Saturday Short Story

THE BRIDAL PAIR

Continued From Page Seventeen. changed; a heavy flush spread from forehead to neck; he strode forward, dazed, deafened by the tumult of his following with delicate perception the drumming puises.

When at length he reached the hill, said. "I loved you from the first. And he found her seated in the shade of a shall forever. You knew it long ago." pine. She looked up serenely, as though she had expected him, and they faced each other. A moment later his dog left him, sneaking away without

When he strove to speak, his voice had an unknown tone to him. Her upturned face was his only answer. stealthily like a hateful thing. She tor; "his daughter tells me he lives weight on one arm, fingers almost remember and understand the words buried in the deep green moss.

"It is three years today." he said, in the dull voice of one who dreams; "three years today. May I not speak?"

In her lowered head and eyes he read acquiescence; in her silence, con-

sent.
"Three years ago today." he repeated, "the anniversary has given me courage face with both hands.
"Rosamund! Rosamund!" he breathto speak to you. Surely you will not take offense; we have travelled so far together!-from the end of the world to the end of it, and back again, hereto this place of all places in the world! And now to find you here on this day of all days — here within a step of you will not touch me, will you?—our first meeting place — three years not yet—not now. Wait till I undertravelled ever since, never speaking yet most within arm's distance-

the sunshine.

"Will you speak to me?" he asked.

"I have never heard even the sound of your you?"

"A love that I worship you. May I not touch you?—touch your hand, Rosamund? I love you so." of your voice." She turned and looked at him, touching with idle fingers the soft hair

curling on her temples. "Because," he said humbly, "these long years of silent recognition count for something! And then the strangeness of it!—the fate of it—the quiet destiny that ruled our lives-that rules them now-now as I am speaking weighing every second with its tiny

burden of fate. She straightened up, lifting her halfburied hand from the moss.

"Three years that end today - end with the new moon," he said "Do

you remember?"
"Yes," she said. He quivered at the ound of he voice. "You were there, just beyond those oaks," he said, eagerly. "The oad turns there-Turns by the cemetery," she mur-

Yes, yes, by the cemetery! You had

"The second time I saw you was in

'I saw you," she mused,

The thrilling voice set him aflame; faint danger signals tinted her face

light of Notre, Dame." And I saw you.

"And then two months of darkness. . . you, there in the

'At Archangel? Yes, it was I." "On the Goryn?"

"It was I." And I am here at st—with you. It is our destiny." So, kneeling there beside her in the shadow of the pines, she absolved him in their dim confessional, holding him guiltless under the destiny that awaits Made prisoner by love, adoring her

he knelt beside her, knowing already that she had surrendered, though fearful yet by word or gesture or a glance to claim what destiny was holding for him-holding securely, inexorably, for

I cannot believe that we have never before spoken to each other," he said; that I do not even know your name. Surely there was once a corner in the land of childhood where we sat together when the world was younger.' She said, dreamily: "Have you for-

"Had you been there, I should not

have forgetten," he replied, troubled. eyes met his; under the penetrating sweetness of her gaze his heart quickened and grew restless and his uneasy soul stirred, awaking memories. There was a child," she said, "years ego; a child at school. You sometimes

looked at her; you never spoke. Do you He rose to his feet, staring down at

'Rosamund! Do you mean Rosamund? How should you know that?" he faltered. The struggle for memory focused all

his groping senses; his eyes seemed to lock her through and through. "How can you know?" he repeated

Are you? . . . She is dead. Are you Rosamund?" 一世紀 日本

"Do you not know?"

CHILDHOOD COLIC COMPLETELY CURED

No other medicine will so quickly sure colic as will Baby's Own Tab-They regulate the bowels, away," she said. weeten the stomach and drive out and story trace of this trouble. Concerning them, Mrs. Wm. A. Smith, Rock-ing them, Mrs. Wm. A. Smith, Rock-i sweeten the stomach and drive out

"Yes you are not Rosamund. . . What do you know of her?"

"Is she dead?"
The girl looked up at him, smiling, ing glow.
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The wir He bent nearer. "I love you,"

She did not move. "You knew I loved you?" "Yes, I knew it."

ears through the silence. A curious away three years ago." The girl leaned back, supporting her strove to put it from her, to listen, to there.

> love me?" "I love you," she said; "I have loved you so many, many years; I-I am man, biting off her thread. "She's

ed, enraptured. She dropped her hands with a little tively. ry; the frightened sweetness of her eyes held back his outstretched arms. ago today! And all the world we have stand!" She pressed her hands to her eyes, then again let them fall, staring

> "And I love you. I beg you not to ouch me-not yet. There is something -some reason why-

"Tell me sweetheart."
"Do you not know?" "By Heaven, I do not!" he said, no answer when he called. troubled and amazed.

piled up like dim sun-tipped clouds. "Dear, do you not understand?" she "How can I make you understand that I love you-too late?" "Give yourself to me, Rosamund; let me touch you-let me take you-

"Will you love me always?" the moss. It was long after sunrise "In life, in death, which cannot part when his dog came to him later still Will you marry me, Rosamund?" She looked straight into his eyes. Dear, do you not understand? Have you forgotten? I died three years ago

The unearthly sweetness of her white "Do you remember that?" she asked.
"To you remember face startled him. A terrible light

He had seen it in his medical pracstrove to speak; his lips seemed frozen; cold meat, bread, sardines, dared not believe that you recognized he stood there before her, a ghastly earthenware, books and fruit. smile stamped his face, and in his

"Yes, I knew you. . . . Tell me heart, terror. "What do you mean, Rosamund? e said at last. "That I am dead, dear, Did you not childhood. . . Did you not know in coals. Such is the lodger, the sked wistfully. "I must wait more questions, please?

for my bridal." Misery whitened his face as he raised And at last a light-moon-id you on the terrace at sunlit world. Something had smeared and marred the fair earth; the sun

grew gray as he stared. Stupefied by the crash, the ruins of life around him, he stood mute, erect facing the west.

She whispered, "Do you understand?" "Yes," he said, "we will wed later. ou have been ill, dear; but it is all right now-and will always be-God Love is stronger than alltronger than death." "I know it is stronger than death," she said, looking out dreamily over the

He followed her gaze, hildren-all that a man desires. man's only friend—hope, A lifetime for asked: the battle!—for a cure! Hopeless? He laughed in his excitement. Despair?when the cure lay almost within his come out and eat it?"

grasp!—the work he had given his life to! A month more in the laboratorytwo months—three—perhaps a year come and smellee flowlers." What of it? It must surely comehow could he fail when the work of his That sunny corner in the land of life meant all in life for her? The light of exaltation slowly faded from his face; ominous, foreboding

thoughts crept in; fear laid a shaky "Look at me," she said. Her lovely hand on his head which fell heavily erward on his breast. Science and man's cunning and the wisdom of the world!

"O God," he groaned, "for Him who cured by laying on His hands!" Now that he had learned her name and that her father was alive, he stood mutely beside her, staring steadily at the chimneys and stately dormered roof almost hidden behind the crimson you remember?" she asked maple foliage across the valley-her

She had seated herself once more home. upon the moss, hands clasped upon one knee, looking out into the west with dreamy eyes. "I shall not be long," he said gently.

"Will you walt here for me? I will bring your father with me." "I will wait for you. But you must come before the new moon. Will you? I must so when the new moon lies in

"Go, dearest? Where?"
"I may not tell you," she sighed, but you will know very soon-very soon now. And there will be no more sorrow, I think," she added timidly.

repeated quietly. "For the former things are passing He broke a heavy spray of golden-rod and laid it across her knees; she and felt like a new woman. New life under a different system to that which lations allowed, I was granted some under a different system to that which little privileges, and the utmost con-

Along the row of village shops loungers followed him with vacant eyes. He saw nothing, heard nothing.
The landlord of the Wildwood Inn
sat sunning himself in the red even-

say?"
The young man repeated his question in a low voice. The landlord shook his head.

"No, sir. The big house on the hill is empty-been empty these three And when at last he had had his say, years. No, sir, there ain't no family the burning words still rang in her there now. The old gentleman moved

"His-his daughter?" repeated the he had spoken, but the dull confusion landlord. "Why, doctor, she's dead." grew with the sound of the pines.

"Will you love me? Will fou try to by the open window: "Ain't it three years, Marthy?" "Three years today," said the wo-

buried in the family vault over the She bowed her head and covered her hill. She was a right pretty little thing, too. "Turned nineteen," mused the landlord, folding his newspaper reflec-

The great gray house on the hill "Do not touch me," she whispered; was closed, windows and doors boarded over, lawn, shrubbery, and hedges

tangled with weeds. His dog, which had sneaked after him, cowered as he turned northward ever passing on paths parallel—paths straight at him. "I loved you so," she which for thousands of miles ran al- whispered. "Why did you wait?" he strode; and as he stumbled on, the "Rosamund! Rosamund!" he eried long sunset clouds faded, the golden She raised her head slowly, looking sorrowfully, "what are you saying? I light in the west died out, leaving a out from the shadows of the pines into do not understand; I can undtrstand calm, clear sky tinged with faintest

Pines hid the west as he crept toward the hill where she awaited him, "Rosamund!"

The pines answered him. "Rosamund!" The pines replied, answering Then the wind died away, and there was

East and south the darkening She cast one desperate, unhappy thickets, swaying, grew still. He saw glance at him, then rose to her full the slim silver birches glimmering height, gazing out over the hazy like the ghosts of young trees dead; valleys to where the mountains began, he saw on the moss at his feet broken stalk of golden-rod. The new moon had drawn a vei

across her light; sky and earth were very still. While the moon lasted he lay, eyes pen, listening, his face pillowed on

when men came. And at first they thought he was

WHAT IS A LODGER?

"What is a lodger?" asks a cor-

He provides his landlady with tea English

He saves his landlady's eldest the necessity of buying collars, ties, pocket-handkerchiefs, or gloves, and supplies her daughter with scent, pomade, brushes and writing-paper, and envelopes.

WHO DID HE HUG.

ittle son Ned, who was of very affectionate embrace, came to brace him before retiring, he said: "Neddie, my boy, you musin't hug pound a week, and that each of them dustry remains as an alternative to me. You'll catch the scarlet fever." Ned looked at his father in amazement for a moment. Then he asked: "Say, father, who did you hug?"

YELLOW WIT.

A city official was one of a party which attended the funeral of a that are operated in compliance with Chinaman. He exibited a great deal it, and legislation to ensure the farm of interest in the curious services at laborer a pound a week is not such the ishowed her gaze, the grave, and noticed that among an innovation as might be supposed. nounce, the happiness of wedlock, other things, a roasted duck was left All that is necessary is for the there by the departed mourners. Call- Government to declare that agricul-

grave? Do you think the dead man will tion is that there are certain indus-"Yeppee," replied the laundryman

EVER SINCE.

Brown: "The facial features plainly selecting your wife, were you govern-Jones: "No; but I have been ever since we married."

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to fail, I lost appetite, became ner- and particularly in the south, it has much stricter rules, which made the vous and sleepless. My weight ran been found that the farm laborer can down, I became thin, hollow-cheeked, earn only \$8 a week. In the parts time of what was really solitary conand had black rings under my eyes, that pay the highest wages, \$5 or \$6 finement. I really felt as if the charm of life had dollars is earned. In addition, of orrow, I think," she added timidly.

left me and when springtime arrived course, there is the board of the similar to that which was common in middle-class houses in Germany. It was in the blues.' I read of Dr. laborer, and the curious fact that middle-class houses in the blues.' I read of Dr. laborer, and the curious fact that middle-class houses in the blues.' I read of Dr. laborer, and the curious fact that middle-class houses in the blues.' I read of Dr. laborer, and the curious fact that middle-class houses in the blues.' I read of Dr. laborer, and the curious fact that middle-class houses in the blues.' I read of Dr. laborer, and the curious fact that middle-class houses in the blues.' I read of Dr. laborer, and the curious fact that middle-class houses in the blues.' I read of Dr. laborer, and the curious fact that middle-class houses in the blues.' I read of Dr. laborer, and the curious fact that middle-class houses in the blues.' I read of Dr. laborer, and the curious fact that middle-class houses in the blues.' I read of Dr. laborer, and the curious fact that middle-class houses in the blues.' I read of Dr. laborer, and the curious fact that middle-class houses in the blues.' I read of Dr. laborer is th Hamilton's Pills and got five boxes at the lower the wages the poorer is the

once. "Within a month my appetite and

ing, spreading capacity, working and drying qualities and durability. Under practical test it will be it better and wear longer, and leave, after years of satisfactory service, a better surface for repainting than any other paint.

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particular purpose of giving best results on all good painting jobs (exterior or interior). It is remarkable tints give just the effect defor its density or hiding power, uniformity of coveround to cover more surface, cover

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giving the laborer a cottage has pro-

vided a great benefit to the farmers.

It tends to restrain the workers from

they must also throw up their homes,

and so until a man has a new cot

tage in sight he does not quit his job

Lloyd George's proposals have not

yet assumed a definite form,, but they

seem to contemplate making the

laborer the owner instead of the ten-

FORTRESS LIFE

A Cat as Companion During

Solitary Confinement.

fortresses for two years and nine

months, Lieut. Brandon, one of the

Kaiser, wrote and conversed only in

This has had the singular effect of

interfering with his pronunciation of

English, and when interviewed at his

home in London he confessed that he

himself in a satisfactory manner.

was occasionally at a loss to express

"I have not had very much time to enjoy my freedom," said Mr. Bran-don, "I came through Austria and

made a detour round Germany in or-

Solitary Confinement.

Recounting his experiences in the two fortresses in which he was im-

prisoned, Mr. Brandon said the consc-

later period of his imprisonment

"The food supplied to us was exactly

was yery good. Lights were put out at 11 o'clock. Through the personal kindness of the officers in whose

charge I was, and so far as the regu-

the German language.

have been necessary.

don.

During his captivity in German

ant of a cottage.

Vernicol is a scientifically

combined stain and varnish.

It reproduces on soft woods

the exact colors and effects

of the expensive grains. It

gives a lasting finish—glossy

and rich-which is un-

affected by soap or water,

On floors it gives the appearance

of hardwood, making cheap floors

far more durable, easily washed

On furniture it renews, improves

and satisfies the desire for

heat or cold.

and more sanitary.

attractive things.

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WRETCHED PLIGHT OF ENGLISH HIRED MEN

shall be paid a minimum wage of a but to the fact that the mining in-

shall be provided with a cottage and a dissatisfied laborer. The system of

his own: "It was not twinght, there was a glimmer of day in the west, and the new moon lay in the sky, and the evening was very clear and still."

When God takes the mind and leaves worth discussing. A lodger, in short, is a man who maintains impecunious people in affluence.

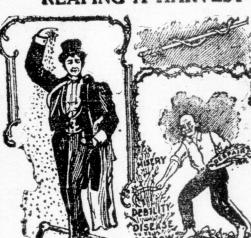
When God takes the mind and leaves to supply limit with a cottage and certain vegetables and vegetables and vegetables and vegetables and vegetables are vegetables. The people in affluence vegetables are vegetables and vegetables and vegetables are vegetables. farm laborer. However from home of more than ten miles New York," he said—"only a gnmpse to the crowd—but I knew tice. A thrill of fright penetrated him, with tobacco and pines He furnishes by the control of the crowd—but I knew tice. A thrill of fright penetrated him, with tobacco and pines He furnishes by the control of the crowd—but I knew tice. A thrill of fright penetrated him, with tobacco and pines He furnishes by the control of the crowd—but I knew tice. A thrill of fright penetrated him, with tobacco and pines He furnishes by the control of the crowd—but I knew tice. tice. A thrill of fright penetrated lim, with tobacco and pipes. He furnishes his attacks upon the people of wealth amounts to a couple of cents for every piercing every vein with its chill. He the domestic cat with fish, spirits, and his general political beliefs, there lamb that is alive at a certain age. ought to be nothing but sympathy for certain amount of vegetables, wood, his efforts to make a free man of the and, perhaps, bacon is supplied. average English agricultural laborer, who is now not much better than a Mean employers have been known Russian serf. That the laborer exto buy the cheapest of meat and books, ists in a condition of virtual slavery vegetables for their laborers while is established by the fact that 70 per selling the produce of their own lands cent, of English agricultural laborers at a much higher price. Calculating "In December, ne went on unsteadily, knew it—when you first saw me at the saw you in Paris—I saw only you amid the thousand faces in the candle
Only on the saw me at the pays the gas on for the whole die in the workhouse. Throughout their lives they earn barely enough they have, in many cases, permitted to support themselves and their famthose of their employers, and when the found of forcing the employer to live day comes that they can no longer up to the obligations he entered into Mr. Greene was threatened with earn wages, they have not enough to when hiring his laborers. In the north contaglous disease, and when his put by to save them from the dis- of England the farm laborer has been grace of "going to the parish." Lloyd treated well. This is not due to the George proposes that these laborers superior kindness of the employers

> an acre of ground surrounding it. The Minimum Wage. The minimum wage theory, revolutionary and Socialistic though it may seeking new employment, for they be considered in this country, is know that if they throw up their jobs nevertheless well recognized in England. There are already industries Suddenly instinct stirred, awaking ing one of the Chinamen aside, he ture is a "sweated industry," and the minimum wage provision is automatically applied to it. The contention is due to the grave? Do you think the dead man will tion is that there are contain indicate. tries in which the employer takes an unfair advantage of the employee. "alle samee as le white deades man Tailoring, paper-box making and chain, making having been declared sweated industries by the public wage board, and minimum wages now govern them. The latest mining strike was settled by the acceptance by the colliers of indicate character and disposition. In the principle of a minimum wage, and so the thing that was denounced as

Socialistic, impracticable and even impossible is a fixed principle in some three British officers released by the of the most important British in-Some Earn \$3 Per Week. For several months past Lloyd George has been carrying on an investigation into the condition of English farm laborers. He has had hundreds, if not thousands, of investigators at work. Some of them sit formally as boards and invite the public to appear before them. Most of them go about the country and spend their evening in the village inns where they come into informal contact with the der to avoid being accompanied to the laborers and learn their grievances. Their reports are now in process of being digested by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he has intimated that they point to an almost intoler-From Cheboque Pt., N. S., comes that they point to an almost intoler-the following from Mrs. W. A. Reythe following from Mrs. W. A. Reynolds, "A year ago my health began right. In certain parts of England, to fail. I lost appetite become particularly in the south it has

> board. The English System.

SOWING HIS WILD OATS REAPING A HARVEST OF SORROW



How many young men can look back on their early life and regret their misdeeds. "Sowing their wild oats" in various ways. Excesses, violation of nature's laws, "wine, women and soug''-all have their victims. You have reformed but what about the seed you have sown-what about the harvest? Don't trust to luck. If you are at present within the clutches of any secret habit which is sapping your life by degrees; If you are suffering from the results of past indiscretions; if your blood has been tainted from any private disease and you

dare not marry; if you are married and live in dread of symptoms breaking out and exposing your past; if you are suffering as the result of a misspent life-DRS. K. & K. ARE YOUR REFUGE. Lay your case before them confidentially and they will tell you honestly if you are curable,

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and the commandant, after a few in- the prospect before me of remaining treductory words, read a telegram a prisoner until October, 1914.

attorney-general, in which it was stated that by an act of clemency of His Majesty the Kaiser I might expect to be released on Wednesday more

MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY