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“IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—”;

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XIX.

MORE JOURNEYS.

THUS three months passed, in uneventful succession, and winter snow once more shrouded the land.

For Madge they brought no change, either for better or worse, and she continued to pass the days in the quiet,

somewhat fanciful way that seemed to suit her best.

She seldom went out with her husband, except to good concerts, and these, in her own quiet manner, she seemed to enjoy. For the rest she read a good deal and constantly took long walks alone, finding an unending interest in both the out-of-the-way

nooks and busy thoroughfares of the great city.

Meanwhile Guy's life was almost akin to his old bachelor one, but for all that the months had not passed for him unfraught with change.

No one knew much about it, because it was an inward one, and the only outward signs were that he was more



“A GLEAM OF RAPTURE SHONE IN MADGE'S EYES.”