

IRE in the... A.C. BOWERS... OREAM applied by... ES!... TOS... REN... LUNCH... PHERS

AT WHEAT A COST. THE AUTHOR OF "CALLED BACK," "DARK... That day was the first for a long time I had spent alone with Gerald Gordon. You were away on a visit to some friends at a distance. The weather was fine though wintry, and as I felt I could not endure the long hours indoors, in the society of the man I hated, I suggested taking our guns and walking down to the coast in the hope of shooting some ducks. Gordon looked at the idea. "I shall be glad to do a bit of hard walking," he said; for three weeks I have only been loafing, and that isn't much exercise. I fancy my muscles must be growing soft from want of use."

As he spoke he held out an arm like an iron bar for me to feel. An hour's walk brought us to the coast; perhaps two miles, near a turf-covered, almost perpendicular cliff; then it shelves away gradually, and one can easily get down to the water's edge. Here was our destination. We intended to walk along the edge of the sea, shooting anything worth powder and shot. The tide, when low, lashes the foot of the coast cliff; when low, it leaves a strip of sand uncovered. The rock of which the cliff is composed is of a crumbly, friable nature, and has the habit of getting hollowed out under the surface, leaving green caverns, firm enough in appearance, but apt to break under the unwary foot pressure. A dangerous cliff it is, from the edge of which one shrinks instinctively. We walked briskly along the green sward; I was some paces in front of Gordon, not being much in the habit of listening to his incoherent rhapsodies of the one theme. As he followed I could hear him singing a love song. It was Mexican, I believe, and he picked it up somewhere on his travels. Though the language was strange to me the words sounded soft and musical, and the repetition of the passion-ate refrain almost lulled me, so well did I know to whom it was directed. Suddenly the melody of the song changed to a sharp cry of despair, and I turned hastily round, the rent at the edge of the sea, and there Gordon stood, pale and motionless, his hands clasped in prayer, his face ashen, his eyes staring, his lips white, and his hair flying in the wind. "What is it?" I asked, "What is it?" he said, "I have just seen a man who looks like a ghost, and I am afraid he is a murderer."

And could get nothing to do any good until I used the Discovery. Four bottles completely cured it. This was a play a good deal in the Sabbath school class. One day she had been very quiet. She sat up grim, and behaved herself so nicely that after the revelation was over the teacher remarked: "Ethel, my dear, you were a very good little girl to-day." "Yes," she said, "I could help being good. I do it till school."

As she read the last words Gertrude Blake dropped the manuscript, and burying her face in her hands, she said: "Oh, why did he tell me that? This is the worst of all to hear. Thank God I have no children in whose faces I may see murderer written." These bitter grief and hatred in her heart, she and on through the weary night. And ever before her was the image of the woman whose love, in life, could never be mine, and who, after death, must hate my memory. Al, Gerald Gordon, slain by the waves at the bidding of your friend, just as the supreme joy of life was yours; your lot, after all, was happier than mine!

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