

SELECT STORY.

MISS MIDDLETON'S LOVER.

—OR—
PARTED ON THEIR BRIDAL TOUR.

By the author of "A Forbidden Marriage,"
"That Pretty Young Girl," etc.

CHAPTER IV.
MY HEART IS EMPTY, MY LIFE IS LONELY.

CONTINUED.

"Ha, 'Eathcliff," he cried, holding out a slender, white hand; "the very man I wanted to see. 'Aren't you here for a fortnight; my 'one won the Derby but he lost it all the same night; I expected you round but you didn't show up. I'm sorry to see you, but I'm—ah! I'm say, 'Eathcliff, I must have that money you owe me, by to-night, you know."

"Hush, not a word of that here, Lennox, you'll ruin me," said Heathcliff glancing hurriedly about him. "Ruin you; that's pretty good," cries the young Englishman going off into a peal of uproarious laughter; "good, but thought you were ruined already. 'Eathcliff, I believe honestly, the 'only 'object belonging to the 'Eathcliff estate which remains un'mortgaged, is yourself."

"It is equally sure that no one would lend money on you," returned Heathcliff. "Come into this café," he added, knowing the other's particular weakness; and taking this means of ridding himself of him, and will have a champagne together."

"No," says Lennox, drawing back. "I've sworn 'I'll not to see my mother 'and sisters; I'll just give you a week's sickness, the result of 'our last champagne together. 'I vowed 'I'd 'I'll pulled through that, 'I'd cry quits."

"Nonsense," retorted Heathcliff, impatiently, quoting, with a sneer on his face which by no means improved its expression:—"When the devil got sick, the devil a monk would be."

"That would be more like you, Lennox, eh?" taking him by the arm, notwithstanding the poor fellow's entreaties, Heathcliff soon had him in the café. A few minutes more, and despite all Lennox's resolutions, he was unable to leave it for the present.

"I'll see you later, my dear boy," said Heathcliff, turning him over to a party of congenial friends they found there. "He is disposed of," he muttered, as he gained the street—a so-called friend, who has not the stamina to stick to it when he does say so."

"I have already lost ten minutes," he soliloquized. "Irene will wonder what detains me."

She was still sitting on the rustic seat where he had left her when he drove hurriedly up to the port entrance. "Has the time not seemed long to you, Irene?" he asked, as he handed her into the carriage.

"No," she simply answered; "I was so absorbed in thought, I quite forgot you."

CHAPTER V.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER HAD SHE DIED.

How gloomy the interior of the dim old church seemed. To Irene, who sat at the glass windows, marvels of richness and color, with figures of saints upon them, with palm branches and golden crowns.

The white-haired minister looked at the couple he was to wed as they advanced. How lovely the bride eldest was, and how strangely ill at ease the handsome bridegroom appeared.

For the sake of the fair young face he asked few questions. Yes, it was perfectly, legally right—no business of his. Then he opened his book. For a moment there was deep silence, broken only by the songs of birds outside, and the rustling of the leaves stirred by the wind tapping the window pane.

Then slowly, solemnly, the words were spoken and the responses uttered that made this fair young girl Karl Heathcliff's wife.

fashion without letting Mrs. Grey know," Irene suggested here.

"When we reach the end of our journey we can telegraph her, explaining matters," he replied.

He did not think there was any use in telling her the truth just then—that meant that no one should ever discover whether they had gone.

"No, sir," answers the agent; "get them at the Scotch rail road depot, three blocks down the street; wrong depot."

"In fifteen minutes, exactly; you'll be very lucky if you catch it, sir."

"We are at the wrong depot it seems," he said. "I am sorry I dismissed that cabman so soon; I shall have to get another. Wait here until I return. It is just twelve o'clock now, Irene," he says, comparing his watch with the huge clock on the wall. "We will have time to make the train. I shall be back for you within three minutes."

"I had not better go with you, Karl?" she suggested. He shook his head with a smile, hurrying away.

As he reaches the doorway, a very dilapidated looking individual in a crushed hat and very muddy cutaway coat, his face so bespattered with mud, he was leaning on his stick, ran directly into Heathcliff's arms.

"Sense me, sense me, sir," he hiccuped, in a voice thick with wine.

"The fellow" looks after Heathcliff, and attempts to utter a low whistle, but it is a failure; he is too utterly "gone" for that.

"W—why that—that 'Eathcliff, 'pon 'em, 'I'm not 'I'm hiccuping." "Gush 'ee didn't see me—nice me. No matter—(hic)—see a mean fellow any'way that 'Eathcliff. So mean 'ee lay in the gutter, 'I wouldn't pick 'im up with a pitchfork."

"Here I am, youngascal, what are you doing? What do you mean by hitting me with a stick?"

Sam didn't know until then that he hadn't hit the boy who sat behind him. On learning what he had done he concluded to say nothing and wait for developments. Mr. Heineken's knuckles were smarting and the pupils were watering audibly, neither of which circumstances tended to mollify his feelings.

most daring and expert robber in London!

The startling arrest by a Scotland Yard detective. Extra! Extra! There is as usual a rush for the papers. "Ere lad, let's 'ave a copy," says Lennox, and he secures one.

SAM BEARDSHIS TEACHER.

Story of a Bad Boy in a South Amboy Public School.

A boy of fifteen and a schoolmaster of thirty-eight were the dramatis personae, and a rubber stamp, a compass, a pencil, and a box of crayons, the whittaker's properties, of a farce comedy, the enactment of which raised high jinks in Raritan, Public School No. 2 of South Amboy Monday morning.

The plot is as follows: Sam Watson is a pupil in a class of the grammar department. He went to school last Monday morning, and attended the first recitation of his class, which ended about 9.30.

"Here you youngascal, what are you doing? What do you mean by hitting me with a stick?"

"I want you to understand, sir, that you do not come to school to waste your time drawing pictures, but to study your next lesson."

"Well, it won't do any harm to get it over again. At any rate, put up that at once."

"Don't have to," drawled Sam. "You didn't put that pad. I brought it with my own money, and I'll do as I please with it. You can't make me put it up, either."

"Can't I make you put it up?" cried the teacher. "I'll see about that."

With this he made an effort to seize both of the boy's hands. This effort was successful so far as one hand was concerned, but Sam was too quick with the other.

When the teacher and the pupil had broken away the former galled at the other for some time without saying anything. Sam hadn't any. He didn't make any, but the expression on his face might have been interpreted as, "Come on if you want any more."

Mr. Heineken will report the matter to the South Amboy Board of Education and ask them to act in the matter.

CORBETT AND FITZSIMMONS

History of the Two Great Fighters Who are to Meet Oct. 31st at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

James John Corbett, the present champion of the world, first saw the light of day in San Francisco, on September 1, 1866. "Gentleman Jim's" occupation was that of a peaceful one of a bank clerk until 1885, when he launched upon the pugilism.

The York election presents some features which are worthy of particular attention at the present time. The vote at Maryland, for instance, where Mr. Gilson reigns supreme is worthy of special study.

It will hardly be pretended, we think, that there could have been a free ballot where such a result was achieved. There are a few country people who vote at Maryland, but all the others are employees and tenants of Mr. Alex. Gilson.

Mr. Gilson's influence is powerful, and is opposed to Mr. Blair.

Mr. Blair was looked after on election day by Mr. Gilson's sons and stood near the polls in Stanley, with the following result:

Mr. Blair's vote was 422. Mr. Gilson's vote was 194.

It will be seen from the above figures that these three polling districts in which Mr. Gilson's influence is powerful, gave the opportunity a majority of 623.

Quite a large number of people went to count on nomination day. Our two former members, Mr. L. P. Ferris and Hon. A. G. Blair, who have so ably represented us in the past three years, were elected by acclamation.

Rev. B. N. Hughes occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church on Sunday last. The Cambridge Agricultural society intend holding their annual exhibition on the 17th of October.

HEART DISEASE OF TWENTY YEARS' STANDING RELIEVED IN A DAY.

Mr. Aaron Nichols, Who Has Lived on One Farm for 70 Years, Tells What He Knows of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

LOSS OF FLESH

is weakening. You cannot afford to fall below your healthy weight. If you will take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda when your friends first tell you you are getting thin, you will quickly restore your healthy weight and may thereby prevent serious illness.

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce a day of Scott's Emulsion. This seems extraordinary; but it is absolutely true.

Over the Triumphant Election of the Whole Gloucester Town.

WE are pleased at the result of this election and congratulate Messrs. White, Sewell and Fowler on their splendid victory. A very fierce and bitter canvass was carried on against them by foes within and foes without, but the result of polling gave evidence that the majority of the fair-minded electors of this county could not be swayed from their determination of voting justly by those who have been abused so persistently by the opposition press of St. John.

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A FINE MATCHING YOUNG LADY Married a Fatigue Man last March, but she has only looked out now.

THE BANGOR COMMERCIAL. There was a small but very pleasant gathering at the Summer and Winter Hotel, Bucksport, Me., Wednesday evening, the occasion being the wedding and farewell reception in honor of the marriage of Miss Ada M. Pond, of Fredericton, and Edward H. Emerson, of Ellsworth, and the leaving of the groom for Ellsworth.

MR. SUMNER'S PAPER. Does not think much of Dr. Stockton's Leadership or York's Opposition Force.

THE MONKTON TIMES, hitherto a stout opposition newspaper, is now in the control of Mr. Fred Sumner, the alleged opposition member for Westmorland, and this is what it says of Wednesday's election.

THE LUMBER HANG-UP. Fred Moore says there are about ten millions of logs above the Fredericton boom, which he hopes to get down the end of this month or the first of next.

MR. MACINERNEY the Tory M.P. for Kent, backed Mr. Phinney in his campaign in Kent, and will probably hear from the victorious government candidates when he runs his next election.

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