

MARITIME FARMER

MISSING ISSUE

August 15, 1883

Literature.

A MONSTROUS WRONG.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Dolores hesitated. She was profoundly moved by her mother's anguish. Her brave, unselfish soul, capable of the sternest act of self-sacrifice, was being wrought up to the highest pitch of indignation.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Dolores was aroused by dinner at six o'clock, and Elsieph murmured at her lack of appetite, and at the pallor that replaced the color which excitement had brought to her cheeks during the afternoon.

"I will not stay in all the evening, child," declared the old woman. "I would not have you here at Belgrave Square that I can see. We should get there before his lordship's dinner, whom I love, but who will never know me as his grandchild, and I might be able to cheer his declining years."

"The girl's head dropped, so that the anxious, loving blue eyes could not see it. It was a full minute before Dolores answered, in her brave, loving voice: 'God will comfort him in time, mamma. And I will not be so long as you, the longest. So say that I did right.'"

"Now that the matter is all settled," said Dolores, "let us plan our future, mamma—what we should do, and what to each other. And tell me of Lord Glenmorris and of my little brother, and of your home and life."

"The luxurious room was fragrant with the scent of hot-house blooms, and warm with the genial glow of the red fire in the silver grate. The candles were lit, and the light and the soft shadows of the dark evening began to fill the corners of the great chamber."

"You are home early, Hugh," she said, tossing aside her handkerchief. "I did not expect you until a later train. Have you been long back?"

"The wife quailed before the stern eyes of her husband, those eyes which had been accusing. What could she answer? She had not made the faintest pretence of shopping that day. She had been up where but to Lillingham Row. A partial confession of the truth was unavoidable."

And as he lifted the curtain a stream of light fell upon the floor. It was pale, unlit, and in all the splendor of its young beauty, with the dark eyes of streaming light, and the softness and tenderness of its perfect features.

"The curtains fell from Sir Basil's grasp, he bounded into the room, and dashed into the outer door, and dashed into the street. But if he had recognized Dolores, she would not have recognized him."

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"You speak truly, Valeria, when you say that I distrust you," he declared, after a pause. "But happiness was long ago destroyed, but I believe that you would scarcely dare to bring dishonor upon the name I bestowed upon you."

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