was succeeded by a violent hemorrhage, Edith became alarmed, especially as she beheld the consequent de-

pression in her aunt's usually sanguine

"Aunt Amy, why don't you send for a doctor?" she exclaimed one day in despair, but Mrs. Harold's answer was

"I do not know one that I could

trust, my dear; these country physicians have but limited experience.
They could tell me no more than I

know already."
"Would it—would it be a comfort to

have the opinion of one who knew," Edith faltered, and Mrs. Harold's af-

firmative to what she deemed an im-

possible attainment determined the

girl upon a course of action, the dictate

what were her feelings? Socially an

Alone in her chamber Edith fought

the battle out, and when she re-entered

her aunt's presence it was with a tran-

quil brow and in a steady voice that

the newspaper, for it betrayed the in-terest she continued to take in the doctor's movements; but when Mrs. Harold in astonishment put the ques-

tion, "How could you think of seeing

forced to meet daily? We could do it.

"I have written asking him to stop

Mrs. Harold drew her down and

Mrs. Harold informed him of what her niece had done without her knowledge, but he made no comment in disapproval till he found the girl alone.

"Was this well?" he then asked touching for the first time upon the

painful subject that ever lay between

hem, an unacknowledged wound, and

his voice was tenderly reproachful as

he fixed his eyes penetratingly upon

"Do you suppose I want to see him,"

she said, but as the pastor's look seem

ed gently to direct her inquiry into her

own conscience, her glance fell. The rich color flooded her cheeks as it had

not done in months as she raised her

THE STATE OF THE S

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who has tested it.

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She returned that gaze proudly.

would not have you suffer it for my sake, dear," Mrs. Harold said, ad-

Then why not now?"

revealed agitation.

her.

him?" Edith's answer was composed. "Why not?" she said. "Suppose he lived in the same town and we were

no less despondent.

insignificance.



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When Juliet entered, leaning on the arm of Mr. White, looking so childish, even in her bridal robes (the first really long dress she ever would consent to wear), that it did appear as if she might have led her simple life of innocent glee for many years longer without consideration of the earnest cares and requirements of life, Mrs. Harold seemed to experience something like a pang of regret as she looked on the youthful face of her daughter; but Arthur at that moment stepped forward to meet his bride with an upright, manly carriage and an expression of unusual seriousness upon his handsome face, and his bearing seemed to reast the result threatened to prove serious. There was a hectic flush in her cheeks and a constant cough, over which Mrs. White shook her head and talked in confidence to her husband, though she answered Edith's anxious questions reassuringly. Still she would not consent to join her children in Washington, nor did Arthur's suggestion to sell the plantation meet with any response in her breast. The associations of her married life were all centred about this spot, and the Colonel was buried there. usual seriousness upon his handsome face, and his bearing seemed to reassure the mother's heart. Edith had taken her position beside her aunt, as if she would tacitly convince Juliet that she had already assumed her responsibilities to soften every trouble; but her glance wandered from its watchful consideration of the delicate face beside her to the young couple divided companionship she cathered an device of the constant of the soft of the constant of the watchful consideration of the delicate face beside her to the young couple pledging their troth, both so lovely, so apparently suited to each other that every misgiving of the future was lulled to rest and the belief that only good could result from their union established in its stead. Mr. Steele's voice had never sounded so deenly impressible of patience and self-oblivion which was never forgotten. But when Mrs. Harold was taken ill with what appeared at first to be a bad cold, but was succeeded by a violent hemorphage, Edith became alarmed, especialized as the behold the consequent dehad never sounded so deeply impres-

sive as when he blessed them There was a light in Juliet's eye as she turned to her mother after the vow.
was spoken, a maturer beauty in her radiant countenance that compensated for the loveliness of childhood she had left behind forever, and an earnest ring in her tone, as of a woman pre-pared by serious thought and that deeper intention which is the heart's teaching to enter life and fulfil her duties as wife and mother.

A solemn moment of quiet congratulations; and, obedient to the urgency of time, the party adjourned to the breakfast-room, where Mrs. White had had a difficult task to have the meal in readiness, such a current of ungovernable excitement had prevailed among



miringly, and her manner betrayed what a rest the doctor's visit would be able to afford. the servants over the marriage of their young lady, whom they had seen grow up from a little child, and to whom hey were all sincerely attached. In here on his way home," her niece answered, and not a muscle of her face they were an sincerely attached. In the midst of her hurry Juliet found time to go out and say a word to each separately, especially the old cook whose patience she had sarely tried by

experimental invasions of her precinets.

"I'll never worry you in the kitchen
any more, Jane: I am going to practice
some of the lessons I learned on your any more. Jane: I am going to practice some of the lessons I learned on you stove in earnest now," she said, with an unsteady voice; then turned with regretful fondness to Sarah: "Your lady is going away, after all her prom-

Tennent & Burke same."

Hady is going away, after all her promises to take you with her. Be a good girl, and mind Miss Edith just the same." continued her flow of pathetic non-sense, while they stood around her flattered by her special attentions to each one, her eyes drinking in the last sight of her childhood's home, it would be impossible to judge, but Arthur came down the hall, and after a hearty shake of the hand all round and a more lasting memento bestowed, carried his issting memento bestowed, carried his wife off forcibly, declaring he meant to exercise his authority at once by forbidding more than a quarter of an hour for leave taking, as he knew "girls did not really like to kiss; they only did it before a fellow to tease aim." The boyishness was betraying "self again in his speech, but when it came to the actual moment of parting came to the actual moment of parting ne had regained his dignity. Inliet's quivering lip was exchanged for a despairing wall as she hung round

ner mother's neck, he gently but determinately interposed, drawing the weep ing girl to his arm and offering the support of the other to Mrs. Harold.

"Don't, Jule," he urged in a low tone; "you'll make it much worse for mother, and it's not for long. She will come on a visit to-us after we are settled in our little home, and Cousin Edith, too. Cheer up; I mean to find some rich old chap that wants to waste his money, and send him down to take the plantation off our hands. Then we will al-

Having exerted himself to win a smile from the tearful faces around he considered himself entitled to take as long as he choose over his own adieus. actually detaining the party as he ad-dressed the final request to Edith "Have an eye over mother, cousing don't let her get down-hearted."

CHAPTER XIX.

TEMPTATION RENEWED. The consummation of Mrs. Harold's ndest hopes in the union of Juliet and Arthur entailed a separation which she would have borne cheerfully but for those symptoms of failing bealth, which she tried to hide from the cog-

Children Cry for CASTORIA

eves once more, primming with tears.

"If I can be nothing else I will at least be true," she cried, despairingly.

"Do I want to see him? Yes, more least be true," she cried, despairingly. "Do I want to see him? Yes, more than anything else in this world; but I did not know how much till now. It was not for that reason. I did not think of myself when I asked him to come. I was so arkious, so wretchedly anxious about aunt, the only being that I have left that I may love. Oh, it cost me misery to frame that cold, formal request to him."

"And how do you expect to meet him. Edith?" Steele said in deep commiseration for the pain her agitation revealed as yet before her.

"Oh, I shall pray for that," she cried.

"Oh, I shall pray for that," she cried, hopelessly, "for strength to maintain the strictest conventionality of speech,

the most distant"-

"And yet you have asked a favor of him," the minister interrupted sadly. "Did you reflect upon that? You must know he will accept no remuneration." "Oh, what shall I do?" she said in sudden alarm. "I mean to be kind. I-I-he could not be so cruel as to take advantage of me, when he must know that nothing but necessity drove me to apply to him; that her life may be in danger."

"Edith," Steele said, compassionately, taking her hand, "you have acted impulsively, rashly, indeed, but from a generous motive of self-sacrifice, and God will be with you. I have perfect trust and confidence in you, but I shall feel anxious, very anxious, my poor child, till you are safely through this trial. May the God of strength be

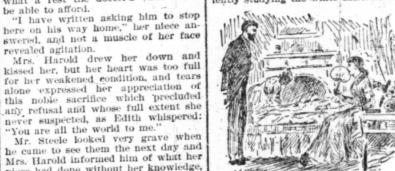
with you.'
It would be impossible to describe the varied emotions with which Egerton alighted at Mrs. Harold's gate the following Sunday afternoon. His feelings upon receiving Edith's pathetic request had been those of keen exulta-tion that she should thus turn to him for aid in the time of trial, testifying the trust she reposed in him even yet; and delight that he could render her assistance added to the triumphant sense that he could see her once more, by her own invitation sum moned to her side. He shortened his stay in Florida in consequence, after

dispatching a note in answer. What he expected, what unreason able pleasure he anticipated from this risit he could have hard y defined him self, but a chilly disappointment crept over his excited nerves as he entered the old-fashioned parior, too painfully familiar to his sight, where Mrs. White received him and led him into the sick room. Edith was seated at the bell side, and when she extended her hanin welcome to him it seemed as if her attention was hardly directed for the

girl upon a course or action, the dictate of her generous, impulsive heart. But for her personal feelings Mrs, Harold might receive the best medical knowledge of the South, the attendance of a man distinguished far and near. And what were her feelings? Socially an time being from the sufferer. A horrible sense of unreality swep over Egerton as he took his seet in the darkened apartment in the customary position of physician, while his eyes rested upon the childish form of the girl whose life was so inextricably inerwoven with his own that no vie ence could affect a separation hence forth, and felt the ley wall of conver-tionality that had risen between then she suggested that Dr. Egerton would be returning shortly from Florida. A faint flush rose to her cheek as she stated she had her intelligence from

and the how calm was her manners she stated her aunt's condition, and asked him questions about the case tions to the patient still with unper and then turned again in her attentions to the patient, still with unper turbed demeanor.

He could not reconcile her presen self with the impulsive child he remem bered, for in her most reserved mo-ments he had been able to trace he feelings in some movement of her expressive countenance, now so changed, and he lingered, apparently absorbed in giving directions as to the treatment of Mrs. Harold's indisposition, but silently studying the white chiselled face



Edith was Seated by the Bed Side. pposite, oppressed with the sense of now cruelly unnatural it was, that they should stand thus distantly apart, when he saw the possibility of be

reavement coming soon upon her.

The clouds which had been quietly gathering all day rendering the cham ber darker than it would otherwise have been, grew denser as the evening advanced, and a violent shower of rain ensued, while Egerton yet postponed his departure.

"Remain with us, doctor, over night, Mr. White exclaimed, with hearty hos pitality, as Egerton stood on the porch looking out on the darkness and rain descending in torrents. "I'll send you in town in time for the train in the morning," and involuntarily Egerton yielded to his persuasons. Mrs. White entertained him that night with untiring loquacity, asking questions as free-ly as she delivered information, and from her voluble discource he gathered many items of Edith's daily life, her school, her untiring industry, her unfailing devotion to her aunt.

As he listened in a pained revery.

As he listened in a pained revery, Egerton could indistinctively distin-guish at intervals the accents of her beloved voice reading aloud in the next room, but he did not guess that each breath she drew was a throb of suffering, nor that the interview she had maintained with him so bravely had been one of keenest agony.

Egerton did not see her again next norning, even at breakfast, for Mrs. Harold was sleeping and Edith would not stir lest she should disturb that slumber, the first the patient had enjoyed all night. It was near 9 o'clock when, as he stood on the porch to the farm house, she came down the hall, with her hat on and her lesson books under her arm. She was looking worn and pale, but greeted him with the same still composure of nerve and fea-ture. Could she have grown indiffer-ent? How was it possible for her to prenounce the words in that distant

To be Continued. It is true that, as a failure, many nen are a success. The milk man who uses short me sures is selling condensed milk.

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