

MARGUERITE'S SECRET

As soon as it was daylight the sad party separated—old Mrs. Compton going about to take upon herself, for the better comfort of the family, the supervision of domestic affairs, and Nellie stealing softly on tiptoe up to the death chamber. Nevertheless, the watchful old physician heard and came to speak to her at his own door.

"How has she passed the night, doctor?"

"In perfect repose, as far as I can judge."

Nellie stole noiselessly into the room, softly took away the night lamp that was still burning, then gently opened a window to admit the fresh morning air, and finally went up to the bedside to gaze upon the mother and child. It was a touching picture. Both were sleeping. The shadows of death had crept more darkly still over Mrs. Helmsstedt's beautiful face, but she seemed to rest quietly, with one hand laid over Marguerite's shoulder, in a protecting, soothing manner. Marguerite's face had the troubled look of one who had been overcome by sleep, in the midst, and despite of great sorrow. As Nellie gazed, Mrs. Helmsstedt, with the sensitiveness of the dying, perceived her presence, and opened her eyes.

"How are you, dear Marguerite?" inquired Nellie.

"Her lips moved, and Nellie stopped to catch the faint murmur that came from them."

"Hush—hush! don't wake her. It took so long to get her to sleep—and sleep is such a blessing!"

"Sleep is such a blessing!" These were the last words Marguerite Helmsstedt said. Saying them, eyes turned with unutterable love upon the little form sleeping beside her and her hand essayed again its soothing part, but that dying hand was too feeble, and it slipped powerless, from its work.

Marguerite, at the same moment, opened her eyes, with that distressed, perplexed expression wherewith we first awake after a great sorrow. But in an instant all was remembered. Her mother dying since yesterday! Simultaneously with this anguish of recovered memory came that strange power of self-control, with which this young creature was so greatly endowed.

"How are you, sweet mother?" she asked, calmly.

The lips of the dying woman fluttered and faintly smiled, but no audible sound issued thence. Her powers of speech had failed. Marguerite gazed, but did not worry her with questions. She is very much exhausted. The doctor will give her a cordial presently," said the pitying Nellie, seeking to conceal the terrible truth. But had she looked for an instant into that pale, featureless face she would not have resented any untimely outburst of sorrow on the part of that young girl.

Nellie, assisted by Marguerite, placed Mrs. Helmsstedt in an easier position and arranged the bed drapery. Then, while old Mrs. Compton and Dr. Hartley paid a visit to the room, she took Marguerite downstairs and contained her in taking a cup of coffee, that she might be able to attend upon her mother through the day, Nellie said. And upon this adjuration, Marguerite forced herself to take some refreshment.

After that the young girl resumed her watch, and never again left her dying mother.

As yesterday passed, so passed this day, except that Mrs. Helmsstedt was sinking faster. As yesterday, so to-day, she lay quietly, in a gentle, murmuring delirium, not one word of which was audible, but which flowed on in a continuous stream of faint, plaintive music. Her life waned with the day. Late in the afternoon, during a light interval, she signed her wish that all might depart from the room and leave her alone with her child.

And they went.

As and upon the night preceding, so upon this afternoon, at a sign from Mrs. Helmsstedt, Marguerite lay down beside her, as if consenting to take some rest. At another sign she drew her mother's powerless hand over her own shoulder.

And then, with a sigh of content, Mrs. Helmsstedt closed her eyes as if to sleep. The day waned in the sun was sinking low in the horizon. In the parlor below the friends of the family were watching its slow but sure descent, and mentally comparing it with the steady decline of life in one above, and mournfully wondering whether she could live to see another sunrise.

See autumn's sunset glowing, She sleeps, still looking to the West, Beneath the dark wood shadow, As if she still would see the sun Sink down on wave and meadow."

"Come, Marguerite, come my dear child, it is time to go home," said Mrs. Houston, gently trying to raise the orphan from her kneeling posture by the grave—come, dear Marguerite."

"Oh, I cannot! Oh, I cannot! Not yet! Not so soon!"

"My love, the boat is waiting and the rest of our friends are gone!"

"Oh, I cannot go so soon! I cannot hurry away and leave her here alone!"

"But, Marguerite, it is late, and we have far to go."

"Go, then, dear Mrs. Houston, and leave me here with my mother. I cannot forsake her so soon. Dr. Hartley will let me stay at his house a few days to be near her, I know."

"As long as you like, my dearest child, as if it were your own house—as it is—and as if you were my own child," said the kind and caring heron, laying his hand as in benediction upon the bowed head of the kneeling girl.

"But, my child, think of Ralph! You have not spoken of him since—since your hands were united. Consider now a little the feeling of Ralph, who loves you so dearly," whispered Mrs. Houston, stooping and caressing her, and thinking that all good purposes must be served in drawing the orphan girl from the last sleeping place of her mother.

"Oh, I cannot! I cannot! I cannot think of any living! I can think only of her! of her! my mother!"

"What! not think of Ralph, who loves you so devotedly!"

"Not now! Oh, I cannot now! I should be most unworthy of any love, if I could turn from her grave, so soon, to meet it! Mr. Houston knows that," she passionately cried.

"I do, my Marguerite, I feel and understand it all. I would not seek to draw you from this place, but I would remain and mourn with you," said Ralph Houston, in a low and reverential tone, but not so low that the good doctor did not overhear it, for he hastened to urge, "Remain with her, Mr. Houston; there is no reason why you should not, and every reason why you should."

And so said Mrs. Houston, and so said all friends.

"But what says my Marguerite?" inquired Ralph Houston, stooping and speaking gently to her.

"No, Mr. Houston, do not stir, please; leave me here alone with her, let her have me all to herself, for a little while," whispered Marguerite. And Ralph rose up, thanked Dr. Hartley, and declined his hospitality.

"Good-by, dear Marguerite! I shall come to you in a day or two."

"Good-by, Mrs. Houston."

(To be continued.)

PUSHING WHITE SLAVE WAR.

FEDERAL MARSHALS TAKE THREE GIRLS FROM RESORT

Syndicate Heads in Jail—Alphonse and Eva Dufour Surrendered by Bondsman, Pat O'Malley.

Chicago, June 25.—In pursuance of his plan to drive "white slave" dealers out of Chicago and break up the syndicate of Frenchmen that have been pushing French girls in the south side levee, United States District Attorney Edwin H. Sims last night ordered a raid upon Mme. Sims' resort at 2021 Armour avenue.

A squad of deputy United States marshals under charge of William C. The shala under deputy of William C. The shala surrounded the Armour avenue levee in the evening and captured three young French girls. They were arrested on a special warrant that came from Washington during the day, signed by Oscar S. Straus, secretary of the Department of Commerce and of the windows were up to ventilate it; and the breeze blowing through the Venetian blinds of the bay window played upon the broken harp, making a fitful moaning in strange harmony with the scene. Marguerite reverently lifted the covering from the face of the dead, and pressed a kiss after kiss upon the cold brow and lips. And then she took her seat by the side of her dead mother and never left her again for a moment while she lay in that room.

The third day from that, being Saturday, the funeral took place. As it was to be a boat funeral, all the neighbors of the adjacent shores and islands sent or brought their boats. A large company assembled at the house. The religious services were performed in the parlor where the body had been first laid out.

After which the procession formed and moved down to the beach, where about fifty boats were moored. Not a single sail among them all were large or small rowboats. The oars were all muffled, and the oarsmen wore badges of mourning on their sleeves.

The island boat, the Nereide, had had her sails painted black velvet and had a canopy of black velvet raised on four poles. The twelve oarsmen seated in it were clothed in deep mourning. In this boat the coffin was reverently lowered. This was the signal for the embarkation of every one else. In twenty minutes every boat was ready to fall into the procession that was beginning to form. The boat containing the Rev. Mr. Welworth and Mr. Hartley led the van. Then followed the Nereide, with its sacred freight. Behind that came the Pearl Shell, containing the orphaned girl, Mrs. Houston and Ralph.

After them came a skiff bearing Colonel and Mrs. Compton, and Colonel Houston. Other boats, occupied by friends and acquaintances, and others still, filled with old family servants, followed in slow succession to the number of fifty boats or more.

Slowly and silently the long procession moved across the waters. It formed a spectacle solemn and impressive, as it was strange and picturesque.

The sun was near its setting when this funeral train reached Plover's Point, an abrupt headland crowned from ancient forest trees, that nearly hid from sight the old graystone dwelling-house. On the west side of this bluff, under the shadows of great elms and oaks of a hundred years' growth, the family resting place lay. Here the boats landed. The coffin was reverently lifted out. The funeral procession formed and walked slowly up the hill. It formed the latest rays of the setting sun were flecking all the green foliage with gold, they gathered around her last bed, that had been opened under the shade of a mighty oak. There they laid her down to rest.

"There, where with living ear and eye She heard Potomac's flowing, And through her tail, ancestral trees

AT R. MCKAY & CO'S, FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1908. HAMILTON'S MOST PROGRESSIVE STORE. Wonderful Examples of Value-Giving from the June Sale

Success has stamped this sale so far as being without a doubt the best summer sale ever carried on by this store. Friday's sale list is important to housekeepers, as it contains stirring examples of value-giving in just the things you want for the summer home.

June Whitewear Specials. Corset Covers 25c. Ladies' Fine Cambrie Covers, full front, trimmed with lace and insertion, lace edging at neck and sleeves. special 25c.

Ready-to-Wear Department. \$6.00 White Lawn Dresses \$3.00. Just half price, White Lawn Dresses, beautifully trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion. Skirts very wide and trimmed to match waists. The quantity is limited in these suits.

White Wash Skirts \$1.25. All walking lengths, in White Wash materials, nicely strapped and tailored. Regular \$2.50, special sale price \$1.25.

White Coats, in 3/4 lengths, Princess Chap and fitted styles, nicely tailored. Regular sale price \$5.95.

Special June Values From Our Staple Section. Cheap Table Cloths \$1.10. 75 Pure Linen Cloths, 2 and 2 1/2 yards long, slightly imperfect, worth regularly \$2.00, special \$1.10.

Tea Towels 10c. Tea Towels, hemmed ready for use, firm, absorbent weave, special value 10c each.

Fly Net 2 1/2c. Mill ends Fly Net, in pink, red and blue, worth 8c, for 2 1/2c yard.

Immense Bargains In Carpets. Prices Away Down—No Charge For Making, Laying and Lining.

Brussels Carpets. Brussels Rugs. Brussels Rugs, size 3x3, worth \$30, for \$15.

Velvet Carpets. Velvet Rugs. Velvet Rugs, size 3x3, worth \$17, for \$11.

Wool Carpets. Wool Rugs. Wool Rugs, size 3x3, worth \$5, for \$3.

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NEW Through Sleeping Car SERVICE HAMILTON TO PITTSBURG. Beginning June 16 and running daily except Sunday. Leave Hamilton 8:15 p. m. Arrive Pittsburgh 7:35 a. m.

T. H. & B. LINE AND LAKE SHORE RY. Retaining cars leave Pittsburgh 11:00 p. m. arrive Toronto 8:35 a. m. For full information write L. Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 80 Yonge Street, Toronto.

National Education Association CONVENTION CLEVELAND, OHIO June 29-July 3, 1908. ROUND TRIP EXCURSION FARES VIA LAKE SHORE RAILWAY.

C. P. R. Atlantic Steamers. To LIVERPOOL. From June 12th Empress of Britain. June 20th Empress of Ireland. June 27th Empress of France.

DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS FROM MONTREAL. Dominion ... July 1st, Aug. 15th, Oct. 1st, Dec. 15th.

ANCHOR LINE GLASGOW AND LONDONERRY. Selling from New York every Saturday. New Twin-Bow Steamships.

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