

THE ACADIAN

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cunning and resoluteness, he changed his mind. Even if he gave the man the beating he merited, it would never serve Constance. What should he do to save her?
He stopped dead short, looking at Rawson Fenton indignantly, his hands itching, and as he looked Fenton rose and addressed the captain of the steamship, who was passing.
"You leave at nine to-morrow, captain?" he said.
"Yes, sir," replied the captain. "Are you the gentleman that's looked three births?"
"Yes," said Rawson Fenton.
"Very good, sir. Yes, we shall be punctual, and I think we shall have a fair passage, considering the time of year."
Lord Elliot, with the longing to dash Rawson Fenton to the earth becoming irresistible, swung round and strode off, lest he should be overcome by the temptation.
What should he do? A false step and Constance would be beyond succor; and how easy it would be to make a false step!

POETRY.
Answered Prayer.
I asked for bread: God gave a stone instead,
Yet while I pilloved there my weary head,
The angels made a ladder of my dreams,
Which upward to celestial mountains led,
And when I woke beneath the morning's beams,
Around my resting place fresh manna lay,
And, praising God, I went upon my way;
For I was fed.

CHAPTER XXXVII.
At half past eight the following morning, the smoke rising from the steamer and the air of bustle on the pier proclaimed that she was about to take her departure.
An hour before, Rawson Fenton had been on board, and inspected the arrangements which had been made for his party. Everything that money could procure in the way of comfort he had thought of and obtained, and now he stood at the door of the hotel, waiting till the whistle should sound and give the signal for their starting.
A feverish impatience, utterly unlike taken possession of him, and he longed to have Constance safely on board and on her way to France. He had been unable to sleep all night, haunted by a vague fear that something would happen, some contrivance, to rob him of the reward for all his patient waiting and scheming.

It is always at this moment that the cup is almost within the grasp that the hand trembles.
He went up the stairs and knocked at the door of the sitting room, and Mary opened it.
"Is your mistress ready?" he asked, trying to speak calmly.
"Nearly," replied Mary, who had her outdoor things on.
"Very good," he said; "I will not come for you till the steamer is ready to start. Tell her to keep her veil down."
Mary made no response as she shut the door, and Rawson Fenton went down stairs again and out on the pier. Lord Elliot passed him at the door of the hotel, and stood looking after him with the same intense longing which he had experienced on the preceding evening. As he stood he pulled out his watch and looked at it anxiously.
Five-and-twenty minutes and Constance would be carried away; and what could he do to prevent it?
His face grew pale under his tan, and he set his teeth as he paced up and down with restless impatience.
The bustle increased, and he saw some passengers already making their way to the boat, and, with watch in hand, he counted the swiftly flying minutes.

Presently, the first whistle sounded shrilly, and Rawson Fenton came hurriedly toward the hotel and ran up the stairs. Mary stood waiting at the door, and he entered. Constance, fully dressed, and with her thick veil drawn over her face, stood leaning against the table, her hands clasped loosely, her head bent.
"Time is up, Constance," he said, "and everything is ready. Come!"
With a sharp catch in her breath she moved forward, Mary at her side, when Lord Elliot, rendered desperate, sprang up the stairs and knocked at the door.
Rawson Fenton started and strode to it, and stared at the tall figure with the grave, stern face.
"Excuse me," said Lord Elliot, speaking distinctly so that his voice reached Constance, "is Miss Grahame here?"
Constance recognized his voice, and uttering a faint cry, clung to Mary.
Rawson Fenton swung at him.
"No, sir, she is not," he replied,

promptly.
Lord Elliot was staggered by the cool effrontery of the lie, and his face reddened angrily.
"I think you are mistaken," he said. "I have reason to believe Miss Grahame is here!"
"And if she be, what business is it of yours, sir?" demanded Rawson Fenton.
Lord Elliot had a card ready, and he held it out.
"I am an old friend--friend," he repeated, with an emphasis on the word intended for Constance's ear, "and I beg that she will see me if only for a moment."
Rawson Fenton's eyes gleamed, and he tore the card in two.
"Miss Grahame cannot see you, my lord," he said, curtly.
"I will hear whether she will or not from her own lips," said Lord Elliot; and he stepped past him into the room.
"Constance--Miss Grahame!" he exclaimed.
Constance took a step forward, then stopped, and hid her face in her hands, and he went up to her and touched her arm.
"Miss Grahame, in God's name, what does this mean?" he said, gently, his voice trembling with anxiety and excitement. "Where are you going, and who is this gentleman?"
Before she could have replied, Rawson Fenton strode in between them.
"Permit me to answer, Lord Elliot," he said, with an ugly sneer. "Permit me to answer for this lady, upon whom you have thrust yourself. She is going to France with me, her affianced husband."
"Is this true?" Lord Elliot said, still addressing her, and taking no manner of notice of him. "Is it true? Are you indeed going with this man?"
"Yes, it is true," she said, almost inaudibly. "Do not think worse of me than--than you can help."
"I never think anything but well of you, Miss Grahame," he responded, his voice shaking with emotion. "But how is it that I find you here, alone, without friends, and--and so unexpectedly?" He could not force himself to say "the day after that on which you were to have married another man."
"I can not--can not explain," she faltered.
"Tell me this, at least," he pleaded, earnestly. "Tell me whether you are going of your own free will."
"Yes," she breathed, "of my own free will."
"Now, sir," said Rawson Fenton, malignantly, "you have received an answer to your impertinent questions, and I shall be obliged if you will rid us of your unwelcome presence."
The second whistle shrieked out as he spoke.
Lord Elliot looked at him steadily.
"This lady has replied to me, but I am not satisfied," he said. "By the right which my friendship gives me, I shall insist upon your informing me how it happens that I find her here under your care."
Rawson Fenton's face grew black.
"You insist! My lord, your presumption is only equalled by your want of manners. Stand aside! Neither I nor this lady have anything more to say to you."
This was very well, but, unfortunately for him, he ventured to put his hand upon Lord Elliot's arm to push him aside, and in a moment Lord Elliot had seized Rawson Fenton's arm, and with a grip that caused it to fall limply to his side.
With a snarl he raised his other hand as if to strike him, but Constance got between them.
"No, no," she panted; "it is no use, no use! You can do nothing, Lord Elliot! Let me go in peace!"
Lord Elliot drew a long breath and set his teeth, but stepped aside. He had done all he could--and failed.
The whistle sounded for the third time, and Rawson Fenton, taking Constance's arm, went to the steamer, and moved toward the door.
"Good bye, my lord," he said, over his shoulder. "I wish you ill success in your next attempt to interfere in matters that do not concern you."
He had reached the door as he spoke, and at this moment there came a sound

of a quick step upon the stairs, and a hand grasped Rawson Fenton by the throat and he was flung across the room.
A shriek rose from Constance's white lips, echoed by Mary, and she fell almost lifeless upon Wolfe's breast.
He stood looking round, the first of an outraged lion blazing in his eyes; and the group stood, white one could count twenty, motionless and seemingly turned to stone.
Then the marquis, with his arm holding Constance tightly, held out his hand to Lord Elliot.
"Thank you, Elliot," he said, hoarsely. "God bless you! You have saved her. Oh, my darling, my poor, tried darling!" and he hid his face for a moment against her.
Rawson Fenton had fallen so heavily that he was stunned for a space; he had staggered to his feet, and wiping the which had struck the table, he extended his hand threateningly.
"I--I call you all to witness," he bellowed, "I call upon you all to judge between me and this brute!" he involuntarily took a step forward.
"Keep him out of my reach, Elliot, or I shall kill him!" broke from the marquis' lips.
"This man," went on Rawson Fenton, "who steps between me and my wife has no right, no shadow of a right, to do so. Hear her! You shall hear it from her own lips! Constance!"
"Silence, him, Elliot!" groaned the marquis, struggling for self-control.
Lord Elliot stepped up to Fenton and Mary shrieked.
"See here, my man," he said. "Take my advice and go while you can."
Rawson Fenton glared at him for a moment and then at the marquis.
"Constance!" he repeated. "Do you hear me? Tell these fools--that they have no right to step between us, that you came to me of your own choice! Constance, remember!"
She opened her eyes and raised them to the stern face above her that melted in a passionate love under her gaze, then she tried to draw away from him.
"Yes," broke from her lips; "it--it is true! It is my own choice!"
"You hear!" cried Rawson Fenton. "You hear! You will believe her! Let her go. Let her come to me, you villain!"
The marquis' arm drew more tightly round her, if that were possible. A knock came at the door, and Lord Elliot strode to it and opened it an inch.
"Beg pardon, my lord," said the landlord's voice, "but they have sent to say that the steamer can't wait."
"Tell them she may go," said Lord Elliot; and he had never spoken any words with a deeper satisfaction.
"No!" cried Constance; and she sprang from the marquis' grasp. "No! Oh, Wolfe, Wolfe, let me go! Let me go! You do not know! Ah, if you know!" and she stood wringing her hands.
A sorrowful smile passed over the marquis' face. Lord Elliot stared in

amazement.
"You see!" said Rawson Fenton, picking up his hat and advancing to Constance. "You hear! Are you satisfied? Let us pass! You--you scoundrel, you will stop us at your peril!"
Lord Elliot leaped against the door, the marquis stretched out his hand to Constance, but she fell on her knees before him.
"Wolfe," she moaned, her eyes dilated with fear and anguish, "let us go. You do not know all! Don't--don't anger him!"
The marquis bent and raised her. "My poor darling!" he murmured, the voice standing out like whiplash on his forehead. "Do I not know all? We shall see. Have no fear, Constance; you are safe now, safe now."
"Yes, I--I am safe!" she panted, white with terror. "But you--oh, Wolfe, if you would only let me go with

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Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

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SELECT STORY.
Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXXVI.--Continued.
He signed to her to go upstairs, and followed her.
Mary opened the door of the room cautiously and looked in. Then she took a few steps and came back to him.
"She's asleep, worn out," she whispered. "Come and see for yourself whether she is happy or not."
He crossed the room on tiptoe and looked down at Constance. She had fallen into a state of stupor, rather than sleep, and as he gazed at her white, wan face he did not need any further assurance from Mary.
The tears that rose to his eyes were no shame to his manhood.
"Come away, my lord," whispered Mary, fearfully; "he lay come in and find you."
He drew her outside the door.
"Where is he?" he demanded. "Let me see him."
Mary went to the window overlooking the pier, and pointed out Rawson Fenton sitting now on one of the bulkheads, his arms folded, a cigar in his mouth.
Lord Elliot looked long and steadily at him, then moved toward the stairs. Mary, in her fright and excitement, caught his arm.
"Oh, my lord, what are you going to do?" she cried, in a hushed voice.
He shook her off.
"Go back to your mistress," he said, "and do not leave her for a moment."
As he went down the stairs and into the street his robe-intention was to seize Rawson Fenton by the throat and thrash him within an inch of his life; but as he approached the man and looked at his pale face with its insular

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Listen and obey her, lord marquis, sincerely! Rawson Fenton, something of his ordinary calmness returning to him. "She is wiser than you. You have made scenes enough. If you have any regard for the women you profess to love, to say nothing of yourself, you will take her advice."
The marquis lifted Constance bodily and carried her to a chair.
"Elliot," he said, quietly, "tell that fellow to leave the room--the house--the place. If he refuses, throw him out of the window."
"Come, sir," said Lord Elliot, opening the door. "Take the chance my friend offers you."
Continued Next Week.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you? When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market 50 years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many Sarsaparillas--but only one Ayer's. It cures.

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