

The Tangle of Fate

Poor Lin, who had been in West Virginia nearly three weeks, had never received a single one of the letters calling him to his relative's bedside. On his return to Washington the letters were overlooked somehow, and so he was fated never to know until too late how the old man's heart had yearned for him in those weary days when the tide of his unhappy life was ebbing to its end.

The next day wanted to his closer, and then John Lloyd sent for his lawyer. Ere he arrived he ordered his household of servants to be assembled, and while Bonnie was resting in her own room he said to them:

"You have all been taught to regard Mr. La Valliere as my heir, but I have changed my mind, and concluded to adopt the child of my old friend as my daughter and heiress. I shall make my will to that effect as soon as my lawyer comes, and all of you who have all served me well shall be handsomely remembered in it. Mr. La Valliere will get a legacy also, but he has treated me very shabbily, and I do not wish that my adopted daughter, Miss Avis Lloyd, should ever be told by any of you anything concerning my cousin, or that she has supplanted him in the new will I am about to make. She is very tender-hearted, and might feel badly over it, so it is my wish that the name of my cousin shall never be mentioned in this house again."

They promised obedience to their master's will and withdrew. The lawyer came, and the will was at once executed that made Bonnie Dale adopted daughter and heiress of the lonely old man fading so fast out of life.

Bonnie had been treated so simply in her country home that she did not realize the great good fortune that had come to her. She had found a refuge and a friend; that was cause enough for rejoicing, she thought.

But in the long conversation she had had with Mr. Lloyd that day Bonnie had been too shy and frightened to give more than an outline of her history.

"For if I tell him all he may turn against me as the others did. I dare not lose my only friend," she thought, and so she touched but lightly on the lover for whose sake she had been so cruelly punished at home, and who, after she had eloped with him, had declined to marry her because of a false story. "They have told you some false story, you believe them all they say. You are false, but I'll forgive you. But forge I never may."

John Lloyd was an old man and a recluse, but he knew the world well, knew how prone love is to pride and to anger, and he could fathom too all the pain at the young girl's heart that made her sweet lips tremble and the tears rain down her beautiful cheeks.

"Poor little one, we will talk no more about it. He was not worthy of your love," he said, and so dismissed the subject without ever hearing the name of Bonnie's recreant lover. Had she but spoken it the old man would have known the cause of his cousin's neglect, would have sent for him, and tried to make the parted lovers happy. But Bonnie's lips were silent, and so fate came in between her life and the dream of a life both with the shadow of a great despair.

"All truth, all honor now must stem vain clouds which the first wind blows by."

All trust, a folly doomed to die.
All life, a useless empty dream;
All love—since thine has failed—a lie!"

For a few days after Bonnie's coming the invalid seemed to rally. His heart went out to the hapless child of his dead love, he longed to live for her sweet sake.

"I will make your future so bright and happy if God will spare my life," he said to her, after one of those twilight talks that had each day, and tears came thickly into her eyes as she listened, for it seemed to Bonnie she could never be happy again. In the rich man's home, where she was surrounded by luxuries of which she had never even dreamed before, Bonnie fell asleep, each night setting her pillow with homesick tears for all that she had lost—her home, her father, her sister, her lover, her old friends. In the grand library one day she had read some verses that rang in sorrowful chimes through her brain:

"Where I am the halls are gilded,
Stored with pictures bright and rare;
Strains of deep, melodious music
Float upon the perfumed air.
Faded autumn leaves are trembling
On the withered jasmine tree,
Creeping round the little casement
Where I fain would be.

"Where I am the great and noble
Tell me of renown and fame,
And the red wine sparkles highest
To do honor to my name.
Far away a place is vacant,
Far from a humble hearth to me;
Dying embers faintly show it,
Where I fain would be.

"Where I am all think me happy,
For so well I play my part,
None can guess who smile around me
How far distant is my heart;
Far away in a poor cottage,
Listening to the dreary sea,
Where the treasures of my life are,
Where I fain would be.

Poor Bonnie, thinking of the old farm where she had been so happy, and of her cruel sister and dear father, who had once loved her so fondly, would weep over those lines until the smooth-printed page was all scarred with her bitter tears.

But she always had a gentle, grateful smile for the old man who was so good to her, who loved her so dearly, and who called her tenderly, "my daughter Avis."

She would sit by his side, read to him, sing to him, or talk, just as he preferred, but she soon found that what he liked best was to hear stories about the life of her mother.

"Do you think she was happy, dear?" he once asked, wistfully.

It did not seem to him that Avis could have been happy with her former husband and in her simple country home. He believed that wealth was essential to happiness. It seemed to him that in time she would regret her choice.

But Bonnie answered, quietly:

"Oh, yes, mamma was very happy. Papa loved her so dearly and was so kind to her always, and she was devoted to us. But she was never strong, and a fever carried her off very quickly.

fishes. So on circumstantial evidence alone Miles Westland and Bonnie Dale were both adjudged dead. The dark shadow of that Hallow Eve tragedy fell over the whole community, and on many a winter night people talked by the cozy fireside of little Bonnie, who had been so beautiful and yet so wicked. It was only when Christmas came round with sleigh-rides and merry-makings that they forgot the painful subject and began to come out from the shadow of the tragedy.

And then it all came up again, for in the midst of a husking bee at his uncle's the door suddenly opened, and there entered—Miles Westland!

There was a great stampede at first, for the young people took him for a ghost, but at last he made them understand that he was alive, and then, finding out that they all knew of his marriage to Bonnie Dale that night at the old mill, he had to give a garbled explanation.

"Yes, we were married," he said, but he took care not to explain how he had forced the hapless Bonnie on pain of death to become his loving bride. "We were married, and Bonnie, after her willful way, refused me a kiss. In struggling with her I lost my balance, and fell back into the pool. It was all an accident. I do not see how any one could have believed that sweet little Bonnie could be so wicked."

"It was that cruel Imogen who started it," cried Mollie Miller and Ella Deane, in a breath.

"Then I shall go over to Mr. Dale's to-morrow and tell them how it happened. I do not want them to blame my poor little Bonnie," said the young man, who was curiously pale, and spoke in an uneven voice.

"But how did you escape from the pool?" inquired his uncle, Mr. Martin.

"I heard poor Bonnie's shrieks as I went down, but when I came up to the surface again, after a short interval, she had fled from the scene, no doubt thinking I was dead. I am a good swimmer, you know, and then a strange thought came to me. Bonnie did not love me as well as I wished her in spite of our marriage, so I thought that if she believed me dead a while her tender heart would soften toward me, and when I came back she would love me better."

(To be Continued.)

TIMES PATTERNS.



SMART GOWN FOR LITTLE MAID
No. 8360.—The pretty little dress here pictured is ideal for school wear, and though simple and practical for home making, it yet has a style of its own. Wide tucks over the shoulders give the fashionable broad effect, so becoming to children. A pretty and unusual feature is the yoke that extends down the front in panel effect. It is piped on the edges with velvet a shade or two darker than the dress, which was made of tan cashmere. The mode is also adapted to the washable fabrics such as linen and gingham, as well as mohair, serge and albatross. For a girl of 8 years 3/4 yards of 36-inch material will be required.
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WOLF SHOT.

The Animal Killed Many Sheep in Mosa Township.

Glencoe, Feb. 4.—A wolf, supposed to have escaped from the park at Belle Isle a couple of years ago, and which since that time has been devastating the sheepfolds of Mosa township, was shot this afternoon on the farm of Donald McAlphine, by William McKellar. The wolf was a fine specimen, weighing forty-two pounds, standing two feet three inches in height, and measuring three feet one inch in length.

It is estimated that the animal has killed nearly a thousand dollars' worth of sheep in this neighborhood during the past year. The township of Mosa alone paid out over seven hundred dollars at a two-thirds valuation for sheep destroyed.

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A construction train on the New York Central Railroad ran into a group of track-walkers near University Heights in the Bronx Borough. Six of the track-walkers were killed and others were injured.

AT R. McKAY & CO'S. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1909

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This store is always ready to give to the shopping public the very best values obtainable, and to-morrow the first day of our Annual February Clearing Sale we will demonstrate to you the true spirit of value-giving and offering to you the very best Goods, both in style and quality, in many cases less than half regular. Shop in the forenoon and shop at the store where your money goes the farthest.

- Saturday Sale of Valenciennes Lace 1c Yard
- Black Chantilly Laces and Galons, 5c Yard. Worth Regularly 25c and 35c Yard.
- Silk Braids 5c; Worth Regularly 15c Yard

The Jewelry Section--Great Bargains

Directoire Rose Hat Pins 39c Worth Regularly \$1.50 Each
5 dozen Metal Rose Hat Pins, the new Directoire style; Hat Pins in rich combination colors, tremendously reduced for to-morrow, the first day of the sale. Shop early for this great value-giving event.

Signet Gold Plated Hat Pins 15c, Worth Regularly 50c Each
Another decided bargain, guaranteed gold plate, will not tarnish, correct style Hat Pins, out they go to-morrow at each 15c

Fancy Brooches Half Price
Dainty new Fancy Brooches will be cleared to-morrow, the first day of the sale, at half regular. See these Brooches on sale to-morrow.

February Sale of Plain Linen Handkerchiefs

Worth Regularly 10c, Sale Price 5 for 25c
Just the kind for ordinary use, Children's School Handkerchiefs, etc., at a price that will cause a flutter in this section to-morrow; out they go at 5 for 25c

Clearing Leather Belts, Former Prices 50c and 75c, February Sale Price 25c Each
A splendid assortment of Leather Belts must go to-morrow, all new styles in every way, at each 25c

'09 New Spring Dress Goods '09

Introducing the New Spring Style Goods With Special Sale Events

- New Satin Cloth Suitings; Worth Regularly \$1.00; Sale Price 85c Yard
- New Shirtwaist Suiting Materials; Worth Regularly 75c, Sale Price 59c Yard

Listen! All French Costume Lengths, Your Choice To-morrow for Half Regular

15 only exclusive French Costume Lengths in a gigantic clearing sale to-morrow. These are our best goods, and every woman should come and investigate; that is if you want a suit or dress length of correct style and extra quality at just exactly half regular prices.

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All Winter Coats to be Sold at Half Price

- \$25 Coats for \$12.50
- \$20 Coats for \$10
- \$18 Coats for \$9
- \$15 Coats for \$7.50
- \$12 Coats for \$6
- \$10 Coats for \$5

Important Sale of Tailor-Made Suits at \$4.50
The quantity is limited. Best bargains in Tailor-made Suits ever offered. Light and dark colors. Strictly tailored. Regular \$15. On sale Saturday morning at \$4.50

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- \$75.00 Fur-lined Coats \$37.50
- \$50.00 Fur-lined Coats \$25.00
- \$60.00 Fur-lined Coats \$30.00
- \$35.00 Fur-lined Coats \$17.50
- \$40.00 Near-Seal Capes \$20.00
- \$50.00 Canadian Mink Muff \$25.00
- \$75.00 Canadian Mink Stole \$47.50
- \$15.00 Japanese Mink Stole \$8.50
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Steamers sail from Portland at 2 p.m.
Second-class, \$45.00 and \$40.00, according to steamer.
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