THE HURON SIGNAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 4, 1889

"but if you

"How can I tell ?" said Doris, with a

sad little smile ; "how can I tell ?" It seemed to Doris that she had done

with love forever. Once ale had thought, whispering it shyly to herself among the summer flowers, that she loved Wiifrid Lyle, but if she was sure

of anything now, it was that this was no longer true. She, Doris Carew, love a man who had trified with her, and wedded

another woman ! The wild pain that tore her heart at the thought was indig-

nation, contempt, hatred-anything but

When he looked at her again there

pressed his lips to here, she knew-and

hated herself for the knowledge-that

For in the second in which

ove.

for him.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

2

CHAPTER L "Shall I wear it, or not ?" said Doris

Carew. She was standing in her dre She was sending in her dreamly room and in her hand was a plain gold brace-let, on which was inscribed the motio "Nobless obligs." It was Doris's twen-ty-first birthday, and the bracelet had come that morning, and the binner-ous gifts that were making her dressing-table look rather like a stall at a fancy

"Shall I wear it ?" she repeated, "Shall I wear it I are repeated, a little doubtfully, and then her lips re-laxed into a smile. "How extravagant it was of him to buy it ! but I suppose the motto tempted him. I wonder if he remembered the night when we were all choosing mottoes, and he and I both fixed on that ! I wonder-" "Doris," said Lady Carew, now

ing into her daughter's room, "are you not ready ? Sir Philip Chisholm has en here nearly half an hour." "But that is his own fault; if he chose

to come before the time," said Doris,

with unanswerable logic. She clasped the bracelet on her arm and followed her mother down stairs, and out into the garden, where the fresh In out into the garden, where the item ly-marked tennis-courts shone in the af-ternoon aun, and Sir Philip Chisholm, a tall, soldierly man, with iron-grey hair and a keen bronzed face, was walking rather disconsolately by Lord Carew's

Another man was there also, a youn licutenant, whose face brightened at the sight of Doris, and then relapsed into a gravity born of the fact that his regiment was under orders for India, and that this would be his last day at Undercliff, or, indeed, in England. It is permitted to a man to lool

when he is looking his las on "England, home and beauty," and on "England, nome and beauty, and though Wilfrid Lyle wore a brave enough front all day, when at last he found himself standing by Doris on the verge of the cliff, and gazing down on the sea that was to bear him away from her tomorrow, the face the girl sav in the luminous June twilight was very grave and sad.

Doris herself was conscious of fighting against feelings, but the consciousnes only made her anxious not to betray

hem. "Every one is going in now," she said, suggestively, looking towards the house. "Is that any reason why we should ?" said Mr Lyle quickly. "My last night, Doris; and if we wait a few moments with the the should it to the should be the should it to the

them all. the moon will be up. I should like to see it rise once more with you."

The sea lay full in front of them, the water looking dark and still in the evening light, and the waves breaking in soft little ripples on the beach below. Over head the sky was palely blue, but almost as he spoké it seemed to widen and brighten, and a streak of gold gleamed on

the water's edge. "There it is !" said Doris, under her breath-"Oh, Wilfrid, how lovely it is ! When one sees anything so beautiful as that, doesn't it seem as if all one's life be nobler and better for having seen it?"

"Yes," assented Mr Lyle, in a tone of deep conviction. But he was looking at Doris, not at the moon and sea. If he had only been rich-rich as Sir

Philip Chisholm, for instance, who had come back from India with a lac of rupees and a K. C. B.—what might he not have ventured to say to her now? But what right had he to speak of love corded to all, and which, as Wilfred Lyle

to both, and then Wilfrid loosed har hand with a long-drawn sigh. "These is a metho," he said, toushing lightly the golden orrelet on which the mombes all glittered cold and bright, "that every gentleman, however poor, may take for his own. It is mine, Doria, though it means the surrander of all that could make life worth having. I can not tell you what I would tonight, for both of us have duties, and the motto we have chosen is Nobless oblice." "Yes, Wilfrid Carew. That is his name, I know." "Yos know more than I do," laughed her father. "He never used the 'Carew,' and I had forgotten all about is." "And then the talk fell on other mat-ters, and Doris joined gledly in it. Whatever she might think of the news Sir Philip had brought, she heard it and made no sign. Other women might have betrayed themselves in so sharp and sud den a shock, but "Nobless oblige," and I Doris Carew only smiled in her pain. Sir Philip went home walking on air, and before Wilfrid Lyle's honeymoon had run out he had asked Doris to ibe his wife, and Doris had consented. "I know I am not worthy of you," the chivalrous soldier said ; "but if you we have chosen is Noblesse oblige.

ards him, and the long fingers closed

to both, and then Wilfrid looped

CHAPTER II.

It is two years later, and Doris Carew is unwedded still. Lovers have come to her in plenty, men who wooed her for her money, and men who wooed her for herself, but she has had the same anchivalrous soldier said ; "but if you could try to like me, Doris ! Could you swer for them all. She does not wish to marry, ahe says, or at least not yet. The words might seem to have a loop-hole for hope, but no one who hears the shy thrill of Miss Carew's voice, or sees learn to like me-in time-do you think ?"

her eyes when she utters them, ever hopes again. They go away, one after another, and Doris does not regret them. She is content, wall content, she tells herself on one of the sweet summer evenings that always bring Wilfrid to her mind, as she aits on the branch of a great tree that grows conveniently low, and locks straight before her with eyes that are wistful rather than sad. And then she smiles ever so little, and whispers again, "Well content — to wait !" She has come out to gather flowers,

and the size of her basket bears witness and the size of her basket dears withous to be said to Sir Philip now. "I only to the magnitude of her intentions; but the basket is empty and the flowers bloom ungathered at her feet. She is lost in thought, in musings that are not without sweetness, but that give a pensiveness to her face that was not been there are are and which end at the best and the best and the structured so pale at his touch. there three years ago, and which ends at

was a strange sombre scorn in the sweet, dark eyes, but it was for herself, not last in a long drawn sigh. It is just three years since Wilfrid Lyle went to his man's life of circum-Philip Chisholm held her in his arms, and stance and change, with its rare touches of memory and feeling, with its infrequent touch of circumstance or change, and she has scarcely heard of him since. she would gladly have given ali the years of her life if it had been not Philip Chis-Sometimes she sees his name in the pa-pers, and once or twice her father has holm, but Wilfrid Lyle. And so she stood leaning against the heavily muleard from him, and that is all. There was a letter yesterday, stiff and formal, as a man's letters are apt to be when the

thought that may not be spoken outruns pleasant sense of power. She would not have trembled in his the commonplace civilities that may.

"Remember me to Doris, if she has not forgotten me," Wilfred had written, arms, and been so agitated by his kiss, he told himself, if she had not been much and Lord Carew, reading nothing bet-ween the lines, had read it out before nearer loving him than she knew. Suddenly Doris lifted her head and spoke. "No. I have not forgotten him. "There is something I ought to tell you," she said, in tones that were low and faint with effort; "and perhaps you

said Doris quickly, but with such a flam-ing blush that Sir Philip Chisholm, who was dining at Undercliff, asked in a startled voice of whom they were speakwill uot care for me when you know." "Perhaps not !" he said, smiling But his smiles died out under Doris" ing. "Who? who did you say ?" he stamstrange looks. "I did not tell you quite all the truth

mered, looking at the foreign letter in Lord Carew's hand "Wilfrid Lyle, a sort of nephew of mine, in the Rifles, you know. Don't you remember, he was down here two or

three years ago ?" Sir Philip did not remember it, but once. Sir Philip drew a long breath of re-

the name fixed itself now in his mind forever—the name at which Doris had lief. blushed. It had begun to be patent to (everyone that Sir Philip Chisholm was paying his addresses to the stately young beauty who had sent away so many younger men, but though he owned, with

"It is Wilfrid C. Lyle, that is all I know," said Str Philip ; and Doris said in a voice that was only a little clearer and charger than usual— "Yea: Wilfrid Carew. That is his name I know." Duris set her teeth, and her eyes fissh-

ed. "Yes," she said ; "I dare say that "

the best way of looking at it." "It won't be Wilfrid's way, I'm afraid," said her father. "He seems

desperately hard hit." "Does he ?" said Doris, with a curiou "Does he f said Dorns, with a curves little smile. "He will get over it. That sort of thing doren't kill people, pape.". She went away, with the young life pulsating fiercely in her veins, a girl whom "that sort of thing" had not been bowels. able to slay, and her father looked after

her in some perplexity. "She takes it coolly," he said, glanc-ing again at the letter in his hand; but Wilfrid? I'm atraid he'll feel it very much. And the post gets in here so la there's no time to stop him. I shall have to break it to him as best I can, but I'd rather face a cavalry charge. And, indeed, Lord Carew felt a tight

ening of his throat and a mistiness of his own eyes, as he told the disappointed suitor he had come to late. Wilfrid heard him with a dreary patience, bear-ing it as such men bear adverse fatecomposed enough to outward seeming, but with a bitterness in his heart that was like the bitterness of death. Lord Carew seemed, indeed, the more moved of the two, but he understood the other's stern self-command, and when Mr Lyle asked to see Doris, he did not know how o refuse. "It can't hurt you to say a civil word

"I cannot tell if I shall ever love you, to him," he said, when Doris shrank back ; "it isn't as if you had cared for she said to Sir Philip now. "I only knew that I do not love any other man, him, you know." "No," said Doris, faintly.

"Then go to him, my dear. He will say nothing to pain you; he is too much of a gentleman for that. And, after all, it is not your fault, you know.

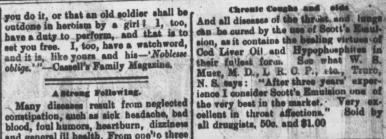
have no cause for self-reproach." "Does he know about to-morrow ?"

"Of course, of course. I told him everything, and he only wants just to say 'good-bye.' You can't refuse him thst, poor fellow, if it's any consolation." No; Deris felt that she could not refuse. She went into the drawing-room where Wilfrid was waiting, telling her self proudly that she should, at lioned window, curiously agitated and know how to meet him as Philip Chis-disturbed, and Sir Philip thrilled with a holm's bride-she, Noris Carew !

But the proudest women sometime overrate their strength. She had not realized what it would be to stand face to face with him once more, to feel her hand in his, to meet his eyes and hear the voice for which she had hungered so long in vain. She stood mute and pale, unable to utter a word. There was a cloud of pain and wonder

in Wilfrid's eyes and his face was almost

as white as her . m. "Doris," he said ; "Doris !" There could be no pretense of commonplace greeting between them, but till she heard his voice she did not realize how just now," she whispered, and her eyes much better it would have been that were so full of pain that he caught her there should have been no greeting at all. were so tuil of pain that he caught her there should have been no greeting as and hand and held it, as one holds the hand of a friend under the surgeon's knife. "I—I did care for some one else--once." of meeting, neither thought of conventionof. "Is that all?" he said kindly, with but the other. Neither of them even



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dies I ever saw advertised, but they were

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·WILD.

ANY ONE A

their parents ; even wore the great beave large enough in the c until the boy was qu A curious habit pr old farmers who at when they grew tire sermon. They stoo the pew door, and st DIAMOND CAN DYE

the aisle, to rest and themselves. One day Deacon stretch himself, but against it, it gave weight, and he i of the aisle on his with a clatter that

Old Time G

an interesting Vermont chu

From some extract will be seen that the

ave changed greatly

tury. The women, a gowns of calico and and in winter of hom short-waisted gowns round, low-open necl in summer and wint

in the neck of their

frill of white dimity

From early sum drew on their hands

wear long sleeves of with fingerless han "mitt." The sleeves the shoulder of the

were freshly washed

week, they formed a addition to the summ

bonuet, from coard braids, for summer

kin hord" which kep ter. A favorite artic reference the old presentie the old presentie the old

back or old fashione

The children were

Each farm-wife m

aleepers. The pulpit was yes and overhung by a board. It was re flight of steps, and by a window high up vindow served a do pulpit was so small Elder could not kne he wished to lead prayer, he turned his knelt in it, and rest window ledge behin As soon as the t Deacon Batchellor,

very deaf, rose fro heavily down the air ed the pulpit step. enormous tin ear-tru through the long se attentive, but most The singers' se across the church, i

two long rows, with hymn-books betwee singers sat with the while the women the leader struck gave the key, all sto bawled and sung in

Don't S Run no risk in bu try the great Kidney tor, made by Dr. Chase's receipes. Cure for all diseases

neys, Stomach and druggists. The distressing p served in young girl in a great measure

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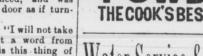
this requires a medi

these necessary little

and the best yet dis Tonic Bitters. ' Pri

per bottle at Geode' block, Goderich. S

1



Water Service & Repairs HILDREN OR ADULTS.

to this proud young beauty, who could as little mate with a 'Squire's son as if she had been a princess of the realm? There was some distant cousinship be-tween them that gave him the entree of preference, he could cartainly point to tween them that gave him the entree of the house and the right to call her "Doris," but he had told himself bitter-ly that Lord Carew would as soon think felt he should never forget the name of of giving Doris to his footman as to of giving Doris to his footman as to Wilfrid Lyle? him

himself.

speak.

gesture.

all he was to surrender for it ?

He did not hear it again at Undercliff, still ?' And Doris? This was the question but some months later he was dining at which had been shaping itself on his lips all day, but which it seemed to the at mess. There was the clatter of many at mess. There was the clatter of many penniless Lieutenant honor forbade him tongues, and Sir Philip was a little deaf, to ask of Doris tonight, Doris, whose but he caught Mr Lyle's name, and it smiles were like the sunshine, and fell seemed to him that it was a wedding equally on the evil and the good-or. they were talking of. "Did I understand you that Mr Lyle is married?" he asked his neighbor, a at least, upon Sir Philip Chisholm and

There was, perhaps, not quite the equality he imagined; but Wilfrid Lyle to have almost lost his normal shyness was humble in his love, as all men who love worthily and well. But humble as mean so much to Colonel Sir Philip

he was and sternly as he had told the he was and sternly as he had told the self that it would be a base requital of Lord Carew's hospitality to make love to hospity, who was destined for an awfully jolly girl, and I've just come an awfully jolly girl, They met on the young beauty, who was destined for so much more brilliant a match, Wilfrid Lyle felt his resolution almost overthe steamer coming home. "Was his name Wilfrid ?" asked Sir thrown as Doris moved her arm, and the moonlight glittered on the bracelet he

Philip very anxiously. "Yes, I think so. But Kate was shy, and always called him Mr Lyle." had sent her that morning. Would she have chosen that of all others to wear today if she had not liked him a little ?

But that did not alter the fact that he had no right to woo her : and was not I I fancy he may turn out to be an old the legend on the bracelet he had chosen friend of mine," said the Colonel menstrangest thing has happened !" he said. the treat "You remember Wilfrid — Wilfrid to foot, for her "Noblesse oblige?" Would she ever guess all that it meant to him, and

would she daciously. to him, and t? t that Doris t that D He stood so long silent that Doris glanced slyly at him, and then looked away silent as himself. Something in his face made it impossible for her to

Before he rode home that night he Hen has come into a fortune, it seems. His father died last year, and an uncle had seen the card, and the name upon it and cousin since, so Wilfrid has come She stood by him with half averted in for the Deerhurst estate."

face, looking at the smooth summer waters, and listening to their splash Sir Philip Chisholm felt that the obwaters, and listening to their splash upon the beach. Suddenly he moved a long little bit of pasteboard was a trump card for him, and played it the next time father tell her of Wilfrid's good fortune the state borns in tones that tried to be indifferent. Why should her father tell her of Wilfrid's good fortune little forward, with a quick, impatient the low and, with a quick, impatient card for him, and played it the lack time is the last of within a quick, impatient card for him, and played it the lack time is the last of within a quick, impatient card for him, and played it the lack time is the last of within a quick, impatient card for him, and played it the lack time is the last of a sume that it could be of interest to any comfort to you to know that I love or assume that ther is shadows blended in the arrow pathway behind them. The sume card is the sume card in the maximum card source in the maximum card source is the state of the state of within a state of the night if I were a rich man, or-or a cad?" he asked abruptly, coming so close to her that their shadows blended on the narrow pathway behind them. could not be sure. To pain Doris was not his desire, only to let her know that that it must have been all moonshine Doris did not answer ; what answer

stead. It is all I ask, Doris ; all I dare

ask before I go." Doris hesitated, for the flowers were, as Mr Lyle knew well enough, forget-

me-nots, and Doris Carew was not a

'Perhaps I need not have told you. She bent her head silently, and he let had said, fell equally on the evil and good—he always comforted himself by take 'Noblesse oblige' for my motto, and her hands fall. "And I thought such different things

the reflection that if she showed him no I have." he muttered. "Do you not know how] "You have done all that is noble and loved you? Doris, did you not know ?" "How could I," she whispered in a oneless voice. "They said-they said" toneless voice. "They said—they said" —Her voice faltered, and trailed off into a despairing silence, but Mr Lyle underlove this other man-whoever he is-'stood

"They told you I was married ? Your father has heard some foolish story about that. I suppose there was some confus-"Still ?" she flashed out indignantly. But when Sir Philip had gone, Doris crept away to the grassy verge of the cliff and threw herself on the soft turf in a passion of shame and nois 'Still? Am I not Doris Carew? you might have known !" "It was Wilfrid," she interrupted,

CHAPTER III.

"Doris !" called Lord Carew : "Doris.

as Doris opened the door and came into

a passion of shame and pain. It might be true, it was true, she told herself "Wilfrid C. Lyle."

vehemently, that she did not love Wilfrid Lyle now,—her marriage would "Of course-Wilfrid Charles. We call him Charley to distinguish him from me, but he is always called Wilfrid at home. prove that to every one, even to him, Was that the dreadful mistake that rob-bed me of you ? Had you forgotten that even to herself; but not the less was earth desolate, and heaven far.

last night, and what you gave me then?" She hid her face with a sharp and bitter cry, and the man who was watching them, himself so unthought of and unseen, scowled fiercely, and clenched his hands as he looked.

"Did you not care for me when you the wide, sun-lit hall, he looked at her with almost comical consternation. It tone compelled her to look up. He held was the day before her wedding, and out an open pocket-book, and on it lay al ways called him Mr Lyle." "You're not sure about the Wilfrid, I fancy he may turn out to be an old iend of mine," said the Colonel menthe trembling that shook her from head

back a pace, and looked at him, trembling as she was, her gaze neither shrank nor wavered. Her face was set and pale, but there was something so "Yes ?" said Doris in tones that tried noble and lofty in her look that both men

"Dear," she said, "this is the last

Doris did not answer; what answer could she make? She stood quite still, the color mounting to her face, and her hear it as plainly as she did herself. Her fingers plucked restlessly at the flowers that lay against the slim white throat, and he laid his hand on hers. "Don't," he said. "Give me one in-

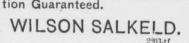
he did now? "I wonder Wilfrid did not tell us," he had something to offer you." Doris did not speak. What was there "Miss Carew, I have come to bid you said Lord Carew. "But I have not heard from him for a long time now. He has left off writing, I think." Doris did not speak. What was there has left off writing, I think." "Doris did not speak. What was there have come to bid you which she leaped was hardly colder than the band that rested on it." "Miss Carew, I have come to bid you good bye. I love you too truly to sacrifice your life to mine. Yes, Dorie, my darling

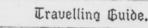
the band that rested on it. "The curious thing is that he doesn't. me-nots, and Doris Carew was not a girl who gave flowers for the asking, least of all flowers like these. But at ast she took one and held it shyly to-

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to take measures to the rock, and the cit gan, is alleged, too

The man who was Hawkins, of Hamilt shown to be James 1 thy farmer, whose ho ville. He was me had wandered away

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murder of old man was found guilty an hanged.

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37

A Big S

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