On Her Wedding Morn.

By Charlotte M. Braeme.

Continued from 1st Page.

"I do not think that is in my power," she said, laughing. "I have never agitated him but once; but that once, as the children say, paid for all. I will see him this afternoon, Mrs. Neville, and I am sure that I may trust to your kindness to make all arrangements for my departure."

I went to tell Miss Vane.

"You wished to see them together," I said. "Lady Wynton will bid her husband farewell this afternoon."

"Will she leave him here?" she asked, in great surprise. Some strange impulse urged me to keep all that Lady Wynton had said a profound secret.

"I must see them," she said. "It would set the doubts and fears and wonder of long years at rest if I could see them together."

"It will be very easy," I observed.

"You have nothing to do but disguise yourself as you did before, and remain in the room."

She trembled at the idea.

"Lady Wynton is very sharp, very shrewd; she would be sure to recognize me."

"Not at all. She would never give herself the trouble of looking at you," I said. "She remembers nothing—no one but herself. I will dress you—you shall gratify the desire and longing of your heart—you shall see them together."

I helped her to dress, wondering why she should tremble so. When the disguise was complete, it was so perfect that I hardly recognized her myself; and then we went into the invalid's room together.

Lord Wynton was lying wide awake—and it struck me then how sad and desolate he looked. He watched Miss Vane as she went to the drawers and busied herself in arranging something.

"A new nurse?" he interrogated.

"No," I replied; "she was here when you were so very ill." And then I bent over him. "Lord Wynton," I said, gently, "Lady Wynton thinks the situation of this house, which is near the river, bad for her; she is anxious to get away as soon as possible, and would like to say good-bye to you this afternoon."

He looked uncomfortable, anxious, uneasy; he would fain have raised some objection, but his good taste prevented his speaking of his wife to a stranger.

"Very well," he assented listlessly—"whenever she wishes."

He had barely uttered the words when a footstep was heard outside, and, without any rapping or announcement, Lady Wynton entered the room.

It seemed to me that the very glitter of her presence annoyed him. The sun shone on her fair hair; she wore innumerable chains and ornaments; her fingers were laden with rings; her silk dress rustled as she moved. She went up to him smiling, cold, hard, polished, without the faintest expression of sympathy.

"The accident was a terrible one," she said; "we had a very narrow escape."

She did not bend over him, or kiss him, or even touch the hand that lay outside the coverlet; there was not the faintest show of tenderness or affection. I saw, too, that their eyes did not even meet. She made no remark about his appearance, nor did she congratulate him on his escape. Thinking my presence a restraint, I turned to leave the room Lord Wynton stopped me with out stretched hand.

"Do not go, Mrs. Neville!" he cried, in a quick, faint voice.

Lady Wynton turned to me with a glittering smile.

"We have no secrets, Mrs. Neville," she said. "I merely wished to bid Lord Wynton good bye."

Neither of them noticed the silent figure bending over the open drawer.

"For your own sake," she continued, coldly, "I should advise you to get out of this terrible house as soon as you can; the silence of it is enough to make one melancholy for life."

"I like it," he opposed, abruptly.

"Well, all to their taste—I think it horrible. Good-bye, Lord Wynton; I hope you will soon be all right."

Without another word, without a kindly touch of his hand, she went away. Such was the parting between husband and wife.

"Good-bye," he responded.

When the door had closed behind her, he turned his face to the wall.

"Great heaven! what have I been saved for?" he moaned; and I knew that the cry was wrung from him in the very bitterness of heart.

He lay silent for some time; we heard deep sighs come from his lips, and then he asked for some lemonade. Miss Vane hastened to give it to him. I saw him look up into her face with a smile. There was not the faintest gleam of recognition. Then he looked at the white hands that held the glass—looked at them long and steadily. I trembled, feeling sure that he had recognized them; but he turned away with a bitter sigh.

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There was a great commotion when five o'clock came and Lady Wynton was ready to depart; the silence of the River House had never so cruelly been broken before.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Neville," she said. "You have been very kind to me, and I thank you. I am not to see Miss Vane, I suppose?"

"She is really not well enough to receive visitors," I explained.

"I expect the truth is she is some terribly cross old maid," she said, laughingly. "Well, you will say all that is civil for me. Good-bye."

That was the last I ever saw of Lady Wynton.

After her departure I went to Miss Vane's room.

"Oh, Mrs. Neville!" she cried, "what a dreadful woman! Why, she has no heart! She does not love him—she does not care for him!"

"I think it is a case of mutual indifference, Miss Vane. She is entirely void of feeling or affection. Lord Wynton has heart enough, but I do not think he has ever given any of it to her."

"It is strange," she mused to herself—"very strange; he must have loved her once," and then she checked herself, and looked at me with eager eyes. "You do not think she has the least suspicion?" she interrogated.

"Of you? No. I think she has a very poor opinion of you—imagines you to be a cross, eccentric, disagreeable old maid."

"I can bear that," she declared, with a smile. "And Lord Wynton—you feel sure that he has no suspicion?"

"Not the faintest," I replied. "But I saw him looking intently at your hands—those white, beautiful hands of yours."

"Did he? Ah! well, I shall not see him again! It will not matter; my hands have ministered their last to him."

She never went near his room after that; but there was scarcely a limit to her care of him. He had the choicest wines, the rarest fruits, the daintiest dishes. She sent for every book or paper she thought might interest him—she superintended personally everything that went into his room—she gathered the fairest flowers, and seemed to know by instinct what flowers he loved best.

He said to me one day:—

"The lady of the house—Miss Vane, you call her—must have a very kind heart. It is a sad thing that she is so great an invalid."

"Yes, she has one of the most generous of natures," I acknowledged.

"What is her ailment?" he asked. "Is she old or young? Is she a confirmed invalid, or does she suffer from a recent illness?"

"She is a confirmed invalid," I replied. "As for her age, sometimes she looks much older than at others."

"I should like to see her," he said; "her great kindness has made a deep impression on me. By the way, Mrs. Neville, who is the old nurse who was in my room yesterday? What strangely beautiful hands she has!"

"Yes," I returned, "every one notices the beauty of them."

"They remind me," he said, with a bitter sigh, "of hands that I used to see years ago, and loved very dearly."

I did not repeat that little conversation to Miss Vane.

CHAPTER XI.—"DIED SUDDENLY AT NICE."

After a few weeks more Lord Wynton was pronounced well enough to leave River House. By that time I had grown warmly interested in him. I liked him exceedingly. He was grave, considerate, always unselfish, full of grateful tact, a most refined gentleman. I ventured one day to say that I hoped at some future time our paths in life would cross again. He looked very sadly at me.

"Mine is not a happy life, Mrs. Neville," he said. "I never go into the great world. I live at Lyndmere Park, and I try to forget a very great sorrow in the strict fulfillment of duty. The sins of our youth always find us out. I committed a great folly in mine, and I have been expiating it ever since."

I looked into the brave, handsome face.

"You may have committed a folly," I observed—"that I do not deny; but a sin, a mean, deliberate sin, you have never committed, I am sure."

"You have faith in me?" he interrogated, eagerly.

"Yes—unbounded faith."

"Thank you. It is a long time since a woman's voice spoke of faith or trust in me, Mrs. Neville. We shall be friends."

"I hope so, Lord Wynton," I responded.

"The friendship of a good and true woman would be invaluable to me," he said, musingly; and then he continued: "Doctor Fletcher, who seems a clever man, advises me, now that I have in some measure recovered from the effects of this terrible accident, to leave England for a time—not to travel, but to seek rest in some Italian city. I think I shall obey him. I am tired of my lonely home, and shall enjoy change of scene."

I longed to ask him why his home was lonely, but there was a quiet dignity in his manner which no one could disregard.

"I shall be absent some months—a year, perhaps; but when I return, may I come to Neville Cross to see you?"

"Yes; I shall be delighted, Lord Wynton," I replied

"I want to ask you one question more. You know Miss Vane, and understand her. Do you think she would allow me to see her? I am so deeply grateful to her that I must express my thanks. I will not press the matter if you think it intrusive, but she has been so kind."

He looked so eager, so interested, but I knew that it must not be.

"I think if you were to write to her Lord Wynton, it would be better. She sees no one, and your presence would distress her, I am sure."

"I would not distress her for the world," he said. "I will write to her; I must express my gratitude in a letter."

"It will be much better," I decided.

He was to leave us in three days, and I quite understood why Huldah Vane shut herself up in her room during that time, for Lord Wynton was much better, and had asked permission to look through the grounds. He pronounced them charming, declaring that he had never been more delighted. He had the greatest admiration for the River House.

"It must be a great privation," he said to me, "for the mistress of this beautiful place to be an invalid, Mrs. Neville. Do you know that I shall never rest until I have in some measure repaid my great obligation to Miss Vane? I should like to send her something that she would like. Can you suggest anything?"

I told him I could not, for, besides being an invalid, she was strange in all her ways and tastes.

"I must be content then," he said; "but when I return to England, she will be the first person that I shall visit. I feel that, under heaven, I owe my life to you and to her."

The day came when he was to leave us. It did not surprise me that Miss Vane refused to see any one on that day. As for myself, I made no effort to hide my regret. I felt that losing that brave kindly, handsome face would be like losing a bright gleam of sunshine. If I had been a few years younger, I should have imagined myself in love with Lord Wynton.

He asked me to accept a very beautiful opal ring, and to the servants he made handsome presents. For Miss Vane he left the letter, which I promised to deliver when he should be gone. I stood in the porch until the carriage had disappeared, and then I was not at all ashamed of the tears which filled my eyes. I did not take the letter to Miss Vane on that day; I felt it would be better to let her rest

On the morrow she was downstairs before me; and as she stood in the sunlight I marveled at the change which had come over her beauty. The pride and hauteur, the hardness, the sullen gloom and coldness, all seemed to have vanished. Her eyes were full of tender light, her lips sweet with smiles. I had never beheld a face so wondrously fair. The cold pride that had distinguished it had been like a disfiguring veil or mask. She held out her hand to me in silent greeting.

"He is gone," I said. "He went yesterday."

"I know," she returned; "I saw him go. Heaven has been very good to me. I have seen him, and have forgiven him. Life will never be quite so empty or dreary for me again. I shall live with a sweeter and a brighter hope than I have known hitherto."

I gave her the letter.

"Do not go away," she said; "I can read it in your presence as well as though I were alone."

It was a long letter. She read it attentively, her lips quivering, her eyes filling with tears.

"He had not the least idea who I am," she said. "Poor Clive! I should like you to read that letter, Mrs. Neville."

She gave it to me and I read it attentively. It was the letter of a well-bred gentleman, thanking his hostess both earnestly and heartily, making much of her kindness, and showing how deeply he had felt it.

"It is a charming letter," I said; "and I admire Lord Wynton more than any one I have met of late years."

Her pale face glowed as I praised him, her dark eyes shone with a beautiful light.

"He told me," I remarked, "that he had committed a folly in his youth, and that he had been expiating it ever since."

"A folly! Nay, folly is a light word for what he did. I call it a crime."

"I really can not believe that Lord Wynton was capable of a crime," I said, abruptly.

"It was a crime," she insisted, gravely. "I like you for defending him, Mrs. Neville; but it was a crime"

"I may never see him again," I returned, warmly, "and I know but little of him, yet I would stake much that he has never committed a crime; he may have made a mistake."

"A mistake! How could that be? I never thought of that."

"I am ignorant of the circumstances; but I feel sure that what you hold to have been a crime was simply a mistake—nothing more; and the time will come, I venture to assert, when you will live to find it was so."

"What faith you have in him," she said; and with that the conversation ended.

I went home some days after that, and then matters fell into their old routine. The only change was in Miss Vane herself. She grew more human; her one great act of forgiveness seemed to have changed her whole character. She began to take an interest in all about her; she ordered books and read them; she became quite cheerful. I was delighted with the change. There was only one thing she would not do—she would not mix with the world; she always refused, nor could I induce her to alter her determination.

She took up a lily one day when talking, and from the deep white cup pulled a petal.

"Can anything restore that petal or make the lily whole?" she asked.

"No," I replied.

"It is the same with my life," she said. "A page was torn abruptly from it—a page on which sweetest hopes were written—and nothing can restore it. I could not take up my old duties, resume my old pleasures, mix freely in the world of men and women, talk, laugh and enjoy myself with them—I could not bear it. I can only live as I am now, unknown and unknowing, forgotten—waiting for the signal of release. You will not urge me again, will you?"

"No, I will not," I replied.

"I am happier than I ever hoped to be—than I ever dreamed of being—because I have forgiven Lord Wynton, and the blank desolation has gone out of my life."

So after that everything fell into its old routine, the only difference being that I spent more time with Miss Vane, that we went out a great deal together, and that the neighborhood accepted in solemn silence the fact that Miss Vane was willing to associate with Mrs. Neville, although she did not care for any one else.

I loved her in time so dearly that I would have given up the whole world for her sake. There was a charm about her that no words of mine can describe It was not only her beauty—although that softened and deepened and grew more marvelous every day—she was so graceful, so original, so unlike any one else whom I had ever seen.

Instinctively I kept two secrets from her. I never told her that Lord Wynton had promised to come to see me, or that he intended to call upon her.

So the year passed, spring came round again, and in May I read this announcement:—

"Died, on the 3rd of May, at Nice, Isabelle, Lady Wynton. She was interred in the cemetery at Nice on the 5th."

A leading fashionble journal devoted a small paragraph to the event, and said that Lady Wynton, after suffering severely for some months, had died suddenly at Nice.

I took the papers to the River House, and showed them to Huldah Vane. She grew very pale as she read—her eyes filled with tears; and then she turned to me and said:—

"I am very sorry for him. Poor Clive!"

The remainder of the story I tell as I heard it some time afterward, when the mystery was explained to me, and all was made clear. I did not hear it all at once, but little by little. I throw it into the form of a narrative, and so offer it. As I only heard of the events, and did not see them, I lose my identity, and simply relate things as I know they happened.

PART II.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON.

CHAPTER XII.—"SOLE HEIRESS OF A MILLIONAIRE."

When it was known in London that Gerald Asheton, the younger son of a poor but noble family, had returned, after thirty years' service in India, a millionaire, society decided upon opening its arms to him. A millionaire! Wonderful reports of his extraordinary wealth had reached England; it was said that everything he touched turned to gold, that his speculations succeeded where those of others failed. Such exceptional distinction society decreed ought to be recognized—must be recognized, in fact—and Gerald Asheton was received with open arms. He did his duty as became a millionaire. He purchased one of the most magnificent mansions in Belgravia, and furnished it regardless of cost; then Lord Bathern's family estate, Silverwell Priory, came into the market, and he bought it, and had it refurnished with the utmost splendor. Afterward, hearing of a pretty villa in the Isle of Wight, he purchased it also. With three houses, each one rivaling the other in beauty, he began to consider who was to inhabit them.

His friends advised him to marry; but for that he did not care. His brother had married, and his wedded life, like his life generally, had not been a success. He had married a gentle, accomplished girl, who had no fortune except her fair face and her noble mind. She survived her husband six years, during which time she was supported entirely by the bounty of Gerald Asheton, who allowed her an income quite sufficient for her wants. At her death, he ordered his agents to place her only child, Huldah, in one of the best schools in England; no expense was to be spared upon her education.

He was so deeply engrossed, on his return to England, by the settlement of his affairs, that he almost forgot the existence of his niece. It was not until he began to wonder how he was to dispose of his vast fortune that he remembered her, and then he went down to Brighton to see her.

He found, to his intense surprise, a tall, lovely girl, with a graceful figure and a beautiful face. He had expected to find a child. His delight was great. Huldah Asheton was at once taken from school, installed as mistress at Silverwell, and everything that money could procure was lavished upon her. Gerald Asheton idolized his beautiful niece; he never tired of looking at her, of listening to her; he formally adopted her as his heiress, and did not rest until he had made his will, leaving her mistress of his vast fortune.

It spoke well for Huldah Asheton that her head was not completely turned by this change in her position. She had been happy and contented at school, feeling sure that her education and accomplishments were to be her fortune, and that she would have to earn her livelihood as a governess. Her mother had been careful never to speak before her of Gerald Asheton's fortune, or expectations that she might have from it. The result was that she had acquired a certain independence of character, feeling that her success in life would depend on her own efforts.

At seventeen she found herself one of the most beautiful, wealthy, and admired girls in London. There had not been such a furore in fashionable circles for many years. Sole heiress of a millionaire, she could count her admirers and lovers by scores. She could have married just as she would, but, young as she was, Huldah Asheton had formed a resolution to marry only for love.

It was a strange turn in fortune's wheel—only seventeen, and mistress of two superb establishments—worshiped by her uncle, worshiped by the world at large. Such sudden elevation would have ruined some girls. It did not ruin Huldah Asheton; she was a lofty, proud, noble nature. She was equal to her position, she graced it; as poverty could not have degraded, so wealth did not ennoble her. Before she had been a month at Silverwell she proved that she was fitted for her responsible post. A girl of seventeen, as stately as a duchess, as beautiful as a poet's dream, gifted and intellectual, looking upon wealth as an accident, a stepping stone—pure in heart as a little child—full of beautiful thoughts, her mother's only legacy—wondering with a grave, solemn, child-like wonder what was to be her ultimate fate, what grand destiny awaited her—a girl of the rarest type, noble in soul, lofty, but proud to a degree—not vain, for vanity was never one of her faults—not vain of her beauty or her wealth, but proud in the highest, broadest, noblest sense—such was Huldah Asheton. She detested everything mean, low, dishonorable, but she went further than that—she detested every one who could be guilty in such respects. She made no distinction between the sin and the sinner—she hated both alike. She had no sweet, womanly notions of pardon or mercy—she was prejudiced and intolerant; her sense of right, of justice, of truth, once offended, she never forgave the cause of it. Hers was an exceptional character, full of noble virtue and grave faults.

Gerald Asheton loved her—he thought no one in the world equal to her; he laughed at the idea that people had ever advised him to marry, when he had this peerless, beautiful creature to succeed him. The months spent at Silverwell were a great success, but the season in London surpassed them. He delighted in hearing his beautiful neice called "The Queen of the Season;" he had foretold that she would be that; her praises were sweet in his ears. Society welcomed him because he was uncle of the beautiul Miss Asheton. Every house of note in London was open to him—he could not accept half of the invitations lavished upon him. He liked to hear people say that Lady Macair's ball was a failure because Miss Asheton was not present; he liked to hear that the Countess of Warton's garden-party was a success because "The Queen of the Season," with her court of admirers, was present. There was something touching and pathetic in his great, simple, chivalrous love for her.

She was very happy. She enjoyed the magnificence, the wealth that surrounded her; she enjoyed the homage laid at her feet; she enjoyed the admiration that seemed to be a tribute to her beauty. But she enjoyed the vague, dreamy happiness of her inner life better than all. Standing where womanhood and girlhood met, her heart and soul thrilled with the vague, sweet poetry of life. Love came to every one once in life, and for this the great crown of womanhood she waited. It came all too soon. Huldah Asheton never forgot how and where she met her fate.

CHAPTER XIII.—"THE HERO OF HER DREAMS."

The Countess of Errington had a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames. She delighted in spending part of her time there, surrounded by the very flower of London society. She had invited "The Queen of the Season," without whom no assemblage was complete.

On the morning after her arrival, Miss Asheton, tempted by the beauty of the grounds, rose early and went out. Life held many fair mornings for her, but none like that. The dew was glistening on the grass, on the trees, on the flowers; the sun was shining brightly; great clusters of roses trembled in the breeze; clove carnations and mignonette gave richest sweetness to the air; a river, broad and calm, bounded the lawn. Nature and art had both done their best; there was a pretty pool overshadowed by trees, which they dignified by the name of the Lady Lake; at one end pretty little waterfalls rippled down masses of white rock, and fell on the mossy stones beneath.

Life on such a morning was a boon and a privilege—so thought Huldah Asheton, as she stood entranced by the beauty of sight and sound. She was all unconscious of the marvelous loveliness of the picture she made herself. Her white morning dress, knotted here and there with rose-colored ribbons, fell in graceful folds round the tall, slender figure; a wealth of shining, waving hair rippled over her shoulders, the morning breeze had brought the daintiest bloom to her face, her large, dark eyes shone with light; the beautiful lips were parted in keen enjoyment.

She stood watching a pretty miniature waterfall. She held her hand in the water, and watched the spray running over her white fingers; then she thought she would cross a little rustic bridge which spanned the stream, and was about to do so when a rich, deep voice said:—

"I should advise you not to trust your self to that little bridge; it is under repair and is not quite safe."

She looked round, and at first saw no one; and then a gentleman came across the lawn. He raised his hat and bowed.

"Pray, pardon me," he said; "but I know that bridge is very shaky. I am Lord Wynton, Lady Evrington's brother. You, I know, are her guest, Miss Asheton."

Huldah bowed; not for worlds would she have spoken just then. The words were simple, but in some vague way it seemed to her that life had suddenly grown complete—as though her own soul and being had suddenly become perfect—as though a dream were fulfilled, a vision realized, a sweet hope become a reality. She could hardly understand it, and the beautiful eyes looked dreamily at him. She was trembling, and she could not imagine why.

"I am afraid I have startled you, Miss Asheton," continued the musical voice; "if so, I am very sorry."

"No, you have not startled me," she said.

He came nearer to her, and she looked at his face; it was handsome, noble, with something imperial about it, yet with eyes and lips that could sweeten and soften like a woman's. She saw clusters of dark brown hair, earnest, deep-blue eyes, finely-molded lips, shaded by a brown mustache, a tall, erect figure.

Her heart went out to him—she could not tell why, except that he was the hero of her dreams, the ideal come at last. The attraction seemed to be mutual. It did not appear strange to her that he should linger by her side, that he should gather the fairest roses and give them to her, that from that moment the world should change.

Lord Wynton was visiting his sister. She had tempted him by telling him that "The Queen of the Season," the beautiful Miss Asheton, was to be her guest He had laughed at first, telling her that beauties were always more or less failures, and that he did not care much about seeing this particular one He came, however, to please his sister

But on the morning that he saw Huldah Asheton, in all the sweet simplicity of her beauty, he was amazed; and, from that moment when her dark eyes, with their dreamy look of wonder, were turned to him, he loved her with a love that was his doom.

The countess smiled to herself several times that day when she saw how matters were. Lord Wynton rode out with Miss Asheton. He lingered by her side during the afternoon. He took her down to dinner. During the sweet, fragrant twilight of the summer evening, he hung over her chair like one enraptured. If he had thought her peerless in her plain morning costume, in evening dress she looked to him like the goddess of beauty with her white rounded throat and graceful shoulders, white as purest marble. She wore a dress of rich amber silk, softened by black place, and a suite of superb diamonds.

It was a case of love at first sight, and everyone guessed it. From the moment that she first saw Lord Wynton until the day she died, he was the one love of her heart and soul; she knew no other; no other man ever had the power to charm her. Her ideal was realized; beyond that realisation she never went.

At first, for some few days, she did not understand the change that had come over her. She only knew that his presence made Elysium to her—his absence, desolation; that the sound of his voice made her heart beat wildly, her hands tremble, her face burn; that, if he touched her hand, that touch seemed to thrill her whole soul; that when he entered a room it was as though all sunshine and all gladness came in; that when he left it darkness and desolation reigned; that in all the music of nature she heard only his voice, and that earth appeared fairer. Everything was changed for her. And then it dawned upon her that this meant love—nothing but love—the love about which she had dreamed, and puzzled, and wondered.

The time came—it was the gloaming of a beautiful June night—when Lord Wynton told her the story of his love. She raised her beautiful face—not to him, but to the evening skies and thanked heaven for its goodness.

"Huldah, my darling," he cried, passionately, "I am not worthy of you, I know. The love of a pure, innocent heart like yours is a treasure above price."

She would not hear it. He went on, holding her hands in his strong clasp.

"When I was young, Huldah—quite young—I committed a great folly. I must tell you what it was."

"No," she objected, "I will not hear it—or, if you will tell me at all, it shall not be until after I am your wife. My faith, Clive, like my love, is boundless. If, when you were young, some fair face caught your fancy, it was but your fancy—your love is all for me."

"As heaven is my witness," he declared, "all for you! I have had no other love, and never shall have."

So while the nightingale sang they plighted their troth to each other.

Gerald Asheton was delighted. It was true his darling, the light of his eyes, the pride of his life, might have married a duke; but then she did not love a duke, and she did love Lord Wynton. He was quite satisfied. The Wyntons of Lyndmere were one of the best families in England. His darling would be Lady Wynton; and, besides that, she would be one of the richest women in the country.

He had a great respect for his lordship. The tall, erect figure, with its manly grace and military bearing; the frank, handsome, kindly face, the chivalrous manner, all delighted him. He felt sure that his darling would be happy, and he asked no more.

So the engagement gave general pleasure; there was not an obstacle—everything was propitious. Life smiled on the happy pair; the fairest gifts of earth were theirs.

One peculiarity which distinguished their love from that of most others was its tragic earnestness, its passionate depth of affection. It was no light thing to love as Huldah Asheton did. Her whole life turned upon it; her love made heaven—to lose it would be death.

With Gerald Asheton's consent the wedding was arranged to take place in September, and there did not seem to be even the smallest cloud in Lord Wynton and Miss Asheton's sky.

To be Continued.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Two Rivers Wharf" will be received at this office until Monday, 14th February next, 1898, for the construction of a wharf with approach, in Two Rivers Harbour, Harvey, Albert County, N. B., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the offices of W. J. McCordock, Esq., Supt. of Dredging, St. John, N. B., the Postmaster of Harvey, Albert County, N. B.; and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, *for five hundred dollars* ($500.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, Jan. 17th 1898.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

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Dunlap Bros. & Co.,
AMHERST, N. S.

Dunlap, McKim & Downs,
WALLACE, N. S.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,
AMHERST, N. S.

DUNLAP COOKE & CO
MERCHANT TAILORS,
—AND—
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS
AMHERST.
N. S.

This firm carries one of the finest selections of Cloths including all the different makes suitable to the trade. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from this establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that the prices are right

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND HARDWARE.

Ready-Mixed Paints, all shades, including the Celebrated

WEATHER AND WATERPROOF,

THE BEST EVER MADE.

School Blackboard Paint.
Gloss Carriage Paint, requires no Varnishing.
Graining Colors, all kinds.
Graining Combs, Dry Colors, all shades.
Gold Leaf, Gold Bronze, Gold Paint.
Stains, Walnut, Oak Cherry, Mahogany, Rosewood, Floor Paints Weather and Waterproof.
Kalsomine all shades.
7 bbls. English Boiled and Raw Oil, Pure
1 " Turpentine.
100 Kegs English White Lead and Colored Paints.
1 bbl. Machine Oil, Extra Good, Neats Foot Harness Oil.
Ready Mixed Metalic Roofing, 92 per cent Iron.
10 Kegs, 100 lbs. each Dry Metalic Roofing, 92 per cent Iron.
Paint and White Wash Brushes.
VARNISHES, Elastic Oak, Carriage, Copal, Demar, Furniture Hard Oil Finish, Pure Shelac, Driers.
Joiners' and Machinists' Tools, a speciality.
Special attention to Builders' Materials in Locks, Knobs, Hinges etc.
Sheet Lead and Zinc, Lead Pipe, Pumps.
75 Rolls Dry and Tarred Sheathing Paper.
75 Kegs Wire Nails, $2.45 per Keg.
30 Boxes Window Glass.
20 Kegs Horse Shoes, $3.90 per Keg. 15 Boxes Horse Nails $3.00 box.
10 Tons Refined Iron $2.50 per 100 lbs.
Cast Steel, Bellows, Chain, Nuts, Bolts, Washers, Grindstones Grindstone Fixtures.
WHITE MOUNTAIN ICE CREAM FREEZERS $1.90, CLOTHES WRINGERS $2.50, DAISY CHURNS $3.75.
Cart and Waggon Axles, Cow Bells, Wire Screen Doors, Window Screens Green Wove Wire 14c. yd., Barbed Wire Fencing, Counter Scales, Weigh Beams, Steelyards, Carpet Sweepers, Blasting Powder and Fuse, Sporting Powder, Guns, Revolvers. To arrive from Belgium 25 Single and Double Barrel Breech Loading Guns.
Barber's Toilet Clippers, Horse Clippers, Lawn Shears, Accordeons Violins, Bows and Fixings.

FARMING TOOLS, ALL KINDS.

Mower Sections, 70c. doz. Heads, 40c. each, Knife Heads. $3.00.
" " Guards, 35c. each, Rivets, Oilers.

My Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.

All persons requiring goods in my line will save money by calling on me, as they will find my prices away down below the lowest; prove this by calling.

J. R. GOGGIN.

JUST OPENING.

JUST OPENING

BOOT AND SHOES IN GREAT VARIETY,

SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS,

NEWEST MAKES IN DRESS GOODS,

OILCLOTHS, HEARTH RUGS & DOORMATS,

WOOL, BRUSSELS & TAPESTRY CARPETS,

BLACK & COLORED CASHMERES & MERINOS,

ART MUSLINS, CRETONNES & REPPS,

LACE CURTAINS & COUNTERPANES,

LACES, RIBBONS & HAMBURGS,

SILKS IN BLACK, COLORED, SURAH, &

Worsted Coatings,
Black and Blue Serge Suitings,
White and Regatta Shirts,
Ties, Collars, Hosiery
Silk and Linen Handk'fs,
Hats, & Caps, Etc.

ALSO A FULL & COMPLETE LINE OF

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.

J. B. SNOWBALL.

MILLERS' FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS

RITCHIE WHARF, CHATHAM, N. B.

Successors to Gillespie Foundry.

Established 1852

Mill, Railway, and Machine Work, Marine Engines, Boiler repairing. Our Brass and Composition Castings are worthy a trial, being noted throughout the country.

All work personally supervised. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send for estimates before ordering elsewhere.

Mill Supplies, Fittings, Pipe, etc. in stock and to order.

J. S. G. MILLER.

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Steel Wire Nails,

THEY NEVER LET GO,

AND TAKE NO OTHERS.

Orders filled at Factory Price, and a Freight Allowance made on lots of 10 kegs and upwards at one shipment.

KERR & ROBERTSON,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

The undermentioned advantages are claimed for MacKenzie's spectacles.

1st—That from the peculiar construction of the glasses they ASSIST and PRESERVE the sight, rendering frequent changes unnecessary.

2nd—That they confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of EASE and COMFORT not hitherto enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

3rd—That the material from which the Lenses are ground is manufactured especially for optic purposes, by DR. CHARLES BARDOU'S improved patent method, and is PURE, HARD AND BRILLIANT and not liable to become scratched.

4th—That the frames in which they are set, whether in Gold, Silver or Steel, are of the finest quality and finish, and guaranteed perfect in every respect.

The long evenings are here and you will want a pair of good glasses so come to the Medical Hall and be properly fitted or no charge.

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

Chatham N. B., Sept 24, 1895

Miramichi Advance,

CHATHAM, N. B.

THE LEADING NORTH SHORE NEWSPAPER. + PRINTED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

TERMS ONE DOLLAR A YEAR PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

JOB PRINTING

AT LOW PRICES AND THE SHORTEST NOTICE

ALWAYS ON HAND:—

RAILWAY BILLS, CUSTOM HOUSE FORMS,
FISH INVOICES, BILLS OF EXCHANGE,
MAGISTRATES' BLANKS, NOTES OF HAND,
MORTGAGES & DEEDS, JOINT NOTES,
BILLS OF SALE DRAFTS,
SCHOOL DISTRICT SECRETBRYS BILLS FOR RATEPAYERS,
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THREE MACHINE PRESSES

and other requisite plant constantly running Equipment equal to that of any Job-Printing office in the Province

The only Job-Printing office outside of St. John that was awarded both

MEDAL AND DIPLOMA

—AT THE—

DOMINION AND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

AT ST JOHN IN 1883

Orders by Mail promptly filled & Satisfaction Guaranteed.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY

SUMMER 1897.

UNTIL further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Between Fredericton, Chatham and Loggieville.

FOR CHATHAM (read down) MIXED	EXPRESS		FOR FREDERICTON (read up) EXPRESS	MIXED
6 20 a m lv	2 50 p m	Fredericton,	12 15 ar.	3 30 p m
6 30	2 53	Gibson,	12 12	3 27
6 50	3 05	Marysville,	12 00	3 10
8 20	4 07	Cross Creek,	10 47	1 20
9 40	5 05	Boiestown,	9 35	11 45
10 40 ar / 10 45 lv	5 50 lv / 6 00 lv	Doaktown,	8 50	10 40 / 10 40
12 05 p m	7 10	Blackville,	7 40	9 10
1 00 ar / 1 40 lv	8 03 / 8 07	Chatham Jct.	6 45	7 50 / 7 30
2 30	8 20	Nelson		7 10
2 50 ar	8 55	Chatham	6 12	6 50
		Loggieville Lv	6 00 am	6 35 a m

Connecting with I. C. R.

GOING NORTH

	EXPRESS	MIXED
lv. Chatham,	9.40 p.m.	1.40 p. m.
Nelson	10.00 "	2.05 "
ar. Chatham Jun.	10.20 "	2.20
lv.	10.45 "	2.40
Noonan	11.00 "	3.00
Blackville	11.20 "	3.20

GOING SOUTH

	EXPRESS	MIXED
lv. Chatham,	3.25 a. m.	10.10 a. m.
Nelson	3.40	10.30 "
ar. Chatham Junction,	4.05 "	10.50 "
Lv. " "	4.20 "	10.55 "
Nelson	4.40	11.10 "
ar Chatham	5.00 "	11.30 p.m.

FOR INDIANTOWN — INDIANTOWN BRANCH — FOR BLACKVILLE

lv 8.00 a m	Blackville	ar 5 00 p m
ar 8 50 "	Indiantown	lv 4.15 "

The above Table is made up on Eastern standard time.

The trains between Chatham and Fredericton will also stop when signalled at the following flag Stations:- Derby Siding, Upper Nelson, Boom, Chelmsford, Iron Rapids, Upper Blackville, Blissfield Carroll's, McNamee's, Lightow, Crocker's, Clearwater, Portage Road, Pothier' siding, Upper Cross Creek, Covered Bridge, Zionville, Durham, Nashwaak, Manzer's Siding, Penniac.

Express Trains on I. C. R. run through to destinations on Sunday. Express trains run Sunday mornings but not Monday mornings

CONNECTIONS are made at Chatham Junction with the I. C. RAILWAY for all points East and West, and at Fredericton with the C. P. RAILWAY for St John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley

THOS. HOBEN, Supt. ALEX. GIBSON, Gen'l Manager