

I thought him dead. I will never speak to him or see him; but, all the same, I am his wife. I must hide my shame from all who know me. It could never be the same again, even were we rid of him; and he would always haunt us. I know him well.

You would lose respect for me, and I for myself. Let our parting comfort you a little, and forgive your wretched

"Grace."

She was gone, and I sought her vainly. I grew old before my time. My heart was well nigh broken. Only to win her back and die upon her bosom would have been bliss too great for words.

But I lived without her for days, and weeks, and months. I advertised—I employed detectives; no trace remained of her.

If I could have believed that she had gone with that man I should have taken my own life. But she had said she would not, and she had never uttered an untrue word to me.

My babe was two years old, and I had begun to think Grace dead, when one day the head of our firm thought fit to employ me in a certain negotiation. Goods of a peculiar quality were to be procured at a certain factory; and one who understood directions perfectly could only give the orders and do well for those who ordered. I accepted the embassy at once, of course, and travelled by rail to the mills. It was an uninteresting place, with wasted land about it, and a beggarly village at hand. I saw the manufacturer, and when my business with him was concluded, he gave me a glass of wine and a biscuit.

"Come through the factory," he said, when we had set our glasses down. "It is worth seeing."

It was. As I looked over the busy scene, and saw hundreds of men and women at work, and heard the steady beat of the machinery, I acknowledged that. But suddenly I was spellbound, my eyes riveted upon one figure standing with its back towards me. A woman, coarsely dressed, but graceful beyond expression. The figure and the carriage of the head were those of my wife. She turned; the face was hers also. Our eyes met. I was at her side in a moment. "I have found you!" I almost sobbed. "Oh, Grace, I have found you!"

But she put me back.

"Henry," she said, in a solemn tone, "don't make my duty harder. I am doing right; I know it. While he lives, I am not your wife!"

"You will kill me, Grace," I said.

"I suffer also," she sighed. "Leave me, Henry."

I dared not disobey her. Maddened by my woe, I turned away, and somehow gained the factory door. Outside stood a bloated, brutal looking man. As his hand clasped my arm, I knew him to be Grace's husband.

"You've been there," he said. "I've watched you; but you can't cheat me. I'll be paid, or I'll tell the whole world she belongs to me. I'll let her know it. I'm going in. I've been on the watch for you both."

Her words, "While he lives, I am not your wife," came back to me. For the moment, murder was in my heart. But, thank heaven, I resisted the temptation.

"Don't trouble her, or you will rue it!" I whispered.

But he answered, "You'll stand by wash hus-

band and wife, will you?" and entered the door. He was intoxicated. I saw him reel as he walked. To save Grace from insult or injury, I followed.

He went before me, muttering drunken threats. The factory girls shrank away as he passed them.

Men started forward to stop him. Suddenly, a horrible cry rang through the factory. Every woman seemed to have screamed at one moment. Something was lifted amidst wheels and bands, and whirled wildly overhead. There was a sudden rush. The machinery stopped with a heavy clang. A crowd surrounded something. I stepped forward.

The men were placing an object upon the floor—a body mangled and crushed out of all human likeness—the body of the man who had killed my Grace's wife. In his drunken bliss, he had walked into the iron clutch of the machinery, and so met his fatal death. The life that stood between us was over. She was mine.

I lifted her fainting form from the floor and bore her from the room. I said to the manufacturer, "She is my wife," and left him to wonder as he chose. The awful breaking of the barrier between us made no difference to my happiness. It was not the merry lightness of heart that could be clouded, but a solemn awe-stricken thankfulness.

That night I stood by my own fire-side, and found it home again; for I saw my babe once more upon its mother's breast, and knew that Grace was mine until death parted us.

And we are not severed yet. Heaven has made our days long in the land which it has given us, and we are happy in our age as in our youth.

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WANT FREE.—Dorsey & Jost are selling at a great reduction in price, a lot of Ladies' Foot Slippers, and Men's and Boys' Moose Skin Moccasins.—3i.

WE have received Hurvie's P. E. Island Almanac for 1875, containing the usual Calendar for the coming twelve months. It has also the Tariff, Postal arrangements, and the customary lists of Clergymen, Magistrates, Lawyers, Government Officials, Societies, &c., &c., &c. The work is issued from the printing establishment of Bremner Bros. and is for sale, wholesale and retail, by the publisher, Queen Square.

Our subscribers will please remember that a second half-year of the Echo commenced with this month, and we would feel very much obliged if the small sum required from each would be paid us in advance. Although the heaps of snow which fell during the last few weeks prevented many of our friends from visiting our sanctuary with the cash, mails are conveyed from one part of the Island to the other, and may be made available in our case.