

MISS MIDDLETON'S LOVER.

OR—
PARTED ON THEIR BRIDAL TOUR.

By the author of 'A Forbidden Marriage,'
'That Pretty Young Girl,' etc.

CHAPTER VII.
IF I WIN HER AT ALL.

CONTINUED.

"Am I so very bad?" I asked bitterly.

"You are," he retorted, "so very bad that I repeat I would rather see Irene dead than married to you."

"You do not decide me, nephew of mine though you are, you are at least a villain. I will be frank with you, it is best, in the first place, although you are young, you have led a wicked life of it. I have heard, no matter how, of several little episodes in your college life that would not bear investigation. Irene is not of the class of women you understand. You are not even capable of appreciating her. She is far beyond you. You have broken the heart of more than one fair young girl, I hear, but you shall never break Irene's."

"Good heavens, sir!" I burst out, unable to endure it a moment longer, "you were a young man yourself, and you know that young fellows will be young fellows, and if they show their wild oats early in life, so much the better."

"If they sow wild oats in their youth they will reap a full and bitter harvest in their old age," he said, sternly.

"In vain I pleaded with him. It was useless, worse than useless.

"Enough of this," he cried, harshly; "you will find that my test to you as my nephew is nay' young man! Irene is not for you."

"This brings me to another subject," he went on, abruptly, "as I have said, I have studied you well since you returned here, and I like you less as a man than I did malignant prevent the old idiot from changing with the will. He would send for his lawyer to-morrow, whatever was done must be done to-night. How I wished he would die in his bed that night."

"The sun went down and the dusk of the dusk of the summer night crept up; still I packed the busy streets, that one intense thought uppermost in my mind, how could I prevent that will from being changed? I must think, I knew where he kept that will, in the safe, and I thought of the great stacks of bills I had seen in that safe that afternoon. If I had them, I need not worry about poverty, and I hated the man who had them with all the strength of my fierce nature. By some strange fancy, call it what you will, glancing up, I found myself opposite the house. It was quite dark, silent and dark as a grain of sand, and in spite of that I felt a phantom and hurried down the street.

"With strange fascination I stood leaning against the trees, gazing up at the malignant rage in my eyes at the banker's window, my soul warring with conflicting emotions. I had only one while the darkness lasted in which to be a rich man. Soon after the sun of the morrow rose I should be disinherited. I ground my teeth together, cursing my lack as I stood there. Suddenly, to my surprise, the carved oaken door opened and there emerged from the darkened corridor the figure of a woman, wrapped in a long, dark cloak, who glided down the marble steps like a phantom and hurried down the street.

"Recovering from my amazement I hurried in swift pursuit overtaking her just as she reached the first corner. Imagine my dismay upon beholding, as the light of the gas-lamp fell full upon her face, Irene.

"Irene," I cried, in dismay, "what can this mean, one alone and at night on the streets of London?"

"She did not answer me; she appeared not to hear me, gazing over my head in a strange, dazed, unnatural way. All in a sudden, I struck me just what was the matter. Irene was walking in her sleep; she was a somnambulist.

"I had heard of the danger of waking one so suddenly when in this condition. She fitted on before me like a shadow. I followed. She was so fleet of foot I could barely keep pace with her.

"Was it fate that had led this beautiful girl into my power? I thought with inward satisfaction. What an easy matter it would be to abduct Irene, to take her to—

"My reverie was cut short, for she had suddenly passed before a window in which glimmered a faint light, as from an office back, and to my surprise she put on her white handkerchiefs, gropingly, found the knob, and turned it; it yielded to her touch; the door swung open. I drew back into an adjacent doorway where I could see and hear all that transpired, being at the same time unseen myself, for I had seen a man approaching the door from the interior of the store.

"The night had come on, intensely dark and sultry, but, by the lightning flashes which preceded the storm, I saw that she had entered the office of the safe and lock company, Oxford street.

"I saw the young man approach and ask her courteously what she wished, and I almost held my breath with intensity as I heard her murmur something about getting her uncle's safe opened. I heard the young man expositulate, complaining of the lateness of the hour for the work. I could have laughed aloud. Could he not see that the girl before him was in a state of somnambulism, utterly unconscious of her surroundings. Incautious of replying, much less comprehending his remarks, she repeated over and over only those words she must get her uncle's safe open at once, and those replies fitted his remarks with wonderful aptness.

"It is strange how comely follows on the heels of tragedy, and vice versa.

"Though she spoke but these few words, he replied, after a few moments of deliberation, that he would accompany her and open the safe for her.

"Matters were assuming an intense interest for me. How was this to end? What would happen if she were to awaken any instant? Surely the man gazing into that lovely, dazed face and expressionless eyes must see that there is something strange, unnatural about her. If he is not too enthralled by the girl's marvellous beauty to observe her closely, he must see that this is a case of somnambulism, I considered. But he apparently did not."

"She must have had it on her mind to visit this safe company's office, I judged, for only two weeks previous she had said to me:—

"Uncle forgets the combination of his safe of late; three times I have been on the point of going to that safe company's office to get someone to open it for him when his memory has returned to him. Alas! this is occurring so frequently of late.

"This, then, was the key, the solution to the whole affair.

"My dismay rose at the complication matters were assuming, when I saw the young man prepare to follow her, taking his tools with him.

"As unceremoniously as she had entered the place, she turned abruptly and hurried down the street.

"To my amazement the young man hurried after her, with his case of necessary tools for opening the safe, I, of course following up the rear; I must overtake him and explain the matter to him.

"What law of nature is it that guides somnambulists that they thread their way through intricate places, and returned unharmed to their own little abodes?

"As I saw Irene pass hurriedly up the marble steps, the young man following, a sudden demon seized me, urging me to let the affair proceed, it would place Irene in my power."

"Silently as a shadow I followed into the house, and into the banker's room to which they had proceeded, succeeding in secreting myself behind the heavy velvet portieres unseen.

"This is the safe you wish me to open, I presume?" the young man said, and in a moment later he set about his task, Irene having mechanically walked from the room.

"The midnight bells tolled ere he had succeeded in opening the door of the safe. He was little aware of caution as he worked, humming every now and then a few bars of popular opera. The noise he made in picking up and laying down his tools must surely awaken the banker in the adjoining room, I thought, but it did not.

"He waited some little time for the reappearance of the young lady who had summoned him for this task at this unseasonably hour. At length, reluctantly, as she was not forthcoming, he took his leave. I heard the outer door close behind him with a firm, metallic click.

"It was but the work of a moment for me to secure the money, which was in large packages of bills, and transfer them to my breast-pocket.

"This accomplished, a veritable demon seemed to possess me, for, in examining a small compartment to the right I saw the old banker's will lying before me. To some eager, impetuous restless nature, such as mine was, a sudden temptation comes, which, like burning scorching lava, sweeps away all before it. A sudden, terrible temptation came to me to put the banker suddenly out of the way, then and there; the will standing as it did would give me all his property. I had no idea of how much or how little he was possessed, and in connection with this still more daring thought occurred to me, I whose imitation of the banker's handwriting was perfect, could easily insert the clause in that will, that Irene was to marry me. If she believed it to be her uncle's will, she would never refuse to comply with it."

CHAPTER VIII.
A CONVICT'S BRIDE.

"Need I add, that I accomplished this? My steps were then turned toward the banker's sleeping-room. I had risked too much to turn back now. I crept across the threshold, my eyes gleaming with hate as they rested on the sleeper.

"I had resolved upon the modus operandi as to how I was to consummate my plan. I turned out the faint spark of a gas jet, then turned the gas on full blast, hurrying out of the apartment and closing the door tightly after me.

"But, ah! the best laid plans of mice and men.

"Before I could make my exit from the interior room there was a sound from the old gentleman's vale's room; he had detected the odor of escaping gas.

"In an instant he was out in the corridor. Perdition! Closing the door of the room in which I had darted again, locking the door and putting the key in his pocket, muttering something about having forgotten to do this earlier in the evening. There was no way of escape for me save through the old banker's room, this was rendered impossible now, owing to the vale's presence there.

"In sheer desperation and fearful of detection, I darted back into my place of concealment, but the heavy velvet portieres again.

"And again I muttered Perdition! The valet had thrown himself down on a divan in his master's room; the banker complaining of a terrible sensation in his head and breast from the effects of the gas he supposed he had turned off wrong.

"I was worse and my confession is ended.

"I was forced to remain in my place of concealment until a late hour the next day. I witnessed the banker's discovery of the safe having been robbed, as he entered the room with Irene; she, of course, being entirely ignorant of the thrilling events that had transpired the previous night.

"When he sent them from the room he bowed his head on his hands, crying aloud that he was ruined, ruined!

"I seized that moment to escape, but, turning sharply around, attracted by a slight noise he swept the portieres asunder and I was discovered.

"You are the thief, the robber!" he cried. "I know it, I feel it! I struck him dead, and he drew his pistol upon me and fired, but the ball, luckily for me, struck a marble pedestal close by, which turned its course and it lodged in his own heart. In the confusion I escaped.

"Now we come to the last act that closed my eventful career. Irene—

"Whatever it was that Heathcliff, or Forester, as we shall hereafter call him, purposed to say was never uttered, a terrible fit of coughing seized him, which brought on a violent congestion. He sank rapidly and straightway the doctors administered opiates.

"The fearful strain of revealing all he had revealed had told upon him, the blood gushed from his mouth in a dark crimson pool.

"It is all over with him," said the doctor. "Here," calling hastily the attendant, "pour out four drops from that little phial beside my case; it will help him to die easier."

"In his extreme nervousness the attendant poured out ten drops and it was administered.

"His life will flicker out with the setting of the sun," said the doctor, and, glancing from the window—"the sun is setting now. He will not last five minutes at most." He took out his watch and timed the patient's rapid respiration.

"Five minutes passed—ten—the doctor looked slightly puzzled; he bent down closer, an exclamation of surprise breaking from his lips; there was a slight pink glow spreading over Forester's face, his lips were moist.

"I am of the opinion this man will live."

"The overdose of the drug administered by the attendant had saved his life.

The above was the detailed account of the startling story the extras had contained. Who will wonder that Irene fled outright when she read it, and that Frederick Esmond, steering into London as quickly as the railway carriage could bring him, devoted every word of it with avidity, clenching the paper as he came to the last word, with a shuddering groan.

"Oh Irene, beautiful Irene!" he cried, under his breath, "the happiest day of my life is this in which I find that you are innocent of that terrible robbery, and have been from first to last."

"A somnambulist! Great Heaven! that this did not occur to me before." In a trice all that had puzzled him was now as clear as noon-day to him. A bluish of shame rose to his cheeks that he had doubted so noble a girl as Miss Middleton, how he hated himself for it.

"What must she have thought of his inconceivable conduct as he left her, on that memorable morning?

"How shocked she must have been to learn, too, of the prominent part she played in that midnight robbery, surely the strangest and most wonderful on record.

As a gentleman and heartfelt sympathizer,

PROVINCIAL TURF RECORDS.

Some of the Fastest Horses and Records of the Maritime Provinces.

(Halifax Record.)

The fastest horses in the maritime provinces by the records is Edgardo, 2:13, owned by W F Todd, of St. Stephen. Edgardo's son Tomah, owned in Boston, who has the fastest record made by a horse bred in the provinces, was formerly owned by John Lawlor, St. Stephen.

Special Blend, 2:18, by Black Fillo, Spark (Stanley) St. John, has a better record than any horse bred and owned in the maritime provinces; his 2:21 is the fastest record made on a maritime province track, and he is the fastest trotting stallion ever bred in the provinces.

Benny, 2:18, by Farragut, Jr., has the fastest record of any pacer owned in the provinces; he is owned by W C Burke, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Israel, 2:19, by Rampart, owned by A. C. Bell, New Glasgow, has the best record any horse owned in Nova Scotia. Parkside, 2:23, by Clay, owned by W B Bonness, Summerside, has the best record of any trotter in P. E. Island.

Parkland, 2:28, by Parkside, has the best record of any province bred and owned in the Island.

Flora, 2:31, by Von Moltke, owned at Charlottetown, has the record for mares in P. E. Island, and Katri, 2:34, by Harry Wilkes, owned by Dr. Steves, St. John, has the best record for mares over provincial tracks.

Nelson's exhibition mile at St. John in 2:17 is the fastest mile ever made on a provincial track.

J. C. Mahon's (Truro) Brazilian, by Brown Wilkes, in his race at St. Stephen in 1895, as a four year old, made the three fastest heats ever trotted in a race in the provinces—2:24 1/2, 2:25 1/2, 2:24 1/2.

Edgardo, 2:13, owned by J. C. Curry, Bedford, has the fastest record of any gelding owned in the provinces. Stranger, by Sir John Dean, 2:31, owned by R. Megney, Halifax, has the best record of any gelding owned and bred in the provinces. Lontrose, 2:35, owned by Ramsey and McNeil, Summerside, has the best record of any gelding owned on the Island.

Amherst track has both the stallion and gelding records for the provinces, and Halifax has the best record ever made by a mare.

Brighton Boy, 1:28, by All Right, owned by R. Steele, Charlottetown, has the half mile yearling record for the provinces. Parkland, 2:28, by Parkside, owned by W B Bonness, Summerside, has the mile yearling record, and his 2:36 is the two yearling record. Promoter, 2:31, by Freepet, now in Boston, has the three year old record. Brazilian, 2:24, by Brown Wilkes, has the four year old record.

Clayson, 2:22, by Allie Clay, owned by D. S. Mann, Pettaucodis, has the best pacing record of any province bred horse owned in the provinces; also holds the pacing record for the maritime provinces, and his three heats at St. John, 2:24, 2:24, 2:22, are the three fastest heats ever made in the provinces.

Dot, 2:18, by Administrator, owned by S. O. Blanton, Toronto, is the fastest mare ever bred in the provinces. J. P. Island has the fastest record for the maritime provinces, and his three heats at St. John, 2:24, 2:24, 2:22, are the three fastest heats ever made in the provinces.

Dot, 2:18, by Administrator, owned by S. O. Blanton, Toronto, is the fastest mare ever bred in the provinces. J. P. Island has the fastest record for the maritime provinces, and his three heats at St. John, 2:24, 2:24, 2:22, are the three fastest heats ever made in the provinces.

Dandy Estover, by Allie Clay, owned at Hudson, Mass., and Julia Robie, by Abiath Messenger, each with records of 2:24, have the best records of pacing geldings in the provinces. Gumbo, owned by G. M. Sim, and Uncle Sim, now in Cambridge, Mass., is the fastest gelding ever bred in Nova Scotia.

Salundo, 2:22, by Hernando, owned in Boston, is the fastest stallion ever bred in the world. 28c per bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Katrina, 2:25, is the fastest four year old record for mares in the province; Mayflower, 2:28, is the fastest four year old mare ever bred in Nova Scotia.

Parkland, 2:28, is the fastest four year old gelding ever bred in P. E. Island. Lawdennie, 2:30, by Westlaw, owned by J. A. McNeil, Summerside, is the fastest pacer bred in P. E. Island, at present in the provinces.

Maggie T, 2:18, by Sir Charles, owned by J. L. Latta, is the fastest trotting mare ever bred in New Brunswick.

Track records (trotting)—Amherst, Special Blend, 2:21; St. John, Special Blend, 2:21; Charlottetown, Special Blend, 2:24; St. Stephen, Brazilian, 2:24; Summerside, Parkside, 2:27; Nonston, Stranger, 2:28; Kentville, Special Blend, 2:23; Halifax, Katrina, 2:24; Yarmouth, Israel, 2:24; Fredericton, Arlight, 2:24; New Glasgow, Minota, 2:25.

Katrina's 2:24 at Halifax is the fastest first heat ever made in a general in the provinces; Clayson's 2:22 at St. John is the fastest second heat; Special Blend's 2:21 at St. John, the fastest third heat; Brazilian's 2:24 at St. Stephen, the fastest fourth heat; Special Blend's 2:27 and 2:21 at Amherst, the fastest fifth and sixth heats; and Parkside's 2:24 at Amherst, the fastest seventh heat. Arlight's 2:24 at St. John is the fastest second heat by a trotter.

COUNT DE DOREY.

A well-known Danish nobleman makes a statement which will prove of great interest and value to many.

Under date of September 1st, 1894, Count de Dorey writes as follows from Neepawa, Man.:

"I have been acting constantly for six or seven years with severe kidney and bladder trouble. I have doctor'd during all this time with physicians in different countries without any relief. During my travels I was induced to try South American Kidney Cure, which remedy I receive instant relief. I most heartily endorse this remedy, as I do not think it has an equal." South American Kidney Cure invariably gives relief within six hours after first dose is taken. Sold by W. H. Carten, C. A. Burchill and J. M. Wiley.

GENERAL GASCONNE, the new commander of the Canadian militia, is already popularizing himself among the officers and men of the force in the upper provinces. He has evidently little of the starched up dignity of General Herbert, as an instance during his recent visit to Montreal will show. Among his callers were three ex-non-commissioned officers of the Scots Guards, which regiment the General formerly commanded. They were most warmly received, and the General expressed himself exceedingly pleased to see them, and chatted quite a while with them about old times and the men who

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Wiley's ... EMULSION ...

Children Shrink

from taking medicine. They don't like its taste. But they are eager to take what they like—Scott's Emulsion, for instance. Children almost always like Scott's Emulsion.

And it does them good. Scott's Emulsion is the easiest, most palatable form of Cod-liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda added to nourish the bones and tone up the nervous system. The way children gain flesh and strength on Scott's Emulsion is surprising even to physicians.

All delicate children need it. Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute. Scott & Bown, Belleville. C.O. 251, 252.

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Tinware.

Just Received:

12 Doz. Creamers,

12 Doz. Strainer Pails,

75 Doz. Flaring Pails,

12 Gross Milk Pans,

4 Cases Tin Pails, from 1 to 12 quarts,

5 Cases Oil Cans, from 1 to 5 gallons,

With a full and well-assorted stock of wholesale Tinware.

JAMES S. NEILL.