

"He drew a little nearer to her and peered at her white face. "The evidence is complete, the chain is forged link by link. If you are not yet convinced, ask me freely why he has not told you his past history; why he has so studiously concealed it? Has he ever, by a single word, alluded to his travels, to what happened to him all the time he was away from England?"

Trembling, Constance hunched her head. Almost more than anything else he had said, these words affected her. It was true! Not one word had Wolfe told her of the past, not one word.

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