Allan Charlton's Secret

that it is so?"
"I am, Miss Wood," he meplied, frank-ly, "I am glad for her sake; although losing her—losing the hope of winning her—will take from my desolate life the only joy it ever knew. Still, for her sake I am glad I cannot commit the crime I had taught myself to consider no crime at all."

had taught myself to consider no crime at all."

"Your secret will remain one so far as a la m concerned," I said, rising. "In a few days, when you have had time to reflect, we will talk about plans for the future: at present let me ask you to write those letters at once."

"I wish," interrupted Mr. Charlton, "you would let me tell you my history. You are a good woman, Miss Wood, and I have never had a good woman for my friend. I never had a true friend. Perhaps, if you knew all my story, you would be that to me now."

"If you think I could be of any service to you, I shall listen with intervice to you.

"If you think I could be of any service to you, I shall listen with interest," I replied I ought, perhaps to have been more angry with him, to have represented him vehemently with the trong he had contemplated; but his sorrow and his humility disarmed me. He sat down again, and took the flowers in his hand. For some minutes his eyes lingered upon them, and I knew then that in his heart he was saying farewell to Blanche Carew.

"No doubt, Miss Wood, you think that

his wife and daughter.

"You will perhaps smile, Miss Wood, when I tell you that then, in my twentieth year, with the world before me, my heart at rest, and no shade of trouble upon me. I was considered a handsome young man. The merchant's daughter was very pretty. I need not describe her—poor Alice! you have seen her face as it to some extent was, and as it is. I had mixed so little in section.

farewell to Blanche Carew.
CHAPTER V.
"No doubt. Miss Wood, you think that I began to love Miss Carew when I first shaw her here a year ago?" said Mr. Charlton, raising his eyes suddenly from the flowers over which they had been lingering for several minutes.
"I imagined so," I replied. "I was not aware that you had seen her before."
"Ah, yes; I had both seen and loved her before she came to Weir Cottage," he confessed. "I will tell you how it happened. Three years ago I was visiting friends who resided some distance from Croome. They are gone abroad now, and will never return to England. I went to bid them farewell. I was always fond of beautiful scenery, and one sunny morning I started off alone for a ramble, and found myself in the Croomewoods. I walked on, wishing to see the ways fond of beautiful scenery, and one sunny morning I started off alone for a ramble, and found myself in the Croome woods. I walked on, wishing to see the Hall. I passed by the pleasance, and there, reading under a large cedar tree, I first saw Blanche Carew. I nede not tell you how beautiful she is, nor how beautiful she looked, her golden hair falling like a veil over her, and the sunbeams playing upon it. She raised her failing like a veil over her, and the sunbeams playing upon it. She raised her fair young face as I passed by, but shee hardly noticed me.

"I do not know whether you believe in love at first sight," he continued; "but from that moment the image of the fair young girl, in her girlish beauty, has never left my mind. I tried, but I could not forget her. I made many pilgrinages to Groome wood, but I never saw her under the cedar tree again. I loved her, Miss Wood, with the deep, true love of a man's heart, and I have loved her of the contraction of the country of the property of the prope

that my solicitor in London was the very man Mr. Carew entrusted with the settlement of his affairs. To him he revealed the need he had for raising a large sum of money by mortgaging his estate. At that time Mr. Lees, the solicitor, had been commissioned by me to send out, on a good mortgage, a sum of money that had been left to me. When he told me of Mr. Carew's application, I

send out, on a good mortgage, a sum of money that had been left to me. When he told me of Mr. Carew's application, I was delighted. I instructed him to lend the money, but forbade him to mention my name in the business. I need not say I was quite a stranger to Mr. Carew. I had never even seen him.

"The deeds of the estate were given over to me, and virtually I became master of Croome. Only one motive prompted me in all I did—my deep love for the young girl I had seen, and had dreamed of ever since. I know it was wrong. I do not excuse myself. I was aware that I was bound by a sacred tie, but I loved her, and I had never loved before.

"I knew Mr. Carew would wish to retire to some out-of-the-way place. The house he lives in is mine, although he does not know it. I told my solicitor to offer it to him at a very low rent, and as though it were his own property. He did so, and the old man eagerly accepted it. I was not missed by the story te told of going to live in France. I knew he would be riad to take Weir Cottage." It did strike me as somewhat strange. "It did strike me as somewhat strange." It did strike me as somewhat strange. "It did strike me as somewhat strange." It did strike me as somewhat strange. "It did strike me as somewhat strange." It did strike me as somewhat strange. "It did strike me as somewhat strange."

hear that I had married a weathly heiress.

"It did strike me as somewhat strange that my pretty fiancee did little more than smile and blush. We never, to the best of my recollection, had a rational conversation. I attributed her usual ailence to reserve and love. I was so entirely a stranger to love, its usago and customs that whenever I did not understand or was puzzled by her ways. I laid it to that score. Nor did it strike me as being strange that the few acquainances I had made in San Domingo expressed some surprise at my marriage—that two or three asked me if it could be possible that I was going to marry Mr. Dormer's daughter. I thought their surprise was at my good

did so, and the old man eagerly accepted it. I was not misled by the story he told of going to live in France. I knew he would be glad to take Weir Cottage, and thus I came here to live at Woodleigh Grange.

"I do not offer one excuse for my conduct, Miss Wood; I have none; but perhaps when you hear the story of my youth and my wrongs, you may judge me mercifully. I must go back to the wrong done to my father before me, in order that you may understand mine.

"My grandfather was a very wealthy man. He had but two children—my father, his eldest son, and my uncle Raymond, his second and best beloved. His estate was not entailed, but my father, being the eldest, was brought up to consider himself the heir. I camnot tell you how or why he and his father quarrelled, but they did so; and one day my father was turned ignominiously from Marston Manor, the home he had always thought would be his. The quarrel was a desperate one, for the father and son never met or spoke again. When my grandfather died, he left the whole of his fortune to his second son, Raymond, while to my father, who had been Brought up the heir, he did not leave one shiffing.

"It was shamefully unjust. My uncle

while to my father, who had been strought up the heir, he did not leave one shifting.

"It was shamefully unjust. My unche Raymond was not a generous man, either; he never made the least attempt to rectify the wrong his father had doad—he never offered his brother one farthing of the vast wealth so unfairly given to him, and my father was too proud to ask. He passed through life a broken-hearted man; he had no profession, and it was with great difficulty he made his way in the world at all. My mother was a gentle, patient woman. She had loved my father when he was the supposed heir, and she would not desert him when he became a penniless, broken-down man. They were married, and I was their only child. From my earliest boyhood I had a keen sense of the wrong done to my father. I felt that he had suffered all his life for it, and I should do the same; but for that in Jesoud do the same; but for that in Jesoud do the same; but for that in Jesoud do the same; lut for that in Jesoud do the same; but for that in Jesoud do the same; but for that in Jesoud do the same; lut for that in Jesoud do the sa

"There is but one course open to you," I replied "Write at once to Mr. Carew, and tell him that circumstances have arisen which cause you to withdraw your application for his daughter's hand. Write to Blanche and ask her to let you be her friend and not her lover."

"I will," he cried. "I promise you. I love her so madly that I have risked much for her sake; but something told me all along that my secret would be discovered."

"Let your better self answer me, Mr. Charlton," I said. "Are you not glad that it is so?"

"I am Miss Wood," he meplied, frank-"

"I am Miss Wood," he meplied, frank-"

"I have the provided my life, as you will see.

"From my carliest youth one ambition burned within me. I had one dream, one thought, one idea—and it was to make money. Not for my own seake, not for my own pleasure, but that my father might be happy again—that he might take the position that rightfully belonged to him—hat he might one day be as rich as the brother who had supplanted him. I kruw my motives were mixed—some good, some evil; but I am sure the strongest of all was love of my parents. I wanted to see my mother one more aurrounded with luxuries, and I dedicated my life to work.

"I had an especial gift for languages. cated my life to work.

"I had an especial gift for languages. I could speak French, Spanish, German, and Italian, and speak them well. I had studied as men do study when they have a set purpose in life; and before I had finished my nineteenth year I was offered an excellent and lucrative appointment in the West Indie. Proud and elate at my unusual good fortune.

and elate at my unusual good fortune bade adieu to home and the parent

loved so well, and took my first ster

I loved so well, and took my first step in life with a light and easy heart.

My destination was San Domingo. How I have hated that place ever since! The first year I was there I worked very hard. I never went into society: I made no friends; time, thought and energy were all devoted to the acquisition of money.

"One evening husiness took me to the

"One evening business took me to the

house of a Mr. Dormer. He was a re-tired merchant, who had been in a large business at Cuba. I was introduced to his wife and daughter.

her face as it to some extent was, and as it is. I had mixed so little in society that I thought the blushing, smiling young face, with its frame of goldenbrown hair, one of the loveliest in treworld. I cannot tell you how it happened, but in a hundred ways that evening Alice Dormer showed that she liked and admired me. My vanity was flattered, but no warmer feeling rose in we heart for her.

my heart for her.

"The next Sunday Mr. Dormer made
me go home to dine with him. After
dinner Alice sang and played. On some
pretext or another the merchant and his
wife both withdrew and left us to-

"Time after time I was invited there,

"Time after time I was invited there, and the same thing invariably occurred. Mr. and Mrs. Dormer loaded me with attention and kindness; he solicited my advice, and said more than once that if Heaven had favored him with a son his happiness would have been complete.

his happiness would have plete.

I was so young and so inexperienced in the ways of the world, that I was hardly to blame for falling into the trap laid for me. The pretty smiling young face that blushed and brightened for me, and kind flattering wordst hat

for me, and kind flattering wordst hat smoothed and charmed my boyish vanity, the kindness shown to me, a stranger in a strange country—all led me on. It did not seem strange to me, as it would have seemed to one older, that the wealthy merchant should evidently be so anxious to see me married to his daughter and heiress. I knew Alice would be very rich; he, her father, told me often and often of her fortune, and how hard he worked for

and how hard he worked fortune, and how hard he worked for it. If I had been older or more worldly-wise, I should have wondered why, with

to marry Mr. Dormer's daughter. I thought their surprise was at my good fortune. Not one of them had the courage, the sense, or the kindness to come forward bravely and tell me the truth. "We were married. Mr. Dormer furnished a house for us—a house that a few years before I should have considered a palace. I had been three years longer to remain in San Domingo, and then I promised myself the happiness of taking my young wife and her fortune home.

gether.

and I had asked Alice to count out and mark some bills of lading for me: it was a very simple piece of work, only just putting the number in the corner of each. I left her seated at the table, with the bills spread out before her, when I went to receive my letters, and on my return I found her still seated there.

"The post of that morning brought me letters from my parents, and the reading of them filled my heart with the greatest happiness I had ever known. They were so rejoiced, so delighted at my good fortune, so thankful that my lot in life would not be cold and bitter as theirs had been. They thanked me for the money I had sent them, and told me how it had been spent. I remember tears filling my eyes when I read that my dear mother had for the first time since her marriage purchased a silk

my dear mother had for the first time since her marriage purchased a silk dress. I hastened to read the letter to my wife, and mke her a sharer in my happiness. My parents begged me to send a portrait of my bride, that they might see for themselve.

might see for themselves the face I loved. I was very busy that morning, and I had asked Alice to count out and

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CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

The Law on the Subject and an Appeal For Friends.

"There seems to be a large amount of ignorance as to what the law, regarding cruelty to horses and other animals is, and this letter is sent out in the hop hat a better understanding of that law may result and court proceedings prevented. We believe that every man prevented. We believe that every man who handles horses, using them for his nurnese, knows when he is treating prevented. We believe that every man who handles horses, using them for his purpose, knows when he is treating them properly, or in any wrong manner, no matter whether he has seen, or has not seen, the law on the subject. Here is the law: Criminal Code. Section 512. "Every one is guilty of an offence and is liable, on summary conviction before two justices of the peace, to a penalty not exceeding fifty dollars, or to three mouths' imprisonment with or without hard labor, or both, who (a) wantonly, cruelly or unnecessarily beats, binds, illtreats, abuses, overdrives or tortures any cattle poultry, dogs, domestic animal or bird, or wild animal or bird in a state of captivity; or (b) while driving any cattle or other animal is, by negligence or ill-usage in the driving thereof, the means whereby any mischief, damage or injury is done by any such cattle or other animal; or (c) in any manner encourages, aids or assists at the fighting or baiting of any bull, bear, badger, dog, cock or other kind of animal, whether of domestic or wild nature." R. S. C., chapter 172, S. 2.

It is passing strange that many a man, good in many ways is often.

ter 172, S. 2.

It is passing strange that many a man, good in many ways, is often exceedingly cruel when the care of his animals is concerned. Not long ago I visited a man who was reported to be very cruel to his horses, working them when they had bad sores on their shoulders. He said to me, "What am I to do when the rush comes on?" If that man had such sores on his shoulders, or on any portion of his body, what would he do? Lay off, of course. Such a man must know, and if he does not know, he must be taught, that, when he works an animal in such condition, he is breakan animal in such condition, he is break ing the law of the land and the higher moral obligations which govern man's relation to the dumb pa

Toronto Humane Society works, first of all, for the wellbeing of dumb ani-mals within the City of Toronto, no remals within the City of Toronto, no re-port of any cruelty received from any portion of the Province will be allowed to lie uninvestigated, if it is at all pos-sible to make that investigation. We desire to be friends with all men, but the man who is cruel, who cannot be

wise, I should have wondered why, with her great advantages, her fair girlish beauty and her wealth, he could over have consented to see me married to one so poor and insignificant as myself. But he did so, and one evening he told me he had noticed my evident love for his daughter, and that he only wished for her hanniness: therefore, when I the man who is cruel, who cannot be reached by advice or warning, will find that there is the power of the law for the protection of these animals.

The Toronto Humane Society is doing a large amount of educational work throughout the Province, and any donations to its funds will be thankfully received. All communications should be sent to the undersigned, who will acknowledge the same.

P. C. Laverton Harris,

Managing Director.

Managing Director.

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♣ GOOD SHORT ♣ **STORIES**

THE HOUSE THAT COOK BUILT.

that Cook built.
This is the man who gave out on the way and was sent by Cook to the shack to stay and make free use of the grub that lay in the house that

Cook built.

This is the sailor all savage and grim, who replaced the man with the crippled limb and was given a note from Peary that said, "This man is in charge vecause Cook is dead." and gobbled the grub that lay in the house that Cook built.

This is the sportsman all jaunty and gay, who strolled up into the Arctic to play, and dropt in at the shack of his friend on the way, and encountered a sailor all savage and grim.

TAKING NO CHANCES

nodded in her corner.

"As the train approached the long tunnel, the woman roused herself. She pinned back lazily a tail of hair that had fallen on her shoulder, and she fixed her glassy eyes on the six black-clad divines. Then she took from her basket a huge breadknife.

"Making a few unsteady flourishes and lunges in the air with the knife, she said fiercely:

"Don't none o' you boys try none o' yer tricks on me in the tunnel, mind, or I'll open ye!" "—Saturday Evening Post.

On the first Sunday of their visit in Chicago the successful merchant escorted his parents to a fashionable church. Some of the hymns were familiar, and in their rendition the visiting pair contributed heavily, with the credit for volume in favor of the father. ume in favor of the father.

if I hadn't sung as loudly as I did the people would have heard your mother."

Matthew Astor Wilks, the son-in-law matthew Astor Wilks, the son-in-law of Mrs. Hetty Green, has endeared him-self to the great woman financier by his simple tastes. "Mr. Astor Wilks," said a hotel keep-

er of New York, "sneers at ostentation.

I remember when we opened our new rococo dining room. It was, I admit, rather empty the first week or so. Mr. Wilks, during that empty season, drop-ped in one night for supper after the

pliment on our bright new
He nodded curtly and said:
"Truly magnificent. Thi
for every customer." "I approached him, eager for a

BOER AND BRITON.

Roosevelt Finds Them Growing Up in Harmony Together.

tic to play, and dropt in at the shack of his friend on the way, and encountered a sailor all savage and grim, who replaced the man with a crippled limb and had a note from Peary which said: 'This man is in charge because Cook is dead,' and gobbled the grub that lay in the house that Cook built. This is the owner just back from the Pole, who called at his house and found it quite droll that his guest, the sportsman so jaunty and gay who had strolled up into the Tretic to play and had stopt at the shack of his friend on the way, should be slave to a sailor all savage and grim, who replaced the man with a crippled limb and showed him a note from Peary that said "This man is in charge because Cook is dead,' and gobbled the grub that lay in the house that Cook built.—Springfield Republican.

TARING NO CHANCES a few overland, most of them by water to German East Africa. But in the part in which they happened to settle they were decimated by fever, and their stock perished of cattle sickness; and most of them had again moved Canon Hensley Henson, during his lectures at Yale, said at a dinner in New Haven: "In my condemnation of this American custom I was mistaken as the woman in the third-class smoker.

"At Banbury a half-dozen young Methodist ministers had been attending a ministerial conference. In their black garb they conversed gravely on conference affairs, while the frowsy woman nodded in her corner.

"As the train approached the long tunnel, the woman roused herself. She pinned back lazily a tail of hair that had fallen on her shoulder, and she fixed her glassy eyes on the six blackter and manlier people than those, both English and Dutch, who are at this moment engaged in the great and difficult task of adding East Africa to the domain of civilization; their work is bound to be hard enough anyhow; and it would be a lamentable calamity to render it more difficult by keeping alive a bitterness which has lost all point and justification, or by failing to recognize the fundamental charters. mental virtues, the fundamental characteristics, in which the men of the two stocks are in reality so much alike.—From "Arican Game Trails," by Theodore Roosevelt, in the November Scribner.

"There are germs lying in wait for you, no matter where you turn," said the scientist. "I know it," replied the matter-of-fact person. "I dislike germs as much as anybody can. But I'm not going to quit eating, drinking and breath just to spite 'em."—Washington Star.

"There are germs lying in wait for you me in favor of the father.

Although not always in correct time and sometimes in discord, yet the joy of the good couple leaped forth in joyous praise, and they did not see the glowering looks of nearby worshippers or the flushed face of their devoted son.

"Father," observed the pierchark that afternoon, while his mother was taking her accustomed nap, "in our churches the congregation does very little singing; it is left entirely to the choir."

"I know, my boy," said the old gentleman, as he lovingly placed a hand on his son's shoulder, "that it was very embarrassing to you this morning, but

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Niagara Falls, New York. *2.27 a.m., *5.67 a.m., *10.06 a.m., *10.06 a.m., *5.77 a.m., *5.07 a.m., *10.06 a.m., *10.06 a.m., *2.27 a.m., *5.67 a.m., *10.06 a.m., *10.05 a.m., *11.20 a.m., *2.20 p.m., *5.37 p.m., *5.45 p.m., *7.20 p.m., *2.30 p.m., *5.45 p.m., *7.40 p.m., *11.20 a.m., *11.20 a.m., *11.20 a.m., *11.20 a.m., *11.20 a.m., *11.20 a.m., *7.45 p.m., *7.45 GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

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