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MONTREAL, P.Q.

but do you not know that I have a husband under this roof a raving maniac?"

"Good Heavens!"

The words broke in a low involuntary cry from Gayhart, who in turn stood tremblingly before her.

"You did not know?" she asked. "I thought you must have learned long before this from the servants."

"I never gossip with servants," Gayhart said, scarcely knowing that he spoke.

She sank into her seat with such a look of trouble and despair that he was recalled from his tumult of emotion. She, in turn, looking up, saw his extreme pain and pallor.

"Surely I have not been to blame, Mr. Gayhart. Believe me, I never once thought it possible that you could think of this," she said. "I live only for Arthur. I never think of myself. And I have long been a wife. How could I dream—"

He started, to see that she was bitterly crying.

"Oh, do not," he pleaded. "Genevieve—let me call you so once—I would not give you a moment's pain."

"Let me weep," she answered. "It is so seldom that I can shed tears. But her streaming eyes wrung his heart."

"Forgive me. I will go away and never trouble you again," he said.

"Yes; you must go away," she answered. "But let me tell you first my story. At sixteen I was a timid, yielding girl, entirely controlled by my mother. She made my marriage for me with Mordaunt Lorne, a fierce, high-tempered, tyrannical man, twice my years and very wealthy. He simply married me; I never had any rights as his wife. When he was good-natured he called me Pussy, and I had no more influence or authority in his household than if I had been the kitten upon the rug. I never loved him, and he soon made me unhappy by his unkindness. Soon he would leave me for months and months together—I having no knowledge where he was. I had a vague notion that he gambled, drank, wasted money, even then. My mother died and my child was born while he was absent. When Arthur was two months old he saw him for the first time, and seemed pleased, was a little kinder to me for a brief time. He remained at home a few months, but acted strangely, ordered unnecessary out-buildings erected, removed valuable trees and hedges. The family physician warned me that there was insanity in the Lorne family and he considered his mind affected. Finally he went away, was absent a few days, and came back a raving maniac—"

struck at me, abused the servants, and would have killed the child. The male servants restrained him, generally considering him under the influence of liquor. But the physician, declaring that the malady of his race had been brought on by the excesses in which he had indulged, ordered him closely and permanently confined. The doctor was right. My husband has never in the slightest degree recovered his mind. He is either sullen or silent, apparently uncomprehending, or, on moonlight nights, raving crazy. His shouts and maledictions so frequently fill the midnight air that I never invite visitors to The Lilies; although as much as possible, he is restrained by his attendants, Jake and Dave, and the room in which he is confined is situated in the remote west wing of the house. Sometimes he makes a great deal of mischief, destroying clothing and furniture. On the night we came from boating last, Jake came to tell me that he had broken down a door which communicated with the hall, and that he would be obliged to keep him confined to his bed until the necessary repairs could be made. But for the physical strength and faithfulness of those men, this house would be destroyed and every inmate driven off. Nor would man, woman or child, encountering him, be safe. He is a being utterly destructive and brutal, and—he is my husband."

She rose then, and walked back and forth across the room.

If for a moment he were tempted to remain near her, to watch over her, to bless himself with the daily sight of her, the desolation of her look, as she stood in her robe of glistening silk upon the velvet carpet, forbade the possibility of his bringing upon her any further woe. But he came close to her side, with a look of love there was no mistaking, and gently raised her hands to his lips.

"Genevieve, you are not sorry that I love you?"

"I am sorry to give you pain, because you must see how utterly hopeless your loving me is," she answered, leaning wearily against a chair for support.

"Genevieve, I am going away. Tomorrow we shall be parted probably forever. Tell me this, if you had been free would you have married me?"

"Yes," she said, simply.

He looked once into her pure eyes, turned and left the room.

Out of a dream of pain, Henry Gayhart started, battling with a strange oppression which made him strive for breath. The chamber was full of smoke. The room, the house was on fire.

Springing up, he opened the door upon a sheet of flame. Closing it, he hurriedly dressed, secured his valuables, and let himself lightly to the ground by the trellis which covered the window. Seeking an entrance again to the house, some of the servants rushed against him.

"The master has set the house on fire! It's all going! Nothing can save it!" they shouted.

Then he met Genevieve Lorne and Arthur coming out. Dave grasped her shoulder.

"The good Lord save us, Mrs. Lorne! We can't get him out!"

Slowly her eyes dilated with horror as she looked up at the man. Gayhart understood.

"Come back with me. Which way?" he said.

Dave plunged again into the smoke, and led the way to the west wing. Insane laughter and shouts greeted them.

A horrible creature, with bloodshot eyes, turned threateningly as they stepped into the room. Before the madman could be made aware of his purpose, Gayhart with a single, low word of "Quick" to the attendant, had thrown himself upon the prisoner, and threw him, face downward, upon the ground. The men tried to secure his hands at the back, but the rope slipping, the chance was lost. Writhing from beneath Gayhart, Lorne raised a hand to the window sill, near which he lay, and, dragging himself up, suddenly forced himself from Gayhart's hold and went headlong out.

"Lord!" breathed Jake. "It's twenty feet to the ground!"

With a sickening feeling, Gayhart turned from the room. When he reached the lawn below the window of the west wing, the servants were lifting up a motionless body.

"Quite dead!" they said.

Gayhart went down the avenue and found Genevieve and Arthur sitting upon one of the rustic benches.

Wrapped from the chill night air, he bore her, in a close carriage, cityward. Arthur and his nurse accompanied them. And for weeks Genevieve Lorne lay very ill, but luxuriously cared for, at a hotel.

When Gayhart erected another and even more beautiful home for his wife, he desired to know if she wished it in that beautiful garden of lilies.

But she silently shook her head. Every tree and shrub, every turn of the grounds and glimmer of the water, was associated with the sorrows of her wronged and blighted youth. So Gayhart bore his bride away to a home by the sea, where the bright waves, with their myriad voices, called sweet promises of peace and happiness which time fulfilled.



A Summer Resort near Lacombe, Alta.

Season

It might not be a bad idea for readers of the month to be reminded that we are from Christmas.

With the approach of Christmas, it seems to be the custom at least, to put up with a little more or so before Christmas, and a shrewdest people to the mistake of the past and not buy their Christmas.

Parents, what this year for yours, just bud.

Why not present piano so that musical education better station is.

The young day is more musical education youth. When a parental roof company she is to contribute musical evening.

A Mason & make a most present. These direct from the home through employees thereby profits usually selling pianos.

piano you get maximum of cost.

Your attention to the announcement in this.

Take time by now and request cuts of piano and price.

The Prim

A good story in which Hon. Minister of Australia, and Colonial Conference a hearing at.

back of the opponents, who should not be he stepped forward and shout and gro.

drown his voice moved went though not a deafening noise minutes; then to laugh. The on until it re.

"Shut up you said a strident silence fell.

and his right was no sound you could hear. Then the speaker in the laughter making dumb.

A Count

The musician must be The world has romantic affairs and the gipsy.

Australian so startled by the Ilona Festetics first violin in band, and the Count Siegmund.

Countess was latter belonged wealthiest family the count a gaged some regarded as.

ably it would Countess Ilona of the Tzig love at first violinist. At presence of burg county, betrothed, of the Feste engagement.

ed 20,000 kr engagement, reciprocates