

FATED TO LOVE HER

"Gabrielle," said Charlie, feeling as though he had already assumed something of his ministerial character, "is it grateful to rejoice in the present because God has blessed us in the past?"

"Not to rejoice," said Gabrielle. "But she paused."

"I'll tell you what, Gabrielle, you're too fond of sitting among the tombs raking at old ashes. You'd be far happier if you went out into the living world and made the best of it."

He was preaching no less to himself than to her. As he spoke, his own courage rose.

"We have each a cross to bear. I have mine, and you have yours. If we never, till now, felt much of their weight, let us be thankful for that. You know the old sentence we liked so much. 'Crosses are leaders—'"

"Toward heaven?"

"Yes, well, don't be afraid to climb them, Gabrielle. And there's another thing. I've been a great deal with Mr. Morris lately; the good that old fellow does one is really wonderful! We were discussing this very subject—the troubles of life, and so forth, and he said—"

"Oh, I know his pet idea: that the world is a school."

"Yes, not a new idea, either. But, somehow, he makes it new. I suppose, because he realizes it so clearly. It's easy enough to talk, as you said, and to believe in a misty, unreal kind of way. But when you come to turn your faith to everyday use, 'tis a different matter. Judge him by conventionalities, and he's an unmouth specimen as ever lived; but look at him in the school sense and he's high above us all. In the sixth form, I take it, and near the top."

"But what were you going to tell me, Charlie?"

"Oh, by the bye! He said, 'the other day.' Fact is, our lessons wouldn't be half so difficult if we sat still and learned them, instead of pushing aside the books, sulking and fidgeting like naughty children. Then the rod has to come in. I thought I never heard a truer speech."

"No," agreed Gabrielle, musing.

"Well, Gabrielle, here are two rules for you, and as to that, for me. Now I've lectured long enough. I'll stop. You must consider this my first extempore sermon."

"Thank you, dear Charlie. You have helped me so much."

"And as the smile she smiled—the first really hopeful smile which, throughout his visit, he had seen upon her face."

"What a happy thing that I've not betrayed myself to her!" he thought, afterward. "She would never have felt at home with me again! As it is, I do believe that I may sometimes be able to help her, as she says, just a little."

Yes, he was truly showing himself her true knight.

Olivia had fully expected that Charlie's visit would bring matters to a crisis. On the morning of his departure, having waited half an hour for Gabrielle to recover the first agonies of the separation, she repaired to the school-room, where Gabrielle was sitting, under the pretense of finding a book.

"How do you feel, dear now?" she inquired, searching the shelves.

"She is as well as can be expected," said Cissy, in a sepulchral tone.

"Cissy! I did not see you. By the bye, I wonder if you would just go upstairs and fetch my small bunch of keys? You will find it, either in one of the looking-glass drawers, or in the worsted table, or in a drawer of the black cabinet. You don't mind a journey, I know."

"Of course not, my dear, any more than I mind leaving the room to oblige a friend. I'll go, and I'll turn into a stoopid, and I'll forget what I'm sent for, and run down to ask, and at the foot of the stairs remember, and run up again. Anything to oblige you—or Gabrielle."

"And away ran Cissy, in high glee."

"That's right," thought Olivia, breathing more freely. "She will tell me, now we are alone."

An expectant silence on Olivia's part. An absent silence on the part of Gabrielle. No result.

"You will miss Mr. Godfrey, dear child."

"Yes, I shall, or at least I should dreadfully, if I were not going to Eversfield."

"You enjoyed having him?"

"Oh, so much. It was so kind in you to ask him."

"Another long pause. Then—"

"Olivia."

"It is coming," thought Olivia.

"Well, dear?"

"Shall I take gingerbread or butter-cream to the little Barbers, or both?"

"Both, to please all tastes," said Olivia, in meek endurance. "Could it be that after all nothing had happened? That Mr. Godfrey was gone without a sign? That Gabrielle was where she was before? Poor child! Olivia hoped that she understood him, otherwise this state of things must be sadly trying."

"When does Mr. Godfrey come to Meddisonbe?"

"Very soon, I am glad to say. Yes, Olivia, I think I'll take both, and some sugar candy, too."

"This is only a blind," thought Olivia. "He can't settle down in the rectory just yet, I suppose?"

"Charlie! Oh, no, not till he becomes a priest."

"Ah, exactly. And, of course, before then he would not dream of setting up an establishment of his own? It would scarcely be wise."

"No, he will live in lodgings," said Gabrielle, staring.

"Just so. And he will not be able to think of marrying, either, at present."

"I don't see how that is. There's nothing to prevent his thinking of it today, if he chooses! Meddisonbe is a capital living, and he wouldn't mind a year's engagement."

"Ah, but, my dear," interposed the compulsory Olivia, "you cannot conceive the delicacy which many young men feel about that sort of thing. Some, I believe, think it quite sinful to propose until they can offer a home. And although this, perhaps, is not quite exactly to the point, still, he might not wish to bind her."

"Hert! Whom?" exclaimed Gabrielle, now fairly roused.

"Oh, any one for whom he might care. Or perhaps he might wish her to see more of the world first, to know more people. Or—"

"You seem very much interested in this wife and Charlie's," said Gabrielle,

both, felt that, even among strangers must her strict self-watch be maintained. She called her courage to right, accepted Punch from a neighboring gentleman, and tried to forget Farley.

Still, as the day wore on, and they neared Brackdale, the Eversfield post town, she could not but recall the time when she had seen it last; going over in her mind all that had happened since then, that had helped to change her, as, since then, she was changed, she knew. These, somehow or other, though she had fully intended to trace out all the old landmarks, and had long been straining her eyes in search of one particular spire, she contrived—she was so tired, so worn—to fall asleep. And she dreamed that her troubles were over; that she was with James at rest, only that rest was the grave. She was lying far down in the earth, she thought, she could see who went on above. She saw the blue sky, and the white clouds drifting across it, and the daisies, and the grass on her own grave, and James keeping watch among them. His face was partly hidden, leaning upon his hand, the other hand rested on the felt it through the sod, as though it rested on her own breast, and the feeling was peace. It was peace even to know that he was sitting there, so near; and the church bells were ringing dreamily, and her misery was forgotten "as waters that pass away."

"Brackdale! Brackdale!" shouted the railway men, and Gabrielle awoke. Her journey was ended; here was the old station; and, in the distance, the old spire; the inn, the bridge, the river, the same. Here, too, on the platform, was the well known face of Mrs. Barber, vulgar, red, good-natured—not changed a whit. Her bonnet was the very bonnet which she had worn the autumn before, her gown the "best gown" of the days when Gabrielle saw her last. The train stopped; she hastened toward it, beaming with smiles.

"Here you are, my dear! This is a treat indeed!" And then and there, regardless of observers, she folded Gabrielle in her capacious embrace. "Now, where's your luggage? Tom, my dear!"—as a sheepish boy advanced from the background—"Tom, see to Gabrielle's luggage. In the fore van. Two boxes and a bag. Come along, my love. Leave it to get it, and there's your luggage, all right, it. It will go on to the fly. Here it you see. No, Tom, you ride outside. Well! no, at last, we're off, and I shall have time to look at you. And bless me, Gabrielle! why did you not say that you were ill? Here, have I been fixing all matter of plans, and not a blessed one will you be able to engage."

"I am just ill, indeed, Mrs. Barber; only a little weak."

"But goodness, gracious, child, what a cough you've got. I hope they take care of you at Farley, now?" said Mrs. Barber, her resentment not at all abated.

"Oh, yes, too much, I think. Olivia is the best nurse in the world."

"So she is, to be sure. I recollect, I shall commence on my own score, though. You shall have jelly and rum, and milk, and everything good. That's what you need, and to say how sorry Mr. Barber is, if I don't give it to you! Why, you're as thin as a whipping-post; and your cheeks are just like a pair of mealy potatoes!"

With which attractive description of Gabrielle's looks, Mrs. Barber relapsed into a fit of coughing. Olivia, that poor child's heart, was too full for words, as one by one, the old familiar places dawned upon her, and in the distance appeared the gray tower of Eversfield Church.

"It seems just like coming home," she said to herself. At the moment, by the vivid force of imagination, coming home it really was to her! She had been on a visit; Mrs. Barber had volunteered to fetch her from Brackdale; her father, in the rectory garden, was listening for the sound of the wheels, ready to lead her in his arms, and to say how sadly he had missed her. But now they were rolling up the village street, and on the pavement, close by, she saw a clergyman, a stranger. "Our rector!" whispered Mrs. Barber. A young man, strong and active; he remembered a little better, a little warmer, a little feebler. Presently he disappeared down the familiar turning which led to the rectory. They, in the fly, passed it; and then Gabrielle realized that the Farley life had been no mere visit, that this was no coming home.

Charlie's prophecy proved correct. Mrs. Barber, almost immediately after tea, ordered her young visitor to bed; and so thoroughly exhausted was she that she felt thankful to obey. Drawing up the blind, and lying down with her face toward the window, whence, in dark outline, she could see the church tower and the rectory chimneys, rising among the trees, Gabrielle soon sank into the soundest slumber that she had known for weeks.

(To be continued.)

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This is positively one of the best value-giving events ever presented to the women of Hamilton. Shop in the morning.

Special Saturday Sale in Gloves

Guaranteed Kid Gloves \$1.19 pr.
At 8.30 sharp we will sell our special \$1.35 gloves in tans, browns, navies, greens, grey, modes, champagne, whites, blacks, 2 dome wrist length, every pair guaranteed, for \$1.19 pair

8-Button Trefousse Kid Gloves \$1.98 pr.
Best quality in Trefousse Gloves in glaze kid, nice shades of tans, greys, black, and white, 8-button length, every pair guaranteed and fitted; regular \$2.50, for Saturday \$1.98 pair

12-Button Kid Gloves \$1.98 pr.
Fine Kid Gloves, Perrin's make, in grey, old rose, wine shades, regular \$2.00, Saturday only \$1.98

12-Button Kid Gloves \$2.25 pr.
Celebrated Trefousse and Perrin's 12-button length, myrtle, Copenhagen, navy, grey; guaranteed and fitted; regular \$2.25, Saturday \$2.25 pair

16-Button Trefousse Kid Gloves \$2.79 pr.
Made from selected skins in 16-button length, glaze kid, in beautiful shades to match any costume, all sizes; every pair guaranteed and fitted; regular \$3.50, Saturday only \$2.79

Suede Lisle Gloves, Elbow Length 75c pr.
Fine Suede Lisle in elbow length, nice shades of tan, grey, brown, also black, white, cream; regular 98c, on Saturday 75c pair

White Wear

Bargains for Saturday
50c Corset Covers for 21c
A few only Ladies' Cambric Covers, full front, trimmed with tucks and tulle, regular 50c, for 21c

75c Drawers for 49c
Ladies' Fine Cambric and Nainsook Drawers, with deep frill, trimmed with tucks, embroidery and lace, regular 75c, Saturday 49c

Drawers 25c
Ladies' Cambric Drawers, umbrella style, with deep frill, trimmed with hemstitched tucks, special Saturday 25c

\$1.35 Gowns for 98c
Fine Cambric Gowns, trimmed with tucks and embroidery, regular \$1.35, Saturday 98c

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Dresden Ribbons 25c yd.
Novelty Ribbons, in Dresden, 4 1/2 inches wide, in pure silk, dainty pink, sky, helio, green grounds, with floral designs in contrasting colorings, regularly 30c yard, on sale Saturday 25c

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5-inch Pure Silk Ribbons, in exclusive Dresden patterns, on delicate grounds, greatly in demand for dresses, hair bows, worth up to 50c yard, special for Saturday 29, 39c yard

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Dainty Striped Collars, nicely embroidered, also plain pinks, Niles, blues, and fancy hemstitched, with contrasting border, the latest New York novelties, also bows to match 25, 35c

Merry Widow Belts 49c
Stylish Leather Belts, in the Merry Widow and other styles, come in tan, brown, Copenhagen, black, grey, regularly 75c and \$1.00, special for Saturday 49c

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Another shipment of those Embroidered Handkerchiefs, manufacturers' cuts, beautifully embroidered in the scalloped edge and hemstitched. These are regularly 35, 40 and 50c Handkerchiefs, slightly damaged, on sale Saturday only 10c each

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White and blue polka dot Cambric Blouses, back and front nicely tucked, worth regular \$1.00, Saturday for 49c

\$1.25 Peter Pan Waists 85c
Polka dot Peter Pan Waists, made with colored collar and cuffs, worth regular \$1.25, Saturday only 85c

\$2 Waists for 98c
Dainty fine new Persian Lawn Waists, made with fine Valenciennes lace, solid embroidery front below yoke, worth regular \$2.00, Saturday only 98c

\$8 Silk Underskirts for \$4.49
Chiffon Taffeta Silks, Under-skirts, made with deep accordion pleated flounce, dust flounce, in navy, brown and black, worth regular \$8.00, Saturday only \$4.49

Immense Saturday Dress Goods Bargain

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\$1.00 Black Voile Reduced to 69c yd.
Black Voile, of excellent quality, reduced for Saturday's selling. Voiles are very fashionable, and on sale just at the wanted time. This is our regular \$1 kind, Saturday sale price 69c yd.

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This is one of our most fashionable suitings, on sale to-morrow, in splendid shades of tan, brown, Copenhagen, navies, greens, cream and black, sold in other stores at \$1, our Saturday sale price 73c

Matchless Sale of Housefurnishings

Splendid savings on Lace Curtains, Upholstery Goods, Bed Spreads, Curtain Stretches, Drapery, Madras, Curtain Poles, etc., for Saturday. Read the following items. We are bound to clear our shelves, and these prices will certainly do it.

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50-inch Shades, in light and dark shades, fast colors, worthy designs, regular \$1.25, at per yard 78c

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14 pieces, 50-inch wide, heavy Tapestries, Gobelin, velvets, flowered and stripes, regular \$1.75, at per yard \$1.18

Table 3
18 rolls Silk Tapestries, repps, velvets, colonial stripes, nice fine goods, regular \$2.25 and \$2.50, at per yard \$1.48

Table 4
20 rolls heavy Silk Tapestries, All Wool Damasks, Silk Moires, handsome Velvets, for library, dining and living rooms, regular \$3.00, at per yard \$1.98

Table 5
12 rolls soft art tint, Silk Moires, smooth Silk Gobelins, French Silk Brocades and Argures, 50 inches wide, for drawing rooms and parlors, regular \$3.50 and \$4, at per yard \$2.75

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On sale to-morrow a grand selling Panama, just the proper material for serviceable and stylish suits, in splendid shades of navy, blue, black and cream, our regular 75c qualities for to-morrow 55c yd

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Corsets 89c, Regular \$1.25

A small quantity of about 5 dozen Straight Front Corsets, made of fine quality white batiste, with new high bust and long military hip, and lined with non-rustable boning, sizes 18 inches to 25 inches, regular \$1.25, for Saturday 89c

Bust Reducers 50c, Regular 75c
A special line of new Bust Reducers for stout figures, made of white linen and trimmed daintily with Valenciennes lace, sizes 32 inches to 42 inches, for Saturday 50c

Baby Department

Special Sale of Travellers' Samples in Children's Dresses, Pinafores, Slips and Underskirts

\$1.50 Dresses for 89c
Children's Fine White Linen Dresses, made with yoke and trimmed with embroidery and insertion, worth regular \$1.50, Saturday only 89c

75c Dresses for 49c
Children's White Lawn Dresses and Slips, made with embroidery yoke, neck and sleeves edged with lace, worth regular 75c, Saturday only 49c

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