

## Purified by Suffering

BY  
MARY J.  
HOLMES.

But Mark would not be pleased with her interference, she knew, and so the golden moment fled, and when she left the house the misadventure standing between herself and Helen was just as wide as ever. Wearily after that the days passed with Helen, until all thoughts of herself were forgotten in the terrible fear that death was really brooding over the pillow where Katy lay, insensible to all that was passing around her. The lips were silent now, and Wilford had nothing to fear from the tongue hitherto so busy. What Wilford suffered none could guess. He did not ask that she might live, for it was better for her to die than to live in the young womanhood, than to live till the heart, now so sad and bleeding, had grown calloused with sorrow. And yet it was terrible to think of Katy dead; terrible to think of that face, that form, that smile, that the turf of Greenwood were those who loved her best could seldom go to weep.

And as they sat there thus, the night shadows stole into the room, and the hours crept on till from a city tower a clock struck ten, and Morris, motioning Helen to his side, bade her go with her mother to rest. "We do not need you here," he said. "Your presence can do no good. Should a change occur, you should be told at once."

Thus importuned, Helen and her mother withdrew, and only Morris and Wilford remained to watch the heavy slumber, so nearly resembling death.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

Gradually the noise in the streets died away; the tread of feet, the rumbling of wheels, and the tinkle of car bells ceased, and not a sound was heard, save as the distant fire bells pealed forth their warning voices, or some watchman was hurrying by. The great city was asleep, and to Morris the silence brooding over the countless throng was deeper, more solemn, than the silence of the country, where nature gives her own mysterious notes and lullabies for her sleeping children.

Before his marriage, a jealous thought of Morris Grant had found a lodgment in Wilford's breast, but he had tried to drive it out, and failed that he had succeeded, experiencing a sudden shock when he felt it lifting its green head, and poisoning his mind against the man who was doing for himself what a brother might do. He forgot that it was his own entreaties which kept Morris there away from his Silverton patients, who were missing him so much, and complaining of his absence. Jealous men are not reason clearly, and in this case, Wilford did not reason at all, but jumped readily at his conclusion, calling to his aid as proof all that he had ever seen pass between Katy and her cousin. That Morris Grant loved Katy was, after a few moments' reflection, as fixed a fact in his mind as that she lay there between them, moaning feebly as if about to speak. Years before, jealousy had made Wilford almost a mad-man, and it now held him again in its powerful grasp, whispering suggestions he would have smothered in a calm frame of mind. There was a clenching of his fist, a knitting of his brows, and a gathering blackness in his eyes, as he listened while Katy, roused partially from her lethargy, talked of the days when she was a little girl, and Morris had built the play-house for her by where the water-fall thorn-apples grew and the waters fell over the smooth white rocks.

"Take me back there," she said, "and let me lie on the grass again. It is so long since I was there, and I've suffered so much since then. Wilford meant to be kind to me, but I did not understand or know how I loved the country with its birds and flowers, and the grass by the well, where the shadows come and go. I used to wonder where they were going, and one day when I watched them I was waiting for Wilford and wondering if he would ever come again. Would it have been better if he never had?"

Wilford's body shook as he bent forward to listen, while Katy continued: "Were there no Geneva, I should not think so, but there is, and yet Morris said that made no difference."

### A BLESSING TO CHILDREN.

Strong words, but truthful, and the experience of a mother who has thoroughly tested the value of Baby's Own Tablets. Giving her experience with the use of this medicine, Mrs. George Hardy, of Fourchu, N.S., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a blessing to children, and I am not satisfied without a box in the house at all times." These Tablets cure all the minor troubles of babyhood and childhood. They are prompt and effective in their action and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm. Good-natured, healthy children are found in all homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used. You can get these Tablets from any druggist, or by mail at 25¢ a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## Sick Headache— Lack of Appetite.

It is glorious to feel right in the morning—ready for work. But how seldom one does. Sick headache, lack of appetite, disagreeable taste in the mouth—these are the usual morning feelings of most people—even of careful-livers. This morning illness shows that the organs of digestion are not working properly. They need a tonic. Take a teaspoonful of

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt

in half a glass of water as soon as you rise—you'll be ready to do justice to a good breakfast.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt cleanses the bowels and intestines, invigorates the fagged-out stomach and energizes the torpid liver. At all Druggists.

than the Katy I had loved so well.

Morris paused a moment, while Wilford said: "She spoke of telegraphing for you. Why was that, and when?"

Thus interrogated, Morris told of the message which had brought him to New York, and narrated as cautiously as possible the particulars of the interview which followed.

Morris's manner was that of a man who believes to be guilty of a similar offence in a more aggravated form. He did not respond to anything naturally, and matters grew daily worse, while Katy's face grew whiter and her voice sadder in its tone.

When the Lenten days came on, oh how Katy longed to be in Silverton—to kneel again in its quiet church, and offer up her penitential prayers with the loved ones at home. At last she ventured to ask Wilford if he might go, her spirits rising when he did not refuse her request at once, but asked:

"Whom do you wish to see the most?"

His black eyes seemed reading her through, and something in their expression brought to her face the blush he construed according to his jealousy, and when she answered: "I wish to see them all," he retorted:

"Say, rather, you wish to see that doctor, who has been so long, and who but for me would have asked you to be his wife?"

"What doctor, Wilford? whom do you mean?" she asked, and Wilford replied:

"Dr. Grant, of course. Did you never suspect it?"

"Never," and Katy's face grew very white, while Wilford continued: "I had it from his own lips; he sitting on one side of you and I upon the other. I so forgot myself as to charge him with loving you, and he did not deny it, but confessed as pretty a piece of romance as I ever read, except the account of his story, it was a one-sided affair confined wholly to himself. You never dreamed of it, he said."

"Never, no never," Katy said, panting for her breath, and remembering suddenly many things which confirmed what she had heard.

"Poor Morris, how my thoughtlessness must have wounded him," she murmured, and then all the pent-up passion in Wilford's heart burst out in an impetuous storm.

He did not charge his wife directly with returning Morris's love; but he said she was sorry she had not known it earlier, asking her pointedly if it were not so, and pressing her for an answer, until the bewildered creature cried out:

"Oh, I don't know. I never thought of it before."

"But you can think of it now," Wilford continued, his cool, icy tone making Katy shiver as, more to herself than to him, she whispered:

"A life of lying with him would be perfect rest, compared with this."

Wilford had gazed on her to say that which roused him to a pitch of

in her nature to assume. "Well, no," she had a good education, I believe, and was very pretty; but it makes trouble always where there is a great inequality between a man's family and that of his wife."

Poor Morris understood this perfectly, but she was too much afraid of the tear rolled down her cheek as she wished she had back again the day when her family the Camerons died. Of course Wilford chafed and fretted himself, so could not help making Helen at generally disagreeable than she. There just suggested returning home, his part was a faint remonstrance on her side, but Helen did not waver in a decision, and the next day was fixed upon for her departure.

"You don't know how I dread you going, or how wretched I shall be without you," Katy said, when for a few moments they were alone. "Everything which once made me happy has been removed or changed. Baby is dead, and Wilford, oh! Helen I sometimes wish I had not heard of Geneva, for I am afraid it can never be with us as it was once; I have not the same trust in him, and he seems so changed."

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### Better to Wait.

"Lawyer—Madam, it was I who drew up your late husband's will, and it is particularly requested that you should not marry again, but be a widow."

"Oh, dear Mr. Saunders, Widow—Lawyer, has quite overcome your kind offer. It is more seemly me, but would the period of mourning wait until before we announce the engagement."

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Wilford was in a most unhappy frame of mind. He had been humiliated to the very dust, and it was Katy whom he had done it—Katy, towards whom his heart kept hardening as he thought over all the past. What right had she to go to his mother's after having once declined; or, being there, what right had she to listen and hear the secret he would almost have died to keep; or, having learned it, why need she have been so much excited, and sent for Dr. Grant to tell her if she were really a wife, and if not to take her away?

That was the point which hurt him most, and it was the galling fact that Morris Grant loved his wife, and was undoubtedly more worthy of her than himself.

"She had no right to complain of me," he thought, forgetting the time when he had been guilty of a similar offence in a more aggravated form. He did not respond to anything naturally, and matters grew daily worse, while Katy's face grew whiter and her voice sadder in its tone.

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"You can go to your rest at Silverton as soon as you like, and I will go my way," he whispered hoarsely, and believing himself the most injured man in existence, he left the house, and Katy heard his step, as it went furiously down the steps. For a time she sat stunned with what she had heard, and then there came stealing into her heart a glad feeling that Morris deemed her worthy of his love when she had so often feared the contrary.

"Poor Morris," she kept repeating, while little throbs of pleasure went dancing through her veins, and the world was not half so dreary for knowing he had loved her. Towards Wilford, too, her heart went out in a fresh gust of tenderness, for she knew how one of his jealous nature must have suffered.

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USED FOURTEEN YEARS WITH  
GOOD RESULTS.

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Gentlemen—I have used your Spavin Cure on my horses for the past fourteen years and it has always given me good results in every particular. I also have one of your books