POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1904.

The Eleventh Hour

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CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued)

would tardly touch, thus on early. After

mid we had beard nothing about

your character. He said that was surpras
ing, but that we soon should have beard

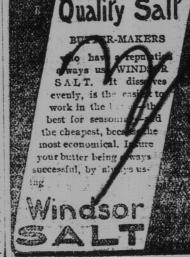
for the concept if they had not kinded you out of

Giffords. That you had drived the said.

Giffords. That you had finished the said and the said of the said that the said that the said of the said that the said that the said of the said that the said of the said that the said of the said that the said that

occasional visit to another country house, while the guests at the Towers were mostly shooting men, some of whom were college acquaintances of Fauconberg's. None of these spoke to him of their host's engagement, and at last he began to wonder whether it had not been a piece of mere gossip which, considering the fact that his lead and act as though he were ashamed of something unpardonable? For what he gossip which, considering the fact that his gossip which, considering the fact that his informant, Mrs. Scott-Purves, moved in a lower plane than the subjects of her talk, might well have been the case. If there was nothing between Reneagle and Barbara Evandale after all, why then—yes, ahe would marry nother man, but that

The state of the control of the cont



a control of the de on are a selection of this prepared as the comment

stream. Next instead they were hanging over the dall year and the foam of the sheeping maters. It a miracle of luck the punt struck the posts of the old flood; the When after an instant, they could realize that after fearful dash was stayed, hope and the struggle for life revived in

Heaven; yes, he would ride forward at as former page. Involuntarily he had left now but to cover his face and drift out into the night.

So he gianced no more at the glitter of the was almost level with her. Then the glanced round and he, ready for the ction, raised his hat. She bowed; would she speak? He dared not address her even noce. No; he must ride on; there was no excuse for continuing his momentary slackening of page.

Heaven; yes, he would ride forward at coived his blow of mercy, and nothing was forced, and drift out into the night.

So he gianced no more at the glitter of the wapon with which Fate, his victor, had stabbed him, but setting his eyes to the darkness, went on his despairing way.

CHAPTER XXIX.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

Except for love,—how love unless they slack against the wind to the clumps."

A map. Paul Hascombe had been wont days a stable of mercy, and nothing was constructed. "I suppose it is from the heavy full strength. The two men each clumg rain last night."

"Yes," Faucoriberg replied, "It is a pity, as we shall have to sit up to pull through the was shall have to sit up to pull through the was shall."

"Yes, by Jove! that we shall have all the fag of beating back against the wind to the clumps."

The flat boat was indeed being carried and one of the slimy back against which the point agai

slackening of pace.

"Mr. Fauconberg." Whether she spoke or he dreamt he heard her voice he reined up. Yes; she had spoken, or it was all the same, for a smile was on her face which locked un at him.

"A man, Paul Hascombe had been wont to say, has no right to shirk his destiny. Whether that destiny be foreknown or up. Yes; she had spoken, or it was all the same, for a smile was on her face which locked un at him.

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