

IN THE LIGHT OF A LIE.

I have suffered, and so have you, And to-night, if you were but standing here, I'd give you an answer straight and true, If you'd ask me again if I loved you, dear! —Laura C. Holden.

She was a little out of breath when she came into the drawing-room. There was a faint, unusual flush on her ordinarily pearl-fair cheek, and her eyes looked large and restless. She had evidently dressed hurriedly. The lace on her bosom looked as though hastily adjusted, and the flowers at her belt were pinned awry. "I am late," she apologized. She had come up the room's long hallway, and lifted her lips for his customary evening salutes. "I am sorry to have kept dinner waiting. It is unpardonable. It shall not occur again."

He murmured a few deprecating words, and they went into dinner together. All during dinner in the rich, old, dark-paneled room, where the golden sunset light poured through softening draperies of thin crimson silk, she was very gay, very entertaining. She always was vivacious, especially when she had anything to conceal under a tide of clever talk or a sparkling shower of wit. And David Farnham was a good listener—an excellent listener.

When one of his few friends, handsome, reckless, improvident Ross Lenard, had ended his fit of remorse over disastrous mining speculations by putting a bullet in his brain, a letter found near him asked that David Farnham would look after the "little girl." Farnham had accepted the trust with the quiet consciousness natural to him in matters great or unimportant. He had seen the girl to the best schools. He had arranged that her vacations should be safely and pleasantly spent? He had noted precisely as though she were a blood relative, legally entitled to his protection from school, a quite bewitchingly fair and accomplished young woman, he was temporarily dismayed. Whatever was he to do with such a charming encumbrance? For a year she lived with a widowed sister of his. All her mother's people were across the ocean, and being strangers to her she refused to go to them. Farnham went gradually at intervals to see his ward, and was in every way solicitous for her comfort. But daily the realization grew on him that she was not as well and carefully guarded as she should be. In his perplexity he asked her to marry him. Now, months after their marriage, strange emotions thrilled him when he recalled the manner of her reply. She had turned her head away for a moment. Then she had looked up at him, her face flaming a red. Her eyes met his full and steadily.

"If you are sure you are sure you are sure," she said. "Yes," she said. "Life had been a good deal like a fairy story to him since then. He was lord of a palace, and the beautiful princess was his only life. In all his uneventful, hard-working life he had never imagined what it might be to live in paradise; but that gate should ever swing wide for him had not entered into his imaginings.

"It was a delightful drama," she went on, apropos of the malice of the afternoon. "It is likely to have a long run. Almost every one who is left in town was there."

"I passed the theatre as the crowd was coming out," he said. "I had an impetuous business engagement, so could not cross over; but I think I saw you as you left. I'm almost sure it was you, but you know how near-sighted I am. You wore white, did you not—a white coat and hat?" "Yes," she said, in a breathless sort of way. She laid down her hand and looked over at him. "Yes."

He slipped slowly, almost retrospectively, at his Bergony. "I thought I could not be mistaken. I was sorry I had not time to make sure—to meet you. Besides, you were not alone. You had the carriage. And—there was some one with you coming out, was there not? A tall man. You were not alone. I was not positive, but it looked like Andrews. Was it Andrews?"

Her fork fell on her salad plate with a little tinkling clatter. "I thought I was not so near-sighted, after all," she laughed. "That was Andrews?" "Yes," she answered. That sudden rose color again stained her cheek. Her bright, eager gaze never left his face. "It—it was Col. Andrews."

Then she was off in the sparkling narration of the chief comedy scene in the play, telling it with delicious humor, inimitable mimicry, and scintillant flashes of original comment. And all was made merrier by the gleaming laughter of purple-blue eyes, the little airy gestures of white, perfect hands.

And David Farnham, eating his fruit and cracking his walnuts, listened and looked, his slow, sweet smile deepening around his firm lips.

And she was his—his, David Farnham's—his wife this exquisite girl, with the moor-drifts of her stammering life behind, and the wild rose garden of her beautiful life before. He put his hand to his throat at the thought. For an instant something hot under his eyelids blurred the flowers, the damask, the glittering silver of the table, even the radiant, glowing, gracious young vision beyond.

"Come," she cried, "I shall play for you." And play she did, while he smoked and listened, wild, merry, capricious music that gradually merged into a little sobbing minor strain. Slower it grew and fainter. Suddenly it ended in a false chord. Then there was silence.

David Farnham rose—crossed the room. He laid his hand on his wife's shoulder. She looked up at him. "Evelyn?" "Evelyn!" he said. "Evelyn!" The pang of bitter recollection cut him to the heart. He was too old, too grave, too sad for her. It had been all a terrible mistake. And she—she was finding it out!

For in that long, penetrative look he saw that she was weak, and white, and spent. All the light and bloom of her beauty had been blown out as though by an extinguishing breath. A passion of sorrow slumbered in her eyes, and on her lashes the tears stood large and bright.

"David," she stood up. She put her arms around his neck and hid her face against his breast. "I wonder how—how well you love me, David?" "How well?" he repeated, hoarsely. "God—Evelyn! How well!"

The answer seemed to satisfy her, for, although she did not offer to kiss him, the clasp around his neck tightened. Then she turned away and went out of the room, and up the stairs, the rustle of her silken gown coming back to him with a murmuring sound that grew momentarily more indistinct.

He heard the door of her room close. Ten hours later, opening his paper alone at the breakfast table, he started to his feet, aghast—dismayed. "Andrews!" he cried. "Andrews!" There it was, confronting him in bold black and white.

"DEATH OF COL. FOREST ANDREWS." "Unexpected demise of a well-known citizen at noon yesterday." So his friend was dead! But—what was that? At noon—yesterday! At noon? Why, he had been at the matinee. He had come out with Evelyn. She had seen and spoken with him. She—she had said so—that it was he who was with her. Oh, there must be an error—somewhere?

He pushed away his plate; he could not eat. He drank his coffee and went into the library. Evelyn paused on the threshold at sight of his bent head, his agitated countenance. He turned at sound of her exclamation. She was just from her sleep—her bath. The profuse folds of her white gown were gathered by blue ribbons at her throat. The bright hair was braided in girlish fashion and hung loose. She had never looked to him so youthful—so innocent. Obanaghman's couplet of his sweet-heart came to him:

"Deafening she looks like a tall garden lily, Fresh from the night, and perfect for the day." "David," she cried. "What is it?" In silence he held out the paper to her. "At noon, yesterday," he said. She read the paragraph. She went white as her gown. He thought she was going to faint; but she laid the paper down, turned to the open door, closed it, came back and stood before him.

"If you will not look at me," she said, in a low voice, "perhaps—perhaps I can tell you!" The grim silence was for a space unbroken. Then she spoke: "I did not meet Col. Andrews yesterday. I did not see him yesterday, but I was told you should think it was he whom I was with. I went to the matinee to meet another man. He is the height and general appearance of your friend, but younger—much younger. That is how you were mistaken. You may have heard his name—not that it matters now. I met him during the last year at school. He made me think I cared for him; he made love to me, and I—I wrote some foolish letters. They are not letters it would hurt you to read—even now; they were only the silly letters of a foolish and inexperienced girl. When later I came to know you better, to know you well, I knew that I could never be quite happy as the wife of any other man. I was hoping, I was praying for months before you spoke, that you would ask me—what you did."

"Your money had nothing to do with this desire; he is wealthy, too. It was only that I wanted you—you! And I knew, too, that when you said at last that you did not love me as a man should love the woman whom he does the honor to ask to be his wife. If I hesitated at that moment, you know the reason now. Then I said to myself, 'You can make him love you! I may take years, but you can make him love you! I have tried—my best and daily I have been happier and happier as I fancied I was succeeding. I could not tell you about that first absurd romance of mine. I thought you would deem me trivial—that it would lower me in your sight, and I could not bear that. But still it seemed to me disloyal to you that any other man should have letters of mine in his possession, so I wrote to him when I heard he had come back from Europe, and asked him to send them to me. He said he would give them to me if I would meet him and tell him with my own lips that I was mistaken in once thinking I had cared for him, and that I had married you for no other reason than that I loved you. This I did yesterday. Even he could no longer doubt why I had become your wife. The letters are on the cabinet in my room; they are yours to read or destroy. Now, I have told you all!"

Sounds of busy life came from without of rolling wheel, of speeding hoof, of children laughing at their play. But David Farnham only knew with great and glad rejoicing that the one cloud had faded from his sunlight, that the roses were redder than ever in his way, that the music of his life rang strong and true. He breathed the fragrance of the mignonette she wore as he caught her to him.

"David, are you sure you understand? I—I love you!" "Dear," in his voice an infinite thankfulness, an infinite content. "You love me! For that I did not dare to hope—believe, I did not dare!" [Kate M. Cleary in the Household.]

Respect always a silent woman. Great is the wisdom of the woman that holdeth her tongue.—Chinese Proverb.

NORTH END LIBRARY.

Directors Have Written to Andrew Carnegie for Financial Aid.

About a week ago the directors of the North End Free Public Library sent a communication to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the Scottish-American millionaire and donor of public libraries in general requesting that he might bestow a donation of money on the North End library. The rumor that Mayor Daniels had made an appeal on behalf of the city library to the great Scottish philanthropist has evidently led to a similar determination on the part of the North End library directors.

HIGH DIVER AT BUFFALO FATALLY INJURED.

Did the Whirlwind Ride and Dive, But Struck Shallow Part of Tank.

Buffalo, June 3.—Teddy Oliver, 19 years old, was perhaps fatally injured while doing his act in a midway show at the exposition grounds tonight. Oliver's turn was to ride a bicycle off the edge of a platform 40 feet high and dive into a pool of water below.

The water in the basin into which Oliver made his dive is 18 feet deep in the center, the bottom slanting upward to the edge of the pool where it is only five feet deep. As he reached the edge of the platform his wheel swerved to the right and Oliver was thrown head foremost into the shallow water on the outer edge of the pool. He struck on his head and shoulders and sunk. Carl P. Bennett, an insurance man of Bangor, Me., jumped into the water and brought Oliver to the surface. He was unconscious and it is said his injuries may prove fatal.

St. John Markets.

Table listing market prices for various goods including flour, sugar, and other commodities.

PROVISIONS.

Table listing prices for various types of meat, fish, and other provisions.

FISH.

Table listing prices for different types of fish and seafood.

GRAIN.

Table listing prices for various types of grain.

TOBACCO.

Table listing prices for different types of tobacco.

Table listing prices for various oils and fats.

RAISINS.

Table listing prices for different types of raisins.

APPLES.

Table listing prices for various types of apples.

MOLASSES.

Table listing prices for different types of molasses.

FLOUR AND MEAL.

Table listing prices for various types of flour and meal.

COFFEE.

Table listing prices for different types of coffee.

MATCHES.

Table listing prices for various types of matches.

CANDLES.

Table listing prices for different types of candles.

TEARS.

Table listing prices for various types of tears.

PAINTS.

Table listing prices for different types of paints.

IRON, ETC.

Table listing prices for various types of iron and other materials.

Men's Spring Overcoats.

Two special lines in new mode shades—the latest colorings for this season—beautifully tailored and correct in every particular, \$12.00 and \$13.50.

The newest shade of olive green Covert Overcoats, \$12.50.

New Raglan Overcoats—very fashionable, \$16.50 and \$20.

Other prices in Men's Spring Overcoats, \$8.50 to \$14.00.

No garment is allowed to leave our establishment unless it is a perfect fit.

M. R. & A'S UNRIVALLED \$10.00 SUITS FOR MEN.

Manchester Robertson & Allison

DOWLING BROTHERS, 95 King Street, The Largest Retail Distributors of Ladies' Ready-Made Jackets, Capes and Blouse Waists in the Maritime Provinces.

New Spring JACKETS.

A magnificent showing of beautiful Jackets, Capes and Bows for shoulder and neck wear. The new jackets are tight-fitting or loose, short or long, elaborate or plain and the variety gives unprecedented possibilities of gratifying the taste and fitting the forms of all. The styles and values we offer are nowhere else to be found.

Ladies' Costumes.

JACKET AND SKIRT READ TO WEAR. OVER 100 SAMPLE SUITS TO BE SOLD HALF THEIR VALUE. We have purchased from a leading manufacturer over one hundred sample costumes in plain and checked homespun, blue, grey and black covert cloth, and fine checked vicunas in browns and greys, in sizes 32 to 38 bust measure. The jackets are mostly lined with silk.

HUSBAND ARRESTED, KING EDWARD MEETS THE TRUST KING BUT MISSED THE LIBRARY DONOR

Wife Found Murdered; He is Suspected. Kansas City, Mo., June 2.—W. H. Klensmire, whose wife was yesterday found murdered near their home at Holton, Kas., buried in a shallow trench, was arrested in Kansas City, Kas., today. Marks on the body, which is believed to have been buried since May 19, indicated that her skull had been crushed with a club, and suspicion was directed against the husband, who disappeared on that date.

American Millionaires at London Chamber of Commerce

Presented to His Majesty at Windsor—Joyful Surprise at the Queen's Presence. Windsor, Eng., June 1.—Twenty-two American gentlemen, in the deep black of British court mourning, representing many millions of money and vast commercial interests, were the guests of King Edward today at Windsor. They were the delegates of the New York Chamber of Commerce. The visit was arranged by the London Chamber of Commerce. The visitors were greatly impressed and pleased by their audience and the king was as interested at meeting them as they were at meeting him.

Killed in Bangor Railway Yard.

Bangor, Me., June 1.—A man killed in the railway yard here Saturday morning remains unidentified, although several persons say that he told them he belonged to Holyoke, Mass. He told several that he intended to start a ride west on the recently express Friday night, and his body was found on the main line a few hours after the train passed over of Bangor station. He was about 25 years old, with dark, curly hair, white skin; wore striped trousers, blue vest with white spots, and light colored heavy box overcoat. The coroner's inquest, held today, is adjourned to Monday, in order that the crew of the midnight express may testify.

Taking Biological Station to Canso.

St. Andrews, June 3.—(Special)—Cruiser "Canso" sailed this afternoon with the marine biological station in tow. She will proceed as far as Shelburne from that point it will be towed to Canso by the Latusdowne.

Filipinos Elected to Spain's Parliament.

Madrid, June 3.—Among those who were recently elected to parliament are three Filipinos, resident in Spain. They purpose to bring up the question of the condition of the Philippines, alleging that the situation is worse than before the war.

The Confession of Faith.

Philadelphia, June 3.—Rev. Dr. W. H. Roberts, clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly, today received a telegram from Rev. Dr. Henry C. Minton, moderator, announcing that all members of the assembly had agreed to revise the confession of faith, had accepted and would serve. The first meeting of the revision committee will be held at Pittsburg, June 11.

Settled in Marriage at Last.

Boston, June 3.—Sophie Malaga, young Syrian girl, who, eight months ago, was taken away from her home in Syria, was this week married to a young man from whom she fled, her former husband, having been annulled by both churches.