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Edith Norton

One of Life's Tangles

By Josie R. Nicholls

"And do you consider this the best way to break off all communication with him?" he asked, sadly, "to purposely see him again? Are you really in earnest?"

"I am, oh, I am," she cried. "Won't you believe me? I have done wrong, but I have prayed for strength all night, and I will atone for the past, if it is not too late."

Steele could no longer doubt her sincerity, as she lifted her eyes, swimming with tears, to meet his gaze. "It is never too late," he said, "but did you consider that you are placing your life in the way of temptation to see him again? As a married man there is no word that ought to pass between you that could not be as easily sent."

"I've no one to send," she interrupted. "I will go, myself," he said, quietly. "I do not think it would be right for you to meet him, even though your intention was unalterably fixed. We cannot judge our own weakness; besides, you might be seen, recognized, and too many are interested in you to risk your reputation." "Yes, go," she said, breathlessly. "Tell him, tell him, it was my duty—he knows all—I asked him not to come—yes, go, at once, or—or, I can't bear it."

Steele stepped into the hall, and took up his hat, then came back and pressed her hand, encouragingly. "God help you," he said, softly. "God help and bless you, my poor child."

He was gone. It had all been arranged so quickly she hardly knew how it had happened. She had yielded so implicitly to all the minister had proposed, her brain had felt weak, her mind unable to resist or devise differently, but the strengthening pressure of his kind, firm hand upon her own seemed to rouse her to the reality of what had occurred. She started to her feet, and made one step forward, then sank on her knees beside the chair, with set teeth and clenched hands, but the wild yearning found no expression in weeping, convulsive tremors shook her frame, but she had conquered; and gradually the rest of exhaustion succeeded.

CHAPTER XIII.

"GO BACK TO YOUR WIFE."

Not only by the inmates of Steele's mansion was the night felt to be discordantly calm and still by comparison with the tumult in their own bosoms. Before a small log hut, not five minutes' walk removed from the Dalton depot, in a lonely spot half hidden by trees, a figure was pacing up and down in the restless expectation. His coat was fastened closely about him, and though the air was chill with the clinging frost of the October week in October, he hardly seemed cold enough to demand so much muffling. His hat was drawn down over his eyes and shaded a face which, had there been any moon that night, would have been revealed as worn and faded. Trouble had written its lines deeper on the handsome features during the past two months, and with the uneven step of one ill at ease, or burdened with more than customary care, he crossed and recrossed that measured space that bounded his restless walk. As 12 o'clock approached his breathing became more composed; inward excitement mounted to an intensity beyond demonstration; and he paused for moments, gazing inquiringly through the darkness. "Time flies rapidly when one is in the crisis moment long expected has



One involuntary step he made toward Steele as though he called him Steele to the Earth.

passed and when the minutes joined themselves together and began drifting into the half hour, and still no sign of any one approaching, his manner became perturbed again.

Half an hour past the appointed time and his eyes had grown weary of straining through the gloom for the glare of the torch within the hut did not aid the sight for many yards beyond the doorway.

Overhead the stars were looking down with intense frown, but only casting the earth into darker shadow, a darkness well befitting the scheme upon which this man was intent. He quitted the close vicinity of the cabin, however, and wandered out in the direction of the depot, half hesitating, as one doubtful of the explicit directions himself had delivered as regarded the place of rendezvous, keeping a wary lookout meanwhile, for his appearance had created some necessary observation at a village railway station where matter for remark was scanty and the arrival of a stranger afforded scope for speculative conversation. There had been some drummers, too, beside the officials looking about the ticket office when he entered it, but so far he had escaped recognition; and by assuming an air of unconcern he might yet challenge suspicion as to his true personality. As this comforting reflection crossed his mind, despite the anxiety occasioned by the lateness of the hour, a quick footstep sounded behind him, and a

heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder.

Dr. Egerton turned sharply around upon the intruder who had thus penetrated his disguise to behold Ernest Steele, of all persons the one he would most willingly have avoided, hesitatingly. "I would like a few words with you, Dr. Egerton," Steele continued abruptly, in a low, concentrated voice, for the despairing commiseration quickened by Edith's arrival of guilt had not only been in abeyance during his hasty walk the smothered wrath of his soul, which now, at sight of this man, the author of all her misery, culminated to the point of uttering a message of denunciation.

Egerton stood embarrassed. At any moment Edith might appear, and here was a man who would be a disagreeable witness to their meeting. "Excuse me," he said, hesitatingly. "Will any other time do as well? I am sorry to say that at present I have business of pressing importance," and his voice sounded with a constrained coldness he had never entertained towards the minister before.

"You need not be uneasy about your engagement," Steele returned quietly, "for it will never be kept. Come this way," he gave a message to deliver from this girl whose good name you meant this night to ruin."

His voice was stern and imperative, and a sudden chill ran through Egerton. The pastor then had discovered his evil design, but how much—how far? These questions coursed through his brain in rapid succession, as yielding an involuntary obedience, he followed Steele silently back to the lighted space before the open hut; and with the knowledge that he had no disguise left a defiant spirit entered his breast.

As they gained the doorway the blaze of the pine knot burned on the hearth threw a lurid light over the miserable surroundings, the walls, constructed of rough logs, with their numerous apertures, affording free ingress to the night air, and the usual contents of a negro cabin, the untidy beds with their renowned patchwork quilts, the broken table propped on the shorter side containing scraps of the last meal, and two or three dilapidated chairs and blocks of wood that served for seats. On one of the latter an old woman was seated, bent double over the fire, who rose at sight of her former guest and his companion, as if by previous agreement, and bobbed into the adjoining room, closing the rickety door behind her; but Steele did not enter. Pausing on the threshold, he turned and looked at the doctor, and by the glare of the resinous torch the face of each was revealed to the other. Steele's firm, icy, deadly pale, and sternly sorrowful; Egerton's dark with the gleam of excitement about his eyes, and the interloper who dared question these actions for which he felt unprepared to offer any defense.

"I wish as few words as possible, Dr. Egerton," Steele began, calmly, noting the gathering storm and feeling his own temper too uncontrollable to argue with an angry man. "The situation hardly requires an explanation. You are on my point of departure, Miss Norton, and I am here to say, thank God, that the meeting will not take place."

"And what have you to do with it?" broke from Egerton's lips, a violent, violence, for he began to suspect the pastor had divined his whole plan and had frustrated it. Anger was redefining him blind to his own interests. "What right have you to interfere with Miss Norton's motions?"

"My rights of interference I don't propose to discuss with you," Steele returned coolly. "It is totally irrelevant to the question at hand, and which is to deliver a message from the young lady's own lips. See bade me say to you that she could not fulfil her engagement of meeting you; that, however late, she had returned to the path of duty."

A sneer gathered upon the lip of Egerton during this speech, as the position of affairs dawned clearer upon his mind. Steele, however, did not close his history to Edith and she had dispatched him to bid her adieu to her treacherous lover.

Mortification mingled with rage that she should have, as he supposed, confided in the minister, dashed all the tenderness of his feeling towards her with bitter resentment. "Well," he murmured, after a pause, turning his head upon the doorstep, "I think she might have informed me of her change of plans sooner. Had she intimated the helplessness of her determination she might have spared me. His lips refused to utter the meanness with which he intended to end the sentence."

Steele glanced at him contemptuously at that moment his thoughts were filled with considerations of his own wounded vanity, and he added bitterly: "Yes, she might have spared you the exposure as a heartless scoundrel."

Egerton started, stung by this first word of direct reproach, and a hot flush overspread his brow. His hands clenched, the veins in his forehead swelled almost to bursting, and his whole frame trembled with passion. One involuntary step he made towards Steele as though he could have struck him to the earth, but the minister rescued his eyes gradually fell beneath an unperturbed mien.

He knew the violent nature of the man well, but knew too that he could control him. Egerton, torn by unruly passions, thus owed not his mastery, was no equal for the self-controlled firm will of Steele, whose steadfast soul shined through his clear eye in the majesty of truth charmed and quelled him as by mesmeric influence. His glaring eyes gradually fell beneath that steady gaze, his hand relaxed, and he turned aside as one who suddenly recognized his own degradation. "Go on," he said in a broken, strangled, altered tone. "Hear me with reverence. You may say what you

please, Mr. Steele, for I can never forget your kindness to me as a friend. I was a penniless boy in bygone years. Despite, insult me as you may, I cannot sink so low as ingratitude. You saved me once from starvation—you gave me the first belief in human kindness, the first aspirations of my youth, the first enthusiasm in my profession, the first delusive hopes of religion. God! that it should all have passed in vain!" and he covered his face with his hands.

Steele's generous nature was deeply touched, and every other consideration shrunk into oblivion before his duties as priest and the care for a suffering soul. "Nay! all have been in vain," he said, half in admonition, half in pity. "Need one disappointment have wrecked a whole life? There is still an inward rest for those who cling to virtue; there is comfort in the performance of duty even when most hard and stern; there is peace of conscience."

"By heaven!" Egerton interrupted savagely. "Don't preach to me to-night; I can't stand it; keep your religious doctrines for those who can appreciate them and are as little fitted to judge my position as yourself. Let them pass through my trials, let them bear one-half of the burden I shoulder daily, and see if they come through the furnace unscathed; see if they remain immaculate—if they do not snatch at any possibility of pleasure, even if it be through sensual degradation."

"Still," Steele replied resolutely, "there is no need that suffering harden us into disregard for the pain of others. That misfortune should drive us to depths of folly and sin such as involve the souls of other human beings. Grief should teach us compassion for our fellow-men, a tenderness for humanity."

"There is little I have to thank humanity for," Egerton retorted bitterly; "certainly not for my entrance into a world where my presence was not desired, where I have ever been regarded as burdensome and in the way, Mr. Steele," he exclaimed suddenly. "Do you blame me that, harassed, insulted, even, suspected of the vilest motives, my best intentions misinterpreted by those nearest to me, from whom my affections had never wandered could they have found an abiding place, do you wonder that there was solace for me in the trusting glance of that innocent young girl. Do you blame me that when I saw the possibility of reviving my faith, of renewing my whole nature, of rising to a truer manhood in the light of her sweet influence, that I sought her companionship, selfishly, perhaps inconsiderately—but it was a strong temptation—till I discovered that I had won her affections—and then there was no duty so sacred as mine to avert that coming, lasting heart."

Whatever my past life has been, I did not intend to play the villain with that girl. She should have known all this night, and then had she trusted herself to me I would have told her in 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 cures."

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

THE TREATMENT THAT CURES

Dr. Shultz and Camelon's New Treatment, that has lifted the darkness and blight of the word "incurable" from hundreds of these cases of disease in the Throat, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs, works its curative action for two reasons:

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BLOOD BELCHED

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"I became so weak," says Mr. Loss, "that the least excitement would throw me into a cold perspiration, and I would take additional cold. While sitting at my desk one afternoon 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 tell enquirers that after he had been reduced to what he believed a hopeless condition, through frequent hemorrhages, he submitted his case to Doctors Shultz and Camelon, who soon 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 half-breath 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 catarrh.

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P. B. BRAZEL, of Cheboygan, Mich., got little sleep, because of catarrh of the head. Doctors Shultz and Camelon removed 12 polypi 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 well as ever.

AUGUST SCHULTZ, of Wyandotte, was choking and gasping with asthma, when he went to Doctors Shultz and Camelon. He hadn't had a good night's sleep for 10 years. Now he is as well as ever.

MRS. ALEX. RIVARD, New Baltimore: "I had been a long 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."

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