

as silent and tearless, looking at her bruised wrists and at the wounds her nails had made, that she heard a familiar, delicate tread in the hall. It was as well Mr. Ellingsworth did not catch the expression on her set, weary face as his tall form appeared in the doorway. He seemed to her fancy that moment the most terrible monster in the world, this elegant figure of a man, whose disposition was the very essence of refinement, and she dropped her eyes to the carpet as he came toward her with his eternal smile.

"All alone, Jennie? Why you have dropped your chain, here it is on the floor."

"Oh, thank you," but she shuddered in spite of herself as he seated himself near her and warmed her hands fondly between his own soft, white palms.

"My little girl," he began.

Yes, she was his, his and no other's, his every day and hour of her life, for hadn't he brought her, and what better title was there than that by purchase? She raised her eyes and made them rest on his fine, smooth shaven face. She had never noticed before a certain cold and cruel light in his eyes, as if he could enjoy keenly the torture of a living soul, or that beside the sensual lines of his finely chiselled mouth there was a suggestion of an exquisite brutality on the thin lips. She trembled before him.

"I have a favor to ask of you." He looked adoringly at her as he spoke. Mr. Ellingsworth never tired of looking at her, her eyes, her nose, her mouth, her cheeks, her hair, her hands, her feet, her every line of her body. It was as if he were looking at a masterpiece of art, and he would never tire of looking at it.

Her hands were trembling violently, but she had had them in the folds of her dress, so her husband could not see her excitement. But she felt her heart was beating loudly, her old madness seemed coming upon her again, but this man's cold, smiling eyes rebuked her.

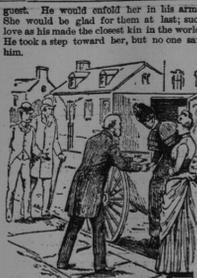
"When is she coming?"

"I don't know," he said, "but the carriage will, I suppose, be here in half an hour, if it didn't face watch, perhaps in an hour or two."

The girl's lips quivered; she almost broke into a passion of angry words; the hate that seethed in her heart for that woman was almost bubbling forth in bitterness. But the cool assurance on her husband's face, as his hands, pitiless eyes seemed to search out all the secrets of her soul, drove the woman. She rose and moved, as one in a dream, toward the door.

"I must get things ready then." And so to ward the door.

"I must get things ready then." And so to ward the door.



His hungry eyes devoured Bertha's beauty.

He would be glad for them at last; such love as he made the closest kin in the world. He took a step toward her, but no one saw him.

"You are all ready," urged Philip, "and I am quite alone."

"Oh no, my train leaves," he made an excuse to look at his watch, "in half an hour." Still he hesitated.

It had laid his hand gently on Philip's arm.

You are leaving and probably a long life of usefulness before you. But a man can never tell. Philip looked in surprise at him. "You may change your mind, or give me your word, I would like to buy you out and run things on my plan."

"But you are not rich enough. You probably know the valuation of the Breton Mills," answered Philip, a little proudly.

"I could pay you something, and you wouldn't drive too hard a bargain. You would be glad, perhaps, to contribute in that way."

Philip burst into a hearty laugh; his honest old friend was losing his wife. Give up his factory, and his own scheme that was his only hope in life! But Mr. Philbrick did not seem to be actually serious and awaiting an answer.

"I will give you the first chance when I want to sell."

The old gentleman's earnestness sobered Philip in spite of himself. He was sorry he had laughed. Perhaps he had been mocking his own destiny. The philanthropist's proposal began to weigh on him as a death-blow to a feast. He was afraid he could not forget it. Did his friend know him better than he knew himself? He had seen the weakness in his character that would be sure to wreck his beautiful hope!

Philip turned and looked after the bent but still vigorous figure of the old prophet. No doubt he had proved a better friend to the people than the whole management of the mills.

"I will never speak with him again," he murmured, smiling yet tinged with gloom.

Then he looked back at his house again. It was in that very doorway, open as it was now, that Bertha had stood and kissed her hand to him the last time she had been in his house.

That was when his chief thoughts of life were as a wedding journey—what was before the first cloud had dimmed his sunlight. And now she had returned. She had shamed her father's house and her father's pure memory. She had shamed him who had been her lover since childhood, and all for a petty and unworthy love. He could not help that. He could not help that. He could not help that. He could not help that.

as they say in England—for out-of-door sports. She rows, she rides, she walks, and she visits the law-tennis racket. She talks more about moonlight, love, and amuse herself without men, which the "tailor-made" is quite so loath to marry as the athletic young man, but when she meets her fate she accepts it gracefully, and makes as good a wife and mother as does the clinging.

A Rare Combination.

There is no other remedy or combination of medicines that meets so many requirements as does Burdock Blood Bitters in its wide range of power over such chronic diseases as Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Scrofula and all humors of the blood.

Milan, Italy, is said to have been built by the Gauls, about 408 B. C. Its renowned cathedral was erected about 1385.

Part of the Household.

"I have used Haysday's Yellow Oil with much satisfaction, for Colds and Sore Throat. I would not be without it at any cost, as I look upon it as the best medicine sold for family use." Miss E. Bramhall, Sherbrooke, Y. Q.

George Peabody, the great American philanthropist, gave \$200,000 to ameliorate the condition of the London poor.

A Reasonable Hope.

Is one that is based on previous knowledge or experience, therefore those who use B. B. may reasonably hope for a cure because the previous experience of thousands who have used it, shows it to have succeeded even in the worst cases.

The first normal school for the instruction of teachers was established at Paris, by a law, Oct. 30, 1794, and opened Jan. 29, 1795. This school was the first of its class, and this design has since been followed in other countries, especially in the United States.

Will be Fully Met.

Indications of Dyspepsia, such as Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Rising and Souring of Food, Wind on the Stomach, or a Choking or Gnawing sensation at the pit of the stomach, are fully met by Burdock Blood Bitters which has cured the worst cases on record.

CHAPTER XXII.

OUT, DAMNED SPOT!

Philip dipped his pen in the inkstand. He was sitting in his study at home, later in the afternoon than usual. Nothing unimportant could have detained him so long from his factory, and, besides, there was a look of unusual solemnity on his face. Philip Breton had just written a letter to a person of importance, prepared from memoranda of the tumultuous day of his wedding. He had signed it, and the names of the witnesses were not dry yet. He had been uneasy for a long time about the destiny of his own creatures who worked in his mill, and of their successors forever, should hang on so feeble a thread as his own life, which might snap before he could give spontaneous energy to the plans that he only lived in his brain. He placed his large, pale letter before the door of the paper, "The Last Will and Testament of Philip Breton." Then he read the whole letter to himself, and he was glad to find that God had committed to his charge many happy and blessed with love and kindness, might have been like the rest, never listening to the groans of his poor, wretched creatures. He had committed to his charge many happy and blessed with love and kindness, might have been like the rest, never listening to the groans of his poor, wretched creatures.

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE

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1,200 PAIRS BOYS' Laced Boots!

SIZES: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

—SELLING FOR—

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900 PAIRS Youths' Laced Boots, SIZES: 10, 11, 12, 13.

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90 CENTS PER PAIR UP.

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Overshoes

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Should call at the

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100 Boys

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The Gazette.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"VERY GOOD."

It was an hour later than usual the next afternoon that Philip passed back his chair from the office table preparatory to going home. He did not acknowledge to himself a certain sweet excitement that affected him as he rose to his feet, much less the cause of it; and he laid it to ordinary masculine vanity that he passed a moment before a mirror before he went out.

It was not the same face he used to see in the glass. His black moustache had grown longer and completely hid his rather unattractive upper lip, but it was not that that changed him so much. His forehead had become a firm look about the corners of his mouth; the youth and freshness that had lasted for twenty-six summers had given place on the twenty-seventh. There was a self-possession and suggestion of reserved force in him now that stood for some very rapid development of character.

As Philip went up the hill, his quick eyes caught a glimpse of a woman's dress by Mr. Ellingsworth's gate, and in a few steps more he could see it was the shade of Miss Bertha loved. Why might it not be Bertha, why not, except that he was so eager it should be! He hurried as much as he dared—how strongly his heart was beating. She might turn any moment and go into the house. He tried to think of what he could say to her if it was she.

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deeply, more tenderly, he thought, than of old, but she had not turned. He saw the path of careworn lines across her forehead that had been as smooth as marble. There was a faded look on her cheeks, less full than they used to be, and their exquisite color less evenly spread. Her hand was white and showed its blue veins almost painfully. His heart ached over her, his proud Bertha. Why could not God have spared her! He would rather have died and saved her the care and suffering that had stricken her loveliness. Then she turned at the sound of footsteps, and a great wave of tenderness swept over her soul. He looked at her so eagerly, so gently that she seemed her face might soften a little, but it did not, nor was there any mark of startled surprise at his coming so suddenly upon her.

"It is you Philip? Even her voice was changed, there was a new hardness in it. She reached out her cold white hand to him.

For a moment he did not speak. It seemed as if his heart would break, there was such a cold, dead, dead look in her eyes, as if she might be ashamed before him, ashamed of the terrible injustice God had done him, and that she had been so long in his arms. But whatever she might have felt, there was no sign of any emotion on her impassive face.

"And you are the mill owner now," she said, "and I am the mill owner's wife. You are no longer a poor man, but still he could not speak. He could only look down at the thin, blue veined hand he held, and keep back the sob that trembled on his lips for his lost love.

And that smile and such words as those were all she had for him, which might have looked away for strength to speak. He must think of some commonplace that would not wringe her eyes. Ah! there was the doorway where she had given him the first ardent caress of his life the last time he had talked with her, the night she foretook him. Did she remember, he wondered! He looked back at the cold, beautiful eyes, and the amused smile yet tinged with gloom.

"Yes, it does seem very odd."

CHAPTER XXIV.

PHILIP BRETON'S

Philip looked at his watch, and he was surprised to find that it was half past ten. He had been sitting in his study at home, later in the afternoon than usual. Nothing unimportant could have detained him so long from his factory, and, besides, there was a look of unusual solemnity on his face. Philip Breton had just written a letter to a person of importance, prepared from memoranda of the tumultuous day of his wedding. He had signed it, and the names of the witnesses were not dry yet. He had been uneasy for a long time about the destiny of his own creatures who worked in his mill, and of their successors forever, should hang on so feeble a thread as his own life, which might snap before he could give spontaneous energy to the plans that he only lived in his brain. He placed his large, pale letter before the door of the paper, "The Last Will and Testament of Philip Breton." Then he read the whole letter to himself, and he was glad to find that God had committed to his charge many happy and blessed with love and kindness, might have been like the rest, never listening to the groans of his poor, wretched creatures. He had committed to his charge many happy and blessed with love and kindness, might have been like the rest, never listening to the groans of his poor, wretched creatures.

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As Philip went up the hill, his quick eyes caught a glimpse of a woman's dress by Mr. Ellingsworth's gate, and in a few steps more he could see it was the shade of Miss Bertha loved. Why might it not be Bertha, why not, except that he was so eager it should be! He hurried as much as he dared—how strongly his heart was beating. She might turn any moment and go into the house. He tried to think of what he could say to her if it was she.

Yes, it was Bertha. Her face was turned away, showing him only the perfect Greek profile and the unconvulsed coils of her wonderful golden hair. Her hand rested on the gate as she looked off the hills. How grand her thoughts must be harmonious with the superb dignity of her face. Philip felt guilty at disturbing her; he had been so long. He came quite low, so near that the magnetic thrill of her presence touched him more

CHAPTER XXXVI.

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