All was over. With the night was

this drama of varied human emotions enacted, and when the morrow dawned

it would be upon no external change in the lives of those whose inner world

had been the scene of such violent con-

A CRUEL REVENGE. Like the smoke left behind the de-

parting engine, so the most carefully prepared plans of man are turned aside,

In order that our readers may better

understand what has gone before and

what is yet to follow we must ask

them to accompany us in a retrospec-

tive glance, three weeks previous to

the scene they have just witnessed at the Dalton depot, and look in upon the picture a certain office in the city of Booneville presented one morning in

the early part of October. It was a

front room in a plain brick building

facing upon a pleasant locality, airy and light and cheerful, containing the ordinary appointments of a lawyer's office, with nothing peculiarly distinctive save that the desks and books and peners, were an air of screenings.

papers wore an air of scrupulous neatness and order, the living impress of the personality of their owner. And

the personality of their owner. And seated in one of the revolving chairs, his person, another expression of the dainty fastidiousness of his habits, was Mr. David Egerton, leaning back and leisurely opening the morning mail. It would be well to study the physiog-

nomy of this man of pale, attenuated face, broad shoulders and wiry, slight

form, as he half reclines in an attitude

of repose, slitting each envelope with

contents, for he nas not yet waked up

to the business of the day, and this is

the best opportunity for scrutinizing this being of otherwise restless vitality

A low forehead, with sandy red hair

falling on either side in short curls, with a feminine affectation of beauty,

a sharp nose which wears the aspect of readily smelling out all the loathe-some things of his profession, a mouth

partially concealed by a short beard, square shaped and firm, with no ves-

tige of tenderness, the lines about

which, however, betray the power to

relax into a smile at the appeal of some

frivilous entertainment, some vulgar jest or even grosser pleasure, an eye which is rarely taised to meet the full

gaze of another, revealing in each

wrinkle about the corners the low cun-

ning and evil suspicions that had nar-rowed the soul of the man till the very

organ of its expression wears the as-

Yet his is a quick intelligence, in the discharge of his profession there is none abler, and attaid the surroundings

of material comfort, to a superficial

view he is but the representative of gentlemanly elegance, and we only en-

ter into the deeper analysis of feature

in order to better comprehend the part

this distinguished functionary of the

law may play in our story.

Once having formed our estimate of his character, the continued contem-

plation of his placid, quiescent face would become monotonous, even tedious but at this moment Mr. Egerton

suddenly comes to an upright position, epartmaring confound it under his breath, and gazing in perplexity at the

breath, and gazing in perplexity at the last letter he has opened, or rather at the first words: "My dear Dudley."
"What the deuce!" was his next polite expletive and his action became more rapid and angry as he caugat up the envelope, muttering to himself, "Can't the fellow decipher writing better than this? "D. 8. Egerton," I've

ter than this? D. S. Egerton. The no middle name; yet here's my number—at least, so it could be mistaken, blurred as it is;" and he scrutinized the direction more closely. "Personal, eh? Would not my worthy cousin be outraged did he know I had opened some of his private correspondence, accidentally or not! Well, it's none of

accidentally or not! Well, it's none of my business that he should know. I'm

mail;" and he would have cast the whole contents aside into the waste

basket had not a new idea struck him "I wonder now much importance that letter was any how," he mused; "let's

take a look at the signature for cur osity. 'Edith!' Who the mischief osity. 'Edith!' Who the mischief is this? Ah, ha, I perceive; no wonder i was personal;" and the next instan-the honorable lawyer and gentlemat had turned to the front page and pe

rused the whole contents without qualm of conscience, one throb of co

passion. "Well," he remarked, with a low whistle, as he finally laid down the "Well," he remarked, with

sad little letter Edith had written little dreaming of the cruel hands into which

it was destined to fall, "that's a pretty little episode in the life of the haughty

charming company. Perhaps had Ethel suspected how happily he was engaged she would have had less scru

irreproachable Dr. Egerton. No w der he reisained South so long in st

not responsible for the mistakes in

ter than this? D. S. Egerton.

and nervous energy.

pect of secretiveness.

CHAPTER XIV.

121、公司公司的第三人称呼及自己的国际

EASTER TRADE

Nice, Mild Cured Beaver Brand Hams Nice, Mild Cured Beaver Brand Shoulders Nice, Mild Cured Beaver

Brand Breakfast Bacon, lean Bologna Sausage and Cooked Lunch Ham always in stock



Bicycle

Planet Office, Chatham

IT WILL PAY YOU TO SEE THIS WHEEL.

Painting and Paper Hanging

Done at Reasonable Prices,

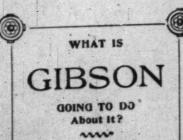
Apply to J.B. Martin Forest St.,

*********** Have you sufficient Telephone Facilities?

Every time a customer is told that your 'line is busy' he simply finds the DOOR LOCKED through which he would patronize you. It is cheaper to get a second Telephone than to turn customers Ask The BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY'S Local Manager for

New Store Teas, Coffees, AND GROCERIES

Crowe's Store Baldoon St., North Chatham. C. M. STILES



STUDIO

KING ST.

but the single glimpse of that pale face "You might spare your sermon," he said with bitter irony. "I have no choice but to return to the most precwith the compressed white lips, graved itself indelibly upon Steele's mental vision, to be recalled years after the whole sad tragedy had worked itself

vulsions.

lamitous results.

ious charge whose blessedness you can best appreciate since you warned me against entering into that relationship ere I was old enough to judge and choose correctly. But what boy of twenty is not presumptuous enough to think he knows all of life. The last en years have taught me the egregious fool that I was-but I do not propoto discuss the hollow skeleton of domestic bliss that fills my household, where even the caddest misfortune connected with my life, which I was too honcrable to conceal, has unscrupulously been used as a term of re-proach. Yes, I go back to maintain that false mockery of respectability, and," he continued proudly, "I defy world, with all its slander and malice, to detect one flaw in my conduct from which to suspect that my home were other than the perfection of conjugal happiness. But I return with a heart more embittered than ever by disappointment in the affection of her who seemed to love me. Why should she treat me thus, as if she me, without trusting to my harm? And yet I can see her eyes now as she told me she would do every-thing I might direct. It is not like her to avoid me, to shrink from seeing

me, without an explanation."
Steele paused a moment, then yielded to the generous impulse that stirred him. "It was I who prevented this clandestine meeting," he said slowly.
"For her own sake, to spare her the suffering such an interview must have cost ber, I stopped her on her way this

"She was coming then!" Egerton ex-claimed, and his lips quivered with the intensity of his emotion. "My God, this is too much, too much for us both. this is too much, too much for us both.
Oh, for a love like hers! I know my
power over her; she shall yet be mine!"
"Egerton," Steele interposed hastily,
"do not mistake my meaning when I said she meant to fulfil her appointment with you. It was with the fixed resolve to break 'off all further intercourse with you, and by the grace of God she would have stood firm against all your persuasions, but she is weak EFORE MAKING YOUR PURCHASE Would you tempt again that young soul that had just won its freedom from the bondage of sin? Oh, had you but seen the suffering I have wit-nessed you would not rekindle that conflict in her aching heart. I appeal to your better nature. Dr. Egerton, knowing the tempt tions which may assail human fraity, from which friends cannot shield as they desire the young. I plead with you in the name of the love you profess for Edith to spare her, to cause her no more suffering than that she now endures

what is past." His voice fultered and he passed his hand across his brow, "Egerton," he added brokenly, "Egerton, for God's sake teil me how tar this thing has

gone already.".
The doctor started at the change of one, the sudden betrayal of emotion in his calm, reproving confessor, and flash of comprehension swept over

his face. "By all that's holy," he cried vehemently, "she is innocent; I swear to you she is innocent. To-night my evil work would have begun, for evil it would be to involve her pure life with my own disastrous fate. Oh, would that her heart did not cling to the ideal she has formed of me, when she might be united to one more worthy of her. If I had only had the courage to reyeal the whole truth long ago. "She knew it all three weeks ago."
Steele answered sadly, "and she told me she had written asking you not to

"She bad written!" echoed the dector n surprise. "Three weeks ago, you say? I was then in Westerly." . He paused while an expression of pain-swept over his handsome features. "There is another source of misery,"
he said despairingly. "As I wrote you
word, our fears will be but too fatally
fulfilled. Her father has been speculating recklessly, and a crash is in-evitable. I had meant to spare her that wretchedness, but now the blow must fall unsoftened by kindness from

There was silence after that expres ston of impotent despair, a long, painful silence; then the shrick of the engine approaching the station broke rudely upon the stillness. Egerton started like one from a trance. That train must carry me far on my way back to Booneville," he said wearily. "Ah, how differently from what I had anticipated. Farewell, Mr. Steele." He extended his hand, but the minister turned in his direction and kept pace turned in his direction and kept pace with his rapid stride towards the depot. with his rapid stride towards the depot. The shadow of the approaching disaster which he had long apprehended seemed to have descended upon him with an awe-inspiring impression of its nearness, and he was dumb, not only from anxious compassion for Edith, but because other interests were involved and the fellipse of the West.

but because other interests were involved, and the failure of the Westerly Bank meant extensive loss to Mrs. Herofd.

Egerton did not speak till they reached the platform, when he turned suddenly to his companion. "I have but two minutes," he said, "but—but there is not one word I may send het. I may not add to her pain by the declaration of my own suffering. You have ever been a true friend to me. declaration of my own suffering. You have ever been a true friend to me. Say, at least, how I sympathize. Oh, heaven, it is just punishment to me, for I should not from the first have deceived her—but to know that there is no help for her! Mr. Steele, if it were only possible that you might console her—teach her what a true man is

His voice was drowned in choking sobs. Once more he wrung the min-ister's hand and turned aside to hide the mental agony the lamplight might reveal upon his expressive countenance. undying hatred."

And the diabolical gleam that lit his eye was the revelation of a contradic tory characteristic hard to be recon-ciled with the smooth polish of his conventional bearing. CHAPTER XV.

THE CATAST O HE. When the heart is sore from recent affliction the requirement of each petry onventionality becomes a tyrannou

offered during his absence. But cast offered during his absence. But case ing all personal considerations aside, I should like to know how Mrs. Egerton would regard this letter. Ha. Cousin Dudley; I have you in my power now,

and I'll use it to the satisfaction of my

With what painful emotions did Edith waten the day dawn, anticipating the numbing effects of a new morn ing succeeding the tumustuous excite suing in dull pain. A passionate dis-belief in the existence of that which made her long to hide herself from every eye came like an opiate, yet she shrank from meeting the minister again in the galling consciousness that he had drawn too close to the sand tuary of her inner life, that hallowed spot to which each instinct of the human scal forbids intrusion, guarding it sacredly as holy ground. She knew she must be forced to meet him at the breakfast table, before others, which however, was better than alone, and take part in the light family chat so distasteful and jarring upon her irrifrustrated, dissolved into thin air, whereas by the inexorable agency of fate some petty mistakes, some unforeseen trick of chance, may become the indirect cause of important, even called the interpretable of the control of the con tated nerves, overstrung from loss of rest and the ceaseless conflict within. She waited as long as she dared after the bell had rung summoning the house-hold together, then pressed both hands to her forehead as if to force back thought and went down to the dining room, where it would be so hard to

sustain the old relationships as if no change had taken place. Steele had been absorbed in the peru sal of a telegraphic dispatch, with a serious expression on his usually cheerful face, but by no other sign save the strong contraction of every muscle in the hand that rested on his knee did he betray that aught of painful import was disturbing his placid temperament. He looked up the moment Edith en-tered, laid aside the mail, and with the gentlemanly instinct that she must be embarrassed and self-conscious, strove by every exertion on his part to relieve her confusion and divert the attention

of his relatives. Unaware of the silent gratitude with which her heart was warming towards him for his kind consideration, as soon as the meal was over he rose and, approaching her, requested a few words in private in as indifferent a tone as he could assume, at the same moment placing the paper he had been reading in his mother's hands with an emphatindication that it contained matter

of serious interest. She obeyed his summons immediate ly, unquestioning, even mistaking the sad, preoccupied expression of his face, but the frightened look she turned upon him as he closed the door pained agreement than he cared to acknowledge to himself.

"My child," he exclaimed quickly,

taking her hand in his, "you must not look at me that way. I see this morning how unnecessary and severe was my harshness last night. Oh, believe my narshness last light. On, believe me, there is nothing now but deepest sympathy in my heart for you. Can you forgive me and think of me still as your friend?"

She was not prepared for an apology rom him, and could brokenly: "You are only too kind; you were always a true friend to me and ought to thank you, but I can't think, don't feel anything this morning except-except that the blessing of God has come back to my heart, the first peace I have known in so long, so

Deeply touched by her meekness and onfidence in himself, Steele's reflec tions were not altogether comfortable just then, and he continued speaking in his gentiest tones. "Egerton told me all, my child, all that you were unable to relate, and need I say how grieved I am that I so wronged you by unjust suspicions, when all the while you were battling bravely against a temptation before which the strongest of us might fail."

"Oh, have you not something better to talk about than me?" she said, with a little intolerant gesture, moving away from him towards the open window, and the tone was not one of rude ness, so filled was it with heartsick

To be Continued.

As Fate Would Have It.

Many years ago an Arkansas youth, on leaving the home of his sweetheart late at night, received a severe kick as he stepped out of the door. His belov-ed had not responded definitely to his proposal of marriage, but had assumed him that she would soon let him know what she could do for him. He, unfortunately for two tender hearts, took the kick for an answer departed for a far and wild country. Here he brood-ed over his wound and his broken heart until his beard grew down to his knees and his nose became Roman. As fate would have it, as fate always has it, he turned up late one sad, sad evening when the straw-neck hens were quarreling on the roost and the brindle cow was lowing mournfully for her hungry offspring. A young man some six feet tall met the lonely visitor. It was one of seven sons, born, from time to time, unto his old love. Explanations followed. It was not the girl who kicked him thirty years be fore. Oh, no! It was her angry father. She lowed him. It was all clear now. He went out to the horse lot cut off his beard with the sheepshears and kicked himself down the hill.

An Electricity Tree. A German authority has recently announced the discovery of a tree in the forests of Central India which has most curious characteristics. leaves of the tree are cf a highly sensitive nature and so full of electricity that whoever touches one of them re-ceives an electric shock. It has a very singular effect upon a magnetic needle and will influence it at a distance of even seventy feet. The electrical strength of the tree varies according to the time of day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight, In wet weather its powers disappear altogether. Birds never approach the tree, nor have insects ever been seen What is

CASTOR

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhæa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constination and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea-The Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me that I recommend it as superior to any preof its good effect upon their children DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass. H. A. ARCHER, M. D. Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Castoria Is so well adapted to children

THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

APPEARS ON EVERY WRAPPER.

THE TREATMENT-THAT CURE

THE TREATMENT THAT CURES

Drs. Shultz and Camelon's New Treatment, that has lifted the dark-ness and blight of the word "incura-ble" from hundreds of these cases of e in the Throat, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs, works its curative action for two reasons:

(1) It reaches every sore spot, from the orifice of the nose to the deepest part of the lungs, to the innermost recesses of the middle ear.

(2) Instead of irritating, inflaming and feeding the fires of the disease, it soothes, quiets, heals and

What is the treatment that cures nditions, once regarded incurable? By what process does it restor diseased membrane, remove the poison and relieve the soreness of disease Let the experience of persons cured and being cured, tell.

BLOOD BELCHED From the Lungs of John C. Loss, of Vassar,

"I became so weak," says Mr. Loss that the least excitement would throw me into a cold perspiration, While sitting at my desk one aftercon something seemed to give way,
and I felt my lungs fill up. I gave
a little cough, and threw out GREAT
MOUTHFULS OF BLOOD." Mr. Loss
will tall enquirers that after he had and I would take additional will tell enquirers that after he had been reduce dto what he believed a hopeless condition, through frequent hemorrhages, he submitted his case to Doctors Shultz and Camelon, who restored him to perfect health.

REV. MOSES C. STANLEY; Aged 71 years, of 31 Milwaukee avenue, was cured of severe deafness by Doctors Shultz and Camelon.

MRS. M. BRAUER, of 85 Second street, had a hairbreadth escape from being killed by a street car, because she was so deaf she didn't hear it coming. She has been entirely cured of deafness and chronic

P. B. BRAZEL, of Cheboygan, Mich., got little sleep, because of caterrh of the head. Doctors Shultz and Camelon removed 12 polipii from his nose without pain to him, and he has been relieved of all the miseries of catarrh.

ENGINEER C. B. MAXSON

of 163, St. Antoine street, thought he heard whistles and bells when he didn't. Since treating with Doctors Shultz and Camelon he can hear as AUGUST SCHULTZ, of Wyandotte,

was choking and gasping with asth-ma, when he went to Doctors Shultz and Camelon. He hadn't had a good night's sleep for 10 years. Now he is

MRS ALEX. RIVARD,

New Baltimore: "I had been a long New Baltimore: I had been and great sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia. Bread soaked in milk was about all that I could eat. I frequently had fainting spells and convulsions. I have been entirely cured and I have gained 33 pounds in weight."

Free Treatment

to all afflicted with Catarrh of the to all afflicted with Catarrh of the Throat and Bronchial Tubes, who apply to us during the ensuing week, providing that they can say on their honor, that they are unable to pay. Those who can afford to pay our low fees, we shall expect to do so.

OUR "FREE OFFER IS OPEN TO ALL THOSE WHO APPLY TO US IN PER-SONA PEOPLE LIVING AT A DIS-TANCE SHOULD WRITE US FOR SYMPIOMS BLANK.

Doctors Fhultz and Camelon, Successors to Copeland Medical Institute.)

Suite 203 Chamber of Commerce Office Hours—9 to 12 a.m.; 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 p.m.; Sundays, 10 to 12 m.

K KAKKAK K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K BLOOD POISON