HIS REPENTANCE.

"And Neal afterwards assured you that she was Captain Davenal's wife?"

"Neal assured me that she said she was. Neal himself said he did not believe her to be so; he thought there must be some mistake. She declared she had been married to you nearly a twelvemonth before you quitted Europe, and that Dr. Davenal knew of it."

"The story-telling little hussy!"

"Edward, I confess to you that I never so much as thought of its not being true in that first moment! I think fear must have taken possession of me and overpowered my judgment."

"You should have written to me, Sara."

"I have told you why I did not; lest the letter should fall into the hands of your wife. And I believe that a dread of its truth made me shrink from approaching it. That very same day I saw the young person come out of the War Office. I did not know, and don't know, whether it is the proper place to lodge complaints against officers, but I suppose she had been there to lodge one against you."

"And you have seen her here since, at the house?"

"Occasionally. She has never been troublesome. She has come apparently to say a word or two to Neal. I have never questioned him upon the visit; I have dreaded the subject too much. Only yesterday I saw Neal speaking with her at the corner of the street."

"Well, Sara, I shall sift this."

She lifted her head. "Yes?"

"I shall. It would not have been pleasant had the rumor reached the ears of my wife."

He walked to the window and stood there a moment or two, a flush upon his face, a frown upon his brow. When he turned round again he was laughing.

"Did Aunt Bett hear of this?"

"Oh, no."

"She'd have taken it for granted it was true. Had anybody told her in the old days that I had married sixteen wives, or set the town on fire with a purposely-lighted torch, Aunt Bett would have believed it of me. But, Sara, I am surprised at you."

She glanced at him with a faint smile. Not liking to say that the dreadful business, the secret of that past night, which had no doubt helped to send Dr. Davenal to his grave, had at the time somewhat shaken her faith in her gallant brother. But for that terrible blow, she had never given a moment's credit to this.

CHAPTER LIV.

LIGHT.

Captain Davenal had made light of the matter to his sister. Knowing how unfounded was the charge, the whole thing struck him as being so absurd, so improbable, that his mind could but receive it as a jest. Nevertheless, upon reflection he saw that it might prove a subject of serious annoyance; such charges, especially if maliciously made and well-planned, sometimes cost a world of trouble in their refutation.

He had said it was his intention to sift it. Sara suggested that he should do what he had shrunk from doing—question Neal. Captain Davenal hesitated. If there were any foundation for his suspicion that Mr. Neal might have had something to do with making the charge, it would not perhaps be policy to speak to that gentleman in the present stage of the affair. Better try some other means to find out who the young woman was, and all about her. It is true that without the help of Neal, Captain Davenal did not see his way clear to do this; to seek for an unknown young woman in London, one to whom he had no clew, was something equivalent to that traditional search, the hunting for a needle in a pottle of hay.

"I wonder if Dorcas could tell us anything about her?" he exclaimed, ringing the bell upon impulse, as he did most things. And when Dorcas appeared in anwer to it, he plunged into a sea of questions that had only the effect of bewildering her.

"You must know her, Dorcas," interposed Sara. "It is a young woman, rather nice-looking, who has come here occasionally to see Neal. She generally wears large shawls that trail on the ground. Captain Davenal has a reason for wishing to know who she is."

"You must mean Mrs. Wentworth, Miss Sara."

"Mrs. Wentworth! Is that her name?" repeated Sara, feeling a sort of relief that the servant had not said Mrs. Davenal.

"That's her name, miss. She is an officer's wife, and is in some trouble about him. I believe Neal is her uncle."

"Sara looked up. "Neal told my aunt that the young person was not his niece."

"Well, I don't know," said Dorcas; "I think she is his niece; at any rate I have heard her call him uncle, I heard her call him uncle no longer ago than last night, Miss Sara."

"Where was that?" interposed Captain Davenal.

"It was here, sir. She called to see Neal. I was passing downstairs at the time from Mrs. Cray's room, and it seemed to me that there was some dispute occurring between them. She asked Neal to tell her where Captain Davenal was staying, and Neal refused. He said she should not go troubling Captain Davenal."

A pause from all. Sara's face grew troubled again.

"What did she want with me?" asked the Captain.

"I don't know sir," replied Dorcas. "I only heard that much in passing. I was carrying Mrs. Cray's tea-tray down."

"Do you know where she lives, this Mrs. Wentworth?"

"Not at all, sir. I have never known that."

"Edward, she is evidently looking out for you!" exclaimed Sara, as Dorcas retired.

"I hope and trust she is, and that she'll speedily find me," was the retort of Captain Davenal. "Nothing should I like better than to find her. I have a notion to ask Neal openly what it all is, and insist upon an answer."

There was no opportunity for further conversation then. Mark Cray came in. Captain Davenal did not think him improved in any way. There was less of openness in his manner than formerly, and he rather appeared to evade Captain Davenal, quitting his presence as soon as he conveniently could. The next to enter was Miss Bettina. It was the first time she had met her nephew, and she was disposed to be cordial. Miss Bettina had gone forth that morning to visit his young wife, entertaining a secret prejudice against her, and she returned some liking her. The little baby had been named Richard, too, and that gratified her.

A short while later, and Captain Davenal and his sister stood in the presence of this very young woman, Catharine Wentworth, in a room in Lady Reid's house, when they reached it—for Sara walked home with him—she was waiting. She had gone there inquiring for Captain Davenal, and upon being told Captain Davenal was out, she asked to be allowed to wait for him.

The sequel of this episode is so matter-of fact, so devoid of romance, that some of you, my readers, may think it might have been as well never to have introduced it. But, in that case what would have become of the closing history of Neal? It was quite necessary, if that gentleman was to have a faithful biegrapher.

Sara Davenal sat, the white strings of her bonnet untied, wiping the drops of moisture from her relieved brow. So intense was the relief, that when the first moments of thankfulness were past, she looked back with a feeling of anger that her mind's peace for long, long months should have been disturbed so unnecessarily.

They were talking fast, this young woman and Captain Davenal. She had gone to Miss Davenal's house over and over again to inquire after him; she had handed Neal more than one letter to forward to him in India; she had been at the house the previous night, demanding to know where the captain was staying, and saying she would see him; and she had this morning found out his address at Lady Reid's, and had waited until he came in.

But all for a very innocent and legitimate purpose. Mrs. Wentworth—and she was Mrs. Wentworth—had never seen Captain Davenal in her life before; had never pretended that she had; she was only seeking him now to get from him some information of her real husband, Sergeant Wentworth, of Captain Davenal's regiment.

One train of thought leads to another. Captain Davenal remembered now to have heard that the sergeant, a very respectable soldier, had voluntarily separated himself from his wife, and left her behind him in England when their regiment had sailed for India, in consequence of some misconduct on her part. He stood there face to face with the young woman, trying to reconcile this plain statement of facts with the account of past assertions related to him by Sara.

"You are Sergeant Wentworth's wife, you say," observed Captain Davenal, regarding her narrowly, watching every word that fell from her lips. If there had been any conspiracy between her and Neal, to undermine his sister's peace, he felt that he should like to punish both of them. Sara had had enough of real troubles to bear without wanting false ones brought upon her.

"Yes, I am," she replied. She had a wonderfully pretty face, now that it could be seen without her veil, and her manners were pleasing—nay, lady-like. But still there was that look of general untidiness about her that Sara had noticed before, though she did not wear a shawl to-day, but a black cloth mantle, cut in the mode.

"May I ask if you ever allowed it to be understood that you were anybody else's wife?" rejoined Captain Davenal, putting the question in the most convenient form he could, and in a half jesting tone.

"Anybody else's wife?" she repeated, as if not understanding.

"Ay; mine, for instance."

"Why, of course I never did. I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Does Neal know you are Sergeant Wentworth's wife?"

"Oh, dear, yes. I have done nothing a long while but beseech of him to write to you, sir, and ask if you would act in my behalf to Wentworth, and make him allow me more, or else let me go out to him in India."

Sara interposed. It might not be wise in her, but she could not help herself. "I once accidentally heard a conversation of yours with Neal. You were speaking of this gentleman, Captain Davenal; it was the very day that we had heard news of his marriage with Miss Reid. I remember you said something to the effect that you would have satisfaction, cost what punishment it would to him. Did you allude to your husband?"

(To be Continued.)

Summer Weakness

And that tired feeling, loss of appetite and nervous prostration are driven away by Hood's Sarsaparilla like mist before the morning sun. To realize the benefit of this great medicine, give it a trial and you will join the army of enthusiastic admirers of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sure, efficient, easy—**Hood's Pills.** They should be in every traveler's grip and every family medicine chest. 25 cents a box. c

Visitor—Whose exhibit is that? Columbian guard (obligingly inspecting it)—Some Russian's, I guess. His name seems to be Handsoff.

During the Past Fifty Years,

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Demonstrator in Natural Science—Gentlemen, I hold in my hand three shells. Voice from amphitheater—It isn't under any of them.

A Wonderful Cure.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little affect. But since using three bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know." 3

Jagson says it would be money in some men's pockets if they had signed a nom de plume to their friends' notes.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

The latest method of eloping is by bicycle. In such instances it is love which makes the wheels go round.

Worth Reading.

Mr. Wm. McNee, of St. Ives, Ont., had eleven terrible running sores, and was not expected to recover, all treatment having failed. Six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters completely restored him to health. Druggist Sanderson, of St. Marys, Ont., certifies to these facts.

RUTH HAS A SISTER.

The First Baby Ever Born in the White House.

President Cleveland a Happy Father—Floods of Congratulations—A Boy Preferred.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—Mrs. Grover Cleveland was safely delivered of a little daughter at the White House to-day. The baby was born at exactly high noon, just as the ball on the flagstaff of the State, war and navy buildings opposite the White House dropped from the top of the staff. From time to time during the morning the President was quietly advised as to the condition of affairs in the sick room, and at exactly 12 o'clock Dr. Bryant summoned him from the reception room into the private hallway leading to Mrs. Cleveland's bed chamber. When the President hastily opened the door he realized from the beaming countenance of Dr. Bryant that the crisis had been safely passed. Without a word, but with a suspicious moisture about the eyes, the President and his family physician warmly clasped hands. "She is safe?" inquired the President hurriedly. The smile on the doctor's face and a reassuring pressure of the hand told him that his wife was safe, and without pausing he added: "Is it a boy or a girl?" Something like a shadow of disappointment swept across Mr. Cleveland's face as the physician told him that the new-born babe was a girl.

Immediately after the news of the birth had been confirmed, members of the Cabinet and their wives called to congratulate the President and to leave their cards for Mrs. Cleveland. Bunches of roses from intimate friends are pouring into the White House to-night, and there is a general air of suppressed excitement about the employes of the mansion. Telegrams of congratulation have been received from all parts of the country.

This is the first time in the history of the republic that the wail of the new-born infant of a President of the United States has been heard within the walls of the White House. Just as President Cleveland was the first chief executive to be married in the White House, so, too, is the baby upon whom the whole nation smiles lovingly to-day the first child of a president to be born under its roof. The record of births in the old mansion is shorter than the list of the marriages, and, sad enough, doubling them both would not cover the number of deaths and funerals there. Of the babies who first saw the light of day in the old house probably only two are living until this happy event added another. One is Mrs. Mary Emily Donelson-Wilcox, a daughter of Andrew Donelson, nephew of President Jackson, and the private secretary and confidential adviser of "Old Hickory" during his entire official life, and the other is Julia Dent Grant, the first child born to Col. and Mrs. Fred Grant, and now a young lady just past 16. Mr. and Mrs. Donelson had two other children born in the White House, which with a grandchild of President Jefferson and another of President Tyler complete the list.

TO MOTHERS WHO HAVE THE CARE OF LITTLE LIVES!

Mothers should remember that it is in infancy that the child requires the greatest care. The smallest details in the infant's life should be carefully looked after, in order that the tender bud may expand and grow. One of the most important points in the young life is the matter of feeding. A babe may be fed a dozen times a day and still be starved. It is the quality of the food and its adapability to weak digestion that tells the story of health. A regular course of Lactated Food, fed four or five times a day to an infant of from three to six months will do a work that no other food can do. Infants nourished in this way become healthy and happy; they grow fast in flesh, bone and muscle and rest and sleep well. It is well to observe here that our ablest Canadian doctors are recommending Lactated Food in their practice. They have found it better adapted for weak stomachs than any other food ever placed before them. Thousands of Canadian mothers have made Lactated Food their choice, and will not be induced to use any other. It is well known that Lactated Food "saves babies lives."

UNITED IN OLD AGE.

Lyman C. Downs Finds His Wife After 35 Years—Thought Each Other Dead.

AMESBURY, Mass., Sept. 9.—The little town of Merrimac is greatly stirred up over the strange appearance of Lyman C. Downs after an absence of 35 years. Mr. Downs married a daughter of Capt Colyer, who lived in a house where the Merrimac postoffice is now located. In 1858 he left Merrimac, and in 1861 enlisted in a New York regiment.

In 1863 he received a bill from an undertaker for the burial of his wife. On the battlefield of Hatch's Run, in 1863, he lost his knapsack containing the bill. Yesterday upon his return he was astonished to learn that his wife was alive and well in Portsmouth, N. H. She was also astonished to learn of his existence, as she supposed he had been killed at Hatch's Run. Downs returned to claim a sum of money in a savings bank at Amesbury, deposited in 1858. The telegraph lines have been kept hot for 48 hours by messages by Mr. and Mrs. Downs, informing each of the other's existence. The couple will probably settle down once more in Merrimac in their old age.

"What a pity it is that his face is all pimples;
He'd be very fine looking if 'twasn't for that."
Said pretty Miss Vere, with a smile at the dimples
Reflected from under the nobby spring hat—
As she looked at herself in the glass, softly sighing;
That she had for her young man a tender regard,
There wasn't the least need of denying—
for everyone knew it. "His beauty is marred by the frightful red blotches all over his face. I wonder if he couldn't take something to cleanse his blood and drive them away?"

He heard what she said about his looks. It hurt his feelings, but he couldn't deny she told the truth. He remembered a friend whose face used to be as bad as his. It had become smooth and clear. He went to him and asked how the change had been brought about. "Simply by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," was the reply. "Take that and I'll warrant you to get rid of your pimples."

He did so.

His face became healthy and clear,
And next week he'll be married to pretty Miss Vere.

The coal miner is one of the many who can hope to succeed only by getting down to hard work.

A mans' wife should always be the same especially to her husband; but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they will make her "feel like a different person," at least so they all say, and their husbands say so too.

A man always feels abused when he goes home and finds the house locked up.

ENOCH ARDEN'S PARALLEL.

An Old Salt Finds His Granddaughter After Twenty Years' Absence.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—Among the shipwrecked sailors who were rescued by life-saving crews along the Jersey coast in the recent storm was one grizzled old salt who was picked up near South Amboy in an exhausted condition, but still clinging to a broken spar. When able to speak he said his name was Jacob Wood, and that a quarter of a century ago he was well known in that section of the country. He had sailed away as captain of the bark Emma in the early part of 1871, leaving a family at Morristown, N. J. For 22 years he has been drifting about the world, and what had become of his family he did not know. Capt. Wood had been injured by the floating wreckage, so he was cared for in a house in the neighborhood. Mrs. Frances Briggs, a resident of Brooklyn, happened to be visiting some friends near South Amboy, and when she learned that the shipwrecked sailor's name was Jacob Wood, she astonished her friends by saying he must be her grandfather, who was supposed to have been lost at sea over twenty years ago. Then she hurried to the house and found her hopes realized. The captain's son has taken him to his home.

FALL FAIRS.

Western at London, Sept. 14-23.
Industrial at Toronto, Sept. 4-16.
Southern at Brantford, Sept. 5-6.
Wellesley at Wellesley, Sept. 19-20.
Central at Guelph, Sept. 19-21.
Great Northwestern at Goderich, Sept. 20-22.
London Township, at Ilderton, Sept. 25.
East Lambton, Watford, Sept. 25-26.
South Dorchester at Belmont Sept. 26-27.
Center Huron at Clinton, Sept. 26-27.
North Oxford at Woodstock, Sept. 26-27.
Mornington and Ellice at Milverton, Sept. 26-27.
Huron Township, Ripley, Sept. 26-27.
Mitchell at Mitchell, Sept. 26-27.
North Waterloo at Berlin, Sept. 26-28.
West Middlesex, Strathroy, Sept. 27-28-29.
West Wellington at Harriston, Sept. 27-28.
North Perth at Stratford, Sept. 28-29.
North Bruce Union, Port Elgin, Sept. 28-29.
East Wawanosh at Belgrade, Sept. 28-29.
The Moore Fair at Brigden Oct. 3.
Northern Fair Ailsa Craig, Oct. 3-4.
Blanshard at Kirkton, Oct. 5-6.
Euphemia and Dawn at Florence at Oct. 6-7.
West Nissouri, Thorndale, Oct. 10.
Caradoc Township, Mount Brydges, Oct. 10.
Camden Ag. Society, Dresden, Oct. 12-13.
Highgate, Saturday, Oct. 14.
Tilbury West at Comber, Oct. 17-18.
East Huron at Brussels Oct. 26-27.

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DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
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The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

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If Complexion is Sallow, or you Suffer Distress after Eating, TAKE RIPANS TABULES
For Offensive Breath and all Disorders of the Stomach, TAKE RIPANS TABULES

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