

FATED TO LOVE HER

"Ah! she'll learn for herself. Never fear. Gradually, bit by bit, she will learn all in the right school—will learn all...

"So Cissy is very happy with her baby?" "Oh, yes. And, James, you should see the pride of Charlie in his son and heir! Dear Charlie—he deserves to be happy, doesn't he?"

"The dining room, however, was tenantless. Charlie opened the study door. There his back turned, Mr. Morris still sat. This doze was uncommonly heavy."

CHAPTER XLVII. June—the second June after Mr. Morris' death—was opening brightly. The soft, grey haze of the early mornings, the long, hot days that followed, the few evenings, so fragrant and so still, all gave promise of an ideal summer.

Toward the close of one of the most radiant of these radiant days, James sat at the chapel organ playing the "Benedictus" of Beethoven's Mass in C, and while he played his upturned face and expression of rapt attention showed that he was also listening, drinking in the sounds, as though another were the performer.

"Did you miss me, dear? I hope not. I came away as soon as possible after tea. I have been at home some time, only I went straight upstairs to get my dressing over, before joining you. I heard the organ, so felt sure you were happy."

"And how about your dinner?" "Oh, severe teas are the fashion at Meddiesome, you know; Olivia, Charlie and I had a very cozy one together. But, James, you don't ask after the baby. Such a duck!"

"I don't know. Cissy declares he grows sweeter every hour." Gypsy is quite superstitious, and as for Spitfire—she is sure that she will never care to look at him again."

"Yes; and I vote that we don't move till we are obliged; so make yourself comfortable. Here—lean against me." He drew her to his side as he spoke, not with the vehement clasp as of old, but with the tenderness—calm though deep—of settled, unchangeable love.

"Gabrielle, a few hours ago, as I sat alone, the past arose before me, and tude is what I saw."

"I saw a young boy, just awaking to a consciousness of his own powers, to a conviction that they were no common powers, and that his path in life must be no common path—but one far above the common."

"I saw him, led by that ambition, become, by degrees, a proud, apparently a stoical, philosopher; isolating himself in spirit, and resolving that to himself alone should be the glory of the success which he regarded as certain."

"I saw him, thus inflated by the fire of self-worship, choose his own way, and pursue it; despising every external aid, whether of God or of man, I saw him, guided solely by the light in his own breast, erect a standard and press to-ward it, never asking if it were a true standard, or a false one—because, so to ask, would be to confess that he was not, as he had resolved to be, in all things sufficient to himself."

"That's pleasant to think of. And how about the child's name?" "Cissy's child? They talk of Charles Gordon. Do you know—is it not strange?—Charlie says he would rather have had a girl."

"Yes, as I tell Cissy, I am looking forward to six children, at least, of hers to pet—boys and girls. By the by, James, as I drove to Meddiesome—on that very narrow lane—I heard a clatter of wheels, and a clatter of voices, so I stopped, and the ponies almost dived, and what do you think rushed past?"

"A very smart wagonette, with Lord Joseph Postlethwaite and two-headed small boys—twins, I fancy, upon the box. And behind, looking sadly uncomfortable, poor The—so faded and pale!—a fat little girl upon her lap, another at her side, the nurse opposite, with a baby."

"What a tribe! I wonder how she likes it?" "Cissy, who knows all about her, says not at all. She is quite overdone, and declares that her married life has been one continual worry, and press of 'brats'! Lord Joseph, who is as obstinate as an obstinate can be—like most foot-men of his genius—insists on taking his children about with him, always. So The is never free."

"Well, she brought it on herself, poor thing! I am sorry for her, but thankful—so thankful that I escaped her, Gabrielle, and she drew her closer. "How much I have escaped, when I deserved to escape nothing! How wonderfully, in spite of myself, I have been guided—I can call it nothing less."

"Yes," she answered, gently, looking toward the stars. "I was thinking to-day—recomputing the last few years. It seems to me that a mind higher than our own has certainly been with us, day after day, week after week, month after month. My prayer, that God would bless you, and in you, your husband, forever!"

"Yes, I recollect; and how it seemed to sanctify my joy." "As for me, it has sanctified my whole life. God has answered that prayer. He is answering it still. He has blessed thee, and thy husband in thee. Yes, Gabrielle—in thee."

"Dearest, there is something else that I should like you to remember. One day, when you had accused me as you did, of some coldness, I told you that it was not in me to express my love as you expressed yours; but that, if ever an opportunity were given me, of bearing something, of doing something, for you, you would see that the love was there. And, indeed, I prayed that such an opportunity might come. James, it has come. You do not think me cold, now?"

"I think that your warmth was the warmth of heaven, my darling—and mine, James—but I won't try to answer you. One thing more: you know how heavy a trial I felt it, once, to have no children! Well, since your blindness, I have almost been glad of it. If we had children, I should be obliged to devote a good deal of time, and thought to them; as it is, I am free to devote all to you—to—"

"Serve you, live for you. Yours and yours only be." "Yes, James, I can look up and thank God for withholding from me everything—everything earthly—that might divide my heart with you; that might prevent my spending my whole life, and every power in my life, under Him, for you alone."

"Gabrielle, my child, when you talk so, I can hardly hear it—or myself!" "How do you mean, James?" "All the time I think: 'What am I, that I should hold a being so unselfish, so pure, so devoted to my heart—mine—and call her my wife! I am not true, I have both much to learn, far to climb; we will help one another, bear with one another—as God helps and bears with us, and so rise together.'"

"He stooped and kissed her reverently. Her a pause, in a low, rather dreamy voice, as though that last speech had roused some inward reminiscence, he said: "Gabrielle, a few hours ago, as I sat alone, the past arose before me, and tude is what I saw."

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12-Button Trefouse, Perrin's Kid Gloves \$2.49 pr. Best quality of Grace 12-Button Kid Gloves, in black, tan and leading colors, every pair guaranteed, all sizes, regular \$3, for... \$2.49 pair

Lace Elbow Length Gloves 39c and 49c pr. Black and White only in Fancy Lace Gloves, lace arms, full elbow length, regular 50 and 65c, pair, on sale... 39 and 49c

Lace Gloves Elbow Length 89c pr. In black and white only, fine Lace Gloves, in elbow length, frame made hands, with fancy lace arms, all sizes, regular \$1, for... 89c pair

Silk Lace Gloves Elbow Length \$1.39, \$1.69 and \$1.98 pr. Extra fine quality of pure Silk Gloves, full elbow length, plain hands, with lace arms, some in black and white only, regular \$1.65, \$1.95, \$2.50, for \$1.39, \$1.69, \$1.98 pair.

Hurry-Out Sale of Net Lace Robes \$7.98 Regular \$12.50 to \$20.00 These Robes are all of this past season's importations. Silk Net Robes in white and ecru, also a few white and black sequin Robes, all semi-made and worth easily \$16.50 to \$20.00. Hurry-Out Sale Price to-morrow... \$7.98

Hurry-Out Sale of Wash Goods Persian Lawn 15c 50 pieces imported Persian Lawn, perfect goods, even thread, worthy value at 23c, while they last. Hurry-out Sale only... 15c

Colored Dimity 10c A genuine clean up of fine Irish Dimity, all small neat patterns, spots, stripes and figures, in black, navy, sky and pink, worth 15 and 18c, Hurry-out Sale... 10c

Scotch Gingham and Chambrays 7c A limited quantity of small, even checks and plain colored Chambrays, all good shades and good washing colors, extra good value, worth up to 12c, Thursday Hurry-out Sale only... 7c

Victoria Lawn 7 1/2c 40-inch White Victoria Lawn, even thread, linen finish, regular 12 1/2c, Hurry-out Sale Thursday... 7 1/2c

Hurry-Out Prices on Friday Sheer Linen 17c 36-inch Sheer Linen, for suits and blouses, fine, sheer weave sold at 30c, Hurry-out price... 17c

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CAPITAL OF THE FAR NORTH. Fort Churchill terminus of the Hudson's Bay Railway.

Ottawa, May 27.—The first move in the direction of establishing a new route for western exports to the seaboard via the proposed Hudson's Bay route is now being made by the Government.

The present population of Fort Churchill consists of four half-breed families, a mounted policeman and one settler named William Beech.

Woodstock, May 27.—Rev. Charles A. Washington, Bishop of the Rev. Methodist Episcopal Church (colored), whose home is in Windsor, died last night at the home of Mrs. Lebartis, Woodstock, at the age of 61 years.

Empty Boat Found, But Bodies Not Yet Recovered. Halifax, May 27.—Two young Canoe fishermen, David Richardson and Freeman Feltnate, lost their lives by drowning to-day.

Two Duels in a Day. St. Petersburg, May 27.—Two duels among three most prominent in Russian society were fought in the outskirts of St. Petersburg to-day.

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