

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER

BY THE "DUCHESS"

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED]

Sir Adrian is bending over her, evidently in deep distress himself. As she starts to place his arm round her and raise her to a sitting posture; this he does not do, as she remembers all she has heard, and his cousin's assurance that he has almost pledged himself to another, her tears flow freely. By a supreme effort, however, she controls herself, and says, in a faint voice, "I am very foolish; it was the best, I suppose, of the nervousness of acting before so many strangers, that has upset me. It is over now. I beg you will not remember it, Sir Adrian, or speak of it to any one."

of whirling dancers, and both give themselves up for the time being to the mere delight of knowing that they are together. Two people, seeing them enter thus together, on apparently friendly terms, regard them with hostile glances. Dora Talbot, who is gazing earnestly with a patient man of middle age, who is evidently overpowered by her attention, letting her eyes rest upon Florence as she walks past her with Sir Adrian, colors warmly, and, biting her lip, forgets the honeyed speech she was about to bestow upon her companion, who is the owner of a considerable property, and lapses into silence, for which the patient man is devoutly grateful, as it gives him a moment in which to reflect on the safest means of getting rid of her without delay.

Dora's fair brow grows darker and darker as she watches Florence, and notes the smile that lights on her beautiful face as she makes some answer to one of Sir Adrian's sallies. Where is Dora's heart? she has not been on the spot to prevent this dance, she would have stamped her little foot with impatient wrath at this moment, but for the fear of displaying her vexation. As she is inwardly anathematizing Arthur, he emerges from the throng, and, the dance being at an end, reminds Miss Delmaine that the next is his. Florence unwillingly removes her hand from Sir Adrian's arm, and lays it upon Arthur's. Most distinctly she moves away with him, and suffers him to lead her to another part of the room. And when she dances with him it is with evident reluctance, as he knows by the fact that she visibly shivers from him when he encircles her waist with his arm.

Sir Adrian who has noticed none of these symptoms, going up to Dora, solicits her hand for this dance. "You are not engaged, I hope?" he says anxiously. It is a kind of wretched comfort to him to see Florence's friend. If not the near, she has at least some connection with it. "I am afraid I am," Dora responds, raising her timid eyes to his. "Naturally, why did you not come sooner? I thought you had forgotten me altogether, and so got tired of keeping barren spots upon my card for you."

"I couldn't help it—I was engaged. A man in his own house has always a bad time of it looking after the impossible people," says Adrian evasively. "Poor Florence! she is so very impossible!" she says Dora, laughing, but pretending to speak him. "I was not speaking of Miss Delmaine," says Adrian flushing hotly. "She is the least impossible person I ever met. It is a privilege to pass one's time with her."

"Yet it is with her you have passed the last hour that you have been devoted to her," returns Dora quietly. "This is a mere feeling, but she throws it out with such an air of certainty that Sir Adrian is completely deceived, and believes her acquainted with his beloved with Florence in the dimly lit ante-room."

"Well," he admits, coloring again, "your cousin was rather upset by her setting, I think, and I just stayed with her until she felt equal to joining us all again."

"Ah!" exclaims Dora, who now knows all she had wanted to know. "But you must not tell me you have no dances left for me," says Adrian gaily. "Come, let me see your card. He looks at it, and finds it indeed full. "I am an unfortunate," he adds. "I don't blame her, with the prettiness of her, if you are sure it would not be an unkind thing to do, I could scratch out the name"—pointing her partner's for the coming dance.

"I am not sure at all," responds Sir Adrian, laughing. "I am positive it will be awfully awkward of me to deprive any fellow of your society; but be unkind, and scratch him out for my sake."

THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD.

CHAPTER V.

Florence, after Dora has left her, sits motionless at her window. She has thrown a net over the cushions, and now the sleeves of her dressing-gown fall back from her rounded arms—leaving out, thus, the fascinating night-dress that she has been wearing on her burning brow.

She is wrapped in melancholy; her whole soul is burdened with thoughts and regrets almost too heavy for her to support. She is harassed and perplexed on all sides, and her heart is sore for the loss of the love she once had deemed her own.

The moonbeams shining like a halo round her lovely head, her hair falls in a luxuriant shower about her shoulders; her plaintive face is raised from earth, her eyes look heavenward, as though seeking hope and comfort there.

The night is still, almost to oppression. The birds have long since ceased their song; the wind hardly stirs the foliage of the stately trees. The perfume wafted upward from the sleeping garden flows past her and mingles with her sweetest tears. No sound comes to mar the serenity of the night, all is calm and silent as the grave.

Yet, back, what is this? A footstep on the gravel path below arrests her attention. For the first time since Dora's departure she moves, and, turning her head, glances in the direction of the sound.

Breathless, and walking with his hands clasped behind him as though absorbed in deep thought, Sir Adrian comes slowly over the sward until he stands beneath her window. Here he pauses, as though almost unconsciously his spirit had led him thither, and brought him to a standstill where he would most desire to be.

The moon spreading its brilliance all around, permits Florence to see that his face is grave and thoughtful, and—yes, as she gazes even closer, she can see that it is full of pain and vain longing.

What is rendering him unhappy on this night of all others, when the woman she believes he loves has been his willing companion for so many hours, when doubtless she has given him proofs of her preference for him above all men?

THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD.

CHAPTER VI.

"I think one really honest lover is worth a dozen others," she says, her voice trembling. "Do you mean me to understand, Dora, that you have gained one to-night?"

Florence's whole soul seemed to hang on her cousin's answer. Dora simpered and tries to blush, but in reality grows a shade paler. She is playing for a high stake, and fears to risk a throw less it may be ventured too soon.

"Oh, you must not ask too much!" she replies shaking her blonde head. "A lover—no! How can you be so absurd! And yet I think—I hope—"

"I see!" interrupts Florence softly. "Well, I will be as discreet as you wish; but at least, if I may imagine be true, I can congratulate you with all my heart, because I know—I know you will be happy."

Going over to Mrs Talbot, she lays her arms round her neck and kisses her softly. As she does so, a tear falls from her eye upon Dora's cheek. There is so much sweetness and abandonment of self in this action that Dora for the moment is touched by it. She puts up her hand; and wiping away the tear from her cheek as though it burns her, says lightly—

"But indeed, my dearest Flo, you must not imagine anything. All is vague. I hardly know what it is to which I am alluding. 'Trites light as air' blot through my brain, and gliding in and out of my consciousness, which whispers that they mean nothing. Do not build castles for me that may have their existence only in Esopage."

"They seem very bright castles," observed Florence wistfully. "A bad omen. All that's bright must fade," sings the poet. And you enjoyed yourself of yourself. You enjoyed your own company."

"Of course," mechanically. "They seem to be more together to-night than is even usual with them; goes on Arthur blandly. 'Before you honored the world with your presence, he had danced twice with her, and now again. It is very marked, his attention to-night.'

THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD.

CHAPTER VII.

"I am not sure at all," responds Sir Adrian, laughing. "I am positive it will be awfully awkward of me to deprive any fellow of your society; but be unkind, and scratch him out for my sake."

"I couldn't help it—I was engaged. A man in his own house has always a bad time of it looking after the impossible people," says Adrian evasively. "Poor Florence! she is so very impossible!" she says Dora, laughing, but pretending to speak him.

"I was not speaking of Miss Delmaine," says Adrian flushing hotly. "She is the least impossible person I ever met. It is a privilege to pass one's time with her."

"Yet it is with her you have passed the last hour that you have been devoted to her," returns Dora quietly. "This is a mere feeling, but she throws it out with such an air of certainty that Sir Adrian is completely deceived, and believes her acquainted with his beloved with Florence in the dimly lit ante-room."

"Well," he admits, coloring again, "your cousin was rather upset by her setting, I think, and I just stayed with her until she felt equal to joining us all again."

"Ah!" exclaims Dora, who now knows all she had wanted to know. "But you must not tell me you have no dances left for me," says Adrian gaily. "Come, let me see your card. He looks at it, and finds it indeed full. "I am an unfortunate," he adds. "I don't blame her, with the prettiness of her, if you are sure it would not be an unkind thing to do, I could scratch out the name"—pointing her partner's for the coming dance.

"I am not sure at all," responds Sir Adrian, laughing. "I am positive it will be awfully awkward of me to deprive any fellow of your society; but be unkind, and scratch him out for my sake."

"I couldn't help it—I was engaged. A man in his own house has always a bad time of it looking after the impossible people," says Adrian evasively. "Poor Florence! she is so very impossible!" she says Dora, laughing, but pretending to speak him.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I am not sure at all," responds Sir Adrian, laughing. "I am positive it will be awfully awkward of me to deprive any fellow of your society; but be unkind, and scratch him out for my sake."

"I couldn't help it—I was engaged. A man in his own house has always a bad time of it looking after the impossible people," says Adrian evasively. "Poor Florence! she is so very impossible!" she says Dora, laughing, but pretending to speak him.

"I was not speaking of Miss Delmaine," says Adrian flushing hotly. "She is the least impossible person I ever met. It is a privilege to pass one's time with her."

"Yet it is with her you have passed the last hour that you have been devoted to her," returns Dora quietly. "This is a mere feeling, but she throws it out with such an air of certainty that Sir Adrian is completely deceived, and believes her acquainted with his beloved with Florence in the dimly lit ante-room."

"Well," he admits, coloring again, "your cousin was rather upset by her setting, I think, and I just stayed with her until she felt equal to joining us all again."

"Ah!" exclaims Dora, who now knows all she had wanted to know. "But you must not tell me you have no dances left for me," says Adrian gaily. "Come, let me see your card. He looks at it, and finds it indeed full. "I am an unfortunate," he adds. "I don't blame her, with the prettiness of her, if you are sure it would not be an unkind thing to do, I could scratch out the name"—pointing her partner's for the coming dance.

"I am not sure at all," responds Sir Adrian, laughing. "I am positive it will be awfully awkward of me to deprive any fellow of your society; but be unkind, and scratch him out for my sake."

"I couldn't help it—I was engaged. A man in his own house has always a bad time of it looking after the impossible people," says Adrian evasively. "Poor Florence! she is so very impossible!" she says Dora, laughing, but pretending to speak him.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. THE KEY TO HEALTH. BURDOCK'S BLOOD PURIFIER.

THE KEY TO HEALTH. BURDOCK'S BLOOD PURIFIER. Cures all the clogged arteries of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually and without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the system.

Golden Medical Discovery. Cures all the clogged arteries of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually and without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the system.

CANADIAN SILVERWARE! Plated Ware made of our First-Class American Silvers, who have crossed the line and now manufacture on this side, thereby saving the purchaser the amount they formerly paid in duty, and the goods are of equal quality to those made in the United States.

A Common Cold. In the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Spedily Cured. I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I. I contracted a severe cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposure, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough followed, accompanied by pain in the chest, from which I suffered intensely, until I was unable to get up.

NEW STORE. A. E. YULL, respectfully announces to the citizens of Charlottetown and vicinity that he has commenced the Flour and Tea Business at No. 65, Queen Street, with a well-selected stock of FLOUR and TEA, and guarantees satisfaction to all who may patronize him.

NEW PENS. NEW PENS. GET THE BEST. BOOK-KEEPERS, Accountants and Teachers pronounce the MOST DURABLE, the SMOOTHEST RUNNING, and the MOST ELASTIC STEEL PEN ever placed in the market.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN. 10,000 POUNDS EXTRA QUALITY TEA! Twenty-five Cents Per Pound, AT THE LONDON HOUSE. Charlottetown, March 2, 1887.

REDDIN'S DRUG STORE. WHILE wishing a bright and prosperous New Year to all, would remind the general public that we have everything usually found in a FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE AT LOWEST PRICES.

D. O'M. REDDIN, Jr. Charlottetown, Jan. 19, 1887. BALANCE OF FUR GOODS, very cheap. FUR-LINED DOLMANS, largely reduced. WINTER DRESS GOODS, at prices to clear.

BEER BROS. CHARLOTTETOWN, Jan. 5, 1887. BALANCE OF FUR GOODS, very cheap. FUR-LINED DOLMANS, largely reduced. WINTER DRESS GOODS, at prices to clear.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY. 1886-7. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1886-7. On and after Wednesday, December 1st, 1886, Trains will run as follows (Sundays excepted):

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 1, No. 2, STATIONS, No. 3, No. 4. Lists train routes and times for various stations including Charlottetown, St. John's, and other locations.

NEW SERIES. The Charlottetown Herald Printing Co. EVERY WEDNESDAY. THE HAUNTED CHAMBER. Calendar for April. MOON'S CHANGES. FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. JOHN S. MACDON. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. CHARLOTTETOWN BUSINESS CO. PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND RAILWAY. BEER BROS. CANADA and West. TENDERS FOR STEAMSHIP.