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Legislative Assembly
DEC 19 1904
VICTORIA, B. C.

The Kootenay Mail.

Vol. 11.—No. 38 REVELSTOKE, B. C. DECEMBER 17, 1904 $2.00 Per Year.

THE LEADING STORE

Xmas is Coming

BUT WE ARE HERE

with a beautiful selection of Xmas goods for any of your friends or relations and now is the time to do your selecting while the stock is complete. The following are a few of the lines.

Belts and Collars for Ladies

Our display of fancy Belts and Collars is the nicest we have yet shown, put up in separate boxes.

Handkerchiefs for Xmas Gifts

Ladies Lace-edge with Lace insertion, 25c to 50c.
Ladies White Lawn, Irish hemstitch, 5c to 25c.
Ladies Fancy Border, lace insertion, 30c to 50c.
Ladies Fancy Silk with and without initial.
Ladies White Linen, hemstitch, in beautiful padded boxes of half dozen, from 60c to $3.00.

Linens

Towels, Napkins, Table Cloths, Tray Cloths, Sideboard Cloths, Bleached Damasks and Doylies. In these we have all the pretty designs in Teneriffe and drawn work.

Wonderful Xmas Novelties of Beauty and Usefulness in Leather Goods.

Xmas Gifts for Men

Men's Plain and Fancy Silk Mufflers and Chest Protectoas.
Men's Plain Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, half-dozen in box
Men's beautiful Silk Ties in separate cartoons.
Men's Silk and Satin hand-embroidered Suspenders.

These are only a few of the many ws can show you but any one of the above given as a gift is reasonably sure of hitting the mark, and we invite you all to come and inspect our stock.

New Idea Patterns. Dressmaking Department

W. J. GEORGE

McKENZIE AVENUE.

Mail Order Dept. **C. B. Hume & Co.** Write For Samples

LIMITED.

DEPARTMENT STORE

XMAS

The Glad Holiday Season of the year. This is the time when we think with kindness of relatives and friends and try to cement friendships by bestowing some token of regard. You will find our store as usual full of good things. Seasonable Gifts, Nice Presents, Acceptable Offerings for Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, Wife, Children, Beaux, or Best Girl. Come in and look around. Bring the Children to see the Toys.

For Men

TIES—Bow Ties, String Ties Four-in-Hand Ties, Flowing End Ties, Ascot and English Square. Some of these are in Fancy Boxes.
GLOVES—Kid and Buckskin Gloves, dressed and undressed.
Fancy Suspenders in boxes from 75c. to $2.75.
HANDKERCHIEFS—In Silk, Linen, White, Black and Colored, fancy borders, 25c. to $1.25.
Smoking Jackets, Pipes in Cases, Cigar Holders, Cigarette Holders, Tobacco Pouches.
Mufflers (Silk), Jersey Mufflers. Toilet Sets, Shaving Sets, Ink Stands, Curling Jackets, Tam O'Shanters, Curling Brooms.

For Ladies

Blouse Ends, Silk Handkerchiefs Purses, Belts, Collars Fancy Stationery, Brush and Comb Sets, Perfumes Fancy Silk Shawls, Cushion Tops Embroidered Linen, Drawn Work, Linen, Kid Gloves Slippers, Silk Waists, Lace Curtains, Table Napkins Furs, Fascinators, Manicure Sets

For Children

Skates, Hockey Sticks, Balls, Guns, Wagons, Fire Engines, Games, Drawing Slates, Dolls Furniture, Mitts, Gloves, Handkerchiefs. Bring the Children to see the Toys.

China and Cut Glass

Jardinieres, Cut Glass Tumblers Flint Glass Goblets, China Salad Bowls, all sizes from 50c. to $3. Chocolate Bowls, a large assortment. China Bread and Butter Plates. Berry Sets in China and Glass. Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, Tea Sets. Sugar and Cream Pitchers in China and Glass. China Vases, Glass Vases. China Cups and Saucers from 10c. up to $4.00. Gold Edge Glassware, Table Sets, 4 pieces.

C. B. Hume & Co.

LIMITED.

Subscribe Now for the Kootenay Mail THE BEST PAPER IN THE CITY

PROSPEROUS CANADA.

Important Statements by Leading Bankers.

At the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal General Manager Clouston said:

"Taking a broad view of Canadian commerce, the future is bright with promise. Our population is fed now by an immigration of upwards of 100,000 people annually, and the stream appears to be well turned towards Canada. Production in the northwest grows apace, the railways are prosperous, a second transcontinental line is on the eve of construction, the reports from the mining districts of British Columbia are more encouraging; a spirit of abiding confidence in Canada pervades our people, and despite temporary checks in the progress of material development, there is increasing belief that this country has entered upon an era of

GREAT AND ENDURING PROSPERITY."

Sir George Drummond said: "In reviewing the general condition of the country it may be noted that the Stock Exchange, reflecting as it does the views of investors, has apparently entered on a period of revival; securities have now a higher range of value, and confidence in the lasting character of this improvement appears to be spreading. It is evident that any marked increase in immigration or in the production of cereals must come from the northwest. We have there

AN IMMENSE TERRITORY,

of which the area stated in figures conveys no adequate idea, but taking only that portion to the south of the 55th parallel of latitude, which as you know, passes through the north of England, the Government expert estimates that the portion suitable for cultivation in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, that is from Manitoba to the mountains, reaches an extent considerably exceeding the total area of the Empire of Germany, while referring to the much larger extent to the north of the 55th parallel, he says: 'What proportion of these vast districts will be capable of the profitable growing of crops is as yet a matter of conjecture. Striking proofs of progress in this part of the Dominion are everywhere visible. The population of Manitoba and the Territories, which in 1901 was 422,000, became in 1904 870,000. The homestead entries, which in 1901 numbered 8,157, and represented 1,305,120 acres taken for cultivation, had in 1903 reached the number of 31,383 and covered an acreage of 5,021,281."

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER

The Finest Illustrated Edition Published in the West.

The Illustrated holiday edition of the Kootenay Mail is now in the press and will be published in a few days. It will be probably the best illustrated paper ever issued in the west. The Mail prize-winners in the photo competition, the school children's competition, and the best locally written story will be announced in the special edition. A capital story, "A Forbidden Marriage," by Laura Jean Libbey, is published complete, and there will be about 150 illustrations. The price is 50 cents per copy. With this special number will be given a picture printed in colors entitled "Christmas Morning."

METAL PRICES.

Rise in Silver and Copper.

New York, Dec. 14.—Bar silver, 60 5-8; electrolytic copper, 14 3-4 to 15. London—Lead £12 17s. 6d.

Johnny Lightburn, so well known in the city for his elocutionary ability, will take prominent part in the Grand Cantata in the opera house Dec. 26.

THE WAR.

Japanese Cruiser Sunk—Awful Scene of Carnage—Russians More Hopeful.

Tokio, Dec. 10.—The navy department announces that the Saiyen, leading the detached squadron while bombarding Port Arthur Nov. 30, struck a Russian mine and was seen to be enveloped in smoke. The gunboat Akagi immediately ceased firing and went to the assistance of the cruiser. Finding that the latter was making water rapidly the Akagi and the other Japanese ships turned their attention to rescuing the crew. Fifteen officers and 175 men were saved but the captain and 15 others went down with the ship.

The work of removing the dead from the slopes and crests of 203 Metre Hill has been completed on the north side. The south slopes are still covered with the bodies buried under the debris of trenches and bombproofs. The long lines of Japanese dead laid out on the top of the hill and the slopes previous to interment presented an awful appearance. The effect of dynamite used as an offensive weapon in the form of hand grenades is instanced in an appalling manner by the condition of the dead bodies, which are torn and almost unrecognizable masses of flesh and bones. Fragments of hundreds of killed unearthed from the filled in Russian trenches presented a scene of awful horror. The heavy timbers and steel plates of the bombproofs were torn to splinters by shells and dynamite.

St. Petersburg—A Russian officer says: "The cold in Russia's ally now, as it was against Napoleon. The Japanese cannot endure extreme cold like the Russians. They are not strong enough to attempt to turn Mukden now and will not be even if Port Arthur and 50,000 reinforcements are sent up to join Field Marshal Oyama.

"In the meantime Russian troops are piling up behind Mukden. In February the port of Niu Chweng is ice bound, and General Kuropatkin will have close upon half a million men in three armies, amply sufficient to turn Oyama's position at the Shahke river and force the Japanese back into Corea and the Liaotung peninsula."

Tokio, Dec. 15.—The Japanese have successfully torpedoed the Russian battleship Sevastopol.

The Japanese fleet is now free to go into dock to get ready to meet the Russian Baltic fleet.

CITY COUNCIL.

The city council had a short meeting last night. It was decided to change the color of fire alarm box lights from red to green, to have the agreement between the city and the turf club duly executed, to hold city elections on 12th Jan. and nominations of 9th, Mr. Aman to be returning officer, and that at the civic elections a plebiscite be taken as to whether the high school shall be free or fees charged.

J. E. Long will be allowed $25 off taxes for use of water supply and the Mayor reported the C. P. R. had agreed to pay the city $192 for use of overflow water from reservoir.

Bews says

Toilet articles for Sister—
Yours or another's.
Now Xmas is here
Face Powders
Manicure Requisites
Creams
Washes and Fancy Soaps
Brushes and Combs
A cute Atomizer for her
Attar of Roses,
A box of Perfumes
To tickle their noses.
Look our stock over and
don't worry about prices.

Walter Bews, Phm. B.
Druggist and Stationer.
Next Hume' Block.

This Will Be a Record Christmas With Us For Fine Goods

MEDITERRANEAN FRUITS

1904 CROP

5 Crown Cleaned Filcha Currants in 1 lb packages,
5 Crown Cluster Raisins, Bleached Sultanas, Valentia Raisins, Muscatels and Seeded Raisins in 1 lb packages.
Layer Figs, Dates, Malaga Grapes, Shelled Valentia Almonds.
Stuffed Figs and Dates in 1 lb fancy boxes.
Shelled Walnuts, Sicily, Filberts, Grenoble Walnuts, Brazils, Tarragona Almonds, Polished Pecans.
Crystalized Fruits in 1 lb fancy cartoons.
Candied Lemon, Orange and Citron Peel.
Naval Oranges.
Ben Davies and choicest varieties of Apples.

Cranberries, Celery and Hot House Lettuce

All the Leading Varieties of Christie, Brown & Co's and McCormack's FANCY BISCUITS.

Cakes and Plum Puddings in 1 and 2 lb tins.
Wethey's Mince Meat in packages.

The Following Delicacies Just To Hand for Xmas Trade.

King Oscar Sardines

Choicest small fish, fine Olive oil, no bones or scales.
Sportman, Mordaleb and other leading varieties of Sardines.
Belland's Fish Balls.
Pineapple, Fig and Orange Marmalades in 1 lb glass jars.
Lazenby's Assorted Concentrated Soups.
Gillard's Pickles in 20 oz bottles.
Splendid assortment of Robinson's Fancy Candies, Creams, Chocolatse and Bon-Bons in 1 and 2 lb fancy boxes.
Consignments of Japanese Oranges received daily.

Fancy and Staple Groceries

Our stock is the most complete in the city and our prices attractive. You like to deal at a Grocery House where goods look nice and clean, where clerks are polite and obliging; where deliveries are made on time; above all, where you know you are getting the best in the market at the fairest of prices. That's the sort of house we keep. Call and be sure of it. Compare our prices and examine the quality and variety of our goods.

Choicest brands of Flour, Oatmeal, etc., always in stock.
Bran, Shorts, Chop, Wheat, etc., at lowest market prices.
Fresh Vegetables—Potatoes, Beets, Cabbages, Parsnips, Turnips, Carrots, etc.
Special quotations in quantities.

Agents for McCleary's Famous Ranges, Stoves, Heaters, etc.

Leading lines in Hardware, Crockery and Glassware.

Bourne Bros.

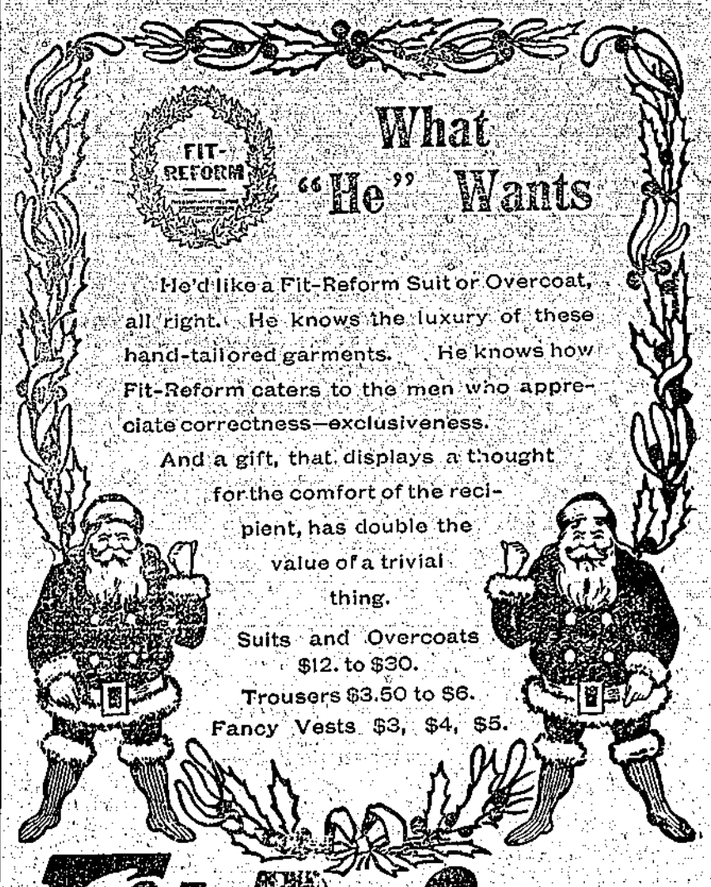
FIT-REFORM

What "He" Wants

He'd like a Fit-Reform Suit or Overcoat, all right. He knows the luxury of these hand-tailored garments. He knows how Fit-Reform caters to the men who appreciate correctness—exclusiveness.

And a gift, that displays a thought for the comfort of the recipient, has double the value of a trivial thing.

Suits and Overcoats $12. to $30.
Trousers $3.50 to $6.
Fancy Vests $3, $4, $5.



Fit-Reform

Macdonald & Montieth, Revelstoke.

Be Sure and Secure the Holiday Number of the Kootenay Mail

OKANAGAN VALLEY.

Its Settlements and Resources.

ROSEDALE.

This ranch adjoins the Coldstream estate on the east boundary and is located on the south side of the road. It was originally taken up by G. Brewer, one of the pioneers of the district, who settled here between 25 and 30 years ago. Three years ago it was purchased by James and Robert Honeyman, who formerly farmed on the Delta, and left there for the Klondyke on the gold excitement breaking out. Messrs. Honeyman became convinced that a good farm is the best gold mine after all, and returning to British Columbia, decided to settle in the Okanagan Valley, with the result they made the purchase referred to.

The farm has a frontage of a mile and a half to the Coldstream road and contains 750 acres. Irrigation is applied to the hay land but not to the orchard. 300 acres is level land, with a rich loamy soil, and the back portion rises into bunch-grass covered hills forming a range for stock.

Part of

THE ORCHARD

is the oldest fruit producer in the district, having been planted out 20 to 25 years ago. A year ago Messrs. Honeyman extended their orchard, planting out 200 trees, mostly apples. The varieties of apples grown are: Northern Spy, Wealthy, Canada Baldwin, Aiken's Red, Ribston Pippin, Hyslop Crab, and Paragon. Plums do well. The kinds grown are Green Guage and Yellow Egg. Cherries and pears have been planted out, the latter variety being the Bartlett. In small fruits there are currants and gooseberries, and these do well. The mildew which has attacked the currant crop in other parts of the valley is unknown here.

THE PRINCIPAL CROPS

raised on the farm are hay and wheat. There are 160 acres under timothy and clover. 100 tons of wheat was raised last year. The grain raised is of excellent quality. More land is being cleared for seeding.

STOCK.

A few Jersey cows are kept and eight horses. Messrs. Honeyman intend giving attention to raising hogs, and will breed draught horses. Two Clydesdale mares have been purchased from the Douglas Lake ranch for breeding purposes.

BUILDINGS.

The farm buildings are very complete. These consist of a well equipped workshop 18x24 ft. with lathe and bench, smokehouse, two root houses and large cellar for roots two storey granary 24x30 ft., (well stored with last seasons grain and timothy grass-seed), poultry-house, boiler-house. There is another granary in the far corner of the farm. There are also implement sheds, eight-stall stable, hay barn 30x66 ft. fitted with hoist, cattle shed and piggeries.

IMPLEMENTS.

The farm is well supplied with implements—binders, mowers, rakes, seeders, wagons, disc ploughs, 2000 lb scales, walking and sulky ploughs, sleighs, buggy. One of the best implements on the farm is a double furrow disc plough, which works well in the black loamy soil. It was purchased from W. R. Megaw. A subsoiler can be obtained to work with it in heavier soils.

Messrs. Honeyman are now clearing the portion of their ranch next the main road and effecting considerable further improvements which will make it one of the best ranches in the valley.

MILL ROAD.

The first settler on the mill road is Hugh Grant, who holds 280 acres which he purchased from Messrs. Honeyman Bros. Last season there were 40 acres under crop, hay, oats and barley. Mr. Grant intends going in for dairying and making butter. Fruit growing will have some attention. 100 trees have been planted out, mostly apples, with a few plums and cherries. The variety of apples principally planted out is the Wealthy which does so well at Coldstream ranch. The fruit is richly colored, making it an attractive market variety. Small fruits will also be planted out. A team of horses is kept. Poultry are raised extensively, the selections being Plymouth rocks and black Spannish, which Mr. Grant considers make a better cross than any other.

C. Albers has 160 acres of land on which he grows 80 acres of wheat and runs cattle on the rest.

Mr. Reid, who arrived from Scotland last year, has taken up a farm on the bench lands.

Messrs. Ward Bros. have one of the finest and best kept apple orchards in the valley. They have made extensive improvements and done a lot of clearing. In connection with the farm they go into the firewood business. In fact the main firewood supply of Vernon comes from this road.

W. Endall has taken up 160 acres at the head of the road. Of this area 100 acres is bottom land and he intends going in mainly for raising hay. He has put up a good log house and out-buildings. Eight acres of wheat and oats were grown yielding 16 tons. The potato and onion crops have been very successful, onions doing specially well. A team of horses is kept and Mr Endall also goes into the firewood business.

W. Morley is literally hewing his home out of the forest. He has taken up 320 acres of land and is gradually getting it cleared. A crop of oats which he grew among the stumps proved very successful, the straw standing six feet high. Horses, hogs and poultry are kept. Mr. Morley was so well satisfied with his oat crop that he sent a sample to the old country to show what the forest lands of the Okanagan Valley can do when cleared and cultivated.

J. Boyd has 250 acres of land, and grows a little hay, but goes in mainly for firewood business.

S. Pickering holds 160 acres, including some fine bottom land. He grows about 60 tons of hay and is also in the firewood business.

Jas. Phillips's farm consists of 600 acres, of which 75 acres are used for growing wheat and hay. Six horses are kept. In winter Mr. Phillips is in the firewood business. It is 18 years since he settled here.

SEASON'S SHIPMENTS.

Wonderful Results of Small Farming in Okanagan Valley.

The following returns from R. Gellatly and Sons gardens shows what can be raised in one season, by one family, on the shores of Okanagan Lake. In addition to the 10,500 pounds of strawberries shipped, it is to be noted that a large quantity was left unpicked on account of being unable to procure sufficient help in the berry season:—

	Express lbs.	Freight lbs.	Total lbs.
Beets	120		120
Beans (green)	1028		1028
Corn (green)	998		998
Cabbage	815	3711	4526
Carrots	985	3075	4060
Cucumbers	3295		3295
Citron		4090	4090
Egg plant	151		151
Melons	2436		2436
Onions	200	1030	1230
Parsnips		1450	1450
Pumpkins		275	275
Potatoes	1780	11065	12845
Peppers	170		170
Rhubarb	760	1000	1760
Raspberries		700	700
Strawberries	3775	6725	10500
Turnips	1060	155	1215
Tomatoes	44035	25228	69263
	61608	58504	120112

60 tons 112 pounds.

Plants sold—Tomato 85,000, cabbage 10,000, strawberry 80,000, Raspberry 3,000. Total 178,000.

GENERAL NEWS.

Nelson Gun Club have imported pheasants for liberation.

Lord Minto may be appointed High Commissioner for South Africa.

Hon. A. G. Blair will start practice as a corporation lawyer at Ottawa.

B. C. lumbermen will send a big deputation to Ottawa to ask a tariff on lumber.

Winnipeg had a $30,000 fire, McDonald & Fleming's hardware store being gutted.

New buildings to the value of $1,250,000 were erected in Calgary during the year.

C. P. R. detectives have arrested a man at Bellingham on suspicion of being concerned in the recent hold-up at Haney.

The exposures of Mrs. Chadwick, who is alleged to have forged Andrew Carnegie's name to large amounts on which she obtained advances, is the sensation of the day in the States, and she has been twice indicted by the grand jury.

CURLING.

The Scotch curlers have arranged a bonspiel in February at Adelboden, Switzerland. Canada and the States are invited to send rinks.

FINANCIAL.

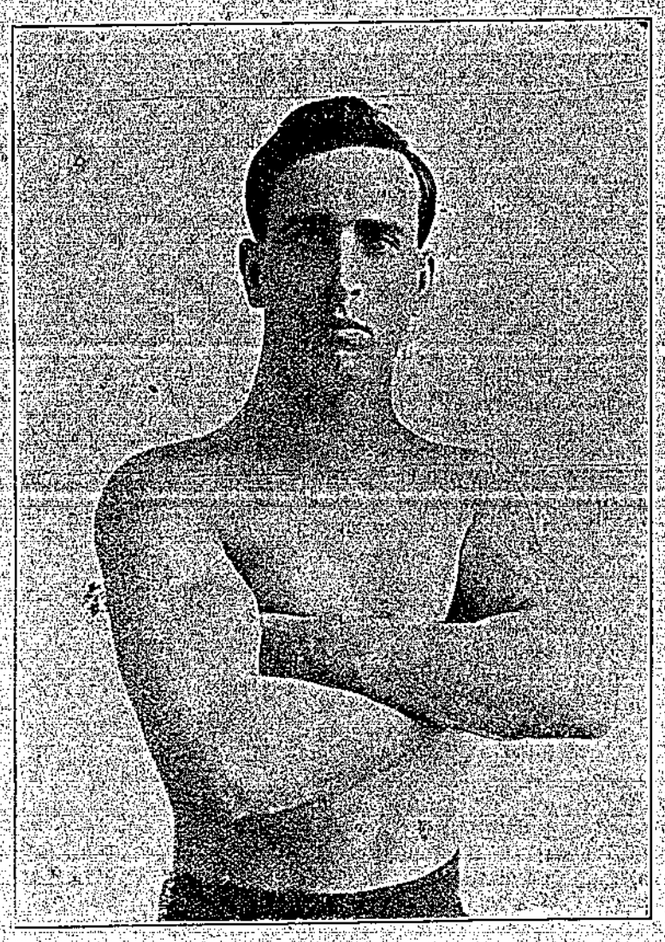
There was a big smash in New York stock this week, mainly Amalgamated copper and United States steel which sold down to 44 and 41 respectively.

WAH CHUNG,
General Store and Restaurant Keeper
A Prime Stock of Groceries, Fruit, Vegetables.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
Try our Iced Sodas, Ice Cream, Strawberries and Cream. Can't be beaten in the City.
FRONT ST., REVELSTOKE.

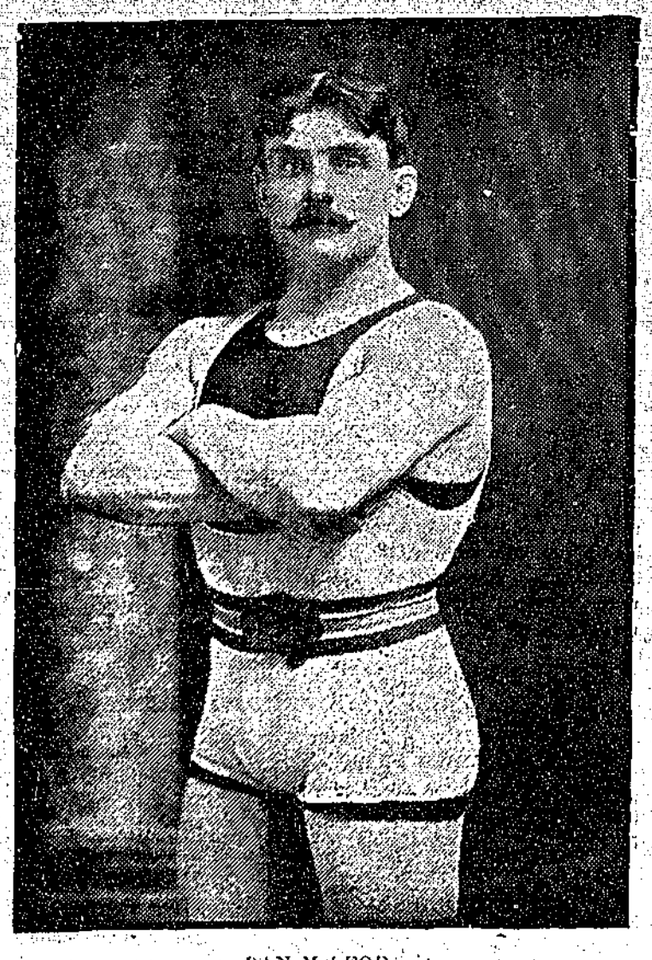
SEE
Wing Chung's newly imported stock of Chinese and Japanese goods. The best assortment ever landed in Revelstoke of useful and ornamental articles:
Tea services, Plates, Baskets, Cane Chairs, Handkerchiefs, Flower Pots, Umbrella Stands, Lunch Baskets, Smoking Jackets, Silk Goods.
GOLD FISH
Finest stock of candies and fruit in town.
Front Street, Revelstoke

WRESTLING MATCH CONTESTANTS

To Meet Thursday Evening in the Opera House



J. D. McLENNAN,
Amateur Champion of British Columbia and Maritime Provinces.



DAN McLEOD,
Ex-Champion of the World.

THE WISE HOSTESS
Serves Blue Ribbon Tea at her social functions and pleases her most critical guests. She knows, and they know, there is only ONE BEST TEA—Blue Ribbon

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the Kootenay District:—

Number One.

Commencing at a post planted about a quarter of a mile north of Downie Creek trail, and about four miles up from the Big Bend trail, and marked "G. B. Nagle's southwest corner", thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to initial post.

Number Two.

Commencing at a post planted on the north side of the Downie Creek trail, about three and a half miles up from the Big Bend trail, and marked "G. B. Nagle's northwest corner", thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to initial post.

Number Three.

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Downie Creek, about two miles from the mouth, and marked "G. B. Nagle's southeast corner", thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to initial post.

Dated the 8th day of October, 1901.
36d21 G. B. NAGLE.

Do not let Xmas go by without visiting our Store.
Excellent Assortment of Xmas Presents
SEE WHAT WE HAVE TO CHOOSE FROM
Carvers, Fruit Knives, Fish Carvers, Tea Services, Fish Knives and Forks, Silver Butter Dishes, Silverware Jam and Fruit Dishes, Salad Bowls, Cruett Stands, Lamps, Midget Carpet Sweeper for Baby, only 25c., Pocket Knives for the Boys, Shaving Cups and Brushes for Daddy, Razors and Strops, Slates, Hockey Sticks, Carpet Sweepers
A Complete Stock of General Hardware
W. M. LAWRENCE, Revelstoke
Agent TILDEN-GURNEY CO., Hamilton.

P. BURNS & CO.
Wholesale and Retail
Meat Merchants.
Head Office, Abattoir and Cold Storage:
Calgary, Alberta

Central Hotel,
REVELSTOKE, B. C.
ABRAHAMSON BROS., PROPRIETORS.
Newly built. First-class in every respect. All modern conveniences.
Large Sample Rooms.
Rates $1.50 per Day. Special Weekly Rates.
Queen's Hotel, Trout Lake, under same management.

ESTABLISHED 1894.
The Kootenay Mail.
The Oldest Established Paper in North Kootenay.
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Published Weekly on Saturdays by
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Steam Printers and Publishers.
Dealers in
Printing and Wrapping Papers and Paper Bags.
Loose Leaf Account and Duplicate Counter Check Systems.
Agents for Tengwell and Opalla Patented Loose Leaf Files, Ledgers and Billing Systems.
Illustrated Work a Specialty.
Phone Number 13. P. O. Box Number 70.

They're happy in the kitchen
Since **Bovril** came to stay,
The chef and his assistants
Have learned **the Bovril way**,
Of making Soups and Sauces—
Delicious Bouillon, too;
That's why the work is easy,
And they're so quickly through

BOVRIL

is the most useful and convenient assistant to the cook in preparing rich and deliciously flavoured soups, gravies, entrees, etc. One teaspoonful to a pint of soup produces a marvellous improvement in flavor, strength and appearance

MINING MATTERS

CHERRY CREEK.

Section With Splendid Mineral Prospects.

Mining men ought to get in and work the prospects on Cherry creek. There are no better prospects in the province. There is a first class wagon road into the heart of the country. The ores are of high grade, easily and cheaply developed. Mining can be carried on there as easily in winter as in summer. As an example of the ores found there two tons of Hidden Treasure ore shipped to Frisco went $1,950, or $975 a ton. Where will you get ore like that? And there appears to be lots more of it in the district if mining men and prospectors will only get after it and do a little prospecting and development work.

It is the old story of mining men preferring the most out-of-the-way places, while mineral wealth may be lying right under their noses.

SPYGLASS BONDS MORE CLAIMS.

Bruce White and R. G. McLeod, acting on behalf of the Spyglass M. & D. Co., closed a deal for the purchase of the Morning and Homestake claims on Rapid creek, about a mile and a half from Poplar. The vendors are Jack Nesbitt, W. Munroe and A. C. Mackintosh. The amount of the bond is $10,000, payable within a year.

The claims are within 1000 feet of the C. P. R. line, and have most excellent surface showings.

On one of the leads a tunnel has been driven 45 feet and fine specimens of free gold can be picked out of each barrow load of quartz taken from the workings. The lead is about two feet in width and can be traced on the surface for a considerable distance. The ore averages $43 in gold to the ton. The tunnel in question will be driven still further and when 30 more feet of work is accomplished it will be under the richest part of the surface showing, and a little further, it will crosscut another four foot vein which gives an average assay value of about $20 to the ton in gold on the surface.

The Spyglyss company will commence work at once on the property and continue operations all winter. In the spring, if development then attained warrants it, a stamp mill will be erected.

Bruce White, who examined the claims recently and sampled the ledges thoroughly, says in his opinion the claims equal any in Poplar.—News.

MINOR NOTES.

Rambler Cariboo have leased a block in the old workings.

The Arlington mines made a profit of $50,000 on the ore shipped during the year.

Brooklyn capitalists are investigat- the large iron deposits on Crawford Bay, Kootenay lake, with a view to taking them up.

Rich ore has been struck on La France claim on Bald Mountain, near Ainsworth, the values being 150 to 160 ozs. silver, $10 gold and 3 per cent copper.

Bessett mountain at Lumby may yet come to the front as a mining camp. It has good prospects, and eruptive dykes are distinctly seen cutting through the mountain, which stands up alone in the centre of the meadows around it. J. B. Bourcet is the principal claim holder on the mountain.

M. F. Madden, of Chicago, has bought the Goldfinch claim at Greenwood.

St. Eugene has contracts to ship 19,000 tons of ore between now and July 1st.

A car of Elkhorn ore went 296 ozs. silver, $20.25 gold, besides considerable lead and copper.

The Hunter V. has arranged to ship 100 tons daily to the Nelson, Granby, Trail and Northport smelters.

The Slocan Star has paid its second dividend for the year, making the dividends paid to date $550,000 on a capital of $500,000.

The Provincial Mining Association intends representing to the legislature the necessity of amending the mineral act to prevent placer locations being made over lode claims and other needed amendments to stop litigation

LUMBERING

LOGGING AT LUMBY.

The Kamloops Lumber Company took ten million feet of logs out the Mable Lake and Lumby districts last year, and propose extending their logging operations as far as Sugar Lake. They will clear the Shuswap river between the Falls and that point and this will be a great boon to the settlers, as it will enable them to sell the logs cut in clearing their farms to the company to be floated down to the mill at Enderby as has been done at Lumby where logging for the company has proved such a boon to the settlers, the returns have covered the cost of clearing their land.

The company last season bought 7,000,000 feet of logs from the settlers between Mable Lake and Lumby alone, and these logs were delivered into a tributary of Shuswap River, Bessett Creek, which flows through their farms, the price allowed being $3.50 per 1000 ft. The logs were thence driven down this creek by men employed by the company, thence into Shuswap River, then across Mabel Lake into the Spallumcheen River to Enderby, a distance of between 70 and 80 miles.

The Windermere Lumber Company has been organised by Capt. Armstrong with a capital of $20,000 to operate a mill at Windermere.

FRUIT TRADE.

New Market in Sight.

Hon. R. G. Tatlow says: "The opening of the Panama Canal will mean that British Columbia fruit can be landed in England in 27 days at small cost, and without transhipment. An enormous business should thus result. He looked after the British Columbia fruit exhibit at the Horticultural Society's show at the Crystal Palace, London, which was awarded the gold medal. The pears were so excellent that the judges ate all of them.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the Best Made.

"In my opinion Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best made for colds," says Mrs. Cora Walker of Porterville, California. There is no doubt about its being the best. No other will cure a cold so quickly. No other is so sure a preventive of pneumonia. No other is so pleasant and safe to take. These are good reasons why it should be preferred to any other. The fact is that few people are satisfied with any other after having once used this remedy. For sale by all druggists.

NEW PATENTS.

Rowland Brittain, patent attorney of Vancouver, reports:—

John H. Melean received a Canadian patent on a further modification of his new saw tooth, reference to which was recently made.

Thomas Kiddie, manager Tyee Smelter at Ladysmith, Vancouver Island, has received a Canadian patent on an ore barge, especially designed to enable its load to be quickly discharged with a minimum of labor. To this attainment he has designed a barge or scow, the deck of which is divided into a series of hoppers discharged through closable doors into sub-deck passages in which ore tubs or cars may be run, and which passages are in communication with hatchways at the ends of barge through which the empty tubes may be lowered and the full ones raised.

IMPROVED LUMBER MACHINE.

A. W. Tait, of Vancouver, has just received a U. S. Patent on a saw carriage for cutting bevel boards from a sawn cant. This invention is directed to the attainment of a cheaper method of producing bevel siding, for which there is a large and rapidly increasing demand in the building trade. Mr. Tait realised that this demand may be increased if a means is provided for producing bevel board more rapidly and cheaply than can at present be done, and he has to this end designed the machine which is the subject of this patent. In this machine the sawn cant is placed on a seat which is pivotally mounted on a saw carriage of ordinary construction on an axle parallel to the line of movement so as to be tiltable above and below a line at right angles to the plane of cutting, the position of the axle being such that when the cant is tilted to the upward position and set after a board has been cut the cant may be tilted to the downward position and a second board cut from the cant to the opposite bevel without further set. If a double cutting band saw is used the carriage may thus be traversed back and forth and boards of uniform bevel cut successfully from the cant until it is used up.

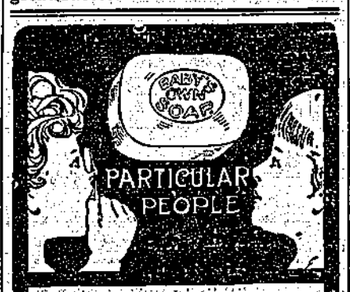
A machine has been built in accordance with the Patent specification and the inventor's practical acquaintance with saw mill requirements is itself a guarantee of the sufficiency of the machine to perform the work it is designed for. Mr. Tait is satisfied that the machine will enable bevel boards to be cut at a much cheaper rate than can be done by any other system at present in the market and is content to wait until he can find a firm enterprising enough to avail themselves of it.

It may be that as in many other cases in the past, the patent rights will be acquired on the other side of the line and still further subject the lumber trade to the "unfair competition" of which our industries so frequently complain.

F. Kilby and H. F. Goodmurphy, Vancouver, Canadian patent on means for controlling electric signal lights for railway or tram line.

A. T. Abbey and F. Esmond, Victoria, U. S. patent on fluorescent indicator for an electric lamp, switch box or drop key. This invention consists of a band of fluorescent or light emitting material encircling the socket of a lamp or the casting of a switch box by which the location of the key to turn on the light may be readily found. The difficulty of locating a lamp or switch box on entering a room has so long been experienced that it is a wonder that some such device has not been on the market before this. The advantage the invention offers is sure to be appreciated.

The Calgary Sanitarium for the treatment of pthisis is reported a great success.



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used by particular people both young and old. Keeps the skin soft, clear and white.

No other Soap is just as Good. 034

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

C. J. Wilkes

MACHINIST & BLACKSMITH
LATHE WORK A SPECIALTY
Licensed Auctioneer for City of Revelstoke.

W. A. McDonald

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REVELSTOKE
The only first-class plasterer in town. Let me know your requirements. A Carload of Lime just imported. A Carload of Brick under order.

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Painter, Paperhanger and Sign Writer
SIGNS A SPECIALITY.
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Orders left at J. W. Bennett's will be promptly attended to.

Jas. I. Woodrow,

BUTCHER.
Retail Dealer in
BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, Etc.
Fish and Game in Season.
All orders promptly filled.
REVELSTOKE, B. C., Corner Dougle and King streets

Halcyon Hot Springs Sanitarium.

THE MEDICAL WATERS of Halcyon are the most curative in the world. A perfect, natural remedy for all Nervous and Muscular diseases, Liver, Kidney and Stomach ailments and Metallic Poisoning. A sure cure for "That Tired Feeling." Special rates on all boats and trains. Two mails arrive and depart every day. Telegraph communication with all parts of the world. An experienced massanger.

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Arrow Lake, B. C.

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Royal Mail Lines.
Cheapest Route to the Old Country.

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DOMINION LINE—From Montreal.

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Dominion	Aug. 20
Vancouver	Aug. 27
Canada	Sept. 3

CAN. PAC. ATLANTICS. S.—From Montreal.

Lake Champlain	Aug. 18
Lake Erie	Sept. 1
Lake Manitoba	Sept. 8

AMERICAN LINE—From New York.

St. Louis	Aug. 20
New York	Aug. 27

WHITE STAR LINE—From New York.

Majestic	Aug. 17
Oceanic	Aug. 24
Teutonic	Aug. 31

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Etruria	Aug. 20
Lucania	Aug. 27
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Passengers ticketed through to all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and at specially low rates to all parts of the European continent. Apply to nearest railway or steamship agent or to

T. W. BRADSHAW, Agent, Revelstoke
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DON'T MARRY, DOCTOR or despair. "Don't do a thing" till you see clearly what's best by aid of **Flashlights on Human Nature**, on health, disease, love, marriage and parentage. Tells what you'd ask a doctor, but don't like to. 240 pages, illustrated, 25 cents; but to introduce it we send one only to any adult for postage, 10 cents. **M. HILL PUB. CO.**, 128 East 28th Street, New York.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, thirty days after date we intend to make application to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:—

Number 1.

Commencing at a post planted about five chains west of Boyd's Cabin on the divide between Cranberry Creek and Pingston Creek, marked "B.B.L. Co's north-east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Number 2.

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of K. & S. block 811 about one mile west of where Boyd's Trail to Pingston Creek crosses the back line of said block and marked "B.B. L. Co's. south-east corner post," thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to point of commencement.

Number 3.

Commencing at a post planted on the west side of K. & S. block 811, about one and one-half miles south of where Boyd's trail to Pingston Creek crosses the back line of said block, marked "B.B.L. Co's. north-east corner post," thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains thence east 80 chains to point of commencement.

Number 4.

Commencing at a post planted one mile west of the south-west corner of K. & S. block 860 and marked "N. McEachern's south-east corner post," thence north 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement.

Arrowhead, Nov. 8, 1904.

BIG BEND LUMBER CO. Ltd.

11d10

NOTICE is hereby given that, 30 days after date, I intend to apply to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted 20 chains from the west shore of Upper Arrow Lake, about three miles south of Nakusp, running thence east 40 chains, south 80 chains, west 40 chains, north 160 chains, east 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less.

Dated the 15th day of November, 1904.

45ja6 C. B. KIRK.

G. A. SCOTT,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

GOOD WORKMANSHIP
PERFECT FIT
UNION MADE

McKENZIE AVENUE Next R. HOWSON & Co'

HOMES FURNISHED ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

Furniture

Another Carload of Furniture just arrived. Carpets, Linoleums, Oilcloths, etc. Sewing Machines, Heintzman Pianos.

R. HOWSON & CO., FURNITURE DEALERS AND EMBALMERS.

Ganong's Celebrated G. B. Chocolates

in elegant Fancy Boxes.

See the Display at C. B. Hume & Co's

and buy a

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

that is always welcomed with a smile of satisfaction.

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A call on the Revelstoke Wine and Spirit Company will convince the most sceptical that an assortment of our choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars is necessary to complete the requirements for the festive season.

PROMPT DELIVERY.

Revelstoke Wine and Spirit Company Limited
CAMPBELL AVENUE.

Our New Goods are here

And we are ready for the trade. Everything in connection with this house is first class. Our selection of Woollens is the best. We cut every garment with a perfect style and fit, and the workmanship gives it a beautiful finish, a joy to the customer.

WILSON THE TAILOR

McKENZIE AVENUE. NEXT TAYLOR BLOCK.

S. McMAHON

BLACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

has been appointed agent for the Fairchild Co. of Winnipeg, the John Deere Plow Company, the Moline Wagon Company and the Canada Carriage Company of Brockville, and will carry full stocks of cutters, wagons, plows, carriage furnishings and agricultural implements of all kinds.

Orders placed with him will be filled with the best class of manufactures in the market.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized, $4,000,000. Capital Paid Up, $3,000,000. Rest, $2,650,000.
Head Office, TORONTO, ONTARIO.
Branches in the Northwest Territories, Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec. And the following points in British Columbia: Cranbrook, Golden, Nelson, Revelstoke, Trout Lake, Vancouver and Victoria.

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E. HAY, Assistant General Manager. W. MOFFAT, Chief Inspector.

Revelstoke Branch, B. C.—A General Banking Business Transacted
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Incorporated by Act of Parliament, 1855.
HEAD OFFICE, - - MONTREAL.
WM. MOLSON MACPHERSON, Pres. S. H. EWING, Vice-Pres.
JAMES ELLIOT, General Manager.

Capital paid up, $3,000,000
Reserve, $3,000,000

Everything in way of banking business transacted without unnecessary delay.

Interest credited twice a year at current rates on Savings Bank deposits.

W. H. PRATT, Manager, - REVELSTOKE, B. C.

The Kootenay Mail

PUBLISHED SATURDAY.
—AT—
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Subscription - $2.00 Per Annum

ADVERTISING RATES on application. Changes in standing advertisements must be in by 9 a. m. Wednesday of each week to secure good display. Standing advertisements will be changed twice a month without extra charge. For more frequent alterations the time occupied in making same will be charged at usual rates.

JOB PRINTING promptly executed at reasonable rates.

TERMS—Cash. Subscriptions payable in advance.

CORRESPONDENCE invited on matters of public interest. Communications to Editor must be accompanied by name of writer, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith. Correspondence should be brief.

We request our numerous readers to favor us with their assistance in making the KOOTENAY MAIL the most valuable advertising medium in the Kootenays by giving the preference when making purchases to those firms who are regular advertisers in the KOOTENAY MAIL.

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JOHN MANNING SCOTT, B. A., L. L. B. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. First Street. Revelstoke, B.C.

EDWARD A. HAGGEN, MINING ENGINEER, (Mem. American Institute Mining Engineers) (Mem. Canadian Mining Institute.) REVELSTOKE, B. C. Examination of and reports on Mineral Properties a Specialty.

The Kootenay Mail

UNION LABEL

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1904

High expectations are entertained that an abundance of coal will be found near Enderby where a gang of explorers are at work. H. W. Harvey, of that place, is understood to have secured 8000 acres where coal beds are supposed to be underlying, and his name is a guarantee that a thorough investigation will be made. Such a discovery would mean much to the Okanagan Valley and it is hoped that the prospectors' efforts will be crowned with success.

There is a general demand among settlers that the present system of awarding public works to political heelers should be done away with and where possible all road works should be let by contract to the lowest tender who puts up satisfactory bonds to do the work according to specification. The large expenditure on road works is pointed to as quite inconsistent with the bad condition of many of the roads and trails, and it is contended that on a contract system such as that suggested the public would get much better results for less money.

Our remarks last week are already bearing fruit, and active measures are being taken in forming a Liberal Association for Okanagan. Preparations are being made to have meetings for organization in different points of the riding, where committees will be appointed to look after each local district, so that nothing will be left to chance when polling day comes round. Every Liberal should act as if the whole responsibility of the election rests on his own individual shoulders, and leave nothing undone in legitimately securing all the votes possible for the party candidate.

President Wilson, of the Maintenance of Way Employes, puts the relationship between capital and labor well when he says: "If the future success of our country was dependent upon the labor demagogues who are all the time wanting to fight capital and the capitalists demagogues who are all the time wanting to fight labor, we could not reasonably expect to make very much progress, but I have faith in the majority of the people on this continent who provide ways and means for others to work, and in the wage-earners and their representatives, and believe that in most cases differences between employers and employes will be amicably adjusted."

AN EASTERN EXAMPLE.

The Japanese are setting the world an example in the way of humane conduct of war, if humane associations are compatible with the shedding of blood. A gentleman who recently passed through Revelstoke on his way to England from the seat of war reported the remarkable fact of a Japanese army of 50,000 men marching through a section of Manchuria without appropriating even a head of poultry, and Mr. Villers, the celebrated English war artist, when in Victoria last week, on his way to England, said the Japanese could have taken Port Arthur long since if they wanted to, but were only restrained from doing so, to avoid excessive loss of life in both their own army and that of their opponents. Truly, the west can take some lessons from the new civilisation that has dawned in the east.

THE LUMBER QUESTION.

The meeting of lumbermen with the B. C. members at Vancouver last week only emphasised the difficulty of the lumber situation. Some lumbermen wanted a duty on all lumber, the interior lumbermen only want a duty on rough lumber, others wanted reciprocity between the States and Canada by which Canadian lumber should have free access into the States. With so many complications the question is therefore a very difficult one to handle, and the Laurier government will do well to cause the fullest enquiry to be made into the best means of aiding the industry. The importance of the industry to the province is as important as the lead industry to Kootenay, and no effort should be spared to secure for it that aid which will again place the lumber industry in a prosperous condition.

THE GAME LAWS.

Mr. Hawthornthwaite M. P. P., announes his intention of taking steps at next session of the legislature to make the laws for the protection of game in the province more stringent. We hope he will and that he will have the all-round support of members. The way in which game is being destroyed is disgraceful and the worst feature of the case is that it is mainly done by Indians and foreigners. The rights of the Indian should be no more or less than those of the white man, and the permits hitherto granted to foreigners to come to this country and slaughter game in the name of science should be put an end to. Several parties of Americans who have visited the country between Arrow and Okanagan Lakes in recent years under the pretension they wanted the animals for scientific purposes, used their permit for wholesale slaughter out of season. A much more stringent law is required for the protection of deer and other native game, and the sooner it is on the statute book and strictly enforced the better. A bad feature of Indian destruction of game is that it is done frequently to capture the young, and the carcase of the parent animal wasted. If the McBride government would give us some laws of this character instead of gallivanting in England at the expense of the country the people would appreciate it.

A NEW RESPONSIBILITY.

The dawn of Canada's advancement to a place among the nations of the world brings with it new and serious responsibilities. The British government have decided, owing to the friendly relation with the United States, that there is no longer any necessity for maintaining fleets in American waters, especially as the whole burden has devolved on the British tax-payer, and Canada has hitherto borne none of it, whereas the Australian colonies, for many years, have borne the cost of the Australian squadron. Canada's place as the foremost and most responsible section of the empire outside the motherland is now so thoroughly recognised at home that it is likely not a British soldier will be left this side of the Atlantic, and Canadian statesmen, having shown they can govern a nation better than the rest of them, are now left to face the fullest responsibility that can rest with any government, namely the absolute protection of the country from foreign as well as internal dissention. That the Laurier government will handle its new responsibility well we have no doubt, but the people of Canada have to prepare themselves for these new responsibilities. The government can do little without a mandate from and support of the people, and while we should regret to see huge resources wasted in military organisations we recognise the government must do something toward providing a small navy sufficient for protecting national interests on both coasts from local raids and garrisoning the forts which command the gateways to the Pacific and Atlantic gateways of Canada. In the event of external complications, which God grant may never occur, the Imperial fleet would of course still be available, but Canada has now to face the fullest measure of self reliance and self protection.

WHERE LIES THE BLAME?

The tri-weekly winter service on the S. & O. branch of the C. P. R. is not only an inconvenience to the settlers in the valley but a source of much loss to the business men from Mara to the southern boundary of the province. It is not to be wondered at that a strong and antagonistic feeling has there sprung up against the C. P. R. in thus limiting the service to one train on alternate days; but we must remember that the corporation looks on the matter in an entirely business point of view and has a single eye on the dividends they may be able to declare. While we do not exonerate the railway company in this deprivation, and think the profits on this branch are more than sufficient to grant a daily service, we must not lose sight of the fact that they are acting within their legal rights, as under their agreement with the provincial government they have the privilege of giving just such service as they may think proper to give.

Some people are apt to put the blame on the Federal government, or the P. O. department, when the reason for this unfortunate state of affairs lies nearer home, the Dominion government having no control over it. The responsibility rests exclusively with the provincial government, and it is to them that the people must look for redress. It is the duty of the member of the legislature for the section to enquire into all the circumstances and make such representations to the government at Victoria as will lead to the restoration of a daily train. Not only business and professional men, but the entire inhabitants of the valley, numbering some four thousand souls, are inconvenienced by this retrograde step, and surely Mr. Ellison, who is a thick and thin supporter of the local administration, should make a strenuous effort to remedy this evil. If the present unsatisfactory state of affairs be allowed to continue the electors of Okanagan know that the blame attaches not to the Federal government but to the McBride government, and will cast their votes accordingly at the first opportunity.

Since the change in the time table several plans to obviate the difficulty have been suggested. One is to create a stage route, on alternate days, from Salmon Arm to Vernon, and the other for the C. P. R. to run a gasoline jigger from Sicamous southwards, carrying mail matter only.

Whether these proposals would be practicable or not, we are strongly of opinion that the resumption of a daily train each way would result in no financial loss to the company, while it would be much appreciated by all those having business interests at stake. What might have been tolerated years ago, when settlers were few and widely scattered, will not now satisfy the needs of a largely increased population. This is an age of progress and instead of putting obstacles in the way every facility should be given to those who are doing their utmost in making this part of the province widely and favorably known to the older portions of the Dominion and to the wide Empire to which we belong. Let the McBride government and Price Ellison, as representative, see to this without delay or be prepared to shoulder the responsibility.

POLITICAL.

Ontario general elections will take place Jan. 24th or 25th.

There is intense excitement over the dominion election at Dawson.

The Provincial Liberal Leader, J. A. Macdonald, says the provincial legislature will meet first week in Feb.

Premier McBride says his government proposes submitting to the legislature a scheme for the development of British Columbia.

Premier McBride has gone to Vernon at the earnest solicitation of Price Ellison, M. P. P., to straighten out the dissatisfaction existing with the government there.

There is great indignation at Greenwood because the McBride government has discharged Road Foreman Findlay, a most efficient officer, to make room for a heeler.

When the ill flavored Gamey is taken into the Conservative cabinet of Ontario, the Toronto Star suggests his portfolio be that of "Mines, Undermines, and Countermines."

The Conservatives protested all Liberal seats and the Liberals have retaliated by protesting the Conservative seats in Manitoba. Several protests have also been filed by Conservatives in Ontario and Quebec. In Nova Scotia the elections of Sir E. Borden and Hon. W. S. Fielding are protested.

Colds

It should be borne in mind that every cold weakens the lungs, lowers the vitality and prepares the system for the more serious diseases, among which are the two greatest destroyers of human life, pneumonia and consumption.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

has won its great popularity by its prompt cures of this most common ailment. It aids expectoration, relieves the lungs and opens the secretions, effecting a speedy and permanent cure. It counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia.

Price 25c, Large Size 50c.

LEARN SHORTHAND AT HOME

by correspondence. 10 weekly lessons will make you perfect.

OBTAIN HIGHER SALARY

Shorthand is nowadays indispensible to everybody. Utilize spare time. Very moderate fee. We procure positions. Write for free booklet.

CENTRAL CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, 215, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

NOTICE.

SIXTY days after date we the undersigned promoters intend making application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, for permission to clear Salmon Creek of obstructions and make improvements, for the purpose of driving logs down said creek, beginning at a point near outlet of Armstrong Lake, B. C., thence following said creek to its mouth where it enters north east arm of Upper Arrow Lake.

GRIMSBY & MURPHY.

Dated this 21st day October, 1904. Beaton, B. C.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 320 acres of land described as follows:—

Commencing at a post planted on the east shore of Upper Arrow Lake about a quarter of mile north of Half Way Creek near St. Leon, marked "W. Gowan's south-west corner post," thence east 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west about 60 chains to the east shore of said lake, thence in a south easterly direction following the meanderings of said shore to the point of commencement.

Dated the 7th day of November, A. D. 1904.

WM. GOWAN.

13ja12

USE

ROYAL CROWN SOAP

The Best in the World

Mail us 15 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, and in return we will mail a beautiful Picture size 16x20; or for 25 Wrappers your choice of over 100 books. Drop us a post card asking for a catalogue of premiums to be had FREE for Royal Crown Soap Wrappers. Address

The Royal Soap Co., Vancouver, B. C. Limited.

SNOWBALLS ARE NO GOOD TO EAT

They are worse to smoke. We defy you to do either

BUT THIS NEEDN'T WORRY YOU

So long as we continue to Sell Good Cigars and Tobacco.

YOUR XMAS TRADE SOLICITED.

Tobacconists. BROWN'S Confectioners

Revelstoke General Agency AND Artistic Advertising Bureau

GOODING & ORCHARD, TAYLOR BLOCK, McKENZIE AVE.

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P.O. Box 705. Employment & Information **Bureau.** 'Phone No. 42.

THE ONLY ARTISTIC ADVERTISING BUREAU IN THE INTERIOR

E. M. ALLUM

Has pleasure in informing his customers that he has now opened his

NEW JEWELRY STORE

McKENZIE AVE. (Next Imperial Bank)

This Store is Fitted in an Up-to-Date manner with Fixtures and Show Cases of the most approved design. Our goods are well selected and we invite inspection. Cut Glass, Gold-Headed Canes, Gold-Mounted Umbrellas, A Splendid Line of Bracelets, Silver Sets, Carving Sets, Fish Sets. Remember the best place to select

A Choice **Christmas Gift** IS ALLUM'S NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kamloops General Agency.

Real Estate, Mines, Insurance, Typewriters, Sewing Machines, Rubber Stamps, etc.

Information gladly furnished. No misrepresentations. Our word is as good as our bond.

We are the Provincial managers of the Canadian Correspondence College, of Toronto, Ont.

Office Opposite Montreal Hotel, ***Kamloops, B. C.***

LIST YOUR REAL ESTATE WITH US.

ORIENTAL HOTEL

ably furnished with the choicest the market affords. Best Wines, Liquors, & Cigars. Rates $1 a day. Monthly rate.

J. ALBERT STONE, PROP.

SELKIRK LODGE, NO 12, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Tuesday evening in Selkirk Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

H. G. GOUGH, N.G. J. MATRIE, Sec.

Kootenay Lodge No. 15A. F. & A.M.

The regular meetings are held in the Masonic Temple, Odd Fellows Hall, on the third Monday in each month at 8 p.m. Visiting brethren cordially welcomed.

C. A. PROCUNIER, SECRETARY.

Notice of Seizure and Sale.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a WRIT OF EXECUTION to me directed against the goods and chattels of the French Creek Mining Company and issued out of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, Revelstoke Registry, in an action wherein the Imperial Bank of Canada are plaintiffs and the French Creek Mining Company and others are defendants, I have seized and taken in execution all the interest of the French Creek Mining Company in the following goods situate on and near French Creek, Big Bend District of West Kootenay:—

One Saw Mill complete with 28in Leffell water wheel [turbine], capacity 12,000 feet per day.
2,600 feet pipe from 36in. to 15in. in diameter.
156 feet pipe, 12in. in diameter.
One 26in. "Y."
Ten Elbows.
Three No. 6 Giants 15in. inlets, with nozzels and deflectors.
Three 15in. Water-gates.
One Pipe Stake.
One Derrick complete with machinery and 6ft. Pelton Wheel [5 tons capacity].
One Derrick with 6ft. Pelton Wheel.
Seven hundred and fifty thousand feet of lumber.

And I give notice that on the 19th day of December, 1904, at the hour of Two o'clock in the afternoon, in front of the Court House, at Revelstoke, B.C., I WILL OFFER FOR SALE publicly all the interest of the said French Creek Mining Company in the said goods and chattels to satisfy the said Writ of Execution.

Dated this 9th day of December, 1904.

S. E. HAMBLY, Sheriff of North Kootenay. By his Bailiff,

62o7 ARTHUR R. MADDOCKS.

Corporation of the City of Revelstoke

VOTERS' LIST, 1905

The following are qualified to be entered on the Voters' List for the election of Mayor and Aldermen.

Any male or female, being a British subject, of the full age of 21 years and who is:—

1.—The owners of real estate in the City of the assessed value of not less than one hundred dollars.

2.—The resident authorized representative of an incorporated Company, which is the assessed owner of lands or improvements in the municipality.

3.—The holder of a trade license, the annual fee, of which is not less than $5.00.

4.—A householder (paying a yearly rental of not less than $60.00) who has paid all municipal rates, taxes, etc., (which are not chargeable on lands).

Householders and trade licence holders, before being placed on the Voters' List, must, during the month of December, make and deliver to the City Clerk the necessary statutory declarations, forms of which can be obtained at the City Hall.

Resident property owners having property in more than one Ward must be placed on the list in the Ward in which they reside.

Non-resident property owners having property in more than one Ward must be placed on the list in the Ward in which they have the highest assessment.

The list will close January 5th, 1905.

H. FLOYD, City Clerk.

December 8th, 1904.

66d34

LUMBER FOR SALE

Lumber of all kinds at reasonable prices. Prompt delivery guaranteed. Leave orders at Lawrence's Hardware Store.

F. JULIAN, Greely Creek Lumber Mill.

32tc

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Dolls going cheap at Manning's.

Pipes, Pipes, Pipes, BROWN'S, BROWN'S, BROWN'S.

Christmas Cards at Canada Drug Store, something nice and new.

The Eagles' Ball will be the event of the season don't miss it.

Revelstoke and Trout Lake City lots for sale.—Apply to H. N. Coursier

Lots of beautiful presents for gentlemen at the Red Cross Drug Store.

Cigar cases, souvenir bags, playing cards, books of views, tobacco pouches, cigar cases, &c., at Manning's.

Leave your order at Hobson and Bell's for a loaf of sweet bread, tis simply lovely.

Bibles, prayer and hymn books at Bews' Drug Store.

Pretty rockers, secretaries, china cabinets, buffets, Screens, etc., at R. Howson's furniture store.

Christmas Cards at Canada Drug Store, something nice and new.

C. B. Hume & Co. headquarters for nice Xmas presents, the largest selection in town, everything in toys and novelties.

Call and see our samples of tweeds &c. and get our price for that winter suit. Knight and Devine, Tailors, next F. G. Brown's First St.

Just the thing for mailing away to your friends. The Canada Drug Store has hundreds of them.

Messrs. Gooding and Orchard have entered into partnership as financial, insurance and employment agents.

Remember that with every cash purchase of one dollar you get a ticket for those handsome prizes the Red Cross Drug Store is giving away.

Why bake your bread when you can have it delivered daily fresh and sweet from Hobson and Bell?

The Cigars a lady buys are usually of an inferior quality, we sell only the best and guarantee every cigar to be good. Our line of Smokers supplies and Confectionery are the best in town. Come and see them at "BROWN'S."

A large assortment of military brushes at Bews'.

Bronze goods in every style, some of the most beautiful, at the Red Cross Drug Store.

Call and see our samples of tweeds &c. and get our price for that winter suit. Knight and Devine, Tailors, next F. G. Brown's First St.

Presents, Presents, Presents. The choicest selection in the Kootenay to choose from. Come in and see for yourself at the Canada Drug & Book Store.

R. H. Trueman's studio is now open in personal charge of himself to the end of December. Sittings can be arranged for to suit convenience of those requiring portraits or groups.

Toilet Sets, Travelling Cases, Smoking Sets, Shaving Sets, Music Rolls, Beautiful Mirrors and everything useful for Xmas gifts. Large assortment to choose from at Canada Drug and Book Store.

Don't buy trashy pipes for Xmas presents such as you see in stores where they handle them only at Xmas time, but go to a first-class cigar store where they have the best makes and will give you standard goods that will be appreciated. We have the finest line of pipes and smokers supplies in the city. Come and see them—"BROWN'S."

Last week the KOOTENAY MAIL published 1600 copies, the largest circulation of any weekly paper in the interior of the province. There is no better medium in the west in which to place the advertisements of business houses who are looking for profitable returns from their advertising than the KOOTENAY MAIL.

Mr. Whyte, Second Vice President of the C. P. R., says of the work which the KOOTENAY MAIL is doing for this section of British Columbia: "I am pleased to acknowledge the enterprise shown by you in all matters pertaining to the constituency you serve." Such are the tributes the MAIL receives almost daily.

Three nice girls,
See how they run,
They all ran into Lawrence's store,
They declared that ne'er in their lives before
Had they seen such Xmas presents galore.
These three nice girls.

Three wise men,
See how they run,
For axes, saws and stoves and pans,
Hammers, nails, carpenter's tools and cans
To Lawrence's hardware store they ran.
These three wise men.

Oh what joy,
Oh what bliss,
The wonderful saving these people made,
Paid their houshold expenses for half a decade
And with anxious worries have never stayed.
These three wise men.

Fresh Cut Berried Holly,

Mistletoe, Cut Flowers, Fern Fronds at Henry's Nurseries. 3010 Westminster Road, Vancouver, B. C.

Toys at Manning's.

Don't forget the Eagles' Ball on Jan. 2nd.

See Bews' 25 cent table for suggestions.

Cigars by the box in every size, shape and form at "BROWN'S."

Military Brushes, all kinds at the Canada Drug Store.

Howson's stock of Furniture is simply elegant for Xmas.

Holly and Mistletoe at the Red Cross Drug Store.

Gold pens and pencils at E. M. Allum's.

Smoker's sets of all kinds at the Red Cross Drug Store.

Manning's box of chocolates sold at $8.25.

Hobson and Bell have some elegant eating apples. Try a box and be convinced.

Manning's sales exceed anything in previous years, because his prices are reasonable.

Military Brushes, all kinds at the Canada Drug Store.

Cadbury's chocolates in every variety for Xmas presents at "BROWN'S."

The Red Cross Drug Store has just opened a beautiful lot of genuine French Stag Horn Xmas presents.

Good selection of the famous Dorcas thimble in silver and gold, lined with steel at E. M. Allum's.

Go to J. Guy Barber's and get a Christmas present for your wife. Clocks, 8-day $4.

Those Bear Brand eggs are all you can wish for. A test will convince you. Hobson and Bell have them.

Just the thing for mailing away to your friends, the Canada Drug Store has hundreds of them.

Read C. B. Hume & Co's long list of holiday presents on first page of this issue. Xmas is coming.

What People Say—That the finest display of Xmas presents are to be found at the Red Crosss Drug Store.

Have you selected your Xmas present yet, if not, come along at once and we will hold it for you. John E. Wood.

Flowers and vegetables all winter carnations, chrysanthemums, lettuce and watercress. Floral designs a specialty.—J. MALEY, Florist.

The newest line Austrian court boxes—oak wood—brass mounted—at Bews' Drug Store.

Visitors to Revelstoke will find it to their advantage to stop at the Central Hotel. Free bus to and from railway stations to meet all trains.

H. A. Brown has built up a progressive business at the Union Cigar factory, the "Union" and "Special" brands being principally in demand.

Toilet Sets, Travelling Cases, Smoking Sets, Shaving Sets, Music Rolls, Beautiful Mirrors and everything useful for Xmas gifts. Large assortment to choose from at Canada Drug and Book Store.

Manning's $10 box of chocolates is now reduced to $8

If you wish your Xmas cake made and decorated in style call and examine our Mr. Waters' handiwork at Hobson and Bell's.

Lowney's, Cadbury's and Webb's Chocolates in fancy work baskets and all sorts of fancy baskets and boxes at the Red Cross Drug Store.

Serious Accident Just Averted.

What might have been a serious accident occurred yesterday on McKenzie Avenue when a team belonging to Mr. Galvanized Roofing took fright by the noise made by the fall in prices at Lawrence's Hardware Store and bolted straight in for some shoes that are made entirely without leather. Come in and see our Christmas presents, an excellent assortment. See our advertisement.

Extraordinary Business.

We learn that the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal is this season having an immense increase in the number of new subscribers over all previous years. The premium picture, "The Princess at Work," is no doubt accountable for a share of the increase, but the immense value of the Family Herald itself as a great family and farm paper is every year becoming more generally known and is adding thousands of new readers annually. We notice the Publishers are calling on all old subscribers to renew earlier than usual this season to help them out in the Christmas rush. The dollar dailies fail to tempt the Canadian Public when the Family Herald and Weekly Star with such a handsome picture can be had for the same amount.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Absolutely Harmless.

The fault of giving children medicine containing injurious substances, is sometimes more disastrous than the disease from which they are suffering. Every mother should know that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is perfectly safe for children to take. It contains nothing harmful and for coughs, colds and croup is unsurpassed. For sale by all druggists.

Send in your Orders for the Christmas Number

TANGHE CASE.

Tanghe Gets Heavy Damages at Rossland.

The jury at Rossland in the case of Tanghe vs. Morgan rendered a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, Edward Tanghe, in the sum of $1,500 for false arrest and imprisonment in connection with the Lucky Jack.

E. M. Morgan, Frank Holten, F. C. Campbell and John Simpson, gave testimony for the defence.

J. A. Macdonald defended. When the verdict was rendered Mr. Macdonald gave notice of appeal from the verdict.

ASSESSMENT COURT.

Judge Field held a sitting of the assessment court extending from Monday to Wednesday, there being numerous objections both to land and income tax valuations, the latter being made especially by railway men, who put in proof from the C. P. R. and got the reductions claimed.

The principal land valuation cases were those of the American owners of timber limits in the Big Bend, whose lands were valued at $12.50 an acre, and the Nakusp townsite. In the former case Mr. McCarter, who appeared for the appellants, said they would not object to the valuation if the government would exempt them from royalty on their timber, but Mr. Fraser, as assessor, replied if they admitted they were liable for royalty on these crown granted lands the government would rather have the royalty than the extra tax on the increase of $5 per acre over last year, and he would consent to a reduction in the valuation to same amount as last year on condition the rights of the government to royalty were not prejudiced. The reduction was made.

The valuation of the Nakusp townsite lands was also reduced.

GRIP AND PASSWORD.

I. O. F.—On Monday Court Mount Beghie, I. O. F. elected the following officers for the ensuing term:

P. C. R.—B. R. Atkins.
C. R.—E. Moscrop.
V. C. R.—F. Fretz.
R. S.—P. Hooley.
F. S.—J. Smith.
T.—B. F. Gayman.
O.—S. Needham.
S. W.—J. B. Scott.
J. W.—S. McMahon.
S. B.—J. Ringer.
J. B.—J. Lonzo.

F. O. E.—The local aerie of Eagles will give their second annual ball on Monday, Jan. 2nd, and are determined to make it a most successful affair.

S. O. E.—At a meeting of the above lodge on Tuesday the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Past President, Bro. S. Crowle; President, Bro. T. B. Baker; Vice-Pres., Bro. H. Cooke; Secy., Bro. T. Hart; Treas., Bro. J. I. Woodrow; Chap., Bro. Ramsay; 1st Com. man, Bro. H. A. Morris; 2nd Com. man, Bro. W. Lawrence; 3rd Com. man, Bro. H. Shallow; I. G., Bro. G. H. Long and Bro. S. Needham, senr.

CHURCHES.

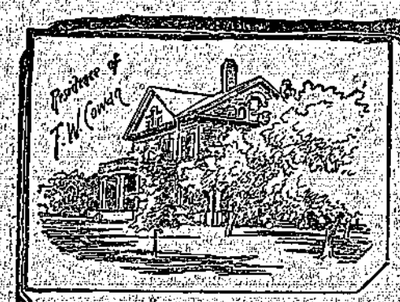
CATHOLIC—Midnight Mass will be celebrated Christmas Eve, and an excellent choir of ten voices is practicing special music for the occasion, this part of the service being one of the finest ever heard in the city. Christmas Eve midnight mass begins 12; second mass at 9.30; evening service at 7.30.

METHODIST—The Rev. J. A. Wood, of Salmon Arm, a former pastor of the Revelstoke Methodist church, will preach at both services in the Methodist church on Sunday.

PRESBYTERIAN—Morning subject: "What the Stars once stood for." Evening subject: "A thought that came to Job."

Rev. Mr. Burgess, of Stellenton, Pictou Co. N. S., filled St. Andrew's pulpit last Sunday. Mr. Burgess takes charge of the work at Arrowhead. His services Sunday were much appreciated.

Jas. I. Woodrow,
BUTCHER.
Retail Dealer In
BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, Etc.
Fish and Game in Season.
All orders promptly filled.
REVELSTOKE, B. C., Corner Dougla and King streets



The piano purchased from you has given splendid satisfaction. Its musical tones are almost as nice to-day as the day we got it. I am pleased to tell you it is everything we could desire. Yours truly,
FRED. W. COWAN, Oshawa.

Made in Oshawa
New Scale Williams Pianos are made in Oshawa. In Oshawa are many of the most enthusiastic admirers of the New Scale Williams Piano.
In the homes of wealth and refinement, in the studios of musicians, the

Referring to the piano bought from you, I congratulate you on the superior quality of the instrument. We are all more pleased with it every day, and glad that we decided on it in preference to the others. Yours,
FRED. L. FOWLER, Oshawa.

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PIANO

In reply to your enquiry, I have pleasure in stating that the piano is entirely satisfactory. The design is modern; the keys respond to an easy and light touch, and the tone is mellow and distinct. Yours truly,
R. McLAUGHLIN, Oshawa.

holds first place.
The people of Oshawa have every opportunity to know the Williams. They may visit the factory, see the pianos at every stage of their construction, watch the workmanship, examine materials.
It is because they do know the perfection of the New Scale Williams Piano that its own townsfolk prefer it to all others.
Williams Piano Co.
Oshawa, Ont.

We are very much pleased with the New Scale Williams Piano. The tone is rich and mellow; the action is exceedingly responsive to the touch, and we are delighted with it in every way. Yours very truly,
J. W. BORSBERRY, Oshawa.

Write Williams Piano Co., Ltd., Oshawa, for copies of illustrated booklets on the history and construction of a Piano, or call at the local warerooms

LEWIS BROS., Revelstoke

BUYING CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Is often to be dreaded on account of crowded shops and the difficulty of deciding upon an article on the spur of the moment. We present to you a method of choosing your Christmas Gifts satisfactorily and leisurely in your own home; and the additional advantage of selection from a city stock—the largest of its kind in Canada.

OUR CATALOGUE

is your first requisite. We send it free to you, for your name and address. Choose from it what you think desirable, send the list to us and the next mail or express will bring the assortment for your approval.

The articles not desirable may be returned. Persons unknown to us should send bank or other satisfactory reference.

"Birks' quality is always best quality"

Henry Birks and Sons
Makers of Fine Jewellery and Silverware
350 and 352 MAIN STREET
WINNIPEG

SANTAL-MIDY
Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhœa and Runnings IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.
MIDY

GOOD GOODS MAKE GOOD BUSINESS

We Have Good Goods in all Branches.

Printings and Wrappings in roll and flat
Drug Papers
Confectioners, Grocers and Millinery Bags
Office Stationery Papers, ruled and plain
Loose Leaf Account System Papers
Loose Leaf Ledger Ruled Papers
Envelopes in all sizes
Fancy Cards, Programmes, Menus
Cover Papers, Invitation Papers
Wedding Stationery, with printing in Silver or Gold
Memorial Cards
Ladies and Gents Visiting Cards printed in latest styles
Business Cards in great variety.

The Kootenay Mail Publishing Co. Ltd.
Printers and Manufacturing Stationers
REVELSTOKE, B. C.

FRESH DAIRY
BUTTER
We will ship Fresh Dairy Butter in Tubs or Bricks for
22c. PER LB.
And Prepays Freight on 100lb orders.
Cash must be sent with orders.
E. H. MATTHIAS
GENERAL MERCHANT,
MORNINGSIDE, ALTA.

American Type Founders Co.
E. C. WILLSON, Manager
Wholesale
Wrapping Paper, Paper Bags, Twine, Etc.
Largest Dealers in the West.
Houses in every prominent city on the continent.
We meet or beat any legitimate competition.

Manila Wrapping Paper.
Express Wrapping Paper.
Butcher's "Eclipse" Grey.
Grocers' Bags.
Millinery Bags.
Shirt Bags.
Hardware Bags.
Tailors' Suit Boxes.
Oyster Pails.
Ice Cream Pails.
Paper Napkins.
Wood Toothpicks.
Toilet Papers.
Egg Carriers, etc.

223 Columbia Ave., Vancouver, B. C.

DRINK
COWAN'S
PERFECTION COCOA
It is absolutely pure
COWAN'S CHOCOLATE CAKE ICINGS,
CREAM BARS ETC. ARE VERY CHOICEST QUALITY
The COWAN CO., Limited, Toronto

VERNON.

Dr. Reinhard has moved his office to Pound's Block.

A large boiler passed through Monday consigned to Hedley.

C. H. Fleming is advertising for a partner in the sawmill business at Summerland.

Winter has now made its appearance, but the snowfall is light and the weather, so far, is not severe.

Andrew Duncan, caretaker of the cemetery, is recovering from a severe attack of diphtheria.

Geo. Doyle, who was so seriously injured at Enderby a couple of weeks ago and who was removed to the hospital here, is progressing favorably. After his admission he became so ill his life was despaired of, but good hopes are now entertained of his ultimate recovery.

A meeting in the interests of the hockey club was held Monday when arrangements were made to solicit subscriptions towards expenses.

Nineteen large sacks of mail matter for Vernon came down from the north on Monday last. And yet we have only a tri-weekly mail.

Real estate agents report the transactions of last week as being very satisfactory, many properties changing hands at fair prices. This applies to city property as well as to ranches in the neighborhood.

Some effort ought to be made to improve the road between Mr. Phillips's ranch and the Coldstream hop kiln. This is one of the vilest pieces of road in the valley in winter and there is a large amount of traffic on it.

The local camp of the Woodmen of the World elected the following officers for the coming year: C. C., J. J. Ball; A. L., A. E. Best; Banker, J. W. Glover; Clk., J. C. Robson, E. A. E. Bishop; Sentry, W. J. Adams; Sick Com., Mesdames J. F. Moffat and C. C. Robson.

Cherry Creek settlers are an example to the rest of the valley. Last spring W. Mitchell wanted a stable put up and his neighbors turned out and put it up for him in two days, and a good building they made too. Co-operation and mutual help are the secrets of happiness and success of life in the rural districts.

The Knights of Pythias at the meeting on Tuesday night elected the following officers for the current year, viz.: Bro. E. C. Simmons, C. C.; Bro. A. E. Bishop, V. C.; Bro. O. St. C. Mabee, P.; Bro. F. C. Cooper, M. of W.; Bro. H. G. Muller, M. of E.; Bro. A. Weeks, M. of F.; Bro. A. Leishman, K. of R. and S.; Bro. C. Heintze, M. of A.; Bro. M. Donaldson, I. G.; Bro. W. J. Jones, O. G.

Chris. B. L. Lefroy has disposed of his ranch at Swan Lake to Mr. Polson of Stoney mountain, Man., at a good figure. Mr. P. has bought several other parcels of land in the city and neighborhood, among them being the residence of Alderman Glover, and intends moving his family here in the course of three or four weeks. The scarcity of houses to be had has kept many other families from moving in here this season, but this is likely soon to become a thing of the past, as active preparations are being made for the erection of a number of houses in the early spring.

Vernon has a reading room where newspapers and magazines may be perused, but has no library. This is a want keenly felt by many and this lack should be at once remedied, the possession of a well selected stock of books for the accommodation of our citizens being very desirable. Many places of smaller size and of much less importance are supplied with a library and we can see no reason why Vernon should be behind in a matter of this kind. We would suggest that lovers of good literature take this matter up and agitate it till the object sought for be attained.

MARA.

Considerable building has been done this fall and advantage is being taken of the fine weather to complete several buildings now on the way.

Considerable logging is being done in the district. The Rothesay Lumber Co. have a camp on D. F. Innes' place and are also taking logs from several more ranchers.

To show what consideration the C. P. R. has for this district, no notice was put up to say that the daily train was discontinued. We would suggest that the time table that is framed and hung up in the washing room needs revising, as it has done duty for about ten years.

Geo. Weir and partners are making steady progress with the coal claim and hope by spring to have it in good shape. Judging by reports in various papers, copied from the Edenograph, one is led to believe that the location is near Enderby when, as a matter of fact, it is three miles from Mara school house where they turn off from the main road, and seven miles from Enderby. It is directly back of Geo. Weir's ranch, and we hope that he and his partners will reap a bountiful harvest of black diamonds.

ENDERBY.

James Lemmy, crown timber inspector, and Alex. Reid, fire inspector, of Salmon Arm, were in Enderby this week on official business.

Robert Mathews, a prominent farmer of Virden, Man., accompanied by his mother and sister, are in Enderby on an extended visit to R. Mathews, of the Fashion livery.

The liberals of Enderby are about to commence a series of regular meetings during the winter months with a view to have things in better shape for the expected turn-over in the spring.

Our local magistrates have had considerable labor lately in balancing the scales of justice. Our new provincial constable is determined to put a stop to some of the more familiar forms of evil, and has already proven himself to be assiduous in the performance of his duties.

Next year Enderby will boom, for the lumber and coal of the Spallumcheen will attract the attention of the world, and our wonderful agricultural resources will receive the development that will make the land of the Okanagan the most desirable in Canada.

The Spallumcheen coal properties, as development proceeds, are exceeding even the greatest expectations. A blanket vein of clean, hard coal, ten feet thick, has already been exposed to view. The width of the deposit is of course yet unknown, but coal croppings in the finest looking coal formations have been discovered over an area three miles in length, and some eight thousand acres have already been taken up and registered under the Coal Mines act.

BIO-TABLEAUX.

RETURN VISIT OF THE LONDON BIOSCOPE COMPANY'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The London Bioscope Company's entertainment which, under the title of "Living Canada," has met with such extraordinary success in this country, pays a return visit to the Opera House, commencing on Friday, 30th December, for two performances, and, in addition to an entirely new series of Canadian views, will be included a number of subjects of a novel and startling nrture. Those who cannot afford the luxury of foreign travel to see these fine views it is the next best thing to see these pictures. They are not fancy pictures but are all taken from life and are of the same high class order as those which made such a splendid reputation here last season. But there is something new this time, an intensely interesting departure in this class of entertainment. It consists of a collection of animated views showing every phase of the life-boat service from the first cry of "Man the lifeboat" to the final scenes of rescue, resuscitation and return to land. A "Balloon tragedy in mid-air," a ride on the top of the Imperial Limited, "Gulliver's Travels," "Driven from Home," the great London pantomine "Sleeping Beauty" in colors, etc., etc., will be features.

Cured His Mother of Rheumatism.

"My mother has been a sufferer for many years from rheumatism," says W. H. Howard of Husband, Pennsylvania. At times she was unable to move at all, while at all times walking was painful. I presented her with a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and after a few applications she decided it was the most wonderful pain reliever she had ever tried, in fact, she is never without it now and is at all times able to walk. An occasional application of Pain Balm keeps away the pain that she was formerly troubled with." For sale by all druggists.

Brakeman Darst was crushed to death beneath an ore train at Phoenix.

An Italian was working under the A. & K. train at Revelstoke on Wednesday when it started to move out and he hung on to an axle and was dragged 30 yards, having a narrow escape.

KOOTENAY CURLING ASSN

Annual Meeting and Election of Officers—Nelson Place for Next Bonspiel.

Annual meeting was held at Club, Revelstoke, on Monday. In absence of president, H. A. Brown, vice-president, called meeting to order. Rossland was represented by H. B. McKenzie, and Nelson by F. Starkey and M. Parry, other clubs being represented by proxy. Application for membership was received from Nelson Lacrosse and Curling Club, making a second club in Nelson, and was accepted.

The treasurer's report showed balance in favor of the association.

It was resolved to notify the New York Life their challenge cup was at their disposal because they had not supported it.

The Fit Reform offered cup for competition, and it was accepted, also a cup from Birch and Co. which will be the Grand Challenge cup and will be supported by that firm.

It was resolved to hold next bonspiel at Nelson on Jan. 23rd to 28th.

Thanks were accorded those who contributed prizes for last bonspiel.

The following officers were elected for ensuing year: Patron, J. S. C. Fraser, Rossland; president, P. E. Wilson, Nelson; vice-presidents, H. A. Brown, Revelstoke; T. McCosh, Ashcroft; Dr. Boucher, Phoenix; chaplain, Rev. Mr. Baer, Nelson; sec-treas., A. T. Walley, Nelson; executive, H. B. McKenzie, Rossland; J. A. Turner, Nelson; M. L. Grimmett, Sandon; C. D. Blackwood, Nelson; G. O. Buchanan, Kaslo; A. Crawford, Trout Lake.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded the president and members of the Revelstoke Curling Club for the excellent bonspiel arranged here last season and which was admitted to be the best yet held by the Association.

TRIUMPHANT LIBERALISM.

Prominent Conservative Talks Horse-sense.

A prominent Conservative says: "I recognise that as the result of the late elections the Conservative party is dead for the next ten years, and the best we can do is to join forces with the Liberals to advance the best interests of the country and its people. I have this to say for the Liberals—they have always shown themselves as a party broadminded and generous to their political opponents, and though they feel that when our party was in power they had nothing to hope for or gain from us they prefer to set us the good example of doing to others as they should be done by. For my part then I am prepared to work with the Liberals and I believe it will be to the best interest of our party as a whole to adopt this policy. We have everything to gain and nothing to lose by such a policy, and it is one which must commend itself to every man of patriotic instinct and fair mind."

In his annual report of the affairs of the Maintenance-of-way employes President Wilson points out the union has made more progress in the past two years than in the previous five years, the membership having doubled and the surplus funds trebled. The advances in pay secured to members are ten times the cost of contributions to the organisation.

Please cut out and paste at front of 'Phone Box.

Twice 11 are 22, and

1122 is the 'Phone

Local or Long Distance for the

20th Century Business Training Co., Ltd.

The New College is now completed, and is situate at the corner of Broad and Yates Sts., Victoria, B.C.

Arrangements made for Boarding Canadian American, and Foreign Pupils.

Wireless & Cable Address "Prescol," Victoria.

SUBJECTS—Shorthand Typewriting (all good makes) Memory Methods; Bookkeeping; Quick at Figures, Spelling, Reading (proof); Newspaper Work; Litho. and Letterpress Printing; Engraving; Illustrating; Corrections and Paste and Scissors Work; Penmanship; Geometry; Geography; Languages; Elocution; English, Reporting; Advertising; Ad-writing; Com. Law for Clerks and Stenographers; Civil Service; Banking; Stocks and Shares; Brokering; Insurance; Buying & Selling; Electricity; Telegraphy; Navigation; Astronomy.

Postal pupils, all parts.

VICTORIA—All day, private tuition. Evening, 7 to 9 o'clock.

VANCOUVER—Fee Block for Shorthand, Typing and Enquirers.

PERCY S. SHAKESPEARE, Secy.

30th Nov., 1904.

Hobson & Bell

We are receiving Weekly Shipments of

Choice DAIRY Butter in Small Tubs

Just the thing for Family Use.

GROCERIES

Our Stock of Fresh Fruits is complete in every line. Call and examine. Prices and quality to suit all.

Bakers & Confectioners

F. McCARTY

Having been appointed agent for Revelstoke for THE Pacific Coal Company, of Banff is now in a position to supply

COAL

At the following prices:

Coal delivered out of shed $11 per ton

Lump Coal	$10.50	per	otn
Egg "	$10.50	"	"
Stove "	$10.50	"	"
Nut "	$9.00	"	"

As this coal is smokeless and particularly clean, and is more efficient than any of the soft coals on the market, it will be found favorable fuel for all domestic purposes, including furnaces, stoves and kitchen ranges.

For those requiring steam coal the pea and buckwheat sizes will be found satisfactory and economical. Prices will be quoted on these small sizes on application.

Orders left at the office of the Revelstoke Insurance Co. Ltd. will receive prompt attention.

F. McCARTY, Coal Merchant, Revelstoke, B. C.

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Wholesale and Retail

Meat Merchant.

Fish and Game in Season,

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Would you like to Become

A High Priced Stenographer?
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We have courses in over 100 different subjects. Our course is recognised by leading educators. Write to

The Canadian Correspondence College, Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

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THE KAMLOOPS GENERAL AGENCY Kamloops, B. C.

WOOD YARD

I have started a permanent Wood Yard on Third street. With my past experience I hope to be in a position to satisfy all requirements of customers. Mill and cordwood supplied in any lengths at reduced prices for cash.

R. SAMSON.

PATENTS Trademarks and Copyrights obtained in all countries.

ROWLAND BRITTAIN,

Registered Patent Attorney

Mechanical Attorney and Engineer.

Room 3, Fairfield Block, Granville st., near P.O

VANCOUVER, B. C.

A postcard will secure an evening appointment for those who cannot call during the day

The Master Mechanic's Pure Tar Soap heals and softens the skin, while promptly cleansing it of grease, oil, rust, etc. Invaluable for mechanics, farmers, sportsmen. Free sample of receipt of 2c. for postage. Albert Toilet Soap Co., manufacturers, Montreal.

To Trappers

Raw Furs Bought
Cash Prices Paid

F. B. WELLS,

Exporter of Furs.

"Price Responsibility"

The price branded on the sole of the Goodyear Welted "Slater Shoe," by its makers, is their (not the dealer's) valuation, and they know the wear value put into the

Slater Shoe

For Men $4.00 $5.00 For Women $3.50 $5.00

C. B. HUME & Co., Agents, Revelstoke.

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COMAPLIX

The Best House in Town. - Well Furnished - Good Table

Best Brands of WINES, SPIRITS and CIGARS kept in Stock.

W. HAMILTON, Proprietor.

Queen's Hotel

COMAPLIX

CHIEF YOUNG, - - - Proprietor

Best brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Travellers to Fish Creek will find excellent accommodation at this Hotel.

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TO INVESTORS

Revelstoke is today the Premier City of the West for conservative investors who demand absolute security and a good chance of increasing values.

With an ever increasing population of people who live in and help build up their own city; with its natural resources of mineral, timber, and agricultural lands; with its unrivalled geographical position, and the ultimate railway centre of British Columbia, Revelstoke is undoubtedly the "HUB" of the Interior and the Best City in the Province for the Investor or Home Seeker.

We have unexceptional facilities for assisting you if you desire information that will induce you to settle or invest in this enterprising city.

We are sole agents for the Revelstoke Land Company, who own the greater and choicest of the business and residential part of the city and have always a number of first-class industrial and real estate investments that will pay you to investigate.

Revelstoke Insurance Agency, Limited.

REAL ESTATE. LOANS. INSURANCE.

THE OUTLOOK.

Some Profitable Pursuits for the Farmer.

There are certain branches of farming that cannot well be overdone in the Okanagan valley and it is to these that the farmers would do well to devote their attention. More attention should be given to

DAIRYING.

Butter maintains a high price year in and year out, and the way to get the best results from it is by co-operative dairying in the form of creameries. The creamery at Armstrong has been successfully conducted and has been a great boon to that section. The larger the creamery the more economically it can be conducted, and the management has the better opportunity to turn out a first class article, sell in the best markets and secure the best returns to the farmers supplying it, and to those investors who put up the necessary capital.

With the extent of land suitable for dairying north and south of it the Armstrong creamery should be ten times its present size. Of course local jealousies have to be taken into account, and the bad winter train service, which practically limits the operations of the creamery to summer months, instead of all the year round, as it should be; for it is in the winter butter market the most money exists. If Vernon dairymen did not care to send their milk to Armstrong, there should be room for another creamery in Vernon.

At Kelowna there should be room for a creamery, and on the subdivision of the Ellis estate there should be a splendid opening for another at Penticton.

There is no finer dairying country in Canada than Lumby, with its rich and extensive meadows and hay lands. A creamery company has been organised there with Mr. Gillespie as president, Mr. Quinel vice-president, Messrs. Swift, Butters and Norris (sec.-treas.) as directors. A guarantee of 297 cows was secured. This creamery should serve the country between Mabel Lake and Cherry Creek and if the settlers would give the movement their hearty co-operation it could be made a big success. The Coldstream meadows and Bassett ranches alone could supply enough milk to keep the creamery running.

GINSENG CULTURE

of which we published full particulars in a recent issue is well worth investigating.

TOBACCO

can be made a big success at Kelowna, where extensive experiments of a successful character have been made with this crop and perhaps other parts of the valley may also suit this crop.

FRUIT GROWING

is becoming the main industry of the small farmer in the Okanagan valley, but the market for the small fruits is limited, and in order to afford the utmost scope for the industry, preserving works are required. Such works are in any case a requisite for the fruit grower, as if they were established they would enable the fruit grower to ship out prime fruit and command the best price, while the lower grades, instead of being practically wasted as at present, could be used for drying and preserving. Steps should therefore be taken to reopen the works built at Vernon for this purpose some years ago, and with the co-operation of the Coldstream estate and other large growers there is no reason why this industry should not be successfully operated next summer.

At Kelowna arrangements have been made to start a preserving factory as soon as the necessary fruit is available, and J. M. Robinson has already arranged for the necessary capital for establishing a similar industry at Summerland. With these preserving factories the fruit growers through the valley will be placed in an independent position so far as the market is concerned, as they will thus be enabled to utilise their whole crop to advantage. For the larger fruits there is at present an unlimited market, and for apples the British and Australian markets are open for the surplus.

Truck farming is liable to be overdone without these preserving works, but with them whatever fresh vegetables do not find a ready market can be turned over to the canning establishments.

HOGS

form one of the staple farm products of the valley now, and always will. Where dairying, mixed farming and fruit growing are carried on there is always a lot of waste food which they will use profitably, and there is always a first class market for hogs. P. Burns and Company buy immense quantities of hogs in this valley each year, and the pork-packing industry established by Mr. Knight at Vernon has been a splendid thing for the valley. Mr. Knight turns out a product that will rank with anything in the market and by establishing a local market for the farmer, and at the same time an important local industry he has been proving a benefactor to this section of the country and doing much to promote its development.

HOP GROWING

is another industry that might be pursued with advantage. The experience of the Coldstream estate has been very satisfactory. The crop is one which, properly handled, brings big returns.

In grain growing

WHEAT AND BARLEY

will always be staple products for which a first class market may be depended on. The barley grown in the valley takes first rank for malting purposes.

In a section of country where so many products can be profitably raised from the soil, where capital is flowing in to develop the country, where the climate and soil are of the best, and where nature has dealt out her good things with a lavish hand, there is bound to be a great and abiding prosperity, and while some people hold up their hands in holy horror at the high prices paid for land in the valley, those who know it best and see its progress recognise that here is the California of Canada, where those who have borne the heat and burden of the day in the trying climates of the east, Manitoba and the Northwest can find a beautiful place in which to make their homes and enjoy the fruits of their labors, and the present activity in settlement represents only a fractional part of the annual progress yet in store for the Okanagan valley.

The Wheat Crop.

Complaints are made by wheat-growers in the Okanagan valley that the prices paid for wheat by the local millers are not fair as compared with outside quotations. The farmers consider that, with the saving of freight paid on imported wheat, they ought to get a better price for the locally grown article.

On the other hand the millers complain of the quality of locally grown wheat, but the men most experienced in handling the crop grown here declare that, where the quality is inferior, it is not the fault of the climate or soil but is due to the fact that the seed is not changed so frequently as it should be, the same ground being seeded year after year from grain already grown on it, with the resulting deterioration in quality. They point out that on the Stepney ranch and other places where proper changes of seed have been made the quality of the wheat raised is as good as it ever was.

Hon. R. G. Tatlow is back from England where he arranged for the organization of two large manufacturing companies to operate in B. C.

New Scale Williams Piano's Tone Powerful and Rich

Crystal Brown, a young Toronto tenor, who has risen to a top position in musical ranks, and is now leader of one of the largest city choirs in Erie, Pa., paid a visit to the Toronto Exhibition and called at the exhibit of the Williams Piano Company, Limited, of Oshawa. After examining the New Scale Williams Piano, he expressed his opinion of it in the following words: "I was surprised to find such beautiful quality of tone, so wonderfully powerful, and of such rich sustaining quality. It is equal to any piano I have ever tried. I was particularly pleased with its elastic touch, and the ease with which the tone lends itself to the wishes of the performer. I think the New Scale Williams is equal, if not superior, to any American make of piano."

Sole Local Agents: Lewis Bros., Revelstoke, B. C.

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E. W. B. Paget, Prop.

Prompt delivery of parcels, baggage, etc., to any part of the City.

Any Kind of Transferring Undertaken.

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THE BIG OLD-ESTABLISHED HOUSE BUYING

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HIDES SENECA DEERSKINS.

EXPORTERS IMPORTERS FURS

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MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

WRITE SHIP US AND GET OUR CIRCULARS TOP PRICES AND KEEP POSTED SHIP AGAIN

Weiler Bros.

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS

VICTORIA B.C.

The very latest in Diningroom Furnishings

WITCH CAULDRONS

in dead Black finish, $2.50 each; with Copper bands, $3.50 each.

"Macbeth" Cauldrons $4.75 each, "Nelson" Cauldrons, $6.00 each.

For Your Drawing Room

Witch Cauldrons in all brass or copper are very pleasing. $12 each.

We always have a Choice Selection in Hearth Furnishings

Illustrations mailed free. Correspondence solicited.

E. B. EDDY'S

PARLOR MATCHES

"KING EDWARD," 1000s

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"EAGLE," 100s and 200s

"VICTORIA."

"LITTLE COMET."

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

Are the Best that can be bought.

Don't experiment with other and inferior brands.

USE EDDY'S

OUR SPECIALTY

The G. B. Burton Saw Co., Limited, Vancouver, B. C.

IS EXPERT WORKMANSHIP

Quotations submitted for Inserted Tooth, Shingle or other Solid Tooth Saws and all kinds of repair work. Millmen everywhere are sending us "repeat" business after ONE trial. HOE BITS AND SHANKS in all sizes kept in stock at lowest rates.

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100,000 Bulbs

In stock from Holland, France and Japan.

Thousands of Fruit and Ornamental Trees!

Rhododendrons, Roses,

Greenhouse and Hardy Plants for fall planting.

Home-Grown and Imported

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always in stock in season.

FERTILIZERS.

Bee Hives and Supplies.

Greenhouse full of Plants, Cut Flowers, Floral Work.

Catalogue free, or call and examine stock.

M. J. HENRY,

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Brick for Sale.

The undersigned have just burned a kiln of 500,000 brick, of first class quality. For price and information apply to C. B. Hume & Co.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in the Kootenay district.

Number One.

Commencing at a post marked "M. Hyatt's S. E. corner post No. 1," and planted at a point on the south bank of Columbia, about nine miles below Surprise Rapids, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence south 40 chains to the place of commencement.

Number Two.

Commencing at post marked "M. Hyatt's N. E. corner post No. 2," and planted beside No. 1 as above described, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to the place of commencement.

Number Three.

Commencing at a post marked "M. Hyatt's N. E. corner post No. 3," and planted half mile west from No. 2, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to place of commencement.

Number Four.

Commencing at a post marked "M. Hyatt's N. E. corner post No. 4," and planted half mile east from No. 2, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to place of commencement.

Number Five.

Commencing at a post marked "M. Hyatt's N. E. corner post No. 5," and planted half mile east from No. 4, thence south 160 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains to place of commencement.

Dated Dec. 6th, 1901.

50ja14 M. HYATT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands in Kootenay district:—

Commencing at a post marked "Wm. Gowan's N. W. corner post," planted on blazed line 52 chains west from reference post on west bank of Pingston Creek about two miles above west branch, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to place of commencement.

Dated October 28th, 1904.

WM. GOWAN.

12d12

THE KOOTENAY MAIL ILLUSTRATED

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1904

is now in hand.

THIS SPECIAL EDITION

WILL BE PRINTED ON TONED BOOK PAPER WITH TINTED COVER IN SPECIAL INKS. IT

WILL CONTAIN

Christmas stories and sketches; Descriptive Write-up of Spallumcheen, Okanagan, Similkameen, Kamloops, East and West Kootenay, Cariboo, Boundary; the Mines, Mills, and Smelters; Lumber and Shingle Mills; Stock Ranches; Farms and Orchards; Lakes and Rivers; Mountains and Glaciers; Hot Springs and Sanitariums; Railways and Steamers; Tourist Resorts and Sporting Trips; Holiday Nooks and Pastimes; Cities and Towns; Public Buildings; Churches and Schools; Stores and Hotels; Clergy, Teachers and Public Men; Railway and Steamboat Officers; Bankers and Merchants; Leading Men in Finance, Mining, Commerce and Industry.

HANDSOME COLORED PICTURE

(Suitable for framing) "CHRISTMAS MORNING"

Will be presented with this special edition.

Copies will be put up in pulp-board wrappers suitable for mailing.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

Several Thousand Copies will be printed.

Orders now received for Advertising and Extra Copies.

LITERARY AND PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INVITED.

PRIZES

Are offered as follows:

Local Story or Sketch Limited to 3,000 words	First Prize $25.00 Second Prize $10.00
Photographs by Amateurs	First Prize $5.00 Second Prize $2.50
Essays or Sketches by Pupils attending the Public Schools	First Prize $10.00 Second Prize $5.00

These Competitions are open to residents of British Columbia east of the Cascade Range. Contributions shall be the property of the donors of the prizes. Entries must be received at the office of the undersigned by October 30th prox. Each entry should have a motto attached, with the name and address of the contributor written on the following form and enclosed in a sealed envelope:—

Entry for.....

By.....

Address.....

KOOTENAY MAIL

Revelstoke, B. C.

If you think you would like to start
TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS
just call and see the variety of

KODAKS
AND
CAMERAS
AT THE
CANADA DRUG & BOOK CO.

They keep all the necessary supplies and chemicals.

Call, or send a post card for Catalogue.

Local and General.

Minneapolis has been visited by a large fire.

The bar room of the Oriental hotel was broken into last night and about $80 stolen.

J. L. Woodland was the winner of the chair covers and drapes raffled by Miss Storust.

A severe earthquake was experienced at Haney Wednesday, windows being broken and other damage done.

The machinists have opened an excellent reading and club room in the Samson block on Second St.

J. T. Pollock, headmaster of the school at Ladner, has been appointed assistant master of Revelstoke school.

Constable Field Yolland, of 150-Mile House, is appointed chief license inspector for 150-Mile House District.

On Monday a Jap was brought in from Wigwam, where he had been badly crushed by a falling tree. He died at the hospital.

News was received in town this week of an important strike of gold in the gravels of French creek on the claims A. E. Bradley is working.

[illegible] has been brought into the hospital suffering from a fractured jaw sustained at Golden by a plank striking him on the face.

A wrestling match takes place Thursday between ex-champion D. McLeod, of Nanaimo, and J. D. McLennan, of Revelstoke, amateur champion of B. C.

Wm. W. Foster, of Revelstoke, is appointed commissioner for taking affidavits in the Supreme Court for the purpose of acting under the "Provincial Election Act."

A man named Levesque was sent to gaol by R. Gordon J. P. for two months for assaulting a woman in the lower town, and three men were also sent up for varying terms for vagrancy.

The footbridge over the Columbia at the railway bridge has been completed and the government are now putting in the approaches. The bridge will prove a great public convenience.

At the high school examinations this week three pupils presented themselves—Winnie McRury of Revelstoke, ida Harbell and Ethel Smith, of Salmon Arm. Rev. C. A. Procunier conducted the examinations.

Don't miss hearing 100 children in the Grand Cantata at opera house Dec. 26.

The flag drill given by 16 girls at the close of the Grand Cantata Dec. 26 will be one of the prettiest events of the season.

A case was heard by F. Fraser, S. M., last evening in which a bridgeman named Gillies was charged with assaulting another named Dewar on the Columbia river bridge. Defendant was ordered to pay the medical and other costs.

British Columbia has one telephone for every 33 of her population, as against 65 for the whole of Canada. Nelson has a telephone for 15 of population. The telephone system should be more extensively used in Revelstoke.

A large number of parents and friends of the pupils attended the closing exercises at the city school yesterday. Some of the children were dressed in character and the work creditably done, that in Miss Grant's room deserving special mention.

W. G. Watson has arranged an open-air rink at his farm east of the city. The rink will be 350 ft. long and 125 ft. wide. Comfortable waiting rooms are being provided. An experienced man has been engaged to look after the rink for the season.

The rumor is revived that the C. P. R. are about to build a new station at Revelstoke, but enquiries at the company's offices show the only foundation for the rumor to be that fresh plans for the proposed new station have been again sent in on the estimates.

The licensing committee met at St. Leon Thursday, Messrs. Kincaid and Johnson being the commissioners present. A. Evans's application for a license for a new hotel at Beaton and renewal of E. J. Kerr's license for the Arrowhead hotel were laid over for 30 days.

The Methodists may build a new church on the site which they have purchased on Second Street instead of moving the old building there. If so it will be worthy of the largely increasing congregation which the present building is frequently unable to accommodate.

A formal meeting of shareholders of the Revelstoke and McCullough creek Hydraulic Company was held at G. S. McCarter's office this week. The following directors were elected for the ensuing year:—W. M. Brown, president, Capt. Morrow vice-president, G. S. McCarter sec'y-treas., directors, Messrs. M. J. O'Brien, W. W. Foster, of Revelstoke, and Messrs. Harris and McCaud, of Duluth.

The following are the handicaps in the Billiard tournament which is being held at the Revelstoke Club:—250—H. A. Brown. 250—T. B. Baker. 250—J. G. Barber. 250—T. E. L. Taylor. 250—A. E. Kincaid. 250—A. J. McDonnell. 200—Fred Fraser. 200—E. A. Bradley. 200—F. B. Wells. 200—Dr. Cross. 200—W. Cowan. 200—J. M. Scott. 200—John Abrahamson. 200—B. R. Atkins. 175—A. E. Phipps. 175—F. B. Lewis. 175—Dr. Sutherland. 175—H. T. Watt. 175—S. Flindt. 175—Thos. Taylor, M. P. P. 175—Alex. McRae. 175—G. S. McCarter. 150—W. A. Sturdy. 150—Thos. Kilpatrick. 150—F. Forest. 100—A. M. Pinkham. 100—W. Ogilvie.

$10
MONTHLY
NO INTEREST

ONLY
$175
PER LOT

Golden Opportunity For the Wage-Earners

A Marvellous expansion and rapid advancement of the residential portion of the City of Revelstoke has classed all property on the Smelter Townsite as gilt-edge investments, and a sure thing for investors or home-seekers. We have received instructions from the owners to place on the market, for a limited time only, a number of lots in the very center of the coming residential portion of the city, and we propose to give the wage-earner and small investor an unexcelled opportunity for money making.

Our proposition is as follows: 150 lots in the city limits and lying between McKenzie and Robson Avenues, on Eighth street, each lot 50x100 feet. This property will remain on the market at these terms until December 30th, 1904, after which date all remaining lots will positively be withdrawn.

ONLY
$10.00
CASH

The price and terms until such date will be as follows: $10 cash and $10 monthly payments with no interest. Corner lots $50 additional. All applications will be allotted as received.

For further particulars and plans apply to

Revelstoke Insurance Agency Limited,

INSURANCE REAL ESTATE LOANS

MOLSONS BANK BUILDING.

THINK OF IT!
$175
PER LOT

NO INTEREST
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MONTHLY PAYMENTS

NOTICE

To the people of Revelstoke that the Red Cross Drug Store has the Finest Display of Christmas Presents in

TOWN

No exception, and at prices that can't be beaten. We cannot tell you all we have in stock—it would take up too much of the paper—but call and see. You won't be sorry.

ALSO

With every One Dollar Cash Purchase you get A Coupon for those beautiful

PRIZES

shown in the window.

RED CROSS DRUG STORE

CHAS. J. QUINAN, Manager.

Social & Personal.

Dr. Curry spent a day in the city this week when on his way east to spend a few months in Ontario.

A. S. Farwell and G. M. Sproat are in Revelstoke in connection with matters affecting the Farwell Townsite.

Miss Atkinson, who has spent some months with her sister Mrs. R. Hyland, left Monday for her home at St. Mary's, Ont.

Lovers of the light fantastic will have an opportunity of a first-class evenings enjoyment at the dance of Rocky Mountain Rangers at the Drill hall on the 20th.

For Sale.

Six horse power Waterous vertical boiler and engine, only in use a year. Reason for selling is that we require more power to drive our increased plant and for heating purposes.

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Revelstoke.

WANTED

BAKER WANTED—At once. Must be good at bread and cakes. Apply to City Bakery, Revelstoke B. C.

FOR SALE—Gasoline Launch 28x7 feet, 4 h. p. engine; will seat 20 passengers or carry three tons of freight; price $300. Apply James T. Farmer, Arrowhead, B. C.

WANTED TO LET—Rooms in the Tapping block. Apply to R. Tapping. 60

WANTED—Several good men to work around sawmill and yard Big Bend Lumber Company, Arrowhead.

WANTED—Man to drive team and make himself generally useful; must be sober and be able to read and write; must have good reference. Apply by letter to Kootenay Mail.

WANTED—Reliable MEN in every town in Canada to take orders for tailor-made clothes; permanent employment, good commission; experience unnecessary.—C. L. Bouvier, Custom Tailor, 31 Lombard Street, Toronto, Ont.

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Sanitary Plumbing, Hot Water & Steam Heating. Pipe Valve Fittings,

Electric Lamps, Door Bells and Annunciators,

Electric Fixtures of all kinds Put In.

Second Street, Revelstoke

Cut Glass

The Best on Earth

XMAS GIFT

J. Guy Barber

OPERA HOUSE

Thurs., Fri., Sat.,
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The Great Hewett Carnival Co.

35 PEOPLE 35

Required to produce an entertainment equal in merit to the Great Hewett Co., "Hio," "Escaped from Sing Sing," Louisiana Sun Fower, Xobsdoogyrd Mystery.

25c., 50c. and 75c.

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Can be done to advantage at

REID & YOUNG'S STORE

Come and see the Christmas Goods on Display which will make useful Holiday Gifts—A Great Xmas Chance. We are offering a lot of Seasonable Goods at Wholesale Prices.

Ladies' & Children's Department

Silk Top Skirts
Silk Japanese Gowns
Silk Blouses
Silk Underskirts
Ladies' Jackets
Ladies' Collars and Ties
Ladies' Furs
Ladies' Fancy Slippers
Ladies' Chatelaine Bags
Ladies' Needle Cases
Children's Muffs
Children's Toques and Tams
Fancy Handkerchiefs
Ladies' Tea Gowns
Ladies' Kid Gloves
Ladies' Umbrellas
Ladies' Belts
Ladies' Fancy Combs
Ladies' Belt Sets
Children's Callivetts
Children's Coats, Jackets and other goods.

Men's and Boys' Apparel
Stylish and Dressy

These are practical and useful goods that Men and Boys can wear and enjoy.

New Overcoats
Gloves—All Kinds
Silk Handkerchiefs
Umbrellas
Fancy Vests
Boys' Suits
Boys' Overcoats
Boys' Nobby Ties
Suits of Clothes
New Ties
Fancy Suspenders
Smoking Jackets
Fancy Mufflers
Boys' Reefers
Boys' Gloves
Boys' Braces

Make your Xmas Purchases Now while the stock is at its best. Look over the above list and do your choosing.

Make Your Xmas Purchases Early

MILLINERY Trimmed Millinery and Ready-to-Wear Hats at a Great Reduction. Come in and select one while the reduced prices last.
AT OUR ROCK BOTTOM PRICES

REID & YOUNG

MACKENZIE AVENUE

Provincial Library

HOLIDAY NUMBER

The Kootenay Mail.

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DEC 30 1904
VICTORIA, B. C.

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How would a Card Case do?
Pocket Books, Purses too.
Chatelaines in many styles.
Comb and Brush Sets.
Soaps and Perfumes debonaires.
Nicknacks, Novelties in Leather.
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Leave your orders—We will send
Everything as you desire
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Druggist and Stationer, Next Hume Block Revelstoke, B. C.

P. Burns & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Meat Merchants.

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Smoke **Union** Cigar Factory **Cigars.**

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Our Special, The Union, Marca Vuelta, La Corono, La Prima.

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No Blowing, but if you want to Laugh and Grow Fat
Drink Long's
Dublin Stout and **English Ale**
Brewed at the KOOTENAY BREWERY, Revelstoke.

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Sanitary Plumbing, Hot Water and Steam Heating. Pipe, Valve, Fittings. Electric Lamps, Door Bells and Annunciators.
Electric Fixtures of all kinds put in

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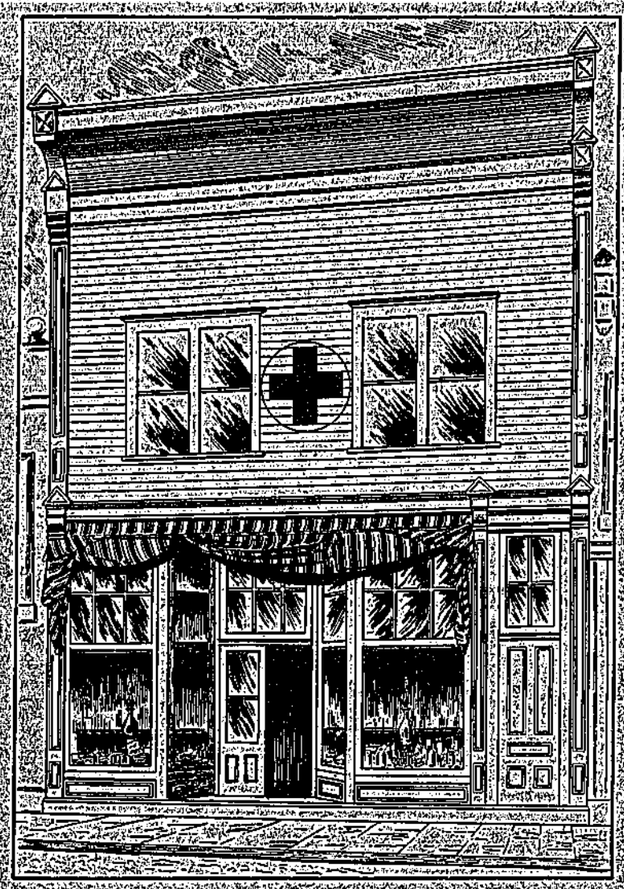

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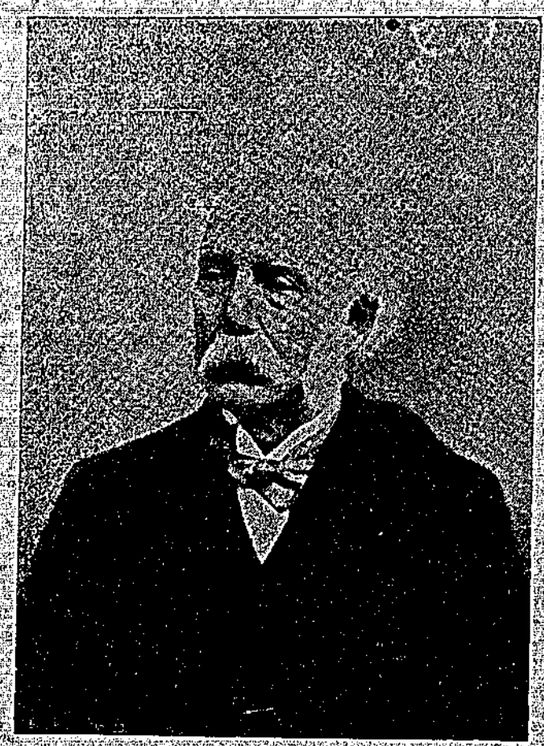

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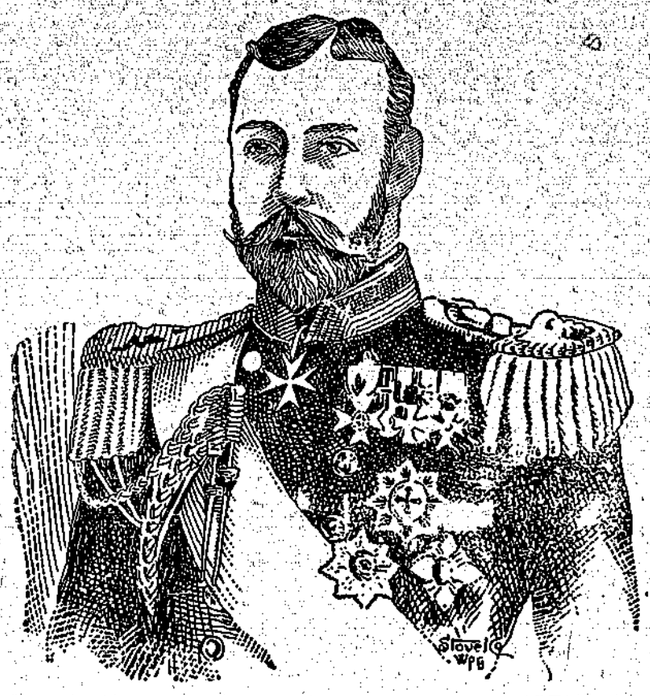

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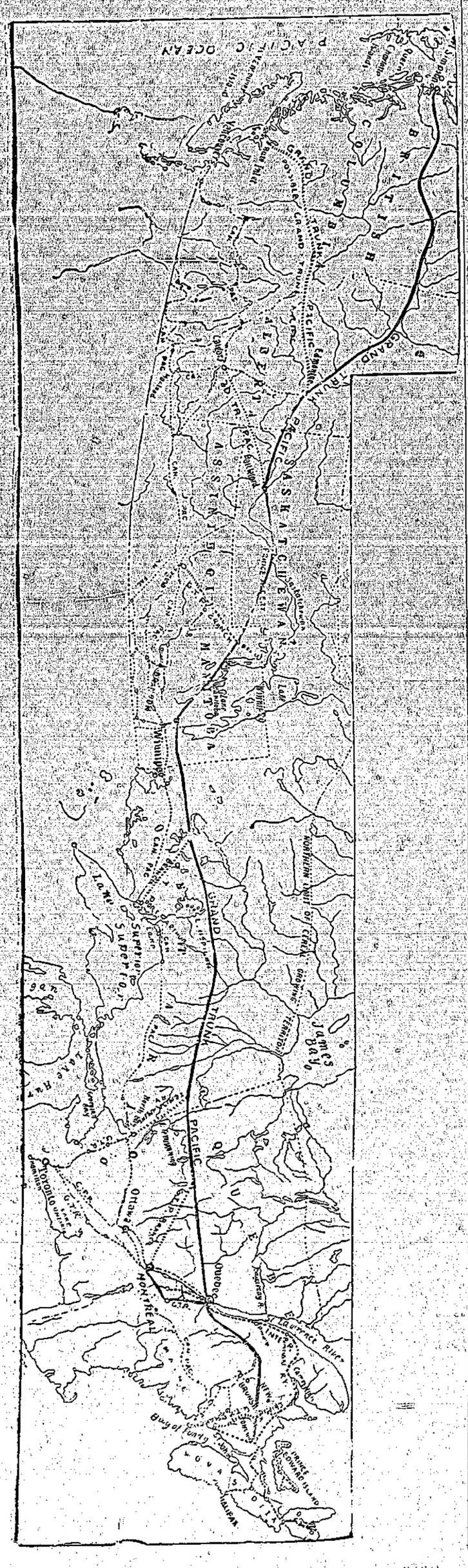


A FORBIDDEN MARRIAGE

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "When Lovely Maiden Stoops to Folly," "A Cruel Revenge," "The Heiress of Cameron Hall," "Ione," "Parted at the Altar," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

It was on the 15th of September, I am particular as to the date, for it marked the cruelest tragedy that ever darkened a young girl's life. The night was stormy and intensely dark, save for the vivid flashes of lightning that lit up the wild mountain scene with a white, awful glare for an instant, at intervals, then died out, leaving the rugged slopes to the darkness and the terrible storm.

The oldest inhabitant of Virginia never remembered having witnessed such a storm before.

The little rivulets, leaping from crag to crag down the mountain gorges, were swollen into mighty cataracts, carrying death and destruction in their path as they dashed on to the valley below—on this night which was to be made so memorable. In a weather-beaten abode situated about midway between the summit and the base of the mountain, and around the comfortably fire that blazed fitfully, and spluttered in the open fireplace, sat three persons: Abel Moore, the old mail-carrier, who drove the mail-stage between Dover and Allendale; Dorothy, his wife, and Theressa, their daughter.

As they sat there, listening to the fierce storm, and the wind that howled like a demon through the mountain gorge, the old clock on the three-cornered shelf in the angle of the wall slowly struck nine.

Abel Moore sprung quickly to his feet.

"It's time I was starting off, Dorothy," he said, turning briskly to his wife. "Where's my heavy coat?"

"Don't go to-night, Abel," pleaded his wife. "Abide at home just this once," and she came a step nearer him, laying a detaining hand on his arm. "I have a strange premonition that something will happen if you go. You know it was just such a night as this, years ago, that you had that desperate encounter in the mountain pass; you carried a large package of money then, just as you will to-night."

"Didn't I come out victorious in that affair?" demanded Abel, triumphantly. "When they stopped my horses, didn't I cut down the whole crowd of them with the stout old hickory cudgel I carried? Wasn't there blood all about the place when morning came, showing I had put in some pretty good work?"

"They vowed vengeance against you, Abel," answered his wife solemnly, "and sooner or later it will come."

"That was years ago, and nothing ever came of it—or ever will," retorted Abel. "That's only a woman's whim."

"I wish you wouldn't go, Abel," she persisted, standing with clasped hands before him. "It wouldn't hurt any of the village folk on the other side of the mountain to wait a few hours longer for their letters."

"Now there's no use in talking," he retorted, drawing on his heavy boots and stamping them down, then proceeding to button up his great coat. "I sha'n't neglect my duty for a woman's whim, so there's the end on it. I've carried the mail for twenty odd years and never once neglected my duty, and I ain't going to commence now. A public office is a public trust. It's a man's duty, otherwise, to be faithful." And with these words he passed out of the house and into the teeth of the terrible storm; a little later they heard the sound of his horses' hoofs and the rumbling of the heavy wheels as they turned slowly into the mountain road.

"Somehow I don't feel just right about your father going to-night, Theressa," said Mrs. Moore, throwing more logs on the fire. "I hope to the Lord he will come back to us safe."

"Father knows how to take care of himself. Never fear," replied the girl. "It's all nonsense to worry so, mother; he's neither sugar nor salt,—he won't melt. It's a bad night for the great reception they're having up at Waldron Towers," she went on, in the hope of diverting her mother's mind that I suppose every man, woman and child who was lucky enough to be invited will go, even though it rains pitchforks, to get a sight of the bride. They say she's young and very fair, and a stranger in these parts."

Theressa succeeded in her object of diverting her mother's thoughts, for she answered quickly:

"You can depend upon it, the young girl is a stranger or she would never have married the heir of Waldron Towers. I wonder what he cared to bring a young wife there of all places in the world—where so much has been said! Of course some one of the neighbors will tell her all sooner or later, then there will be a fine time of it."

"They say that the poor little thing is very fond of him," said Theressa, "and that she clung to him all the way going up the steep mountain pass, like a frightened school-

"Heaven pity her if she loves him," [illegible] Dorothy.

"That would not be hard to do," [illegible] said Theressa. "He is young, handsome, and rich, and has just the knack about him of winning women's hearts."

"I would rather see you dead, than know you had given your heart to such a man," said Dorothy Moore with asperity, turning suddenly upon her daughter.

"Never fear, mother," replied the girl. "I would as soon think of caring for Satan himself. I'd go a mile out of my way any day rather than meet the young master of Waldron Towers. I say with you, mother, heaven pity the fair young bride he has brought home."

"Carriage after carriage, heavily laden, have passed here since early morning. It almost seems as if all of Virginia were to be at Waldron Towers to-night."

"It's for no love of the master of the Towers they come, but out of curiosity to see the young wife. Ah, well, as the old saying goes, Theressa—

"'He that is false to one will never prove true to another.'"

"The old housekeeper came down here, when she heard that the master was coming back with a bride, and was to have a grand reception, and begged me to go up with her and help decorate the place, but I said no. I'd as soon think of stepping into a charnel house as to step over that threshold.

"It would be a blessing if the race of Waldrons would die out with the present heir of the Towers. But oh, child, I cannot think of him; my thoughts go back to your father. I wish he was safe at home. I cannot shake off the impression, somehow, of impending evil.

"You are only a little nervous to-night," said Theressa, soothingly.

"It's enough to make anyone nervous," replied Mrs. Moore. "See how the house rocks. I've always said that some day one of these fierce winds would shake it from its foundation, and we would go crashing down the mountain side. I shall not rest easy until your father returns; somehow I never felt like this before. He's only about half way down the mountain, now. Oh, Theressa, do listen to the mad storm!"

Meanwhile, through the storm and the darkness, the Allendale mail-stage was slowly making its way toward the cross-roads, seven miles distant, to meet the night express train. The steep serpentine road was well-nigh washed out, but the horses had traversed that route for twenty years, and picked their way with almost human intelligence. But at a sharp turn in the road they stumbled, and, as the descent was almost perpendicular here, Abel concluded that the best plan would be to lead the beasts, and, getting out of the stage and grasping their bridles, with a few words of encouragement, he proceeded forward with great caution.

Suddenly his foot slipped upon a huge stone that had become dislodged and rolled down into the path, and the next instant, he lay groaning with pain from a severely sprained ankle under the horses' feet. They stopped short, seeming instinctively to realize that there was something amiss, and, there, quite motionless they stood in the midst of the terrible storm an half hour or more. Soon after a mountaineer toiling homeward on foot, found Abel, and insisted upon taking him home.

"There is only one way you can serve me, friend," returned Abel; "help me reach the light down yonder. It's the home of a neighbor. I shall do well enough there, and take my place on the stage, to meet the express train; you can just about make it."

This was how it happened that the mountaineer—a stranger almost in those parts, knowing few of the people thereabouts—chanced to take old Abel's place.

The stage-driver drew rein at his destination with a sigh of relief, and at that instant the shriek of the oncoming train sounded shrill and clear above the wild roaring of the storm in the distance. Another instant and it had rounded the curve of the mountain and stood still.

The mail-bag was handed out, and he saw a slight, girlish figure alight from a rear coach; and as he gazed, the train thundered on again.

She advanced with a quick, firm step toward him, inquiring if that was the stage to Dover.

The old driver looked at the slender creature, who was so heavily veiled, and all alone, in dismay.

"To Dover?" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "Why, no. This is the mail-stage which goes to Allendale, just the opposite direction. No stage will be along this way going to Dover until to-morrow afternoon."

Was it his imagination, or did he really hear a low cry issuing from the folds of the thick veil the young stranger wore, and hear the words:

"Oh, Heaven, have pity! have mercy!"

"Can I get a conveyance anywhere around here to take me there? I must get there, if I have to walk every step of the way."

"There's no team but this within five good miles of here," he returned; "you couldn't get there."

"I must! Oh, I must!" cried the sweet young voice, distractedly.

Suddenly she tore off one of the dark gloves from her little white hands, and drew from her finger a massive ring, set with a dazzling diamond, and held it out to the man.

"Take this, and drive me as far as it lasts; it is worth twenty times my fare. Oh, sir, for the love of Heaven, do not refuse me!" she cried, wildly. "I must get to Waldron Towers before day breaks. I cannot tell you why; but, if you only knew, you would not refuse to help me."

In vain the old driver remonstrated, declaring he was sorry, but it couldn't be thought of. He must take the mail on to Allendale.

In the agonya of despair, the beautiful stranger pleaded.

When he looked back to that night in after years—trembling as he thought of that scene, and the tragedy that followed on the heels of it—he remembered that he very unwillingly allowed himself, against his better judgment, to become persuaded to take the young girl to the gates of Waldron Towers.

And an hour from the time she had first made her appearance, they were making their way through the terrible storm toward Dover.

Once he thought he heard a cry issuing from the interior of the coach. The reins almost fell from his nerveless grasp, and his heart almost ceased to beat. He listened intently. The sound was not repeated.

"It must have been my fancy," he muttered. "No doubt it was the wind, shrieking and howling, with demon-like fury, down the mountain gorge, dying away like a deep sob of one in bitter pain."

Again he assured himself "it was only the wind," as he urged the poor horses up the steep, slippery pass by applying the whip.

At last the turrets of Waldron Towers, ablaze with lights, loomed up in the distance. A few moments more and the entrance gate was reached. The terrible journey was ended.

As the driver assisted her to alight from the vehicle the wind for an instant raised the heavy folds of the veil she wore, from her face. A sharp exclamation of dismay rose to her lips as she quickly drew it down to its place.

In that one brief instant the flickering light of the gate lamps revealed to the man the most beautiful face he had ever beheld; but over the lovely face lay a death-white pallor. He caught a glimpse of two dark blue eyes and a halo of golden hair. In that face lay the elements of a tragedy.

He watched the slender, muffled figure curiously as she disappeared up the broad, gravelled path; then he turned to his stage again with a thoughtful face.

"I would know that young woman anywhere again," he muttered. "Ah, what a face! what beautiful eyes!"

Meanwhile, the young girl had crept up the marble porch close to the long French window, peering in through the lace-draped window, with wide distended, horror-stricken eyes.

The interior of the apartment into which she gazed was ablaze with light, and thronged with guests.

In their midst stood a young man with a debonair, handsome face. A fair young girl in spotless white, with pale blossoms on her breast and in her clustering curls, clung to his arm.

With bated breath, the burning eyes of the figure crouching outside in the terrible storm and darkness rested upon them. She had pushed back the heavy veil, and the sportive breeze tossed the pale-gold hair wantonly about her lovely childish face. The wild winds around her sung a requiem—the dash of the down-pouring rain a dirge.

So young and gloriously fair, yet life had gone all wrong with her. Her strange secret, and her pitiful story, would startle the world on the morrow, as it had never been startled before, steeped, as it is, in misery, suffering, crime and sin.

There was a quick shuddering cry as she gazed on the young man's handsome face.

"It is quite true," she muttered. "The paragraph in the paper spoke truly. It is he!"

"Heaven forgive me," she gasped, faintly, as she drew something from the folds of her cloak with her trembling right hand. "Heaven forgive me! I am driven to it."

The next moment there was a clear, ringing report of a revolver. The plate-glass window was shivered into a thousand fragments. The fatal bullet had sped on its course.

Who this young girl was, who had attempted this terrible deed, from whence she came, whether deserving our deepest scorn, or our heartfelt pity—and what claim she had upon the young and handsome man we have mentioned, the after pages of our story will tell!

Be not hasty in your judgment of her. Remember, love makes or mars a woman's life. It brings with it a blessing—or a curse.

Yet, young hearts will still sigh for love, even though they weep tears of pity over our beautiful heroine's folly.

CHAPTER II.

Some months previous to the date mentioned in the opening of our story, in an old-fashioned garden scarcely a stone's throw from Waldron Towers, two persons were standing in the June sunshine, which touched with a glint of gold the features of the woman, plain and comely, and that of her companion, a tall, commanding gentleman, with a fine, benevolent face, and the military bearing of a soldier.

He had been a soldier, a general in the army, and Virginia had never known a braver one. His name was enrolled among those of the heroes of Harpers Ferry, during that time so famous in our nation's history.

Where flowers now bloomed, in the garden of Fairlawn Villa, and fountains tossed their white spray to the sunshine, not many years since those same grounds had blossomed with waving cotton, which greeted the eye as far as it could reach, like a field of snow. It had been one of the most prosperous plantations in all Virginia.

General Hastings, the owner of Fairlawn, loved to recall reminiscences of those eventful days.

On this particular June morning the general was pacing the grounds to and fro, hurriedly, an unmistakable frown on his fine old face. Stopping abruptly, he turned to his companion, saying thoughtfully, "So the rumors that Waldron Towers is to be tenanted by the young heir is true is it?—I had hoped it was mere hearsay."

Mrs. Dent, the housekeeper of Fairlawn courtesied. "It is quite true, sir," she responded, "at the village they tell me that Mr. Waldemar Waldron has been domiciled at the Towers a fortnight or more, and that he has come to stay."

The frown of annoyance grew darker on the old general's face. "Mr. Waldemar Waldron, the heir of the Towers, must never be referred to in any way in the presence of my daughter Reine," he said. "She has never heard the story of the Waldrons, and I hope she never will. She is impulsive—girls of sixteen usually are—and would imagine it highly romantic, especially when a young and handsome man is the hero of it. There never was a man more hospitable than myself—or inclined to be neighborly—but I would sooner see the devil himself enter my door than this Waldemar Waldron; understand, I am never at home to him, if he should take it upon himself to call."

Again the old housekeeper courtesied in her old-fashioned way, nodding approvingly.

General Hastings had spoken rapidly and energetically, bringing his cane down heavily on the gravelled walk by way of emphasis to his remark.

"I understand you, sir," she said. "I shall see that your wishes are strictly carried out. I shall see that a Waldron of Waldron Towers never crosses this threshold if I can prevent it. I am inclined to think, though, that he will not be likely to trouble us, for he has the reputation hereabouts of being a sort of recluse."

"I never knew a Waldron but what was a villain to the heart's core," declared the general hotly; "depend upon it, this one is no exception. Evil parents cannot bring forth righteous offspring; the race of Waldrons for generations back has demonstrated this. I repeat, again, never let the name be mentioned in my daughter Reine's presence," and the old general's voice sunk to a whisper as he replied at that moment Reine herself advancing down the serpentine path, the skirt of her blue velvet riding-habit thrown over her arm, leading her prancing black pony by the bridle.

The grand old soldier's eyes grew moist, as he looked at her. If there was one being on earth whom he idolized it was his dainty, beautiful, wilful young daughter. She gave promise of a magnificent womanhood; her slender girlish figure was admirably graceful; every unstudied pose was statuesque. Her face bright with a beauty all its own, was crowned in fair golden rings over her forehead, falling in a tumbled mass of golden curls to her waist; her eyes were a beautiful blue that deepened with every pulse of feeling, that flashed with scorn or gleamed with tenderness, or shone with pride. She was not without fault, even as the fairest rose has the cruelest thorns. There was some little degree of temper in the bright, proud eyes, just as there was something of independence and hauteur in the curved lips. She was imperious, quick tempered, proud; but was quick to forget and forgive a wrong committed. It was not wonderful that everyone loved the fair young heiress of Fairlawn; she was well worth loving. She was the very light of the old general's eyes, his pride, his delight.

Her fair young mother had died in her infancy, leaving the care of their child to the old soldier. He was much puzzled to know what to do with her; then came the happy thought of sending Reine to school when she was old enough.

This plan had met with disaster; she refused to go. And the old soldier, who had faced the enemy on an hundred battle fields and led his followers on to victory, looked helplessly at the mutinous little rebel.

"If she had been born a boy," he said, in consulting with the housekeeper, "I should have known what to do with her; but I do not understand small girls."

Mrs. Dent suggested a governess, and the general hailed the idea eagerly, declaring it was certainly stupid of him that he had not thought of that before.

A long line of suffering governesses had tried their best to cram knowledge into the little curly, golden head of pretty Reine; but each in turn retired vanquished from the field, leaving the spoiled little heiress of Fairlawn the victor. She had caricatured them, mimicked them, careseed them, defied them; did everything in short but obey them.

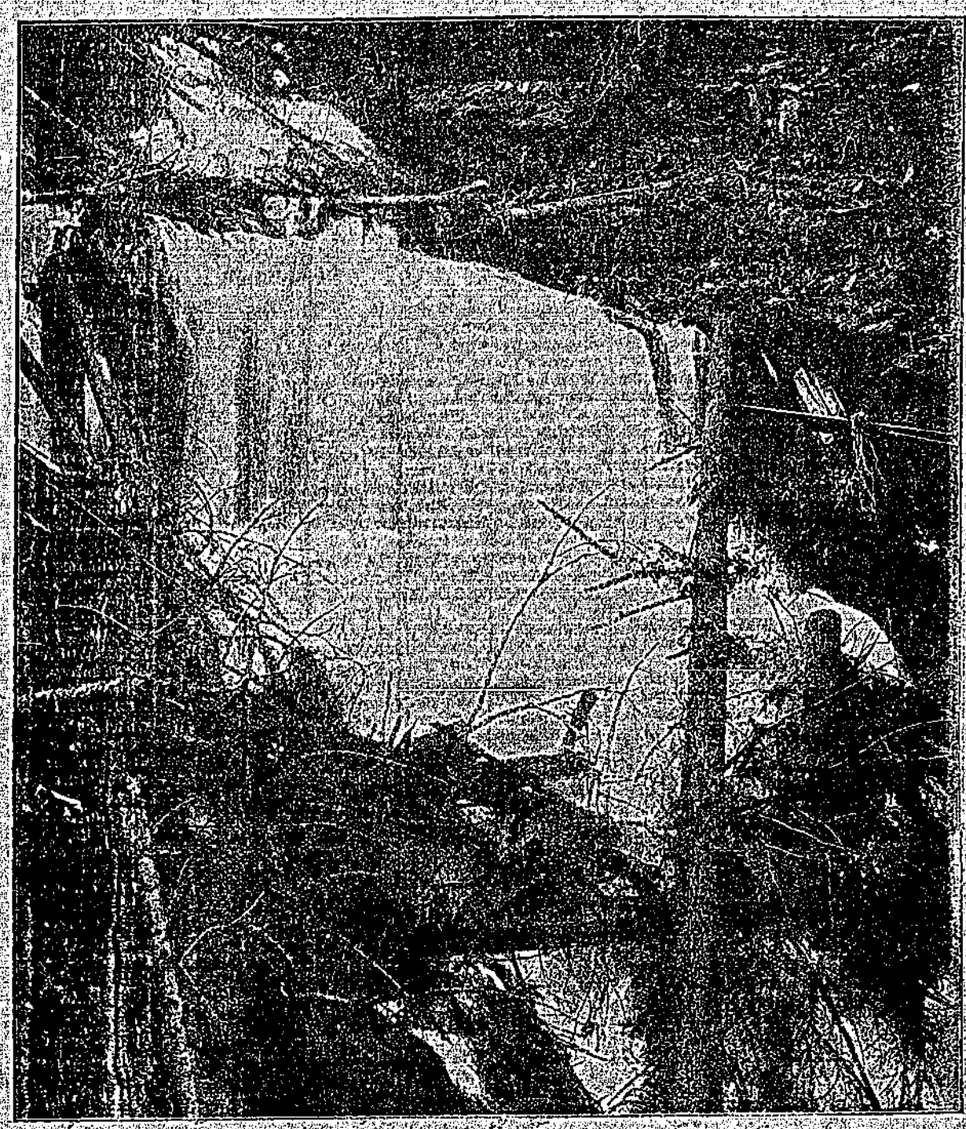
At length by dint of persuasion, where he should have had but to command, the general had coaxed her to go to boarding-school.

It so happened that the principal understood just such natures as Reine's, and the result was, Reine stayed at boarding-school, coming back to Fairlawn only during the vacations of each year.

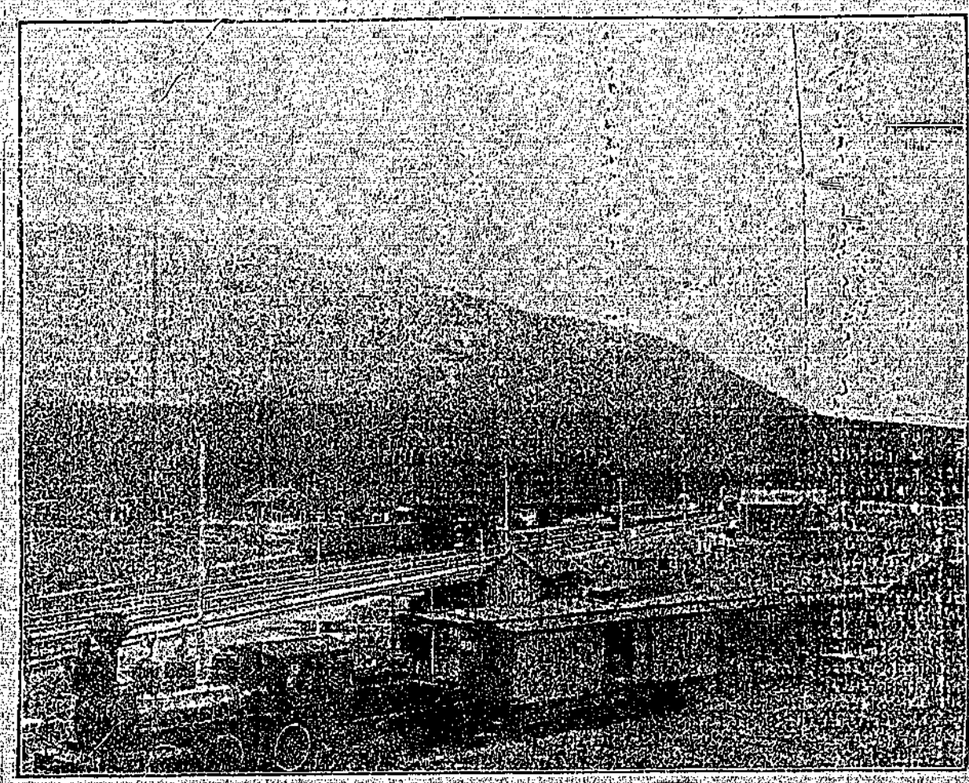
And the long yellow days of the present vacation were but just commenced on this bright June morning on which the second part of our story opens.

Reine was not alone as she came down the path, leading her pony; a young man was walking beside her, or rather endeavoring to keep pace

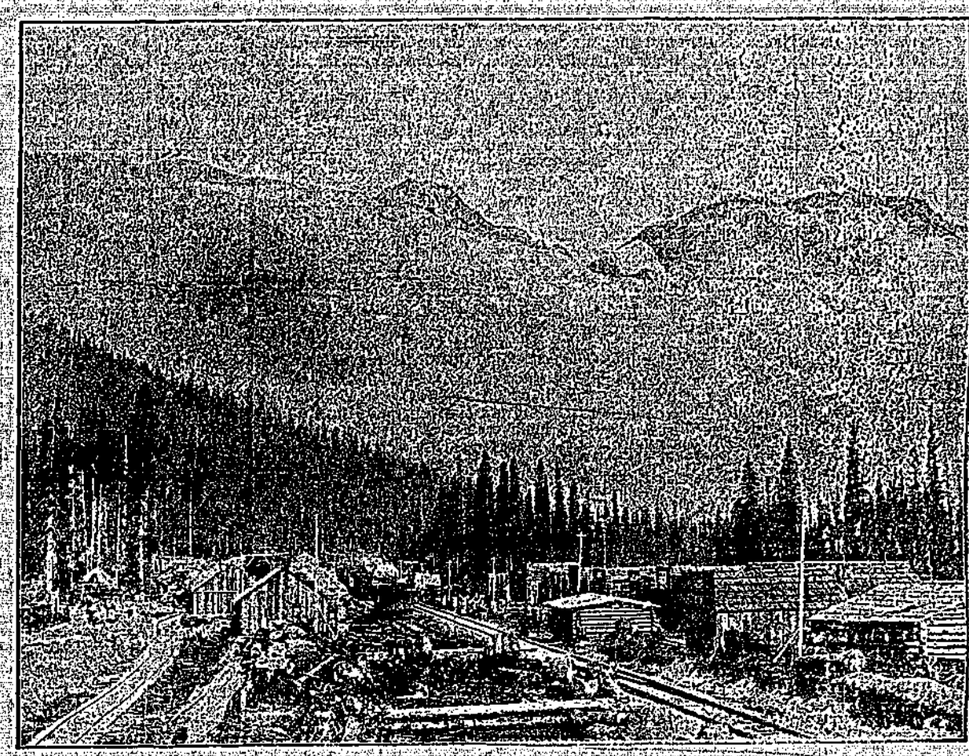
THE KOOTENAY MAIL



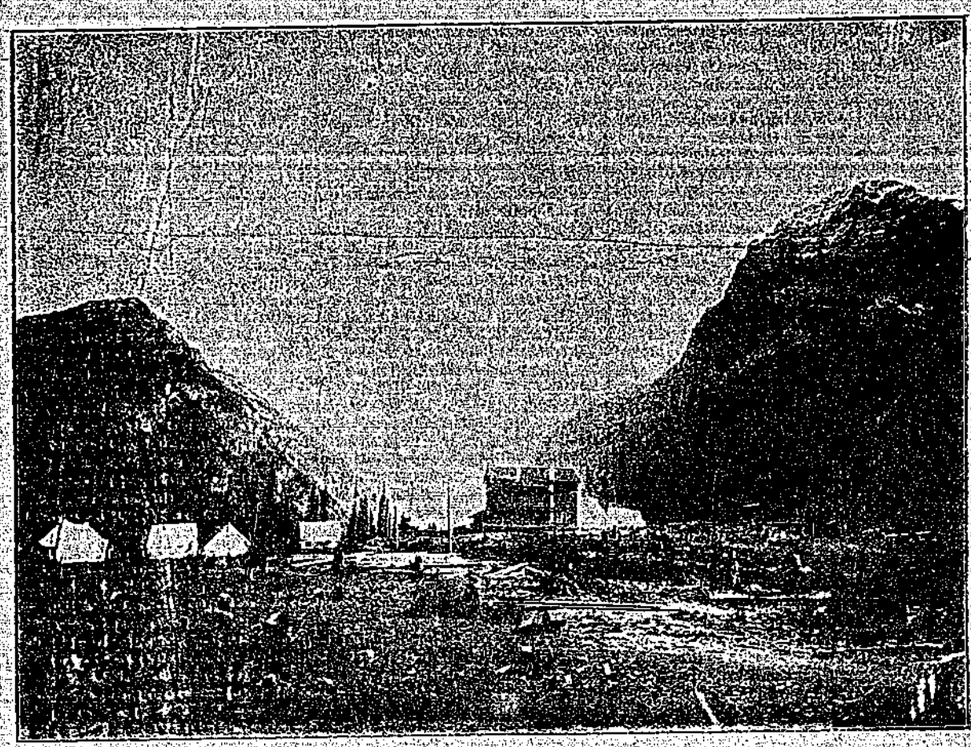
CASCADE STREAM, ROGERS PASS.



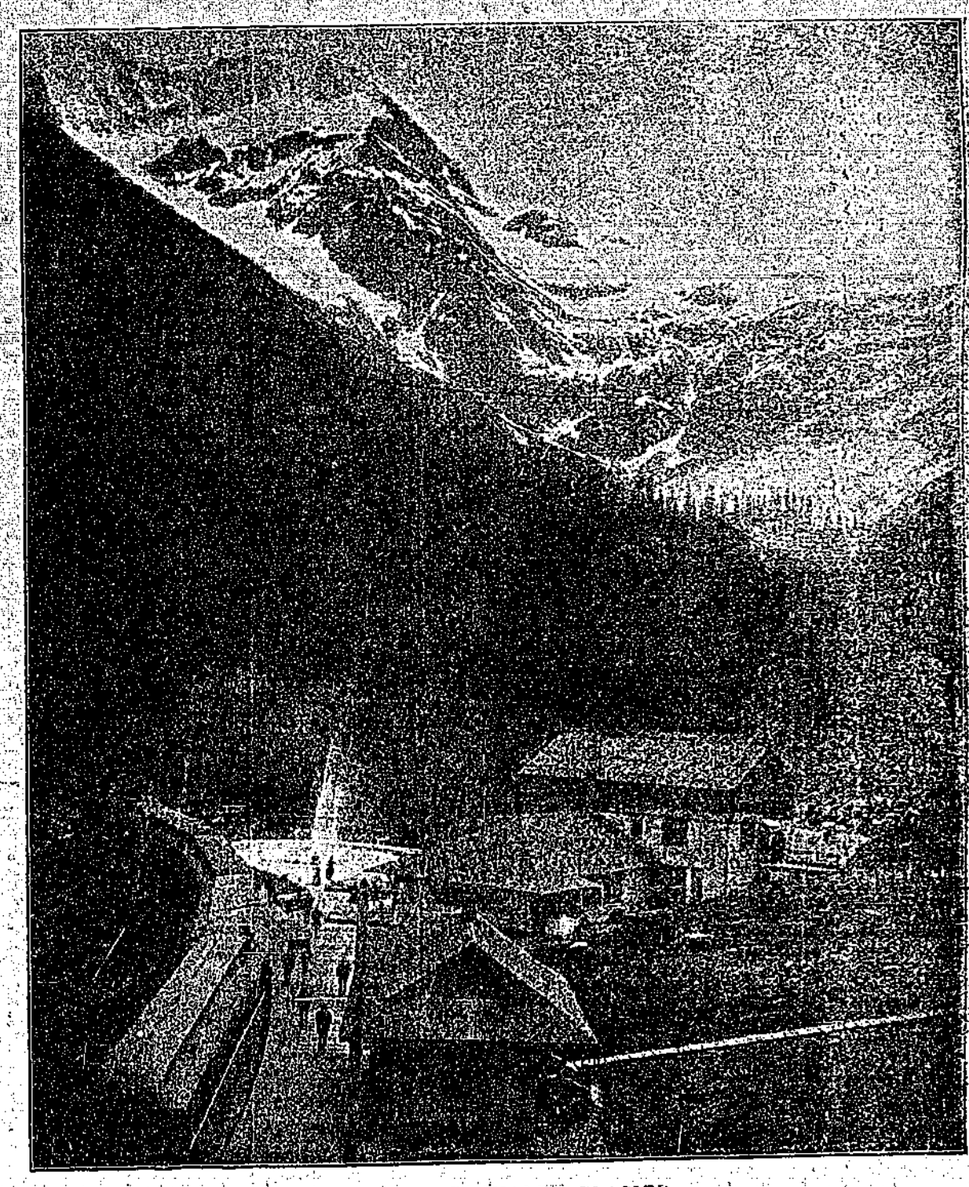
DONALD, B. C.



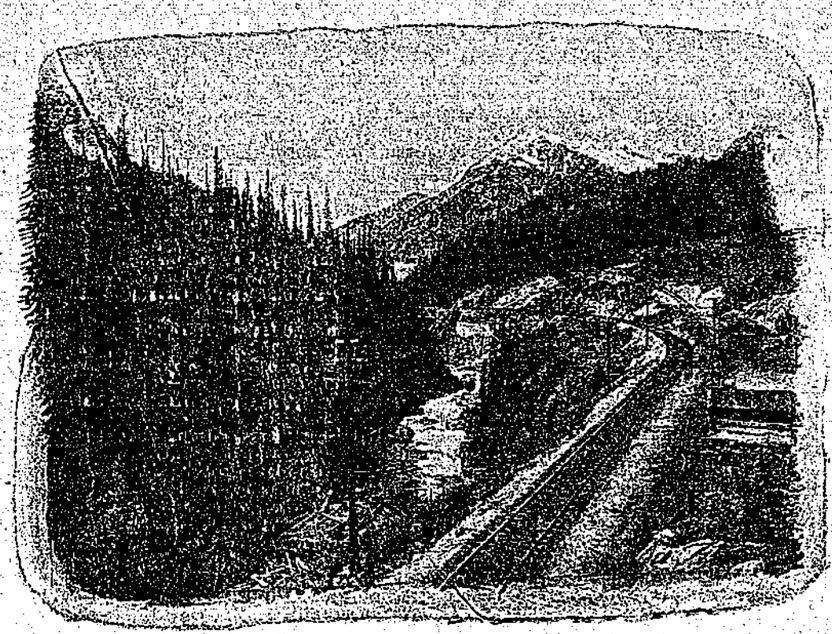
ROGERS PASS IN CONSTRUCTION DAYS.



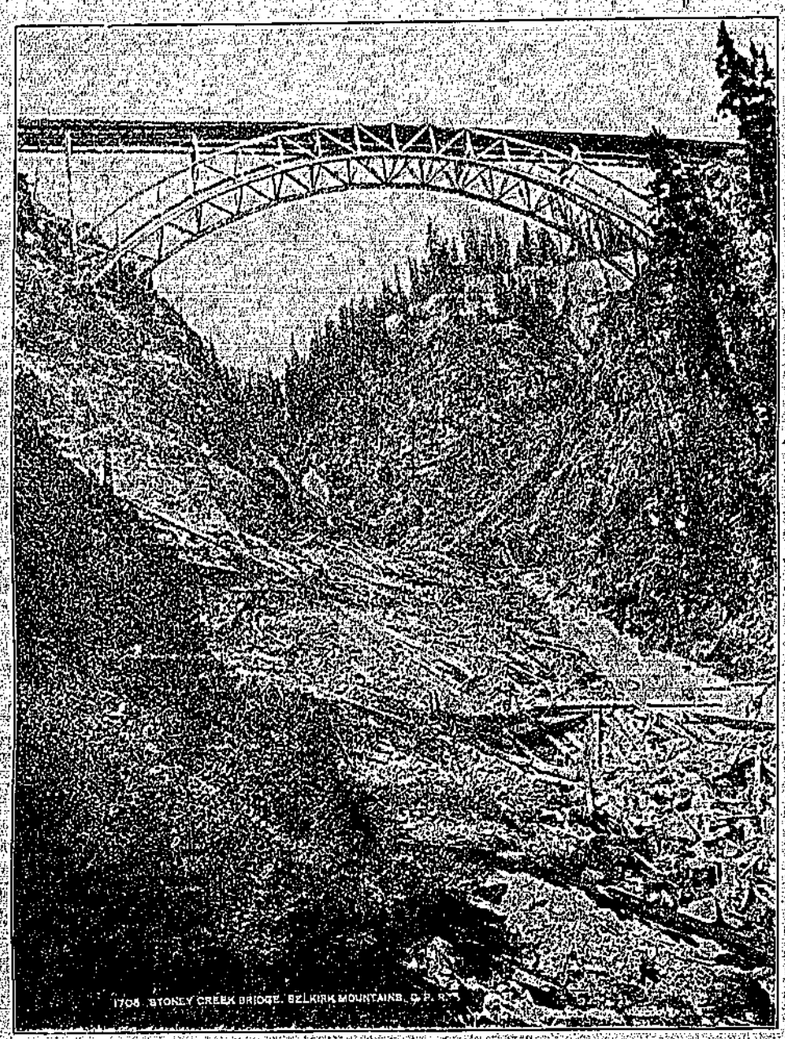
FIELD TEN YEARS AGO.



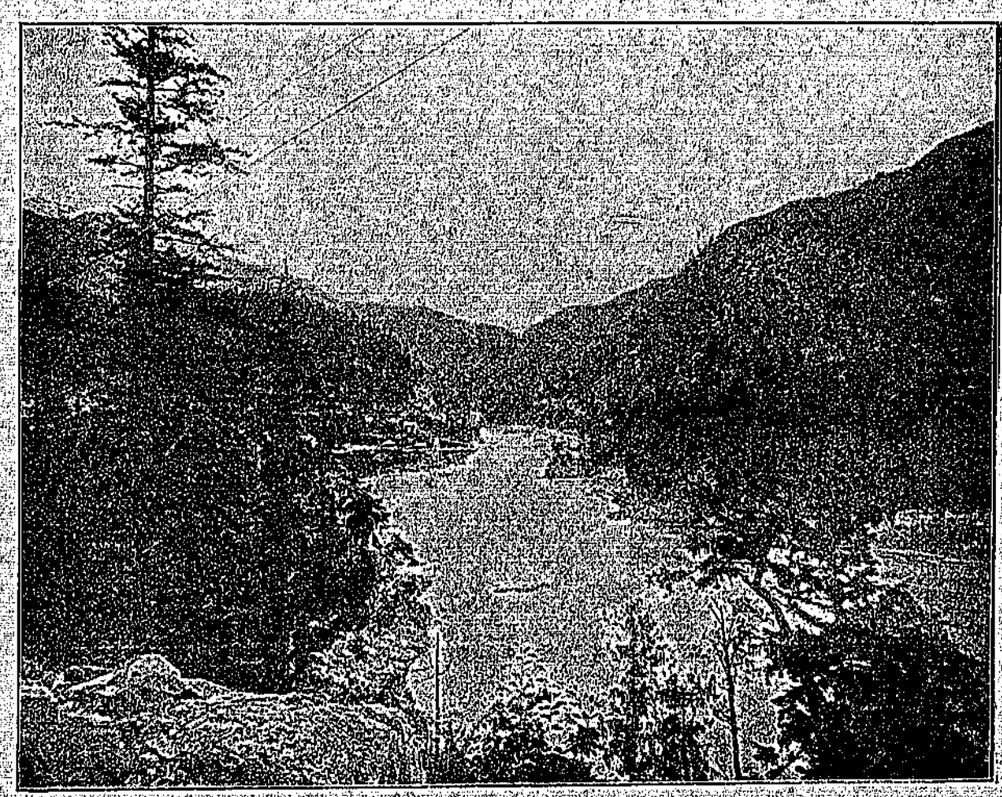
FIRST C. P. R. CHALET, GLACIER.



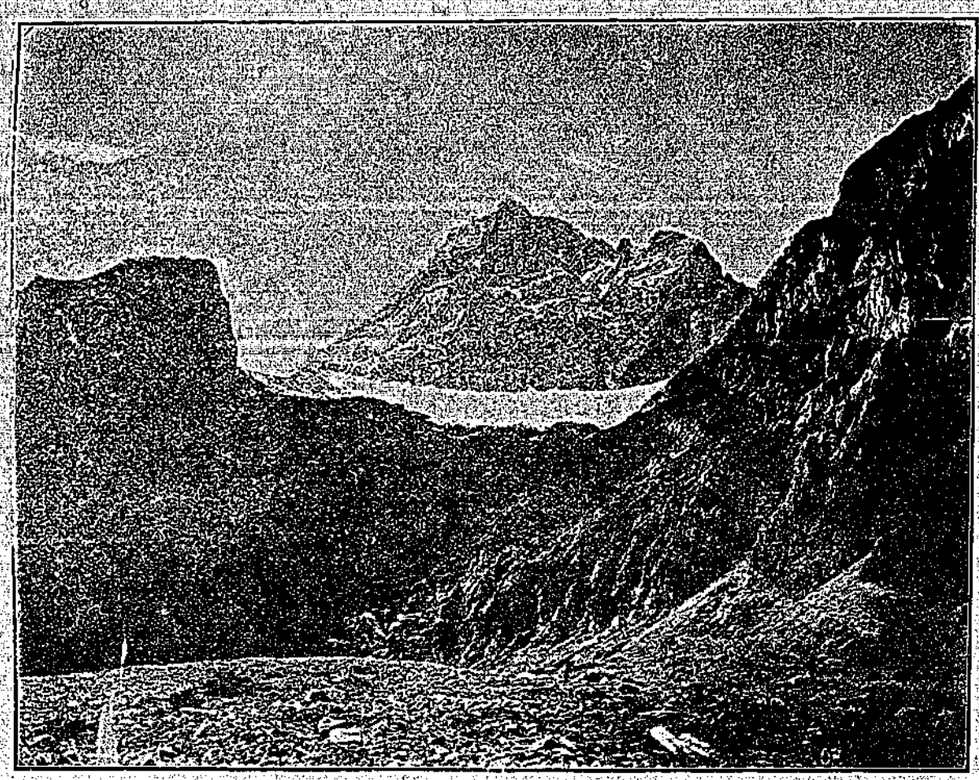
KICKING HORSE.



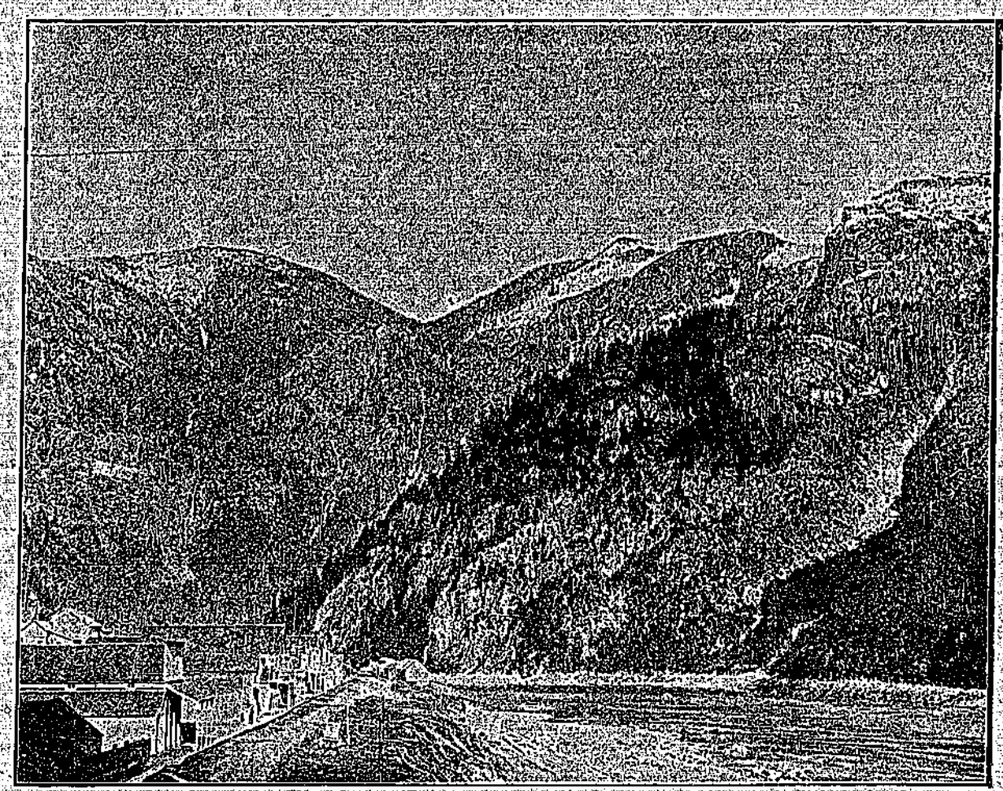
STONEY CREEK BRIDGE, SELKIRK MOUNTAINS.



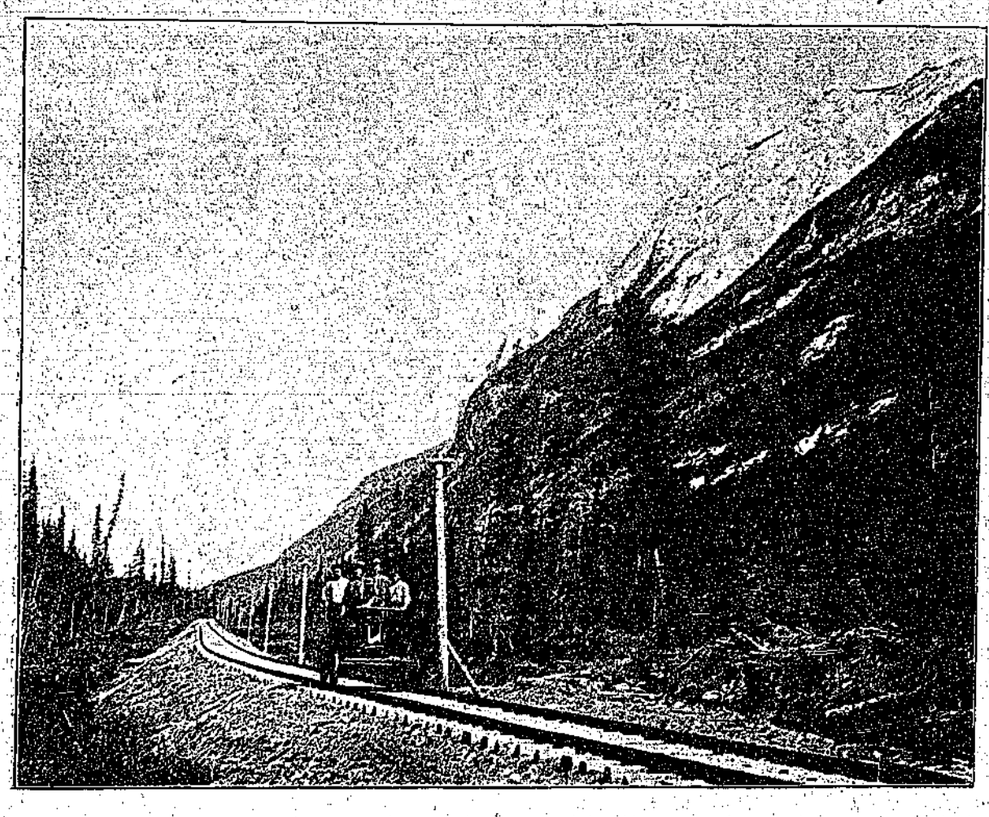
FRASER RIVER, SHOWING SITE OF SUSPENSION BRIDGE ON OLD CARIBOO ROAD.



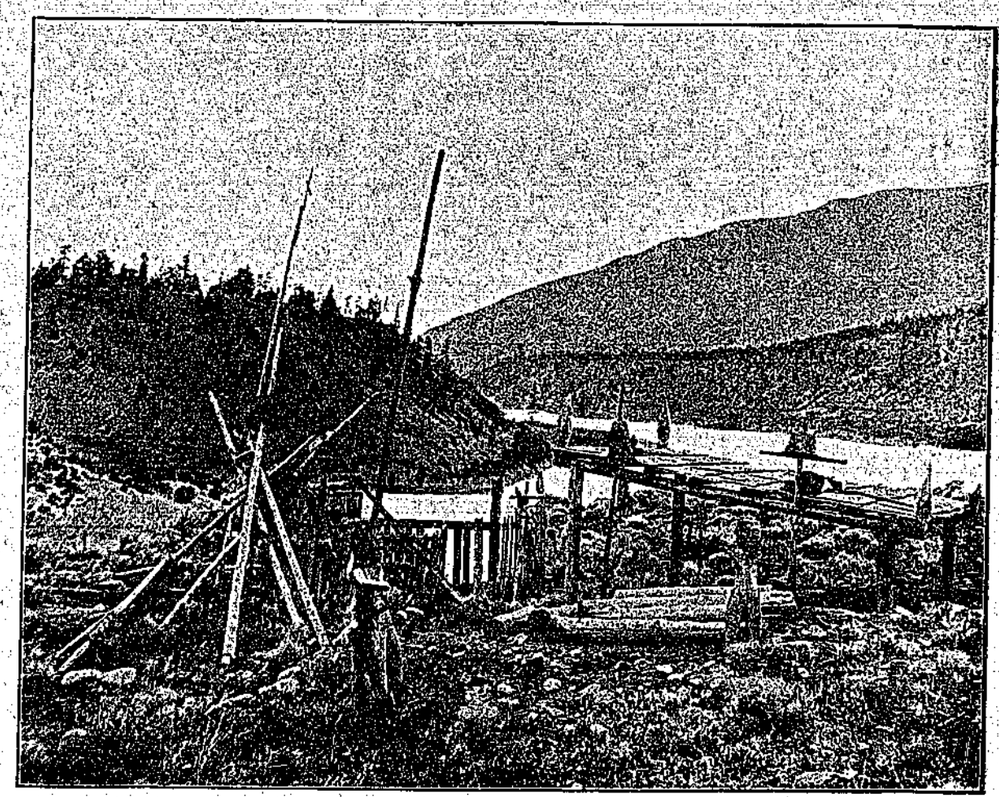
MOUNT STEPHEN, FIELD, B. C.



YALE BEFORE THE RAILWAY.



IN KICKING HORSE PASS.



INDIAN BURYING GROUND, LYTTON.

THE KOOTENAY MAIL

with the girl's flying footsteps as best he could.

The pretty young face, half hid by the dancing snowy plumes of her hat and the tossing golden curls, was turned from him in vexation and the keenest disappointment, the saucy red lips were quivering grievously.

Suddenly she stopped short in the path and faced her companion, tearing the flowering lilac blooms ruthlessly aside that dared to kiss the glowing roses in her flushed, dimpled cheeks.

Two very blue and angry eyes met the young man's grave, dark ones.

"You simply refuse to go, because you have found out that I have set my heart upon going," she declared. "Now, what possible reason can you have for objecting to the lawn fete to be held in the grove back of the old ruined Towers? Every one will be there."

Bernard Chesleigh's dark, grave face flushed a little as he met the angry, defiant glance of the imperious little beauty's flashing blue eyes.

"Your last remark, Miss Reine, is the best answer I can give you as to my objection in going—'Every one will be there,' he answered, calmly. "Many, perhaps, whom it would be best for you not to meet or know."

Reine Hastings turned away from him impatiently.

"That is a mere subterfuge," she retorted. "Let me tell you why you do not care to go to the lawn fete. It is because you are too old to enjoy such things. Just that, and nothing else. Yet you should not wish to restrain me from the pleasure of it," she went on, with reckless bitterness. "I could not endure the dull life that suits you so well. I want something different—something brighter."

Bernard Chesleigh stood quite still in the path. Not a muscle of his calm face betrayed how deeply the girl's words had hurt him. They were a revelation to him—those words spoken in the spur of the momentary anger which laid bare her secret thoughts. Old! Did nine-and-twenty seem so old to this bright, laughing girl of sweet sixteen? The words chilled him to the heart.

"You are unkind and unjust, Miss Reine," returned Bernard haughtily. "I would rather add to your pleasures than diminish them. You ought to know that."

"Then let me persuade you to think better of it, and consent to take me," coaxed Reine, giving him an irresistible smile and a pleading glance. "You know I cannot go alone. I am sure the gathering will be very select."

He shook his head resolutely.

"I know of one who will be there whom I would not care to have a sister of mine, if I had one. Be brought in contact socially with, for that reason I declined taking you."

"Who is the person?" demanded Reine, curiously.

"He is a stranger here. I met him once, some time since," replied Bernard Chesleigh, a sudden fire at some old recollection aroused creeping into his dark eyes.

"Thank you for the very lucid explanation," said Reine, ironically. "I know a great deal more about him now than I did before."

"The less you know of him the better," said Bernard, gravely.

Again the blue eyes flashed resentfully.

"What a cross uncivil bear he is," thought the girl angrily; and disdaining his proffered assistance, she placed her tiny foot on the block unaided, and was seated in the saddle, and off like the wind, in a single instant.

Bernard Chesleigh gazed after her in alarm. Was the girl mad to give the animal free rein to dash headlong down the road like that?

With a sigh he turned and walked slowly back to the house.

When Reine was quite out of sight of Fairlawn Villa, and the tall figure that she knew was watching gravely after her, she slackened her mad pace.

"To think that I must stay away from the lawn fete for such a silly reason as that—some stranger will be there whom Bernard Chesleigh don't like! It's perfectly absurd!" Then, girl-like, her thoughts turned directly into the channel Bernard might have foreseen that they would drift into, had he been wise.

"I wonder who the stranger is," she thought, curiously; "and why I ought not to know him. I should think any one whom Gertie Traverse invites to her fete must be very nice indeed. I do not believe he is such an ogre as Bernard Chesleigh would have him appear.— I will go to the——"

Her thoughts were brought to a sudden terminus; the sky and earth seemed to clash together with one mighty swirl. Reine felt herself dashing headlong through space—then chaotic darkness reigned.

When Reine opened her eyes she found herself lying upon the green sward; some one was bending over her, laving her face with cooling water. She opened her blue eyes in bewildered surprise, meeting the glance of a young man, a stranger; quite the handsomest young man Reine had ever beheld, standing bareheaded before her.

"You fell from your horse," he said, in answer to her look of bewildered surprise. "I must confess that I was the cause of the accident. I stepped out from among the trees just as your horse turned a bend in the road. You did not see me; you were looking in just the opposite direction. Your horse took umbrage at the sudden apparition, reared, and threw you. I was fortunate enough to catch you in my arms and save you from an ugly fall, but not fortunate enough to prevent you from fainting. But you are not hurt?" he said inquiringly.

"No," answered Reine, blushing; "thanks to you. But oh!" she exclaimed, with a little sharp breath, "you have ruined your hat bringing water from the brook in it for me."

The young man laughed. "What was the loss of a hat to rendering you the slightest of services!" he answered.

Reine blushed more furiously than ever when he told her so. She sprang to her feet.

"I thank you for the service you have rendered me. I suppose my pony has left me to make my way home on foot the best I can," she said.

"I am pleased to inform you that you are agreeably mistaken," laughed her companion. "After throwing you so mercilessly, the beast galloped a little way, then stopped stock still in the road, looking back to see how much mischief he had accomplished. After attending to you, it was an easy matter to capture him. I could scarcely refrain from administering to him a sound thrashing. There he stands among the grass yonder, tethered to a tree looking this way, the very picture of injured innocence."

"Had you not better remain a few moments longer," he added, "until you are fully recovered from the shock?"

"Perhaps it would be best," said Reine, re-seating herself and leaning against the trunk of a chestnut tree, for, in truth, her head did feel slightly dizzy yet, and again her eyes fell upon the ruined white straw hat, with its ruined, dripping band of blue ribbon, and wandered ruefully back to the fair curling head of its debonair owner. A rosy blush suffused her face as she met his glance.

"How handsome he looked in his light summer suit; how brown were his eyes; and how white the aristocratic hands that toyed so negligently with the chain on his watch chain.

"I trust you will permit me to introduce myself. I haven't a card about me; one never does have when they're needed. I never thought of meeting any one in the wilds of Southern Virginia. I am Waldemar Waldron, and I have taken up my abode for the present at Waldron Towers—a rakish old pile of ruins to the right of us. If you live in this vicinity you're probably better acquainted with them than I am."

"I do live near here; that is, when I am home from school, which is only about two months out of the year; but I do not know much of Waldron Towers, although I have always had the desire to sketch it."

"Come and sketch, by all means. I, the master of the pile of ruins, give you carte blanche to explore every portion of it, that is, if you are not a timid young lady."

"What is there to fear about the place?" asked Reine, smiling.

His eyes shifted uneasily beneath her glance, and he laughed immoderately as he answered:

"The owls and all the uncanny attaches of a ruined, moss-overgrown abode."

"I am not very easily frightened," said Reine.

"Then I presume I may expect you, portfolio in hand, any bright morning?" he asked questioningly and curiously.

"I am not so sure about that," she answered, thanking him all the same for the kind permission. "There was a stern papa at home who would be likely to decide what she might or might not accept.

"Am I not to know whom I have had the great pleasure of meeting—so romantically—this sunlit morning?" he asked, with a bow that was certainly charming and wholly irresistible.

"I am Reine Hastings," she answered. "I live at Fairlawn Villa; that white stone house with the porches and pillars around it on the brow of yonder hill."

"Surely you couldn't be the daughter of General Hastings!—the old millionaire," he was about to add; but he checked the last three words on his lips just in time, substituting the words—"of Fairlawn."

A laugh broke from the girl's red lips, the words sounded so ludicrous to her, as he had expressed them.

"Why couldn't I be his daughter?" said Reine, with a saucy twinkle in her eye, adding in the next breath: "That's just who I am—General Hastings' daughter."

Again Waldemar Waldron suppressed the low, incredulous whistle of astonishment that sprang to the lips under the fair moustache.

"It was wonderful to see, after that announcement, how his indifference gave place to the most intense interest.

"Was it fate that threw the lovely young daughter of the old millionaire in his path?" he asked himself. "I am surprised," he repeated at length, "living so near Waldron Towers, you should know so little of it."

"It is not so strange when you remember that, although Fairlawn is my home, I spend very little time here. I am doomed to remain at Vassar College ten months out of the year; and it scarcely seems a week from the time papa sends Bernard Chesleigh to fetch me home until I am obliged to go back again."

"Bernard Chesleigh!" repeated the young man, a strange gleam firing up his brown eyes. "He is a friend of your family, then?"

"He is my father's law-partner, although papa is almost twice as old as he is," answered Reine. "He generally spends the summer months with us at Fairlawn."

"I see," returned Waldemar Waldron, turning his brilliant eyes keenly upon the girl's fair young face, "there is an especial attraction for him at your home, I can well understand why it should be so."

Reine did not in the least comprehend the drift of what he meant.

"There is a great attraction for him at Fairlawn," assented Reine, serenely. "We have one of the finest law libraries in Virginia there, and Mr. Chesleigh is a veritable bookworm. Do you know him?" she asked, suddenly. "Almost everybody does."

"I met him once," returned Waldemar Waldron, carelessly; but, there was a bitterness in his voice that did not quite escape Reine's wondering ears. "We are hardly acquaintances, however."

Reine had risen to her feet, picking up her gloves and riding-whip again.

"There is one request I should like to ask of you, Mr.—Mr. Waldron," she said timidly, and with another blush.

"Consider it granted beforehand," he replied gallantly.

"And that is," pursued Reine, "that you will not mention how very unkindly my pony has behaved to me to-day, lest it should get to papa's ears, and he should forbid me to go out unattended."

"Consider your wish my law. I shall not mention it," he replied. And the look which accompanied the words made Reine's girlish heart flutter strangely.

How gracefully he assisted her to alight—placing the gold mounted whip in her little gauntleted hand—expressing the hope very earnestly the while that they would meet again.

They were destined to meet sooner than either of them knew.

Long after the blue waving riding-habit and dancing plume were out of sight, Waldemar Waldron stood, motionless where she had left him, leaning against a gnarled chestnut tree.

He knew better than to ever venture to call at Fairlawn—for within these walls dwelt his merciless foe. He turned white to the lips as the grave, stern face of Bernard Chesleigh rose before his mental vision. In the rustling of the leaves about him he could almost fancy that he heard again the scathing rebuke Bernard Chesleigh hurled at him as he pointed with commanding dignity to the door.

He recalled, as he stood there, the answer he had made the young lawyer:

"It is your turn now to triumph over my downfall and disgrace, Chesleigh—but for you I should never have been found out; but the time may come when I can avenge myself. If it ever does—beware!"

"Had that time come now?" Waldemar Waldron asked himself. "Could it be possible that the haughty young lawyer had fallen in love with General Hastings' pretty daughter?" It was not only possible but very probable. What else could be the attraction at this dull place? Yet it was equally evident that pretty Reine was certainly heart-whole and fancy-free, for, all that. He would see for himself how matters stood before he laid any plans for the future. The girl was certainly pretty, as a picture—and heiress to a cool million. What a temptation!

Waldron turned on his heel walking slowly down the daisy bordered high road, with a strange smile on his lips—yet the thoughts in his brain were far from pleasant ones.

CHAPTER III.

Reine Hastings was not one to brook a refusal if she had made up her mind on any subject, and she certainly had set her heart upon going to the lawn fete which was to be held in Waldron grove.

At first the general had sternly refused her, but he was not proof against her pretty, coaxing blandishments, and it ended the way she knew it would.

"Cease teasing me," cried the general. "Yes, you can go; but mind, I put in the proviso, if you can get Chesleigh to take you," he added, unwinding the two soft, white arms that had twined themselves around his neck.

"You are a darling papa," cried Reine, giving him a kiss, and in another moment the triumphant young beauty had sought Bernard Chesleigh in the library; she knew she would find him there, buried deep in the mysterious pages of some law book.

A low, silvery, triumphant laugh, that fell upon the summer air like the chiming of a bell, startled him. Reine was standing before him; her face was flushed with excitement.

"I am to go after all, Mr. Chesleigh," she said, "and if you do not accompany me, I suppose I shall have to set out alone. If you really do not wish to go, I can accompany Gertie Traverse and her escort," she added, tossing back her golden curls impatiently.

Bernard Chesleigh laid down his book.

"What if I should tell you that I have changed my mind—that I wish to go! I did object slightly at first, but now I yield, and shall be most happy to offer my escort," he said, smilingly and wistfully.

Reine looked at him incredulously with her merry blue eyes.

"I thought when you once made up your mind you never changed it, Mr. Chesleigh; I must confess I am just a little surprised," she said, mischievously.

"Circumstances alter cases," he said, flushing slightly. "I want to show you, Miss Reine, that I do enjoy lawn fetes still."

The girl looked at him wonderingly, scarcely crediting her own senses. What! Grave Mr. Chesleigh like dancing, mirth and frivolity? Oh, impossible! It was quite droll to even imagine such a thing, and again an amused laugh fell from her lips.

Reine flew hurriedly out of the library and up to her own room, to don her hat and mantle.

Bernard Chesleigh watched the airy, graceful figure as she flitted away, with wistful, earnest eyes.

"She shall go," he ruminated. "It would be cruel to deprive her of gaiety and pleasure. But no harm shall reach her, for I shall be there to take care of her."

Like the general, against his better judgment, he had given way to Reine's pleadings, and in all his after-life he bitterly reproached himself for it.

By the time Bernard had replaced the book upon the shelf Reine had reappeared. He understood nothing of the details of dress. The effect he saw was something marvellous. To him she was like a delicate, dainty, fairy vision. He saw only her lovely face flushed with excitement, and what seemed to him clouds of lace, snowy white, draped in graceful folds about the slender figure. A pink silk sash was girdled about the small waist, and pink blush roses nestled on her breast and were twined among the fluffy golden curls.

Reine was in gay spirits as they started off. They found a large party assembled. The grove was fairly ringing with merry young voices and peals of laughter, while the scene presented was an animated one. Colored lanterns swung from the branches of the trees; gorgeous tinted bunting, rivalling the hues of the rainbow, fluttered in the breeze. The grove seemed literally packed with lovely young girls and gallant cavaliers.

Reine was warmly welcomed, for she was a general favorite, as was also Bernard Chesleigh.

Twice he had spoken to Reine, but she had not even heard him. She was wondering curiously whether Waldemar Waldron would be present. Surely Gertie Traverse had had the grace to invite him, especially as the lawn fete was to be held in the grove.

"Ah!—Reine Hastings' heart gave a quick throb. She had walked to the end of a shady path, and there she saw him, the centre of an admiring group, looking handsomer, if possible, than he had appeared the day before.

He was talking to Gertie Traverse, Reine's dearest friend and boon companion. How different he looked from any young man Reine had ever seen—more lively, more animated, with gayer smiles.

She saw him start as he caught sight of her, and her lovely, child-like face flushed with pleasure.

She stood quite still, expecting that he would come up to her; but instead, he turned carelessly, nonchalantly away, giving her no opportunity to bow to him.

How was she to know that he would not have dared presume upon her acquaintance while Bernard Chesleigh walked beside her? The girl's heart sank with wounded pride and pique. In that one instantaneous glance, Waldron had discovered the secret that Bernard Chesleigh had believed no one in the world knew, and which was locked securely in his own breast—that he loved the general's daughter. He had only surmised that it might be so before; but in that hasty glance he had taken at Bernard Chesleigh's face the surmise was reduced to a certainty.

A strange smile crept up to the lips beneath the fair moustache. He saw a way to pay Bernard Chesleigh back for that which had happened in the past with double interest.

Bernard was strolling by Reine's side, doing his best to interest her, wondering why, amongst the gay throng, she had suddenly seemed to lose all heart. She was impatient, and answered him peevishly. She longed for him to go away so that the handsome Waldemar Waldron might come up and talk to her.

It was quite a wonder among many of the young ladies to see Bernard Chesleigh present, he was such a recluse, and there were those who seized the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with him, for he was handsome, talented, and had more wealth at his command than half a dozen of the wealthiest men of Harpers Ferry put together. He was considered a great parti.

Reine answered his questions so abruptly that perhaps he quite understood her desire to be rid of him; for when Gertie Traverse came up, laughingly, and led him away, he did not demur.

An hour passed. Chesleigh kept his eyes carefully upon Reine, from whatever part of the grove he happened to be in. He smiled gravely to himself. Any forebodings that Reine and Waldemar Waldron might take a fancy to each other were groundless, he thought; they were not even attracted toward each other; and a great sigh of relief trembled over his lips, and, thrown off his guard,—he grew less watchful, and wandered off by himself to enjoy the quiet luxury of a cigar.

Reine was surrounded by admirers, but, for all that, the gay lawn fete seemed anything but enjoyable to her. Something was wanting. At last she saw Waldron coming toward her. Poor, petted, spoiled beauty! she felt nothing but wonder that he had not sought her sooner. Miss Traverse was with him; she introduced him to Reine, then flitted away.

He held out his white hand with the charming grace he had such perfect mastery of, and the dazzling brown eyes that looked down into her own told her more eloquently than any words could have done how pleased he was to see her again.

"How little I dreamed, when I reluctantly promised myself to come here to-day, what a pleasure was in store for me. I have met you again," he said. "I have tried to bear in mind your command of yesterday—that no one was to know of your adventure—consequently no one must know of our meeting. I longed to come to you when I first saw you entering the grounds; prudence forbade. Everyone must believe us—strangers; that was yesterday's command. I asked Miss Traverse to introduce us."

Reine breathed easier. Ah, that was why he had avoided her.

"You were kind to be so considerate," she faltered, blushing rosily under the fire of his magnetic eyes.

How the moments flitted by as he stood there talking to her. Reine never remembered time to have passed so quickly before—or—so pleasantly. Mr. Waldron was certainly a delightful companion.

"Did you come with a chaperone?" he inquired at length.

"Mr. Chesleigh escorted me here," she answered.

She could not define the expression that flittered over his face, but it seemed very like annoyance. He murmured some reply which she did not quite catch—she would have been shocked had she but known that it was a fierce imprecation he crushed back from his moustached lips.

"I did not know but what your father brought you here," he said quietly. "I should like to meet General Hastings; I have heard so much of him."

"Have you?" said Reine, her face brightening pleasedly.

"My father was in the same regiment with him," returned Waldron, "and I have often heard him recount incidents of the general's bravery. He used to say that the country needed such men; that he was made a general after a brilliant action in which he had shown great personal valor and had saved the troops from a crushing disaster. There was not a man on the field who would not have risked his life for the brave commander who led them into the thickest of the battle, himself in the foreground to the last.

"I shall remain papa that the son of an old comrade is living so near us," said Reine, "and I am sure he will be glad to welcome you to Fairlawn for your father's sake, and—and for your own," she added, coloring a little.

"Do not mention it, I beg of you," returned Waldron, hastily; adding, with a note of sorrow in his voice, "Our fathers were not the best of friends, Miss Hastings. They disagreed over a trifling matter, and never met again to become reconciled, my father going abroad. In the first heat of memory which might be bitter, the general might forbid our acquaintance. Ah, Miss Hastings, do not do anything that might disturb that."

Reine looked greatly embarrassed; she hardly knew what answer to make to that direct appeal.

"I should like the general to meet me casually," he went on; "then I should have no fear of his disliking me. I should endeavor in every possible way to win his esteem."

"He will be sure to like you," said Reine, so earnestly, that this man of the world worldly could scarcely refrain from laughing outright.

"Thank you for thinking so," he said gallantly, raising his straw hat with a very low bow, which did not fail to make due impression upon his companion.

"Shall we walk down toward the river?" he asked. "It might be pleasanter than standing here." He thought he had observed Chesleigh from a distance coming in that direction.

Reine readily consented.

"Do you know, Miss Hastings, I had quite made up my mind to return to New York two days ago, and was on the point of concluding my arrangements on the day I saw you?"

Before she could reply he went on: "Now I have determined to tarry a little longer at the Towers."

"I am glad you are not going so very soon," she replied.

"It is not very difficult for a young and handsome man of the world worldly, to make himself extremely fascinating to a young and inexperienced girl of sixteen. Waldemar Waldron, although but four-and-twenty, was well skilled in the ways of winning feminine hearts. Young girls were always interested in him for the sake of his fair, handsome face. The moments sped like a golden dream to Reine.

He had a fund of poetic lore at his tongue's end; he knew how to imbue the lines with a tender cadence, that made the girl's heart thrill with ecstatic pleasure. Under the guise of poetry, he could put into eloquent language words that he could hardly have repeated to her otherwise.

She had been talking to Waldemar Waldron quite half an hour before Bernard Chesleigh missed her and discovered her whereabouts. He came swiftly toward her, alarm on his face. To him, seeing Reine standing there was like seeing a beautiful bird in the most deadly peril.

It was like a cold, chill shock to Reine when she saw Bernard Chesleigh advancing through the trees. Why couldn't he stay away? Why must he interrupt so charming a tete-a-tete? She was enjoying herself so well. She could scarcely conceal her pique and annoyance.

At the sound of the swift, approaching footsteps, Waldemar Waldron turned nonchalantly around; but, when he saw who the intruder was his face paled. Yet a flash of defiance leaped into his eyes as the gaze of the two young men met, and held each other for one brief instant.

"Mr. Chesleigh," said Reine, flushing and smiling, "allow me to present you to—"

Bernard Chesleigh held up his white hand with a quick gesture.

"I will spare you that trouble by saying that we have met before," he said, sternly. "Will you take my arm, Miss Reine?" he said, ignoring Reine's companion completely. "The refreshments are being served."

Waldemar Waldron raised his straw hat, and with a smile and a bow, for which Bernard Chesleigh could have annihilated him, he walked away, and there was nothing else to do but walk back beside Bernard to the merry throng gathered around the white cloth which was being laid; but she was too bitterly angry to take the arm proffered her.

"Why were you so uncivil to the young gentleman who just left us, Mr. Chesleigh?" she cried, resentfully. "Indeed, you treated him most shamefully."

"I deny that young man's right to the honorable title of gentleman," replied Bernard, warmly. "Oh, Reine," he cried, "I warn you against him. Do not trust him. If I saw you engulfed in a cloud of consuming flame, or about to fall in a horrible pit, I should spring forward to save you. If I saw you stretching out your white hands toward a sharp sword that would wound you, I should warn you. Yet none of these things are as dangerous as the danger that lurks in the smile of the man from whom you have just parted."

"I do not believe it," cried Reine hotly. "Mr. Waldron is one of the most perfect gentlemen whom I have ever met."

"It is not to be supposed that you could discriminate between a gentleman and a rascal," replied Chesleigh gravely, quietly. "You have never been brought in contact with wickedness, or the people steeped in it. I thank Heaven it is a sealed book to you, Reine. Take my word for it, that man is not a person for you to know."

CHAPTER IV.

Reine Hastings flashed her companion a glance of withering scorn. How cruel of him to traduce the handsome stranger behind his back. It was unmanly. Girl-like, the more Bernard said against him, the more of a hero cruelly slander Waldemar Waldron became in her eyes.

"If I answer you we shall quarrel, Mr. Chesleigh," she said, and he was bewildered by what he saw in her face. A terrible fear came to him that chilled his heart. Had his warning to beautiful, impulsive Reine been given too late?

The fete wound up with a merry half hour of dancing under the light of the gleaming swinging lamps, and the silvery light of the golden stars.

As soon as the band struck up the strains of a waltz, to Bernard Chesleigh's dismay, Waldemar Waldron crossed over to where Reine was sitting, and the next moment they were whirling away together amid the gay throng.

"I wish this waltz would never end, Miss Hastings," he whispered. "This is the happiest hour of my life. Would that the future could be like this;" and he was quite satisfied with the impression he had made when he saw the girl's cheeks flush, the blue eyes droop beneath his ardent, eloquent glance, and felt the little hand tremble in his clasp.

At that moment both glanced up and caught sight of Bernard Chesleigh's white, set face.

"Mr. Chesleigh, your escort, does not appear to like me," he said. "He appears angry because you have been so kind as to dance with me. Has he any right to direct your actions?" he asked, with eager intentness.

"Any right!" echoed Reine. "No. Why should he?"

The answer so unhesitatingly given relieved Waldemar Waldron's mind wonderfully. He saw that Bernard Chesleigh loved Reine; but she was utterly unconscious of it. She gave him only formal friendship in return.

He had no chance of saying good night to Reine—Bernard Chesleigh was too watchful for that—but he promised himself that he should see Reine soon again. Although he haunted the shaded road where she would be likely to ride, and the green flower-strewn glades where she might walk, a week passed and he had not caught so much as a glimpse of General Hasting's daughter.

Had he made less of an impression upon her than he had imagined? He had been so certain of meeting her; or was she kept in close surveillance under the watchful eyes of a stern papa?

Waldemar Waldron was determined to find out.

He dared not call openly at Fairlawn and ask for Miss Reine, but he laid his plans to lay siege to the girl's heart in a most adroit manner. He wrote the most charming of notes, and by bribing one of the maids, succeeded in having it conveyed to Reine in an ordorous bouquet.

How deliciously romantic! How Reine's heart throbbed as she read the ardent missive that told how he had watched and waited for her in vain. Would she permit him to call upon her at Fairlawn? He would be so pleased to meet her again. If she would write him just a single line to let him know that she was well, he would be so grateful. She could place it in the hollow of the old oak tree that stood at the right angle of the park that skirted Fairlawn.

The very romance connected with the novel idea captivated Reine's girlish fancy.

The next day Waldemar Waldron received his answer, but she did not tell him that the general had forbidden her to drive or walk beyond the grounds of Fairlawn without the escort of the stolid old footman, and that in her anger she had declared she would not go at all if she was to be followed by a lackey. The general had given as a reason that the country about was infested by tramps. She never dreamed that the true reason was Bernard Chesleigh had told the general that, as they had feared, the heir of Waldron Towers had been at the fete, and how infatuated he had appeared to be with Reine.

General Hastings listened in silence.

"She may have espoused the young man's cause when you warned her against him, Chesleigh," he said. "Young girls have a penchant for being on the contrary side. Ten to one she'll never think of him again. Still, it would be as well to nip such an affair in the bud. She shall not go out without an attendant; so she'll not be likely to meet this gay Lothario again."

But love laughs at the stern decree of wise parents as well as locksmiths, as we have seen; and the pink-tinted note that found its way to Reine, hidden among the flowers, was followed by many more such missives, which found their way back and forth through the agency of the hollow oak tree.

Wooing by letter has a charm about it peculiarly its own, so much more can be said by the pen than the lips can utter, and then young girls have the habit of reading and rereading them till they know every tenderly expressed thought by heart.

They were Reine's first love-letters, for they grew to be that, and the enforced separation which she was obliged to submit to only increased the flame in her rebellious little heart. And when Waldemar pleaded that he must see her soon and gain her consent to asking her father a very important question, her own heart acceded eagerly.

"Let me see you, Reine, if but for a few brief moments, at the old oak tree, to-night," he wrote. "I will be there at seven sharp."

It could not be so very wrong to grant him a few short moments, Reine told herself. A meeting at the old trysting-place, seen through the warm haze of a young girl's fancy, was delightfully romantic. Reine went. She could stay but a few moments, however, for her father had sent her a message after tea that he wanted to see her in the library that evening, at eight.

How handsome Waldemar Waldron looked as he advanced eagerly in the moonlight to meet her. He had quite made up his mind to win her. Reine's fresh, young beauty charmed him. He loved her quite as much as he was capable of loving. He had vowed to wrest her from Bernard Chesleigh, his mortal foe. And last, but by no means the least, she was heiress to a million. What man would wish a fairer prize?

He knew there would be a battle to fight before he gained Reine Hastings for his bride. He had sown more wild oats than were usually allotted to young men, and he had reaped the whirlwind for a harvest. He knew that he would never have been received as a guest at Fairlawn by the old general, Bernard Chesleigh knew enough about him to interfere with that. So no other way of winning fair Reine was left him save through the adorable letters he knew so well how to write. "All was fair in love and war."

"You can give me only a few brief moments, Reine?" he said, reproachfully. "How shall I tell you all I have to say in so short a time? The words I would utter would fill volumes."

He clasped the little white hand, bending his handsome head over it, and the beautiful story, so old and sweet that young girls love to listen to so well—the story that had been so charmingly told in a score or more of letters, in an hundred different ways—was breathed again in eloquent, passionate words.

She looked up at him with startled eyes, crimson flushes coming and going on her dimpled face. But she loved him. The artless, girlish replies to his letters had told him that long ago.

Her golden head drooped. She tried to speak, but her lovely lips trembled with all a young girl's coy bashfulness.

"You do care for me, Reine," he whispered. "Look up and tell me so. Tell me that, and nothing shall ever part us. You will be mine in life, mine in death, mine through eternity. Say that you love me, Reine, and will be my bride, and to-morrow I will come and ask your father for this dear little hand. He may censure our wooing, yet it could not have been tenderer, sweeter. He may hold out against us at first, but when he finds out how well we love each other, he will yield in the end."

She did not shrink from his caresses, for Reine Hastings, the general's lovely daughter, had learned to love Waldemar Waldron with all her heart. She sat with him under the trees, listening to his words of love, so unutterably happy, and the answer she made him must have pleased him, for his eyes blazed with triumph.

Yes, she had promised to be his bride.

"They may try to part us, Reine," he said, "they may calumniate me, and try to villify me in your eyes, but you will be true to me through good or evil report—true to me if we lose the whole world beside," he went on, anxiously and eagerly.

"Why should any one wish to part us?" asked Reine.

"I will tell you, my darling," he answered, with an assumption of intense sorrow. "You are General Hastings' heiress, rich in this world's goods, while I am comparatively poor. They will say I am no match for you—that you are expected to marry brilliantly."

Reine laughed, thinking how little weight money would have with her father in considering her happiness. Why, he had never denied his motherless daughter anything that she had really set her mind on in all her bright, young life. He would not do so now.

"We shall have trouble, Reine," he said. "I am sure we will have trouble in gaining your father's consent. But with you on my side—if you stand by me firmly—he will not hold out against us long. I will come to Fairlawn to-morrow morning, Reine, and see him."

The great bell in an adjacent belfry rang out the hour of eight in measured strokes, and the lovers parted hastily.

He to go slowly back to Waldron Towers, triumphant over his prospects of the future; she to hurry back to the house to keep her appointment with her father in the library, her throbbing heart in a whirl, the glamor of love's beautiful dream enfolding her.

General Hastings was pacing up and down the room when she entered. She went up to him swiftly, clasping her arms about him, hiding the tell-tale, blushing face in his breast.

Should she tell him of her love for Waldemar Waldron ere she left him, and plead with him to receive her handsome young lover kindly on the morrow? She would wait and see first why he had sent for her.

"You wanted me, papa, dear," she said, "yet you seem in no hurry to tell me what you want of me."

The general smiled. How impetuous his beautiful darling was. He seated himself in his favorite arm-chair, and drew her down to a hassock at his knee, where he could have a full view of her face. How blue her eyes were, and how crimson the laughing lips.

"I have sent for you to talk over your future with you, my Reine," he said, stroking her curling, golden hair. "That has happened to-day which may change my plans for you entirely. I have discovered that some one loves my darling very much."

Reine sprang to her feet, breathless with excitement, the deep blushes glowing and burning her dimpled cheeks; her breast heaving.

Had Waldemar been to her father already, and wished to surprise her? She looked anxiously into his face. Where was the stern anger her lover had pictured to her—the opposition?

He was smiling down into her face, and there was a merry twinkle in his fond eyes, as though he were well pleased.

"I have discovered that some one loves my Reine very much," repeated the general, "and wishes to wed the dear girl, and wishes to wed my daughter if she will look with favor upon his suit. Although it has been kept very slyly from me, as the young man supposed, yet old eyes are keen. I discovered his love for my Reine some little time since."

"Oh, papa, how in the world did you find it out so cleverly?" faltered Reine, half sobbing, half laughing in delightful girlish confusion. "We thought—I thought—you might be angry if you knew, and I was almost afraid to tell you, yet I really never meant to keep it a secret from you, papa."

"I discovered his love for you, my dear, some weeks ago," said the general, "and although I watched you closely, I could never feel quite certain that you cared for him. He is a noble, young man, my child—the one I should have chosen for you above all others. I can die content, knowing that you will have such a protector. To tell you the truth, my dear, this is the very thing I have wished for all along. I was too wise to verse in the contrary ways of girls' hearts, though, to even suggest such a thing to you. Then you do love him, my dear," questioned the general, earnestly. "I must hear it from your own lips before I give him his answer."

"Yes, I love him, papa," sobbed Reine. "I love him with all my heart. Life would be nothing to me without his love. Oh, I care for him so much, papa—more than all the world—except you."

The old general looked at his daughter in wonder. He had always thought of her as a dreaming child, knowing as little of life or love as the brilliant butterflies that flitted among the roses. He was amazed to discover the mighty, passionate love that lay in her breast.

He raised her quickly in his arms, kissing solemnly her smiling, tearful face.

"The one prayer of my life is granted, Reine. You love the man whom it has been my secret wish to see your husband, and he loves you. You both have my hearty consent and my blessing.

"He is in the next room, my darling, waiting with all a young lover's impatience to learn from me what your answer is. I will bid him come in," said the general, rising hastily.

Reine's heart gave a great, fluttering throb; her lover beneath the very same roof with her, in the very next room, and so soon to be with her—oh, joy, joy! She sank down in her father's great arm-chair, covering her flushed, happy face with her hands, trembling with excitement. Ah, how cruel of Waldemar to jest with her so.

She caught her breath with a little suppressed cry of joy, when she heard the library door open. Her lovely head drooped lower—she could not raise her eyes to her lover's face, while her father stood watching them.

"My dear boy," cried the general, heartily, "my child has confessed to me that she returns your love. In giving her to you, the one wish of my heart is brought about—take her and be happy. You both have my blessing."

The general led him over to where his daughter sat. He knelt at her feet, then Reine shyly raised her blushing face from her trembling hands.

The next instant a piercing scream rang through the room—a cry that chilled and froze the hearts of those who heard it. Reine staggered back—a look of horror on her white face—a gasp of agony, pitiful to hear in her young voice.

"Oh, papa! papa! there has been some horrible mistake," she gasped. "I—oh, it is not Mr. Chesleigh whom I love. I—oh, it is some one else!"

The shock was so great that it would have killed a weaker man than Bernard Chesleigh—he loved her so. She sprang to her father's side like a wounded bird, and knelt at his feet.

"Forgive me, papa," she said. "I cannot be Mr. Chesleigh's bride. To-morrow you will know why."

CHAPTER V.

General Hastings and Bernard Chesleigh had listened in amazement to Reine's incoherent words without comprehending their import in the least; neither of them sought to detain her as she fled desperately from the room.

"I am literally astounded!" gasped the general. "The little witch confessed to me that she loved you, Chesleigh, scarcely five minutes since. I confess the ways of women are a mystery to me; I do not understand the sex—my own daughter included. I suppose they all have the trick of refusing a man in order to be coaxed and pleaded with; depend upon that."

"D you really take that view of the se, General?" asked the young man, brightening up.

"Of course," declared the general, heartily. "You know its all stuff and nonsense about her caring for anyone else. She has never had a lover in her life—excepting yourself. The sly puss as much as told you to see her to-morrow about the matter, and if you are a courageous, dauntless wooer, my word for it, you will win in the end."

"I hope so, sir," responded Chesleigh, fervently.

The entrance of one of the servants interrupted further conversation, and Bernard slowly quitted the library.

Reine did not appear at the breakfast table the next morning; she sent word by the housekeeper, Mrs. Dent, that she had a severe headache, and could not come down.

Bernard Chesleigh's face paled. Was it because she would not meet him after what had passed the previous evening in the library? The general's broad smile and twinkling eyes reassured him, however, and helped to re-establish his composure.

"She is only trying your patience, my dear boy," he said, confidently. "Remember, a faint heart never won a fair lady."

Bernard sent up a beautiful bouquet of fragrant roses that he had gathered in the garden himself for Reine, with sincere regrets that she was indisposed, and begging if she were better that she would grant him but a few short moments before the luncheon hour.

"Tell him I can't see him, Mrs. Dent," said Reine, piteously; and the housekeeper was startled at the white face the young girl turned toward her. She noticed, too, how carelessly the fragrant rosebuds were tossed upon the marble table, to wither away quite unheeded.

"Hadn't you better lie down awhile, Miss Reine?" said the housekeeper, persuasively. "Your cheeks are like fire, and your eyes unnaturally bright."

Reine did not even appear to hear her; she was standing at the window watching the main road, so intently, her little hands clasped tightly over her heart.

At last her weary vigil was rewarded—she saw her lover hastily approach. He saw the lovely face pressed, flushed, and eager against the window pane, and raising his hat with a reassuring smile, he passed out of her sight. The next moment the resounding peal of the front door bell rang through the house.

A moment more and the library door opened and closed again, and she knew that her lover was ushered into her father's presence.

Oh, how her heart beat! She would have given the world to have known what was passing between them. Slowly, slowly the moments dragged themselves by.

Would her father call her down? she wondered.

With trembling hands she re-arranged the white lace at her throat, and the wood violets that rested on her breast, for the twentieth time; but no summons came for her.

She could hear the indistinct murmur of voices in the library, and she knew by that that Waldemar was still with her father.

You and I will go back a little reader, and witness the meeting between General Hastings and his daughter's suitor.

Waldemar Waldron had walked coldly up the marble steps, and rang the bell with a firm touch.

"Take this to General Hastings," he said to the servant who answered the summons, producing his card. "Tell him I wish to see him on a very particular errand, and I trust he will courteously grant me a few moments time."

The general read the name engraved upon the bit of pasteboard in astonishment.

"What can Waldemar Waldron want of me?" he wondered impatiently.

He received the young man coldly, indicating a seat, and after a few brief words of formal greeting, the general inquired what Mr. Waldron's business was with him.

It all came out then, and words are weak to describe the general's intense anger and dismay.

"I have told you everything now, sir," said Waldemar Waldron, calmly, "and I come to you to sue for the dear hand of your daughter, Reine."

He had made his plea, and waited for the answer. He had expected anger, but he was wholly unprepared for the terrible burst of passion to which the old lawyer gave way. No hurricane could have been fiercer. The storm burst, and he began in a voice of such withering scorn and bitter contempt that the young man looked in wonder and alarm at the general, who shook with such furious rage, and whose face was fairly livid. There was little to be hoped from Reine's father, and there was nothing for it but to sit there quietly while the tempest he had evoked raged on.

"You ask for my daughter—you!" he cried—"a New York roue and villain of the deepest dye! I know all about you. Why, man, you are mad to think I would give you my lovely young daughter!"

"It is a very common madness, sir," responded Waldemar Waldron, striving to keep back his anger at the bitter epithets the exasperated old millionaire hurled at him. "I love your daughter, and I ask you to give her to me."

"And I refuse!" roared the general. "I would rather see her dead and buried than wedded to you—yes, dead! with her blue eyes closed, and her little white hands crossed over her pure breast. You were a dastard to creep into her innocent heart through letters smuggled to her without my knowledge and consent. I understand you. You dared not boldly present yourself here as my daughter's wooer and your motive, too, in laying siege to her heart is clear to me. Love! Bah! such a man as you are has forgotten the meaning of pure, innocent love, years ago. You had an eye to my poor child's prospective wealth."

"I am poor, compared to what your daughter is worth, I admit; but it is not her money I want, sir, it is herself. I can work for my wife," replied Waldemar Waldron, haughtily.

"You work!—You!" cried the general scornfully. "Not while money can be made by any other means. Now listen to me, young man, and heed well my words," cried the old millionaire, his anger increasing with every word. "If my daughter were to marry you, I would cut her off without a shilling. She should never have one cent of my money, not even if she were starving! Do you hear—starving! I tell you, you would wed a penniless girl—for penniless she would be, for all of me, until the day she died; this I swear to you, and—men of my race never break an oath. Let us end this, Mr. Waldemar Waldron. I refuse you my daughter. Never dare to see her or write to her again. Let this be the winding up of this so-called love affair."

Waldemar Waldron looked fixedly at the enraged general.

"Have you thought what parting us might mean for your daughter as well as myself? Remember she loves me—to whom she has plighted her troth—loves me with all her tender heart."

"Do not dare to stand there and tell me that!" cried the general, clutching at his cravat as if to tear it to give himself more room to breathe. "Do not dare to say it—you madden me!"

"But she does—indeed she does, sir," persisted the young man. "Send for her here and now, and she will tell you that she loves me!"

"I will not believe it," exclaimed the old man, bluntly. "Your face may have fascinated her, but she could not love you, after you have been separated from her six months she will have forgotten all about you. You have broken the heart of many a trusting young girl, but you shall never break my Reine's. Go now, Mr. Waldron, please consider this very unpleasant interview at an end."

"I will go, sir," said Waldemar Waldron, "but the time may come when you will perhaps, recall these words I have done more than that before now to save a beloved daughter's heart from breaking."

"Better die of a broken heart than live as your wife," said the general, sternly; but his face whitened under the young man's words.

The general pointed to the door.

"Leave my house, he said, passionately, and if you are wise you will leave the neighborhood. I know that about you which would make your stay in this neighborhood disagreeably unsafe. I will give you twenty-four hours to leave it. If I find you are still here at the expiration of that time, I will telegraph on to New York and ask if Waldemar Waldron is wanted there. One broken-hearted girl would find an answer to that."

"As you will it," returned Waldemar Waldron, with defiant haughtiness. "It seems useless for me to attempt to refute the charges you insist upon bringing against me. I leave your house and the neighborhood. It has little enough attractions for me now. But, if at any time you should ever want to recall me, I leave you my address. I am going west, to Cincinnati. A line to my bankers there will reach me at any time."

He placed another card upon the table, bearing the address of a Western banking firm. His own name was written beneath it.

"I shall have no use for it," said the general, sweeping it into his waste-basket.

Waldemar Waldron lifted his hat, and with a mocking smile on his fair, handsome face, turned on his heel and quitted the house.

He glanced eagerly up at Reine's window as he passed out of the grounds, but he did not see Reine.

She was pacing restlessly up and down in her room, and had not heard the hall door open and close with a bang on the retreating form of her chagrined, vanquished lover.

He had gone some time ere she noticed that the hum of voices had ceased in the library. She listened intently for more than half an hour. All was still as death below. She could bear the suspense no longer, and, blushing and hesitating with girlish confusion and expectancy, she glided down to the corridor below and timidly entered the library.

The general sat there alone before his desk, his gray head bent heavily on his hands.

His daughter stole timidly up to him.

"Papa," she cried out, nervously, "where is my lover? What have you done with him?"

Ah, how should he answer her?

CHAPTER VI.

General Hastings raised his head slowly and looked with emotion too great for words at the beautiful young daughter who knelt at his feet. He had faced the foe on the battle-field, boldly charging forward, with shot and shell falling like hail around him, and he had felt no fear; but his heart failed him at the ordeal he must pass through now. He nerved himself for it, however.

"Where is he, papa?" repeated Reine. "My lover was here to ask you to give me to him. Tell me what answer you made him?"

Her intense, pitiful eagerness overcame the coy, girlish bashfulness that was her usual wont, as she looked up into his face.

The general's answer must be spoken sooner or later. He took the little, white, trembling hands in his own strong ones.

"I sent him away, Reine," he answered steadily. "He will never come back again—never. You must learn to forget him, my child. Would to God that you knew that man as he is: a profligate and a villain. It was your wealth he wanted, Reine, not yourself. And I have told him that which will cause him to look elsewhere for a wealthy bride. He will cross your path nevermore. You must learn to forget him."

Reine Hastings rose slowly to her feet, facing her father with a white, awful face. He could scarcely recognize in the passionate, angry girl that stood before him his loving, tender Reine, the child of his heart, the daughter of his old age.

"You have sent him away—parted two hearts that Heaven intended for each other. I could sooner die than give him up! Oh, papa! papa! let him come back to me!"

The words ended in a wail of anguish that wrung the old man's heart to the very core.

"It can never be, my Reine," said her father, tenderly. "I know best, dear. The time will come when you will thank me for saving you from your own folly. You are infatuated with the villain. This is not love, such as will come to you when you are older and wiser."

"Is it not real love when I would die for him?—when I would welcome death rather than live through the weary days without him? It is not your wealth he wants; you misjudge him cruelly. Recall him, and give me to him, and you will see that we can get along without help from you. Oh, papa! you must!"

"Would you give me up for this man if you knew that I should cast you off forevermore from my heart and home for making such a choice?" he asked, huskily.

His lovely young daughter crept up to him and knelt down at his feet.

"My mother gave up everything for you," she said.

A sudden idea came to the general.

"We will compromise matters," he said, slowly. "If your lover is really in earnest in his wooing he will come to me again to urge his suit; he will not be satisfied with 'No' for an answer, and when he comes I may reconsider my decision."

It was pitiful to see the joy that broke over Reine's face, and to see how she threw her white arms around his neck and thanked him with smiles and tears. She would send a note to Waldemar that very night, and on the morrow he would be sure to call on her father again; then all would be well. In a moment she was his own imperious, willful Reine again, smiling and blushing by turns.

"I am sorry for what occurred in the library last night," she whispered, softly, "but oh, papa! I thought it was Waldemar whom you meant all along. I never dreamed that Mr. Chesleigh cared for me, he is so old and grave, you know. You must tell him just how matters are."

"Heaven help poor Chesleigh! He loves you with a true and noble love, Reine. Some day you may be better able to judge between solid gold and glittering tinsel."

She kissed him, and ran lightly up to her own room, and sitting down to her writing-desk, penned a hasty note to her lover, telling him of her interview with her father, and of the promise he had made at the close of it.

This she hurriedly sealed, and throwing a lace scarf over her golden curls, took it herself to the old oak tree, where Waldemar would be sure to come in search of a line from her, or with a heart-broken note, telling her all that had passed between the general and himself.

How the sun shone on the ivy-covered walls and on the bright-hued flowers as she sped along! No one saw her as she approached the old trysting-place.

She was about to place her letter in the usual receptacle when she observed with joy that a letter was already there for her from Waldemar.

She drew it forth with trembling hands and hurriedly broke the seal. There were but a few brief lines, and read as follows:

"My Dear Reine.—All is over between us, it seems, as you are probably aware by this time from the old gent. I came and saw, but, instead of conquering—was vanquished. I am off in a deuce of a hurry, having barely time to scribble these few lines to you. Keep your heart warm toward me. More anon.

"Yours in the greatest of haste,

"WALDEMAR WALDRON."

Slowly the girl read it through—once—twice—the letters fairly burning themselves upon her dazed brain; then it slipped from her nerveless fingers and fluttered down unheeded among the blue harebells at her feet.

Gone! and without as much as a word for her! Gone! Left her in darkness and in gloom, to die of a broken heart. Was it true? Had he gone away? Had he taken her father at his word and left her forever?

"Waldemar!" she whispered.

The very winds among the trees seemed to mock her, and murmur in their fitful rustling that he had gone.

She leaned back heavily against the old oak tree for an hour or more. She did not cry out, or utter any moan, but stood there like a marble statue. She could almost feel the beating heart in her bosom slowly parting in twain.

It was a wonder that the careless tone of the note did not jar upon her keen sensibilities; but it did not.

At that very moment, in the library, General Hastings was recounting all that had transpired to Bernard Chesleigh. It was like a death warrant to the young man, but he bore the terrible shock bravely.

Reine, whom he had worshipped so blindly, loved another, and that other, Waldemar Waldron. It was a severe blow to him. Had it been a noble and honorable man to whom Reine had given the love of her tender young heart he could have borne it better.

"Tell her, General, to forgive my presumption that she could ever love one as old and grave as myself. A sedate man of twenty-nine must seem a very patriarch to a gay, fun-loving girl of sixteen. She shall never be grieved by hearing more of this subject from me."

He turned and walked slowly out into the grounds that skirted the villa, attempting to find momentary solace in his companionable cigar.

The general looked after him thoughtfully.

"He is one of nature's true noblemen," he sighed. "Would to Heaven that Reine had given her heart into the keeping of such a man."

Then a hopeful smile crept about his bearded lips.

When Reine had learned to forget Waldron, and had time to realize her folly, she might look more kindly upon Bernard Chesleigh and appreciating him, learn to care for him. That was the future the fond old father mapped out for her.

In turning a bend in the path Bernard Chesleigh had come face to face with Reine. He started back in confusion. The girl scarcely stirred. The dead whiteness of her face startled and alarmed him. She hardly appeared to note his presence.

"Reine," he said, kindly advancing toward her, "your father told me all. Forget the words I have spoken; look upon me hereafter as a kind, and loving brother one who would lay down his life for you, asking no reward but that you may ever be happy."

He stopped abruptly, for at that moment his eyes fell upon the slip of paper that lay at her feet, and, before he was scarcely aware of what he was doing, his glance had traversed quickly over those few lines. Then he held the key to the girl's death-white face, and the great purple shadows that lay in her eyes that gazed past him into vacancy. She knew that her lover had gone, and her heart was breaking.

How his heart bled for her—beautiful, gay little Reine, whose life he would have made so happy; every heart pang that she endured hurt him cruelly too.

He put away his own great sorrow and sought in vain to comfort her.

"It is warmer for you here, Reine," he said. "Come with me into the house."

He drew her hand within his arm and led her irresistingly down the sunlit path. A party of young people enjoying a canter through the glade had come to call for Reine to accompany them. She saw them dismounting at the entrance gate.

She clung to Bernard with hot, trembling hands.

"Send them away!" she cried, piteously. "I cannot see them! I could not hear their laughter and jests! I could not endure it."

He led her round by a new path, and they entered the house unobserved.

Reine crept up to her own room, and threw herself, face downward, on the white couch, and her wild sobbing reached the general as he sat in the library below.

His heart ached for her, but he comforted himself with the thought, the fiercer the storm of grief raged the quicker it would wear itself out.

Bernard Chesleigh would have left Fairlawn Villa that day, but the general urged him so earnestly to stay that he allowed himself to be persuaded, especially when by remaining he was near Reine.

Day after day Reine hurried to the old trysting-place, watching eagerly for a letter from Waldemar Waldron, but she never found one there. He seemed to have passed out of her life completely; and day after day, as she crept weeping back to the house, she drooped and faded, falling into a dull apathy of despair.

The summer sunshine was a mockery to her; the singing birds were cruel; the flowers had lost their beauty for her.

In vain Reine's wondering companions sought to rouse and cheer her, asking themselves what had come over beautiful, willful Reine Hastings, who had always been the merriest girl among them.

Bernard Chesleigh was more than kind to her. His devotion would have touched any other heart save Reine's. The old general trembled in keenest alarm as he watched her from day to day, and the words Waldemar Waldron uttered came back to him:

"Many a father has recalled a lover to save his daughter's life." Would the prophecy prove true?

CHAPTER VII.

A deep gloom had fallen over Fairlawn Villa. The old corridors and spacious rooms no longer rang with gay songs in a merry young voice that gladdened the hearts of those who heard it.

Reine went about quietly enough now. She never complained, but the gaze of the reproachful eyes that met the general's hurt him more than any words could have done.

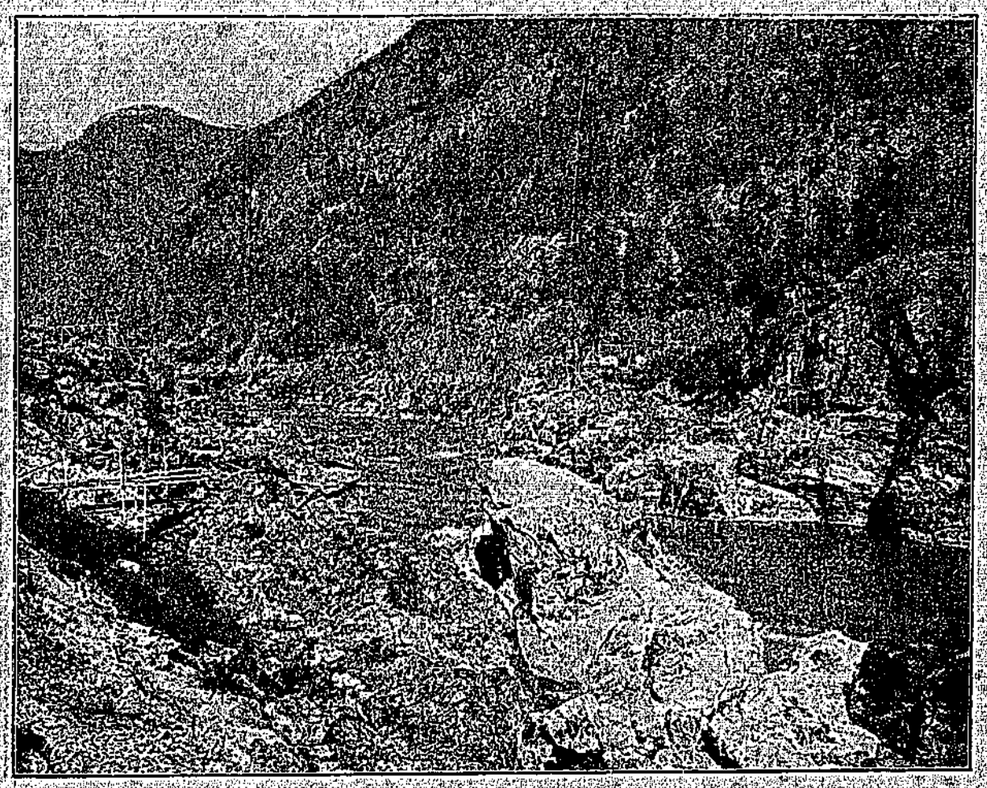
Once he attempted to talk with her upon the subject, but she turned from him with piteous entreaty.

"Remember it was you who parted us, papa," she sobbed. "Do not refer to it."

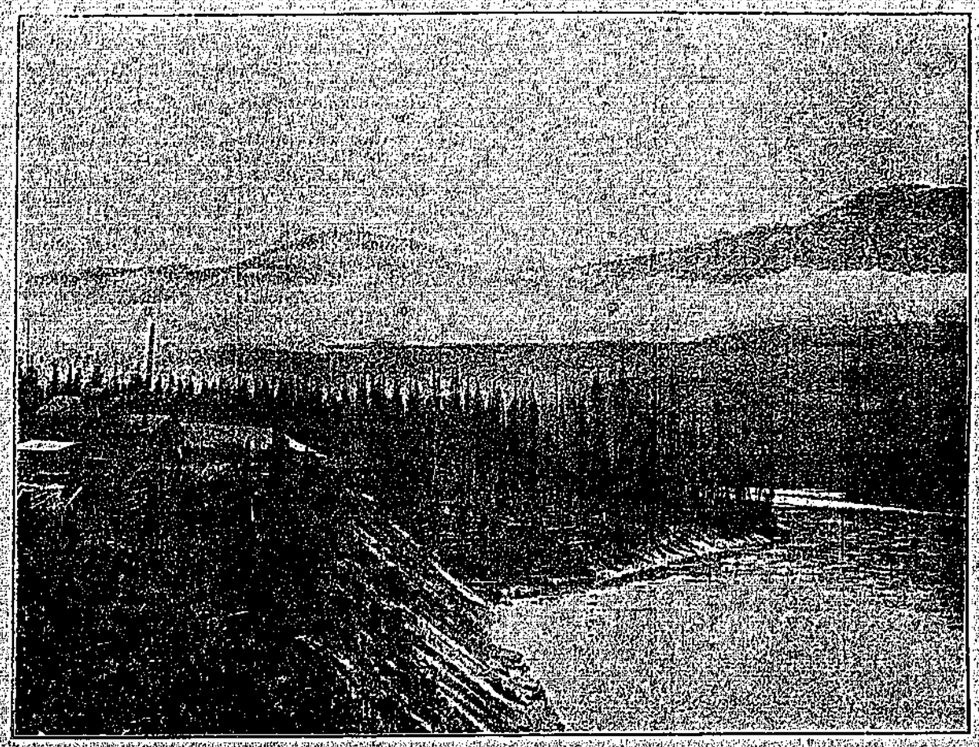
Day by day, as he watched her, he could not help but note how she drooped; he could not help but see that she was suffering a living death. Matters could not go on in this way much longer.

Must he, to save Reine's life, give her to a man who would make that life a curse to her?

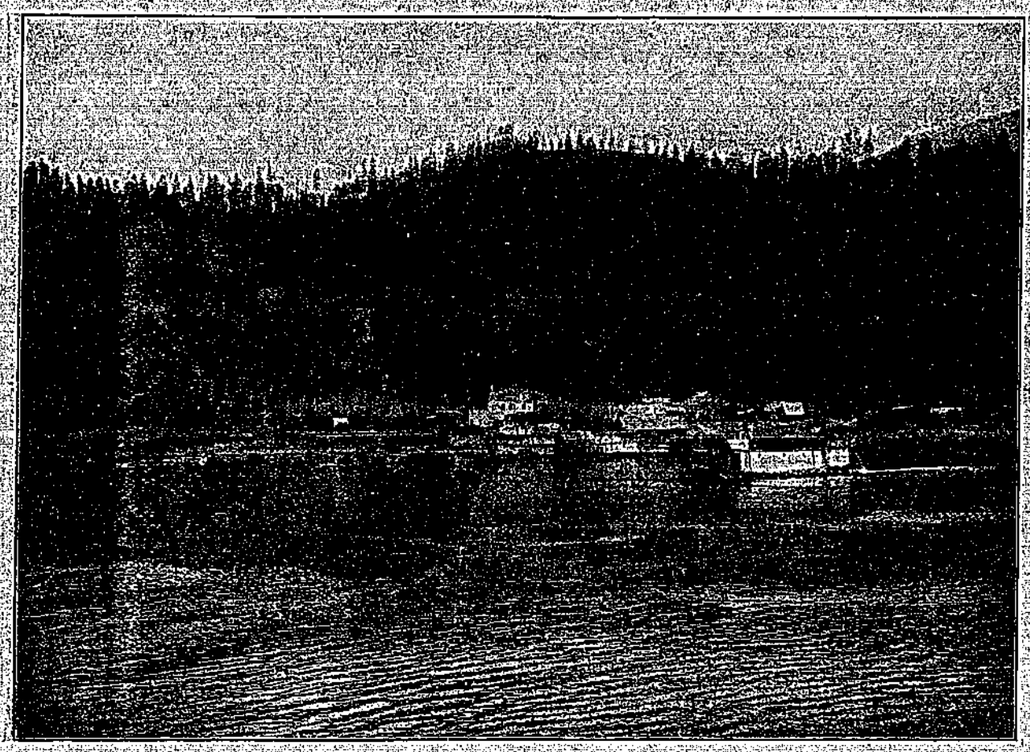
The general proposed a trip to Europe, or a season at Long Branch. The gayety was at its height there, and it might arouse her. She shook her golden head, refusing to leave



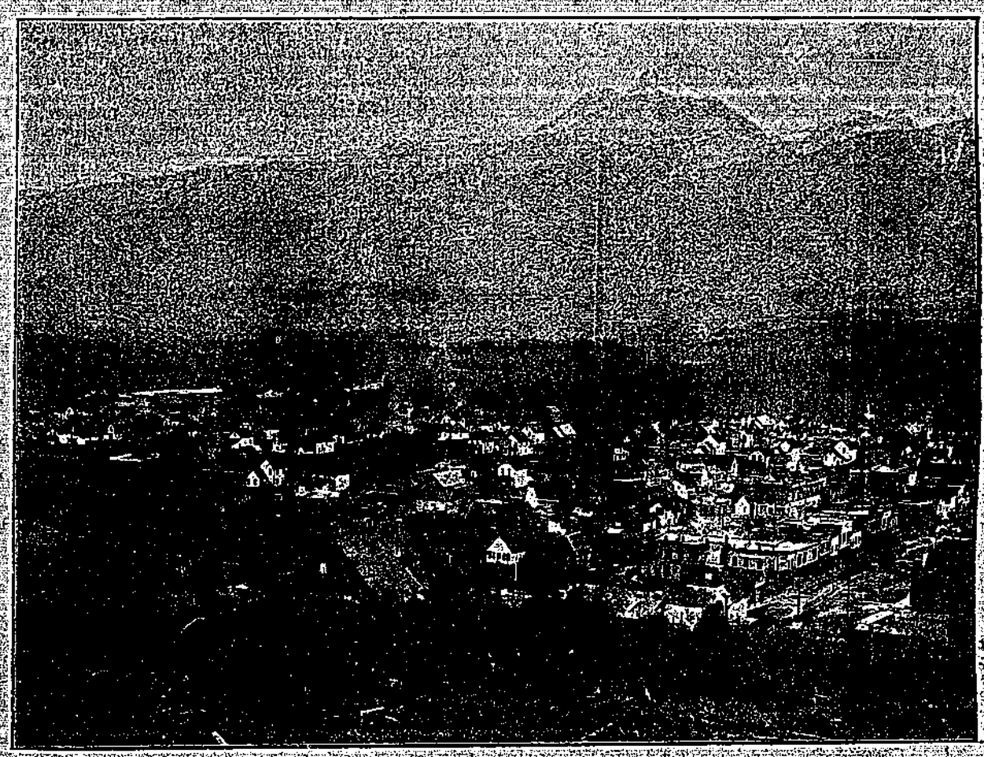
HELL'S GATE, FRASER CANYON



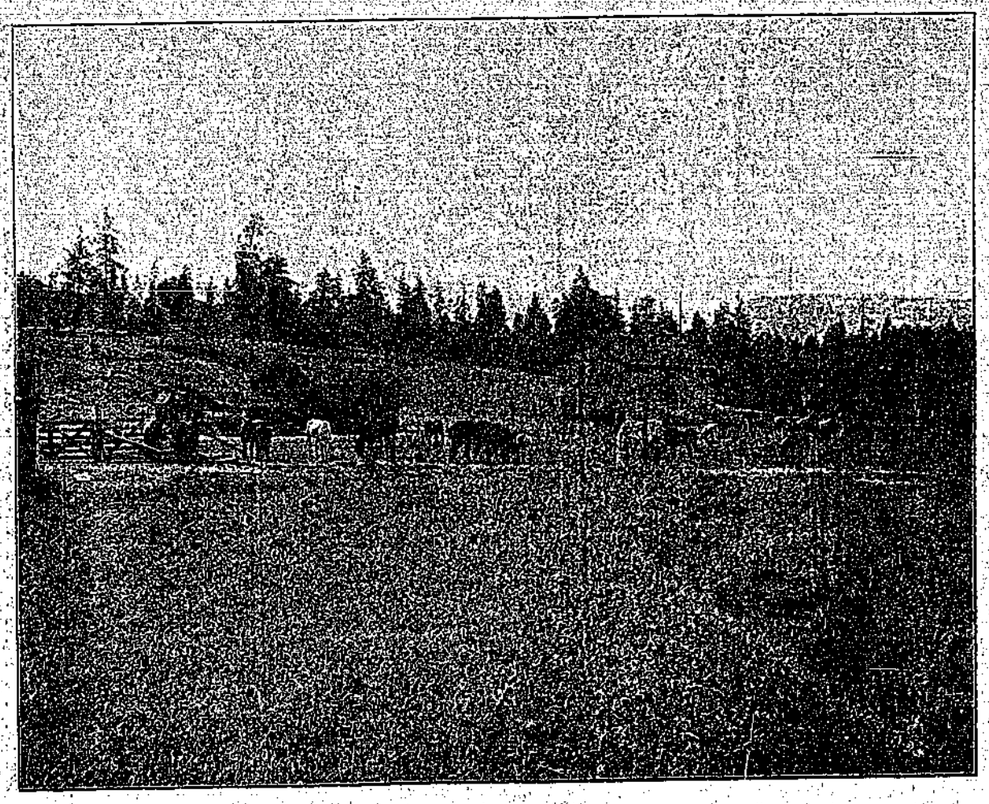
OLD SMELTER, REVELSTOKE, WITH MOUNT BIGBIE IN DISTANCE.



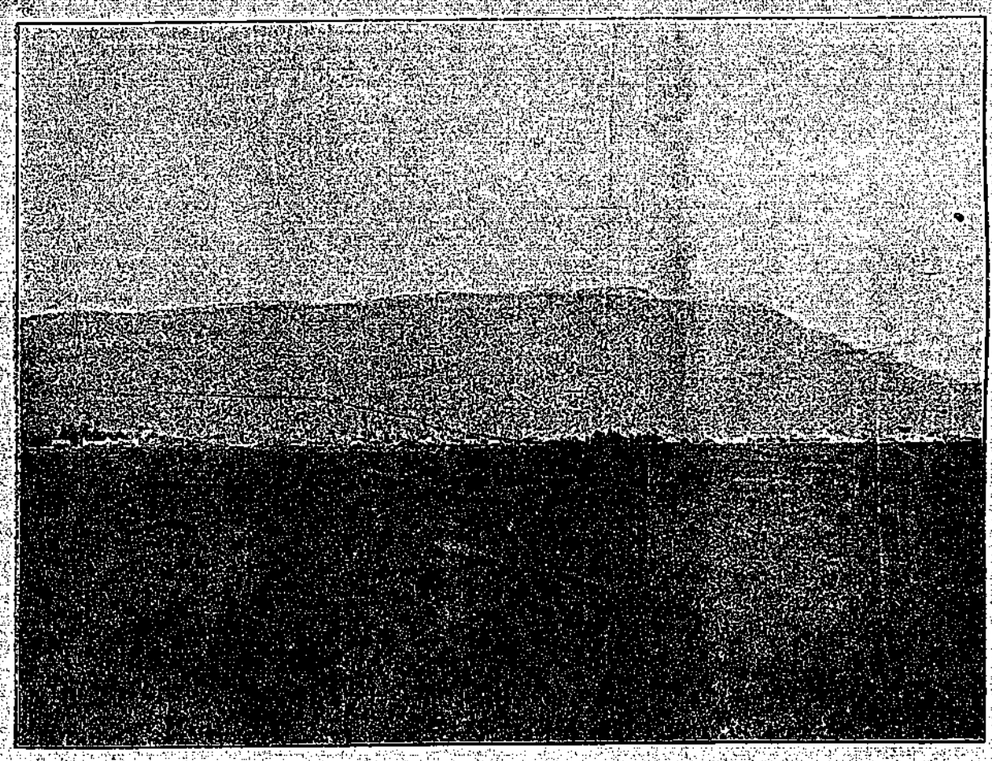
ROBSON, B. C., ON LOWER ARROW LAKE.



CITY OF REVELSTOKE, FROM MOUNTAIN OVERLOOKING McKENZIE AVENUE.



W. F. CLARK'S RANCH, BLACK MOUNTAIN.



KNOX ESTATE, WITH TOWN OF KELOWNA IN DISTANCE.

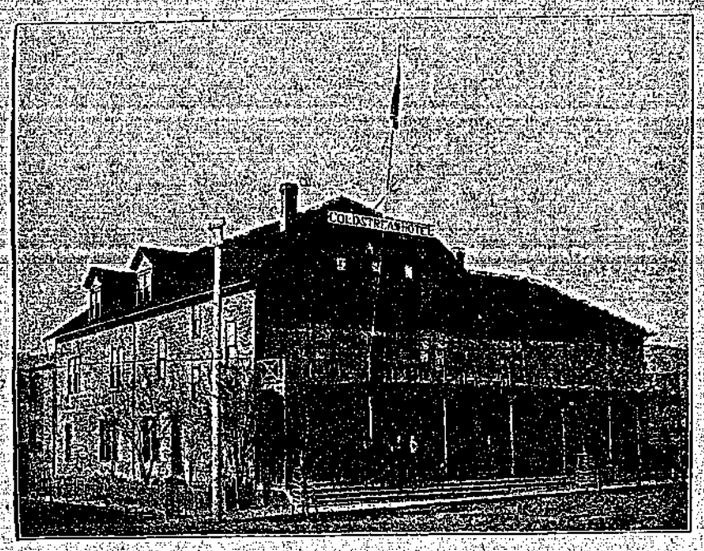
DIOCESAN SYNOD MEETING AT REVELSTOKE, JUNE 5TH AND 6TH, 1904.

C. B. HUME & CO.'S NEW STORE, REVELSTOKE.

C. B. HUME,
President C. B. Hume Co. Ltd.

B. A. LAWSON,
Accountant for C. B. Hume & Co.

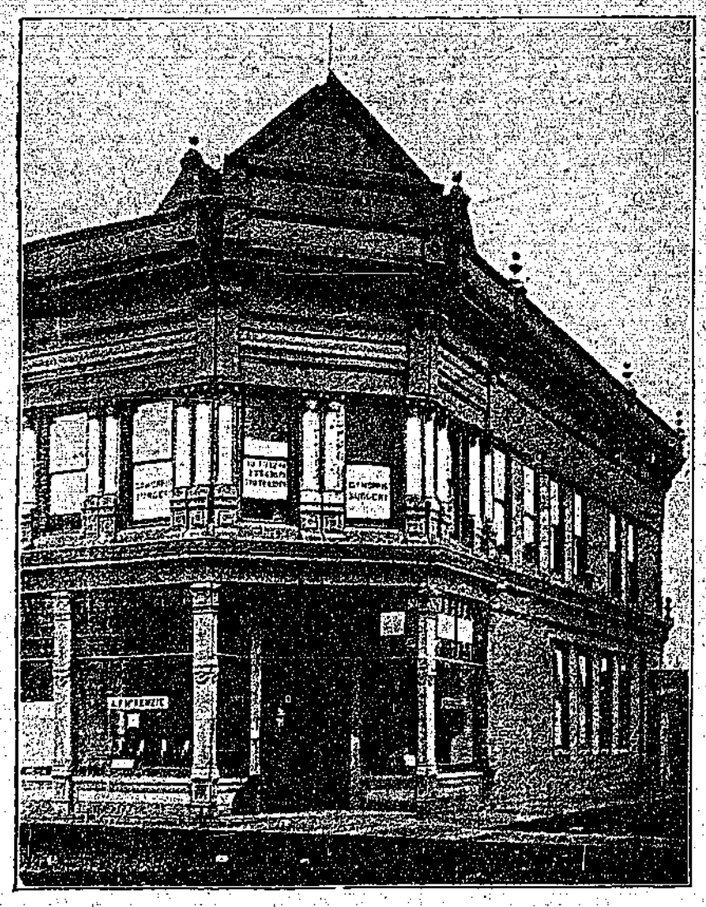
C. B. HUME & CO.'S OLD STORE, REVELSTOKE.



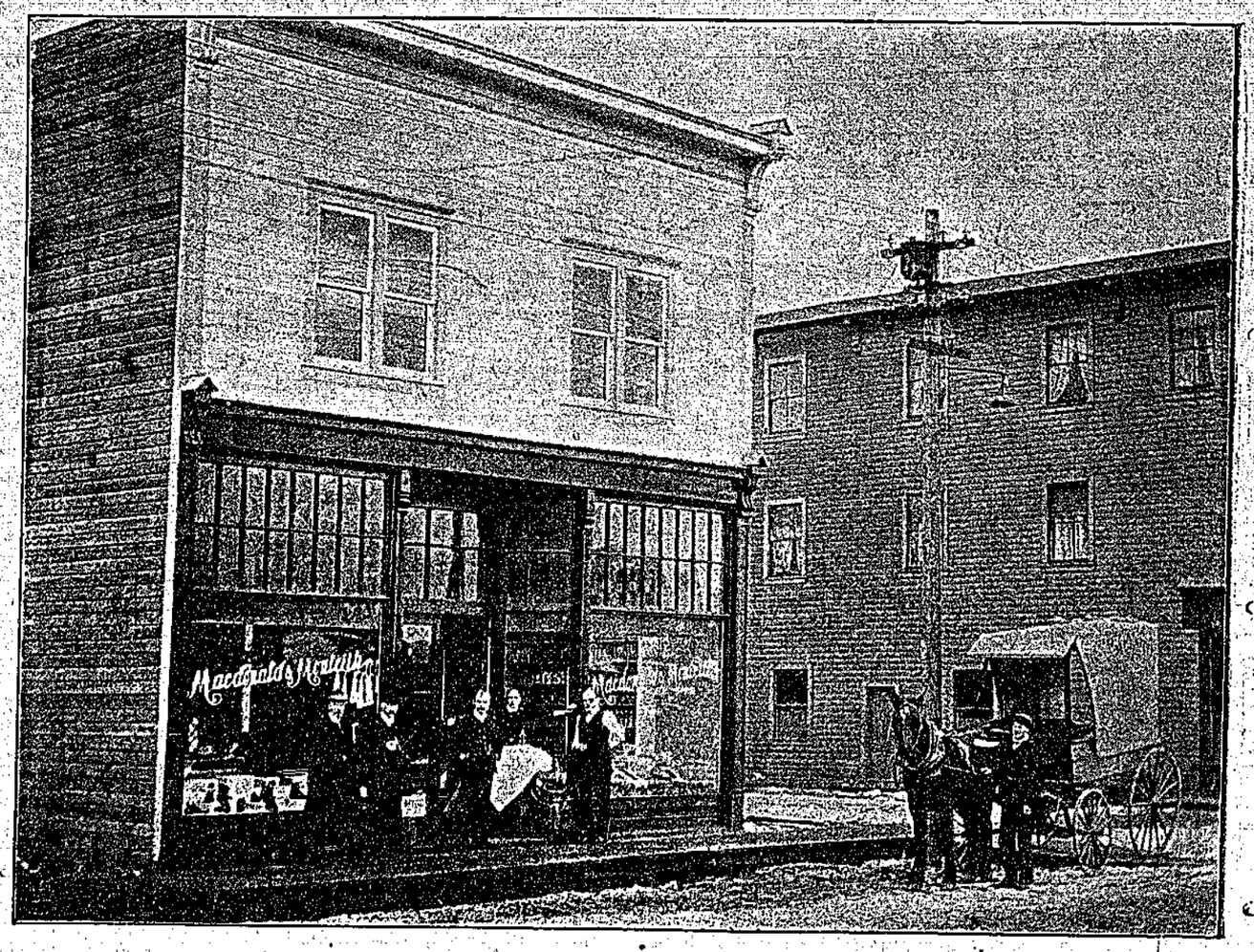
COLDSTREAM HOTEL, VERNON.

W. R. MEGAW'S DEPARTMENT STORE, VERNON.

SCHUBERT BLOCK, VERNON.



HENDERSON BLOCK, VERNON.



J. G. MACDONALD'S FIT-REFORM WAREHOUSE, REVELSTOKE.

Fairlawn.

They were at a loss to know what to do with her. She never complained. The name of the lover from whom she had been parted never once crossed her lips. She was only a spoiled, wilful child; her life seemed to have passed into her love, and now that love was taken from her, her life went with it.

The hope from day to day that Waldemar Waldron would come back to her settled into dull despair.

The summer days came and went; the flowers died under the chill breath of autumn; the song birds had long since sought their sunny southern home among the orange groves. Six months had passed and at the end of that time an event happened which changed the whole current of Reine's life. The general had been stricken with a malady which threatened to prove fatal. Reine rarely left his bedside. She was the most faithful of nurses.

Bernard Chesleigh, too, was in constant attendance upon the sufferer.

It was at her father's bedside that Reine first noticed how attached the general was to him.

"I am afraid that it will be all over with me soon, Reine," he said, slowly; "but the thought of death is not so hard for me to bear as the knowledge that you will be left all alone in the world; that is the bitterest drop in my cup of sorrow.

"Do not weep so, my Reine," he went on, weakly. "We must all bow sooner or later to the inevitable.

"Ah, Reine, my child," he continued, thoughtfully, "how great a joy and comfort it would have been to me had it pleased Heaven that, you could have loved Bernard Chesleigh. As you did not, I never attempted to urge it upon you; but, oh, my Reine, if the thought had been mine that you would be forever shielded from the world's pitiless storms—by his strong arms—I could have died content. He has loved you so long and so well. Ah, Reine, he loves you so fondly yet."

The slender figure, kneeling beside the general's couch, shook with emotion. The little hands that clasped his feverish one, trembled.

"Reine," he said, slowly, "if in the future Bernard Chesleigh should ask the same question of you that he asked once before, do you think you could answer him differently?"

Only Heaven knew the bitter struggle that lasted for one brief moment in the girl's heart. After all, what did it matter what became of her life; love was over, for her forevermore. If Bernard Chesleigh loved her still and it would please her father, why hold out against them longer?

"Would you really wish me to give him a different answer, papa?" she asked, faintly, great tears starting to her blue eyes, and falling unheeded.

He answered "Yes" so fervently that it startled her.

"Then it may as well be as you wish, papa," she said wearily.

She was standing listlessly by the lace-draped window half an hour later in the dusky glow of the twilight, when hurried footsteps startled her. They were Bernard Chesleigh's.

He crossed over to where she stood, his grave, handsome face radiant with emotion.

"The general has told me, my little Reine," he said, huskily, "and I can scarcely credit it. I must hear it from your own lips. This great happiness he promises me seems too bright to be real. Is it true, Reine, my little darling, that you will indeed be my wife?"

"I will be your wife if you want me, Mr. Chesleigh," she said simply.

"Want you, Reine!" he repeated. "I want you with all my heart. Words fail me in expressing how much I want you. My great happiness overpowers me. I cannot utter all that is in my heart. I will make you a true and loving husband, Reine. Your will shall be my law. I will surround you with everything love can suggest or money procure. I will devote my life to you. You shall never regret the choice you have made."

He attempted to draw her toward him, but she shrank from his embrace, and he was too true a gentleman to repeat the caress when he saw that it was distasteful to her.

She had promised to be his wife, and he must be content with that for the present. He would do his best to win her love in the golden future. He was grateful that Heaven had rewarded his great patience and devotion by giving him Reine at last.

The news of Reine's engagement to Bernard Chesleigh was received with great satisfaction by all who knew them.

The old servants at Fairlawn were delighted, and declared that affairs were now as they ought to be, and should have been from the very first. The wedding was set for Christmas evening.

Thus matters stood when the crisis of the general's disease came, and from the moment Bernard Chesleigh broke the joyful news to him there was a marked change in the general's condition, and to the surprise of the whole household—even the medical experts themselves—he seemed to take a new lease of life, and in less than a fortnight was considered out of danger, and commenced to regain health and strength rapidly.

"I shall be able to give you away on your bridal eve, my dear," he said, joyously, to Reine one day. "I do not look upon it as losing a daughter, but rather as the gaining of a son of whom I may well feel proud."

Reine's lovely face paled. Did they really mean to hold her to that engagement, made in accordance with her father's wish; and when he believed himself dying, and that she would be alone in the world?

Now that her father had recovered, could she beg of Bernard Chesleigh to give her back her plighted troth?

The general was so much wrapped up in the approaching marriage, and had set his mind so eagerly upon it, that she hadn't the heart to undeceive him.

The preparations went on on a magnificent scale.

"It makes me young again to fix up for a wedding," the general declared.

And then he must make the most of that one occasioned, for he had but the one daughter to marry off.

Reine took little interest in the wonderful boxes of finery that came for her. She was marrying to please her father, not for love's sweet sake.

"La mo!" whispered one of her maids, confidentially in the servants' hall one day. "You ought to see how little Miss Reine is interested in her wedding clothes. When I took out her lovely white silk dress, all a-sparkle with sown pearls, and the beautiful veil, she looked at them for just one minute, and then said: 'No doubt they will do very nicely, Meta; put them away out of my sight until they're wanted.'"

"Mr. Chesleigh is such a fine gentleman," assented the housekeeper, "it's ten thousand pities she cares so little for him. That's always the way it is—girls who don't care about them get husbands who fairly adore them."

"It's my opinion," declared the maid, "that she cared altogether too much for that handsome coxcomb that was here last summer. Folks had better be off with the old love before they are on with the new, if they don't it will brew trouble."

And with these prophetic words she whisked out of the room.

Reine was in her own room, a pretty little pink and white affair in the western wing, with her friend, Gertie Traverse, who was in raptures over a magnificent necklace of diamonds which Bernard had just sent up to Reine.

"Oh! they're perfectly lovely!" gasped Gertie, gazing at the sparkling treasures with wistful, longing eyes. "What a lucky girl you are, Reine, to have such a liberal lover. I almost envy you—upon my word I do.

"Envy me—the most miserable creature the smiling earth holds! Oh! if Gertie only knew," she thought, repressing a tremulous sigh.

"Do you know, Reine," her friend went on, with all a young girl's thoughtlessness, "I quite fancied, last summer, that you rather liked our handsome blonde neighbor, Mr. Waldron, of Waldron Towers. By the way, I wonder what took him off so suddenly."

Reine tried to speak, but her voice died away in a gasp.

"When I missed him, I sent over to know if he were ill, and the answer the servant brought back was, that he was called away hurriedly, that he might be back the following week, or perhaps he might remain away long months—his movements were pretty uncertain. Rather uncivil of Mr. Waldron to treat us with such scant courtesy as to leave without even saying good-by," laughed Gertie.

"Did they tell you where he had gone?" inquired Reine, with painful interest.

Gertie shook her curls back, and said:

"No. The thought occurred to me, however that perhaps he went off to get married. In fact, I am very much inclined to think he was wedded long since."

The glittering diamonds, Bernard's gift, fell from her lap to the floor unheeded.

"Why should you think he is married, Gertie?" she asked, faintly. "Tell me why you think that."

"It is only a surmise of mine," smiled Gertie, pleased at her companion's apparent interest in her gossip. "Why, when one of my friends was in New York lately, who should he see entering one of the large dry goods stores but Mr. Waldemar Waldron, with a young and beautiful lady leaning on his arm. He purchased her an elegant plush dolman. Now, that certainly looks as if he was married, doesn't it?"

Reine Hastings rose to her feet with a suppressed cry. She took one step forward, then, without a word of warning, sank down in a dead faint at Gertie's feet.

CHAPTER VIII.

Gertie Traverse did not call one of the maids when Reine sank in a dead faint at her feet, but set about restoring her by laving her face freely with water which was close at hand.

At last she was rewarded by seeing Reine open wide her blue, dazed eyes.

"Are you ill, dear?" she inquired, anxiously. "Or, perhaps the room is too warm for you. I did not know you were subject to swooning away like this. You frightened me."

It never once occurred to Gertie that the subject under discussion between them had anything to do with her friend's sudden indisposition.

For long hours after Reine Hastings found herself alone she sat with her hands closely locked together in her lap, gazing steadily into the glaring flames of the sea-coal fire.

Was it true that the lover whose loss she had mourned so keenly had found consolation with another love whom he had made his bride? How the thought tortured her!

It mattered little enough then what became of her. Life was all over for her long since.

Gertie had gathered up the fallen jewels. Placing them in their casket upon the table, Reine pushed them from her with trembling hands. She would have thought more of one simple flower given her by Waldemar Waldron than of all the precious jewels the man whom she was so soon to marry could have bestowed upon her.

It mattered little enough to Reine Hastings how rapidly or slowly the weeks rolled on now. Her love and her faith had received a cruel blow.

Because Reine no longer mentioned Waldemar Waldron's name both the general and Bernard Chesleigh confidently hoped that she had learned to forget him. Neither of them versed in the ways of woman's love or woman's pride.

At last the eventful day of Reine's life dawned amid the pealing of the Christmas bells. It was her wedding day, yet Reine opened her eyes to the morning light with a shudder and a sob of pain.

The golden sunlight blinded the eyes that were swollen with weeping, and the chiming of the joy-bells made her heart flutter with pain.

Fairlawn was thronged with guests who were to witness the ceremony on this eventful Christmas evening. Many had come from afar and were making the most of the festive occasion.

All day Reine kept her room, with Mrs. Dent, the housekeeper, for a maid and companion. Even the bridemaids, who were fuse dying to catch a glimpse of her, were rigorously excluded from her boudoir, yet nothing was thought of this, as it has been the custom of many a bride from time immemorial.

"She wants to come forth at the proper time such a vision of loveliness as will startle us," laughed Gertie Traverse, twining a fresh cluster of pale rosebuds in her curly locks. "I have seen Reine's diamonds, girls," she pursued breathlessly, "and I warn you to prepare yourselves to see something just grand. Just think of it! A whole necklace that encircles her neck twice, of superb solitaire diamonds, every one of 'em larger than these earrings in my ears. And her dress is perfectly lovely. You never saw such a veil. And as for slippers, why, dear me! they are cuteness itself—white satin, embroidered in pearls. Reine will look as beautiful as a poet's dream."

All the young girls were more than longing to catch a glimpse of all this finery, and could scarcely wait in patience for the hour to arrive when Reine should make her appearance.

At that moment Mrs. Dent was putting the last touches to Reine's toilet. Was there ever a fairer little bride? If it were not too old a subject, I would describe how lovely she looked in the shimmering, gleaming satin robe, and the cloud-like veil that enveloped her, with its crown of snowy orange blossoms resting on her golden hair.

There was a feverish glow on her cheeks, and a strange brightness in her eyes, and the little hands that grasped the bridal bouquet were burning hot through the dainty white gloves, as Mrs. Dent touched them.

She grew strangely restless as the evening wore on. The ceremony was to be performed exactly at eight, it wanted a quarter to that time now, as Reine stood dressed and ready.

Within the hour she was to be Bernard Chesleigh's wife. How strange it seemed to her! The very thought seemed to make her grow faint and dizzy. She walked over to the long French window and threw up the sash. Although it was Christmas night, the wind that fanned her heated cheek was balmy.

Mrs. Dent called to her anxiously: "Reine, my dear, you must not stand at an open window," she said. "You will take your death of cold or, if you insist upon standing there do let me throw your fur wrap about you?"

Reine shook her head, dreamily.

"Do not disturb me, Mrs. Dent," she replied: "let me have my own thoughts. Bernard will not come to me for fifteen minutes yet. I will spend ten of them in my own way."

She drew the velvet curtain about her, and Mrs. Dent walked into an inner apartment, leaving the youthful bride to her own reveries.

Reine gazed wistfully down into the ground. Ah, if she might rest for a few brief moments on the old bench beneath the fir-trees yonder, where the ceaseless murmur of voices would not reach her. Mechanically she stepped out upon the moonlit balcony, gathering up her white train and veil in one little gloved hand.

A private stairway led from the balcony down into the grounds, and Reine gained the shadows of the fir-trees unobserved, sinking down wearily upon the bench.

The snow had been carefully brushed from the grounds and from the rustic seats, yet had it been lying deep about her, she would not have felt its chill, so feverish was the fire that burned in her veins.

What was it stealing so softly and cautiously toward her among the dense shadows of the pines and moaning fir-trees? Once she almost fancied she heard a cautious, stealthy footstep, but it must have been only fancy, or the bare rustling branches of the trees above her head, as the night-wind sighed among them.

She turned her blue eyes in the direction of Waldron Towers—standing like a sentinel on the brow of a distant hill—its ivy-covered turrets plainly discernible in the bright white moonlight.

Yet Reine would not think of its owner—no, she would not give one thought to him—for she was to be another's bride in a few short fleeting moments.

Time seemed to fly swift-winged by her, and it flew by with equal rapidity to the inmates of the spacious villa.

The bronze clock on the marble pedestal, in the alcove of the corridor, was almost on the stroke of eight as Bernard Chesleigh, followed by the general, hastened toward Reine's boudoir, surrounded by a group of merry bridemaids. How tall, handsome, and noble he looked!—a man any woman might have given her love to, and been proud of him.

Many a wistful, girlish glance followed the manly figure as he hurried down the corridor.

Gently he tapped at the boudoir door. Mrs. Dent opened it, standing back as she saw the handsome bridegroom standing, flushed and expectant, there, and the general following closely behind him.

"Is Reine quite ready?" he asked, pausing bashfully upon the threshold and gazing past her, eagerly, around the pretty pink and gold jewel case of a room. "It will be quite eight by the time we reach the reception room. I fear the guests are becoming impatient already," he said smilingly.

"Dear me," cried Mrs. Dent, gathering up the fragrant bouquet Reine had laid down, "how time flies! I did not dream it was so near time for the ceremony."

She disappeared quickly within the lace-draped inner apartment.

"Dear me!" she ejaculated in affright, noting the wind blowing against the hanging velvet curtain. "If that child isn't standing at the open window yet, because I happened to forget her."

"Reine! Reine!" she cried. "Here is Mr. Chesleigh waiting for you. It's time for you to go down now. The clock is chiming eight, and the musicians are striking up the wedding march."

By this time she had reached the window and drew back the heavy crimson hangings.

But no white-robed form was there. The window still stood open, and the night wind blew into her white, startled face.

"Reine!" she cried in alarm, glancing about the room, then out onto the balcony. No Reine was there.

A cold horror fell upon her as she stood quite still in the young bride's deserted boudoir—a cold, awful terror that made her heart beat wildly. She looked carefully around the pretty white chamber. Perhaps roguish Reine was up to some girlish prank to frighten her.

"Reine!" she called again, in a weak, unsteady voice, waiting breathlessly for an answer. None came.

The tapping of the ivy against the casement was the only sound that broke the awful silence.

"Merciful Heaven!" she cried. "Am I dreaming or am I mad? Where is she gone?"

There was no sign of disarray. The fur wrap, which she would not have about her, lay on the arm-chair where she had tossed it. The light from the silver lamp fell upon the jewel case and the diamond necklace which reposed upon its velvet cushion.

She walked back to the boudoir where the handsome bridegroom and the young bride's father awaited her, with unsteady steps and an ashen face.

Bernard Chesleigh started back, and the eager smile faded from his face, he had expected to see her leading by the hand his bonnie, beautiful bride.

She hurried past him and went up to the general, laying her shaking hand on his arm.

"General Hastings," she whispered, hoarsely, "I am frightened. Fifteen minutes ago I left your daughter standing by yonder window, dressed and ready for the ceremony, all save the diamonds and her bouquet. Now the room is empty. She is not there. The window is open, but she is not on the balcony."

Bernard Chesleigh stood quite still and motionless. But the general pushed past him toward his daughter's room, followed by the frightened housekeeper. There was a terrible fear in his heart that he could not—dare not—shape into words.

CHAPTER IX.

With a white face, the general gazed breathlessly around the pretty room. No, she was not there. Loving voices called her, loving eyes searched for her—all in vain. Reine was not there.

"Chesleigh," cried the old general, "she is not here. Lock the door, to keep every one out, for they must not know. You and I will search the grounds for her."

Their eyes met. Then both turned away, sick with a terrible foreboding. They sprang through the open window, and went out into the grounds, together, one taking the circuitous path that encircled the ground to the right; the other took the path to the left.

Not a servant was summoned. Merriment was at its height in the grand parlors and spacious drawing-rooms. No one must know. The time for the ceremony to begin was quite due. The minister stood in waiting, yet no one thought of hurrying the bridal pair that were soon to stand beneath the floral bell.

The moments dragged slowly by. Ten minutes passed—fifteen—then another ten.

There were no signs of the bridal party, and the minister, to appease the eager, expectant guests, sent up to see if the bride and groom would be ready shortly.

The bevy of bridesmaids stood in the corridor.

The door had been locked since the general and Bernard Chesleigh had passed into Reine's boudoir, they said, and no amount of tapping on the door brought so much as a word in response; and instead of laughing voices from within, not so much as a sound could be heard. It was indeed strange. Gertie Traverse had called Reine twice; but at length it was Mrs. Dent, the housekeeper, who had answered, begging her to tell the minister and guests below not to be impatient if a little more time for preparation was being given the bride.

So the mirth went on below, while the two white-faced men searched the grounds about the villa.

Carefully they searched every inch of the spacious park, meeting at last, beneath the identical fir tree beneath which Reine had sat.

The anxious old housekeeper, with eyes swollen with weeping, had followed them.

The general and the white-faced bridegroom looked into each other's eyes for a moment, and their terrible fear found vent in words as the whole sense of their calamity rushed over them.

"She has fled from me rather than marry me, general," he said hoarsely. "I might have foreseen this. She never loved me. When the last moment came she chose to face the cold, pitiless world rather than link her life with mine, Reine!" he cried, sinking down on the self-same bench and covering his face with his trembling hands—oh, little Reine!—if you had but told me, and spared me this!"

He was mad with wounded love, outraged honor, with sorrow and despair; yet he loved her too well to utter one word against her who had betrayed him so cruelly.

The general held up his hands with a passionate gesture.

"I will not believe that my Reine fled from you," he cried. "Something tells me we are misjudging her. Mrs. Dent tells us she was dressed and ready in her bridal robes fifteen minutes before the ceremony was to have been performed. If she had not intended to have wedded you, why need she have taken the pains of dressing? She would have fled in ordinary clothes hours before.

"She has not even taken her wraps with her, Mrs. Dent says," he went on, excitedly. "No, no, Chesleigh, as sure as you and I stand here, she intended wedding you tonight."

"Have you any suspicion of foul play?" asked Bernard Chesleigh, hoarsely—"any thought that she has been spirited away—abducted?" And as he spoke his eyes rested upon the ivy-covered walls of Waldron Towers, looming up darkly before him on a far off hill.

The greatest consternation prevailed when the announcement was made to the shocked guests that no marriage would take place, that the bride, robed in her bridal dress, had suddenly disappeared.

They did not know which to pity most, the white-haired old father or the handsome, pallid bridegroom, as the words fell from the minister's lips, and when he gravely voiced the father's grave fears, that foul play had been done, if she had not wandered unconsciously away under temporary mental excitement.

Scouting parties were made up instantly, alarms were sent out, couriers scoured the country in all directions, telegrams were sent to all the near stations detailing the case. Was little Reine in peril? Who could stop to rest while her fate was clouded in such dark and terrible mystery!

Noiselessly the guests had taken their departure, and a gloom that was not destined to be lessened for many a long and weary day, settled over Fairlawn Villa.

As the gray dawn broke over the hills and vales of Virginia the searching parties came in one by one without tidings. If the snow-clad earth had opened and swallowed her Reine Hastings could not have vanished more completely from their sight, leaving no trace, no clew behind her.

The whole country about was aroused and joined in the search, headed by Bernard Chesleigh and the white haired old general.

They could neither rest or sleep until some trace, some tidings of Reine could be found. A day passed; another night, and yet another day was born. But no trace of the missing bride could be found.

Servants went about Fairlawn Villa with noiseless footsteps and spoke in whispers. It almost seemed as if the general's lovely young daughter lay dead within those walls, the sorrowing for her was so bitter and so terrible.

What Bernard Chesleigh suffered no one will ever know. Lines of care and grief furrowed his grave, handsome face.

At the end of the third day an idea had occurred to him. He wondered greatly that he had not put it into execution long before.

He sent to Washington asking that the cleverest and most successful detective that money could procure should be sent to him without delay.

The story had been printed in the journals of the great capital, and had aroused public sympathy and public interest.

The chief of the great detective bureau responded at once by sending on one of his most expert attaches—a man young as far as years went, but with a very old and fertile brain.

It was the chief's experience that the old detectives generally adopted the same methods for unearthing mysteries—traveling in the old, beaten rut. Young brains were quick and more ingenious.

He put the case in the hands of Donald Gray, who had never lost a case; his success was almost phenomenal. He would unearth the whereabouts of the missing young bride if any one could. He would soon track her down to the doom that had fallen upon her.

Mr. Gray was staying up the case from the printed account in the Washington paper all the way on the train, and was quite familiar with the details when the train slackened before the little depot half a mile from Fairlawn Villa.

There was nothing about the beardless young man's appearance to attract a second glance from a casual observer, and no one noticed him as he alighted from the car and stood for a moment on the platform looking about him.

At length he approached a gentleman who had just alighted from a spirited bay horse.

"Can you tell me, sir," he asked, "if the road to the right leads to the village and on to the suburbs?"

The gentleman started so suddenly forward that the cigar he held in his white fingers fell to the ground. He frowned and answerd impatiently:

"It leads through the village, and as far to the right as Fairlawn Villa, then it branches westward to, and beyond Waldron Towers."

A sudden thought came to the young detective—that perhaps the gentleman before him was Bernard Chesleigh—the bridegroom from whom General Hastings' lovely young daughter had fled upon her wedding-night.

If it was, he did not blame her—for there was something in his face that he did not quite like.

He was dressed in the height of fashion, the seal overcoat he wore set off his figure to the best advantage. It was thrown open, revealing a magnificent diamond stud that gleamed like a star of fire on his immaculate shirt front.

He was faultless in appearance, yet the unerring detective did not quite like his looks, and the feeling of dislike grew upon him each moment the stranger stood before him.

He made a bold move.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, touching his hat, "may I inquire if you are Mr. Chesleigh?"

"Why do you ask?" retorted the young man, sharply.

"Simply from curiosity. I was wondering if you were the hero of the romance I read of which occurred hereabouts. Again I beg pardon, if my question was impertinent."

His companion laughed harshly, jeeringly, and a malignant light flashed into his slumbrous eyes.

He took a cigar from his pocket and proceeded to light it, striking the match on the sole of his polished boot before he deigned a reply.

"Mistaking me for the discarded bridegroom! That's decidedly rich!" he said, with another laugh. "No, young man, I am not Bernard Chesleigh—I am Waldemar Waldron of Waldron Towers, which lies in the dense coppice wood about a mile from here."

CHAPTER X.

The detective made his way at once to Fairlawn Villa. He was immediately shown to the library, where Bernard Chesleigh sat with his face buried in his hands.

He placed a chair for his visitor very courteously, although inwardly he was greatly disappointed that so young a man had been sent to him to undertake such a difficult and highly important case; he would have chosen an older man of more experience.

Donald Gray listened very attentively to every minute detail concerning Reine's past.

"Ah! there is an old lover in the case," he ruminated, as they told had sent away long months before, and who had never visited the village of the suitor whom the general lage since.

What the detective's thoughts were—if he had any—when they told him the name of the lover who had been so summarily dismissed, his face never betrayed.

In the writing-desk in Reine's boudoir Mr. Gray found a packet of letters tied with a violet ribbon. These he took possession of to peruse and study out at his leisure. They were Waldemar Waldron's letters to Reine.

"There shall be no lack of money in aiding you to work out the solution of this mystery, Mr. Gray," the general said to him. "Train a man of means. Restore my darling daughter to me, and I will make you a rich man for life."

"I will do my best, sir," returned the young detective, earnestly.

And he did do his best. In less than a week's time he was thoroughly acquainted with every inch of the country for miles about Fairlawn Villa, and had been careful to cultivate the acquaintance of most of the people.

By his direction it was given out that he was a relative of Mrs. Dent the housekeeper, and was paying her a short visit at Fairlawn Villa. No one would have dreamed that the heartless, boyish young fellow so bashful in appearance, was in reality one of the keenest and shrewdest detectives on the Washington force.

A week had passed since he had come to Fairlawn, and for the first time in his life, he was completely baffled. The mystery which shrouded in deepest gloom the mysterious disappearance of beautiful Reine on her wedding night was as impenetrable as ever.

Each ingenious device for getting on the trail had turned out an ignominious failure.

One idea fixed itself firmly in the detective's mind, however. If Miss Hastings had contemplated flight, or suicide—if it came to the worst—she would not have been likely to robe herself in her bridal dress and linger there until within a few short moments of the time for the ceremony to begin.

He had taken her picture from the album and carried it about in his pocket, studying the lovely, laughing face so well that he knew every feature by heart.

There was something peculiar about the saucy, smiling mouth and deep, pansy-blue eyes, and about the whole contour of the lovely, dimpled face, framed in its sheen of golden curls, that told him he would recognize the original instantly on sight if he ever beheld her.

The failure which met his every effort to trace Reine was a bitter blow to the young detective. He knew his reputation was at stake—for it was a great honor to be selected for so great a case; and last, but by no means least, he knew if success crowned his efforts he would receive as handsome an amount as the most experienced man on the force could have commanded. Ability could not be justly measured by age or experience. He spent most of the time out of doors—daily, hourly hoping, Micawber like, that something would turn up that might give him some kind of a clew.

He had haunted the groves and glens surrounding Waldron Towers, and on one of these rambles he had come face to face with its handsome, fair-haired owner.

Waldemar Waldron eyed the young

stranger curiously, an brilliant idea occurring to him the while. Why not sound this youth, who was stopping at Fairlawn Villa, and learn from him what the inmates were about, and what they thought and talked about concerning the disappearance of the general's daughter.

Waldemar Waldron possessed the unusual quality of making himself agreeably fascinating to men as well as to women when he chose.

He greeted the young stranger cordially enough, and as the days passed on it was no unusual thing for Donald Gray to find himself in Waldron's company. He smiled at the ingenious way in which his new-found friend plied him with questions in roundabout ways which were certainly unique. His replies were wary enough. He always managed to rouse Waldemar's curiosity from day to day, and leave him when apparently on the point of making some disclosure.

A laugh, that was not pleasant to hear, fell from Waldron's lips when the sufferings of Bernard Chesleigh were portrayed to him and he seemed to triumph in the other's misery.

But he spoke never a word, and his brows darkened as he listened to the manner in which the old general met the terrible blow that had fallen upon him. He had said:

"If ill has befallen my darling, let the perpetrators of it beware, for they shall be hounded down, and a vengeance worthy of the mighty sorrow of an outraged and suffering father dealt out to them, just so surely as yonder sun shines.

"But if my child has deserted me of her own free will—ah, well, I cannot curse her—my dead wife's daughter—but I shall never forgive her. She shall never again cross my threshold. I will never again look upon her fair, false face, so help me God! and not a penny of my money shall be hers. I would sooner leave it to the paupers of the almshouse."

Waldemar Waldron frowned still more darkly.

"The general's daughter is his legal and only heir," he said, slowly. "Let him fume and fret as much as he will, she will get it at last, every dollar of it—that is, if she is alive," he added quickly.

"Long and almost endless litigation, together with the fat fees of lawyers, would dwindle the old millionaire's wealth down to a very small sum, I should fancy," retorted young Gray, carelessly, "and especially if he carries out the plan in regard to Bernard Chesleigh that he intends," he added, "his daughter would fare badly."

"What plan?" inquired Waldron eagerly. "What is it he proposes to do?"

"I haven't time to tell you about it now," replied the young detective, apologetically. "The fact is, I must leave you in order to reach Fairlawn Villa in time for tea; they don't like to keep things standing over to oblige only the housekeeper's nephew."

Waldemar Waldron stopped and studied a moment. He must know the general's plan.

"Suppose you come and take tea with me at Waldron Towers," he said, waxing hospitable, "and you shall tell me afterward, over our wine and cigars."

This was the very opening the delighted detective had been longing for—a visit within the walls of Waldron Towers.

CHAPTER XI.

Waldemar Waldron led his companion silently through the deep green coppice wood until they reached the high stone wall that closed in the spacious grounds of Waldron Towers.

He swung open the massive gate, and together they entered the house.

The old butler who admitted them stared in amazement at the unusual sight of a visitor accompany his young master.

"Let us have tea at once in my rooms, Mason," he said to the servant. "The accommodations here are such as do not warrant guests," laughed Waldron. "The divine era here is a luxury of the past. There are scarcely half a dozen inhabitable rooms about the place," he added, turning to his companion.

"I wonder you can content yourself stopping here," commented Donald Gray. "I should imagine you were a young gentleman who enjoyed gayety and plenty of life."

"So I do," asserted Waldron. "This place was left to me by the death of a relative two years ago, yet I did not trouble myself to look after it until last summer. I took a run down here from Washington then, and have paid visits off and on since."

By this time they had reached the western wing, in which were situated Waldron's suite of rooms, as he called it, and were soon doing justice to a hearty supper.

"Now then," said Waldron, as they sat over their wine, "what was the plan you were speaking of in reference to Chesleigh? You said the old general was about to put a new scheme into execution."

"I do not know that I ought to disclose affairs which were never destined for my ears to hear," objected the detective, modestly.

Waldron was about to retort, but at that instant a strange sound echoed distinctly through the high vaulted rooms—a sound which brought the swift color into Waldemar Waldron's face, and a glance of uneasiness into his eyes.

"These old shutters creaking to and fro on their hinges make unearthly noises," he said, rising instantly and closing the door.

"I did not hear them," observed young Gray, innocently.

The master of the Towers looked, as he felt, wonderfully relieved at those words.

The detective had heard the unusual sound, however, and, quick as thought, had decided upon a plan of procedure. "He must investigate it, if he had to explore the old Towers from top to bottom. Nothing must stand in his way.

"An experienced detective is always prepared for such an emergency, and, quick as thought, when the master of the Towers turned toward the door to close it, he succeeded in dropping a few grains of a sleeping potion in his host's untasted wine.

The effect was—as he knew it would be—while he was explaining to Waldemar Waldron that it was the intention of General Hastings to make a will, leaving every dollar he possessed to Bernard Chesleigh, his host's eyes closed wearily; the fair Saxon head sank back among the velvet cushions of his arm-chair, and his deep breathing told Donald Gray the way was safe now from all intrusion to make the long-wished-for investigation of the Towers.

He must make the most of every moment, too, for the effects of the potion would not hold the young heir's senses in thraldon scarcely the hour out.

Snatching up a lighted taper, he hurriedly crossed the room and stepped out into the corridor.

If by chance he met one of the servants, he well knew his ready wit would stand him in good need. For half an hour or more the detective patiently investigated every nook and corner of the uncanny old ruins, finding, as a reward, little more than dust and emptiness.

"What occasioned the strange sound he had heard?" he asked himself, impatiently, as he traversed, one after the other, the subterranean passages.

Surely his senses had not been playing him false?

He was almost tempted to return to Waldron's apartments, and set this experiment down as another ignominious failure—when once again the same strange sound was repeated—this time with a startling clearness there was no mistaking, directly over his head.

He stood quite still for a moment to locate the exact place on the floor above, and as he raised his taper he saw—what had quite escaped his observation before, shrewd as he was—a narrow door, so like in color to the panels of the wall as to be hardly noticeable to those unaware of its existence there.

In an instant the young detective slung it open, and advanced carefully and cautiously up the narrow carpeted stairway which it revealed.

It was certainly evident, as he paused and looked about him, when he reached the topmost stair, that he had not been upon this floor and through this particular corridor before.

He pushed open the first door he reached, and found himself in a room tastefully furnished.

This, in all probability, was one of the inhabitable apartments of the heir of the Towers, had casually referred to. He pushed his search still further—drawing back the velvet hangings, which were closely drawn before the arched doorway of an inner apartment.

He stood quite still and motionless, gazing upon the scene from within which met his view.

Like the outer apartments, this room was also tastefully furnished. A silver-shaded lamp stood on a marble centre-table, casting a subdued, mellow light over the bright-hued velvet carpet—the easy lounging chairs, cottage piano, and general bric-a-brac.

A bouquet of wild flowers, pansies and mignonette, filled a vase on the dresser, and a bouquet of the same flowers adorned either side of the velvet-draped mantel.

It was evidently a room such as a lady would use—a lady of taste and refinement. And in the centre of the room, seated on a low rocker—her face half revealed by the silver lamp and half concealed by its shade of crimson crystal,—sat a young and lovely girl, running her white, shapely fingers over the strings of a guitar, accompanying the music, now and then, by a few notes of a singularly sweet and bell-like compass.

This was the sound that had reached the young detective as he sat in Waldemar Waldron's apartments below.

The detective's heart gave a great throb, of exultation and triumph! Had success crowned his valiant efforts at last?

One rapid, eager glance, as the face was turned more fully toward him in the soft glow of the lamp,—then his hopes fell with the keenest disappointment, as it flashed over him that the young girl before him was not General Hasting's daughter.

Long and earnestly he scrutinized every feature of her face. It bore not the slightest resemblance to the smiling, dimpled face of the lovely little blonde whose photograph reposed at that moment in his breast pocket. Not one feature resembled the pictured face of the general's missing daughter.

He had stumbled upon a hidden romance; but it mattered little to him since it was not the one in which he was interested.

With a keen sense of disappointment, he turned and retraced his steps to the apartment in which Waldron still sat. He had scarcely regained his seat ere the young heir opened his eyes with a start.

"Did I fall asleep?" he asked, in the utmost astonishment. "How long have we been sitting here? I must have dozed off a minute or two since, just as you were relating your very interesting story concerning General Hastings' plans. I certainly beg your pardon for being such an inattentive listener. I was quite interested, however, I assure you."

"It is my turn, I should say, to beg pardon for encroaching so long upon your hospitality. It is time I was taking my leave."

There was nothing more to be learned from the housekeeper's nephew. Waldemar Waldron told himself. Therefore he did not press him, any further than common courtesy required, to prolong his stay. And it was with a feeling of relief that he saw the heavy iron gate shut to with a bang after his retreating form.

"Can it possibly be true the old idiot intends willing every dollar of his property to that infernal Chesleigh?" he cried, grinding his fair moustache between his white teeth in impotent rage. "It must not—it shall not be. I must put a stop to that, too, at all hazards."

He walked slowly back to the Towers, meditating upon a strange problem that was in his mind.

"By George, I must put it into execution to-morrow," he mused. "I am standing upon thin ice, with the plank of safety slipping beneath my feet.

"Yes," he decided, "to-morrow this part of the country will witness one of the greatest sensations that it has known for long years. Excitement will wax hot, and I shall stand quietly by and witness it all."

Meanwhile, a new and startling thought had occurred to the young detective. He had retraced his steps hurriedly back to Waldron Towers, touching the huge brass knocker with a firm, determined hand that sent a weird, resounding peal through the house.

We will leave Waldemar Waldron to mature his plans, which were to bear strange fruit on the morrow, and the young detective to carry out the startling design which had caused him to retrace his steps toward the Towers, and you shall learn, dear reader—in the following chapter—the fate that had befallen beautiful Reine the general's lovely young daughter.

CHAPTER XII.

We must now return to the general's daughter, as she stepped out into the moonlit grounds on her bridal eve, sinking down upon the rustic bench in the shadow of the fir trees.

Fifteen minutes more, and she would be Bernard Chesleigh's wedded wife—she whose every thought was with the lover who had been banished from her side.

After to-night it would be a sin to give one thought to another.

"Waldemar, oh, my love!" sighed the girl, holding out her beautiful white arms, "I am bidding you a silent, eternal farewell forever!"

The shadow among the trees advanced quickly forward, stopping suddenly before her, and raising her startled glance, Reine beheld—Waldemar Waldron.

She did not cry out or faint. The shock of sudden joy was too much for that. A sharp gasp parted the crimson lips. The light that shone in the blue, up-lifted eyes was pitiful to see. She held out her tender hands, and he, rushing forward, clasped her to his heart.

"Reine," he cried, hoarsely, thrusting the beautiful bridal veil back from her face, "have I come too late? Have they wedded you to my rival?"

She shook her head.

"Not yet, Waldemar," she whispered, shudderingly. "Not until eight to-night. It wants a quarter to that time now. Do not remind me of it. Let me have a few brief, fleeting moments of happiness. Life will be so cold and dark for me after we part."

"You do not love him, Reine, my darling," he said. "Why should you sacrifice yourself? You must not—you shall not! Why did you consent to anything like this?" he asked. "I thought you would be true to me, Reine," he added, reproachfully.

"I thought you had forgotten me, and I longed to die, Waldemar," she said, faintly; and in broken sobs she related to him the story Gertie Traverse had told her of the beautiful lady whom he was seen in company with, and the fear that had come over her that he had found some one else to love.

"After I heard about that, I grew desperate, Waldemar," she said. "Then I let them have their own way."

"The lady in whose company they saw me in New York was my cousin," he explained, glibly, "a true and noble young lady who has heard me speak of you a hundred times, and who takes the warmest interest in our love affair, Reine."

A triumphant smile wreathed the lips the fair moustache covered, as he saw how implicitly she trusted and believed him. He had had no intention whatever of resigning the richest prize Dame Fortune had ever placed within his reach when he went away.

He had laid his plans adroitly. To throw the old general off his guard he had gone away. His absence would have another advantage. Beautiful Reine, whose heart he had so completely won, would be brought to a realization of what his absence cost her, and what life without him would be like; and the plan he had in view could be more easily accomplished.

Ah! he had guessed rightly. The sorrow of his absence had told upon her greatly. She had hungered and thirsted so for his love! Now that he was with her again, no wonder that she forgot all the world—everything save him.

The moments flew on unheeded.

He clasped the lovely form clad in her bridal robes still closer to his heart, kissing the quivering lips, and kissing the tears from her lovely blue eyes, telling her in eloquent, passionate words that it would be death to them to part from each other—that he could not do it. He could never give her up to another and live.

She clung to him with piteous sobs. His caresses were like strong wine to her and dazed her senses; her heart beat with happiness; the whole world seemed changed to her.

Let the gayety go on within the walls of Fairlawn—he had quite another plan for the bride-elect.

Married she should be that night, but not to Bernard Chesleigh. He himself should be the bridegroom, and, once married—the mischief really done—there would be no help for it but for the old general to forgive his lovely daughter and make the most of his new son-in-law.

He never for one moment believed that the fond old father would disinherit his child and refuse her pardon.

He broke his plans to her gradually; he did not startle her; he was too wary for that. Gently he painted to her in glowing, eloquent words, such as young girls love to hear, how happy their future would be if she would but consent to wed him instead of the lover who had been selected for her by others.

She must decide quickly—the moments were fleeing swift-winged by them. Was it Yes or No?

"Oh, Waldemar, think," she cried, piteously, "they are waiting for me in there! I have given my word that I would marry Mr. Chesleigh, and how dare I break it? My heart pleads for love and you, but duty points another way."

He gave a little sigh, thinking to himself that he had all the weary way of persuasion to go over again.

He pretending to look broken-hearted; then spoke of bidding her farewell forever—telling her that he would go abroad, and do his best to die there, and that he was mad to ever dream that she could care for one as poor as he was now that a wealthier suitor was at hand; that he would go quietly away where she should never see him more. He could not blame her for choosing wealth to a poor man's love.

He knew how the words would touch her tender heart. She broke down utterly, crying out that he was her love, and she would sacrifice the whole world for him.

It was a sad, pitiful story, the fair, passionate girl, so weak, yet so strong; so fond of him, yet so anxious to do right.

Little by little—long before she knew it herself—he saw that she was giving way.

She forgot the guests gathered beneath her roof; forgot her white-haired, proud old father; forgot the handsome bridegroom who would be waiting for her at the altar; forgot the terrible disgrace she would bring upon those who loved her so well, forgot everything else save that with her whole heart she loved the man who was pleading with her to turn from all else and fly with him—to love and happiness.

He showed her the marriage license he had brought with him. He had been so sure of her, and her love for him, that every preparation had been made. A coupe stood in waiting at the fork of the roads, which should bear them to a little village a few miles distant, where a minister was in readiness to make them one.

He promised her that, if she liked, they would both return to Fairlawn on the morrow, and sue for pardon from the general on their bended knees, and he would not refuse to grant it.

She would not be the first daughter, by any means, who had fled from a man she could not love, and wedded the man she did love. Brides, and even bridegrooms, had turned from a loveless marriage at the very altar.

"But what if papa should not forgive us?" breathed Reine, faintly.

"Then I can take care of you, my darling. We would be comparatively poor, but we can be happy even in poverty, if we love each other. There would be no happiness for either of us—apart. Your father can keep his money, dear; we shall do very well without it," said he, who knew no other god save money.

"But Mr. Chesleigh," sighed Reine—"ah, Waldemar, he would never forgive me for the injury you would have me do him."

He took her little ice cold hands in his.

"Ask yourself which is the greatest injury, Reine," he said, "to promise at the altar to love a man when you know you cannot, or to turn away before you have steeped your lips in a wilful and cruel perjury? It would be a sin to marry without love's sweet benediction."

He bewildered her with his love and his pleadings. What wonder is it that he convinced her of the truth of his persuasive argument?

They had been walking up and down the beech groves. He had taken off his overcoat and wrapped it about her, and adroitly he led her to the spot where his coupe stood in waiting.

He lifted her in his arms, placing her upon the cushioned seat, his strong will overpowering hers.

Half shrinking, and wholly irresolute, the general's lovely young daughter clung to him when he sprang to the seat beside her. The carriage door closed with a sharp, metallic click, and in another instant they were whirling through the solemn stillness of that Christmas night.

Weeping as though her girlish heart would break, yet smiling through her tears, Reine Hastings turned from her home and from those who would have laid down their lives to save her, and went on to her doom, trusting her young life and her future happiness to one of the most worthless of men.

She thought of the father she was leaving, and of Bernard Chesleigh, whose patient devotion to her had all been in vain; yet, clinging with tender hands to the strong arm that held her, she put the past from her, and turned her young face bravely toward the future.

"After all, to choose love was best," she told herself. And now that she had seen Waldemar again, death would have been easier to bear than to part with him.

So the carriage rolled rapidly away, bearing the general's lovely daughter farther each moment from those whose love would have shielded her, had they but known of her deadly peril.

Many a sun would rise and set, many a reason bloom and fade, ere the father who loved her so well, or the noble lover who would have laid down his very life for her, would behold her again.

She was going to the most pitiful fate that could have befallen her; yet young girls will still be dazzled by the glitter of tinsel, mistaking it for pure gold, even though they read and weep over the sad experience of Reine, the general's beautiful, impulsive daughter.

CHAPTER XIII.

The carriage stopped at length before an isolated stone church; the parsonage was close by it; and here, as expeditiously as possible, Waldemar Waldron made the general's heiress his wife.

"You are mine now, darling," he said, as he placed her again in the carriage. "Nothing on earth can ever part us."

Reine shivered and clung to him, listening with all a young girl's trustfulness to the glowing pictures her young husband painted of their glorious future.

"We will go to Waldron Towers for the present," he said, "and pass the honeymoon there. Your father will come around all right in a fortnight, I'll warrant. Then, perhaps, we can make some kind of arrangement about going abroad."

The lovely, timid, golden-haired young creature, in shimmering satin robe and a bridal veil crowned with orange blossoms, clinging to their master's arm, created the greatest consternation among the old servants at Waldron Towers.

"The idea of bringing a bride there, where there wasn't a decent room in the whole house!" they said to one another. "Why, it was an unheard-of proceeding."

Waldemar Waldron strode down the long winding corridor among them with lowering brow.

"If there is no room ready for occupancy, see that one is put in readiness at the earliest possible moment," he said, harshly. "It is past midnight already. The lady is tired out."

How gruffly her handsome Waldemar addressed the servants! And she noticed, too, how they shrank from their young master; and they certainly looked at her with something very like profoundest pity gleaming in their eyes. How lonely and cheerless the place looked on this eventful Christmas night!

"Bring us a warm supper," commanded Waldron, "and that, too, as soon as it can be got. A long ride on a cold night sharpens one's appetite," he said, turning with a smile to Reine.

He saw how pale and frightened she looked, and he crossed over quickly to her side, taking her little, cold, trembling hands in his.

"This is cold comfort for you, my love," he said, bending over her with his irresistible smile. "They cannot get over the startling surprise of seeing a young and lovely girl in my bachelor abode. You have quite paralyzed them."

His smile more than compensated Reine for the discomfort she was experiencing. All the gloom was forgotten as she looked into Waldemar's face.

"The supper is a long time in coming," he said, impatiently, at last, rising from his seat and starting toward the bell cord.

Before he had time to give it the violent jerk he had intended, the door suddenly opened, and a servant, with a tray of smoking viands, entered.

"You've forgotten the principal thing," said Waldemar, glancing critically over the contents of the tray.

The old servitor started back, looking at his young master earnestly.

"I didn't know, sir, as it would be advisable to bring it on before the lady. Leastwise, I thought you mightn't like to—"

Waldemar Waldron interrupted him with a wave of his white hand.

"Bring it on at once," he commanded. "You know I never dine without it."

The servant bowed and withdrew, entering a moment later with a decanter of brandy, which he set down before his young master.

"Do you drink liquor, Waldemar?" asked the young bride, when they found themselves alone, her blue eyes opening wide in surprise and wonder.

He laughed.

"Does it seem strange to you? I should have supposed you were accustomed to seeing your father and Chesleigh indulging in exhilarating beverages at Fairlawn."

"They both abhor it," said Reine, solemnly. "We never have anything of the kind, not even at parties. I am like papa. I don't approve of it, Waldemar."

He laughed and tossed off a brimming goblet, draining it to the dregs, with a charming little compliment to his lovely young bride, ending by the laughing rejoinder, as he still saw how serious she looked:

"If you are so averse to it, my dear, you shouldn't have chosen a husband addicted to it."

Reine was so grieved and sorry that she quite lost her appetite for the broiled partridge, the dainty muffins and poached eggs lying so temptingly before her; even the cocoa grew cold untasted—as she watched her young husband raise a second and a third tiny goblet to his fair, moustached lips and drain its contents at a single draught.

She watched him as his eyes brightened and his cheeks flushed, while the white hand that toyed with his snowy napkin grew less steady.

"I have married General Hastings' heiress. Yes, heir to a whole million, and I am only celebrating the glorious event," he told himself, as he watched Reine's anxious face with amused eyes.

Yes, he felt lordly—quite a millionaire already. It was only a matter of time when he should be enjoying the old gentleman's golden wealth, for he would not hold out against his pretty daughter and her young husband very long.

If the young bride had not been so completely blinded by love she could not have forgiven so easily the odor of the kiss that was laid upon her red lips as they rose from the luncheon table.

A week slipped by. And the truth may as well be told plainly—as it would certainly become very apparent in subsequent events—in that week Waldemar Waldron began to weary of domestic bliss.

He had been a model young husband during that time.

He was so handsome, so gay, with such devotion in every look and word, that the poor child thought herself in Paradise. All that she wanted to make her the happiest of human beings was her father's forgiveness.

The next day she had written a very long letter to the general, confessing what she had done, but now that she was married, praying him to pardon her, and not refuse to love her as of yore.

She wrote also to Bernard Chesleigh, begging him to forgive the injury she had done him. It was hardly legible, it was so blotted with tears.

She gave them to Waldron to have them delivered.

Poor child! The hours she had passed over them was time lost.

When Waldemar Waldron found himself alone, he broke the seals without the least particle of compunction, and perused their contents at his leisure.

When he had finished them he tossed them into the glowing coals of the grate. It would never do to deliver such letters as these. She had written to her father how happy she was with the love she had chosen—that her bliss had but one drawback, which she hoped time would mend. Her dear young husband liked brandy a little, but she meant to do her best to break him of the terrible habit.

He ground his teeth with the most intense anger when his eyes fell upon that.

"The little fool!" he muttered. "If the general were to find out that—my besetting sin—it would ruin our prospects. He might not advance me a dollar.

It was then that he had tossed them into the fire.

He had meant to wait a little to see how the general would take Reine's flight before he divulged their marriage and her whereabouts.

"His anger must have a day or so to cool," he thought.

The next day he received a telegram, demanding his immediate presence in New York. He decided to take Reine with him.

"A week or so of anxiety wouldn't hurt the general," he concluded, "and it would make him all the more anxious to pardon and receive his lovely daughter."

When they returned to the Towers a few days later the whole country was in such an uproarious commotion over Reine's mysterious disappearance that he grew frightened, and questioned the advisability of revealing the existing state of affairs until the great excitement waned a little. He was totally unprepared for the manner in which the general took the matter; and, to admit the truth, he rather feared that the old soldier, in a fit of rage, might shoot him down on the spot when he stood before him acknowledging that he had dared to brave the old gentleman's warning and anger by marrying his daughter.

No; at all hazards her whereabouts must not be revealed just now; yet, when he heard that the irate old millionaire was on the point of signing over every dollar of his worldly possessions to Bernard Chesleigh, he saw something must be done at once to prevent it.

He had had all the lordly sensations of imagining himself a millionaire; he could not endure the thought that by any freak of fate it should be wrenched from his grasp. He had married an heiress, and he must look out that he was not cheated out of his just dues.

He could make life very charming and agreeable to a wife who would soon inherit a million of money, but he was no sort of husband for a poor, dependent girl, though she loved him to distraction, and was as lovely as an houri or a poet's dream.

He was used to being idolized by lovely women; but beauty and wealth he had never found together; so he passed them by gayly enough, until he came across General Hastings' daughter. Surely fate did not mean to laugh at him so tantalizingly as to turn his golden prize to dead sea fruit on his lips!

CHAPTER XIV.

Reine pondered long and earnestly as to why she received no reply to the loving letter she had written to her father the day following her wedding. Was his heart turned against her? Could he not find pardon for what she had done, that he so completely ignored it?

While in New York, Waldemar had secured a maid for her, who had accompanied them back to the Towers. During their absence a suite of rooms in the western wing had been handsomely re-furnished for her.

She might have been very happy in her new life—it was so romantically new and novel to her—if she could but have seen her father, or have received one kind line from him.

She lived on, from day to day, scarcely a mile distant from Fairlawn, little dreaming of the great excitement her disappearance had evoked, and that her fate was wrapped in the profoundest mystery, while her father was almost distracted over the matter.

THE KOOTENAY MAIL

The events that transpired in the outer world never penetrated the walls of the isolated Towers.

Many a time Waldemar Waldron almost cursed himself for not making his marriage known the very hour in which it was solemnized.

There was another and a strong reason why it should have been noised about that he had won the heiress of Fairlawn; he was in debt, and his creditors were pressing him hard for money, and he had not the least notion of where the money was to come from, unless the general helped him out of his scrape, for Reine's sake.

The news that the general intended to sign over his entire fortune to Bernard Chesleigh brought him to a sense of immediate action. Long after the disguised young detective left him he sat pondering the matter over.

It was just as well, perhaps, that he was so pre-occupied; he did not hear the footsteps that crept stealthily past his door, as Donald Gray, who had gained an entrance by means of the front door key which he had quietly abstracted upon leaving, pursued his way back to the suite of rooms in the western wing of the Towers.

Again the young detective paused at the same door, opening it noiselessly as before and found himself once more in the presence of the dark-haired young woman seated in the low rocker.

It was his purpose to question her as to who she was, and what she was doing there.

If he were to breathe his suspicions to her—show her Waldemar Waldron's letters, couched in the tenderest words love could frame, to another—she might through wounded love, rage or jealousy, unite her efforts with him to probe the deep mystery surrounding the disappearance of General Hastings' daughter—that is, if the master of the Towers had anything to do with it.

While he was ruminating the matter over in his own mind, a little white hand suddenly thrust the velvet curtains aside from an inner apartment, and to the detective's intense amazement and intense joy, the original of the portrait that rested in his breast pocket—General Hastings' lovely young daughter, in the flesh, surely—stood revealed to his astonished gaze.

"Honora," she said, addressing her companion, "you may as well brush out my hair now. I shall not sit up and wait for my husband to-night. Waldemar's hours are so irregular of late that he might not come in until midnight, so I may as well retire at once."

By this the detective judged them rightly to be mistress and maid. He had also made a startling discovery. Waldemar Waldron had married the general's daughter.

"Ah, my lady, you have been crying again," said the girl, bending pitifully over the slender form buried in the cushions of the blue plush armchair. "Brides should smile, not weep. There's time enough for that in after years."

"I know it," replied Reine thoughtfully. "I would have no cause for one heartpang if papa would only answer my letters, and say that he forgives me for eloping with Waldemar on my bridal eve. I have written him again," she continued, drawing a dainty, cream-tinted envelope from her pocket, "begging him to pardon Waldemar and me. We are so happy together."

"I hope he will, my lady," said Honora, earnestly. "It's a pitiful thing to be estranged from one's family on account of marriage. Husbands are so fickle nowadays, a girl never knows when she has to fall back on those at home for support again. There, there, now," she continued, "I knew in my blunt way I'd be sure to say something to offend you. I don't mean anything amiss, though, Mrs. Waldron. Your husband will never prove fickle and false to you. He perfectly adores you."

Reine looked up and smiled through her tears.

"Yes, Waldemar is fond of me," said Reine, thoughtfully, as though persistently assuring herself of the fact.

"Do not forget to remind me to-morrow morning to give this letter to my husband to mail to papa," she said, rising and placing the cream-tinted missive on the marble table.

"I shall not need you any more to-night, Honora. You may as well retire."

With these words she passed out of sight behind the sweeping folds of heavy velvet that shut out the interior of the inner apartment from view.

Imagining herself quite alone, the maid picked up the envelope, glancing curiously at the superscription.

"General Hastings, Fairlawn," she muttered, under her breath. "Why, I have often heard and read of him. I want to know if she really belongs to that great family. Well, her husband's as much of a scamp as her father is a gentleman. Only married a fortnight, and making eyes at respectable maids every time his bride's back is turned. If it wasn't for revealing his meanness before her, I'd tell him just what I thought of him in a few sharp, stinging words. It makes my Scotch blood boil to see such a pretty, trusting young wife made such a fool of as he's making of her. I shall always believe, after this, the stories of the ill-starred results of runaway marriages. She'd better have died than eloped with Waldemar Waldron."

She laid the letter down on the table again, took up a silver lamp, and the next moment had left the room.

It was but the work of an instant for the young detective to glide from his place of concealment, and secure the coveted letter, in Reine's own handwriting, addressed to the general.

No wonder the young detective's heart throbbed exultantly as he neared Fairlawn. His fame and success were assured things now; he had worked up successfully the great case of the day, that was agitating the public mind. He had solved the great mystery concerning the general's lovely young daughter, and had traced her whereabouts.

Bernard Chesleigh was sitting alone in the library when Gray entered unannounced. The moment their eyes met the young lawyer knew he had news for him.

"You have found her?" he asked, interrogatively, motioning Donald Gray to a seat opposite him. "Tell me all," he said, hoarsely, his handsome, noble face paling and flushing by turns. "I can bear anything but suspense."

"I have found the general's daughter, sir," said the detective. "I have been in her presence."

"Where is she?" gasped Bernard Chesleigh, in the greatest excitement. "Tell me quickly—is she alive and well?"

"She is alive and well, sir," responded the detective, "and is at this moment an inmate of Waldron Towers—the wedded wife of its master, Waldemar Waldron. It was with him she eloped on the night she was to have been wedded to you, sir."

"That has been my secret fear from the first," groaned Chesleigh. "Poor little, tender Reine that villain's wife! No more cruel fate could have been meted out to her. Better had you found her lying cold in death in her coffin. Poor girl! she has sought death in life. I wonder how the general will bear this; she was the darling of his heart—his pride. This will be a sad blow to him."

There was no need to wonder how the news should be broken to the old soldier, for, glancing up suddenly, they saw him standing before them in the doorway like a marble statue. He had heard all that had passed between them; but neither a groan nor a sigh had escaped his ashen lips.

"Married, was she! and to the man he detested! She had defied him, and fled with the lover, whom he had sent away. Standing there, he remembered the vow he had made to Waldemar Waldron—'If my daughter marries you, not one dollar of my money shall she have. I'll leave it first to the paupers in the almshouse.'"

Bernard Chesleigh rose suddenly to his feet, advancing anxiously toward the general, but the old soldier waved him away.

"Leave me alone," he said, hoarsely. "It is the greatest kindness you can do me, to leave me by myself to fight out this fierce battle."

Not a muscle of his face moved as the detective laid the letter in his darling's well-known, delicate chirography before him, nor did his face soften when he had read that piteous appeal for forgiveness to the very end.

"She defied me, and chose that villain!" he said, harshly, as he locked the letter carefully out of sight in his private desk. "He had loved her well, but never could he overlook this. In the future—he had no daughter."

By noon the next day the romantic story of Reine Hastings' marriage was flashed broadcast over the wires. It created a profound sensation. Women, of course, took sides with the lovely young bride who had fled with the lover she loved best. They said too, that the old millionaire would be sure to forgive her. But those who knew the stern old general well answered, that not even in the hour of death would he pardon her."

CHAPTER XV.

Waldemar Waldron was amazed when he heard the next morning how cleverly the young detective had gained an entrance into the Towers, and had discovered the object of his search there. Still, he comforted himself with the fact that it saved him the trouble of breaking the intelligence in person to the irate old general.

All that day he confidently expected a summons from General Hastings, bidding him bring his wife at once to Fairlawn; but no such summons came. A second and a third day passed; still Reine's father maintained the most rigid silence toward them.

Waldemar Waldron was more disturbed by this line of action than he cared to own. His funds were running low. He should certainly be stranded unless the old gentleman came to his rescue without delay.

Reine was seated in her room that afternoon, when he entered hastily and unexpectedly.

"Have you heard from your father yet, Reine?" he asked anxiously.

Her fair face flushed with pleasure to see how earnestly he desired a reconciliation with her dear father. Ah, how kind of heart her handsome Waldemar was!

"No, dear," she answered, crossing over to the divan upon which he had flung himself, and twining her white arms round his neck in a caressing, pretty fashion.

"Hadn't you better write again?" he interrogated, impatiently.

A lovely smile dimpled the crimson mouth; she was so pleased. She opened her writing-desk at once and began another letter to the father who had so idolized her in the past.

Waldemar watched the white hand gliding swiftly over the page, and the lovely golden head bent over it; but it was not of her beauty he was thinking just then.

He was wondering in what words he should broach the subject of money to her, when she gave him the very opportunity he desired.

"Shall I tell papa we are going on a bridal tour, and if he wants to see me—and you, too, dear—that he must send for us at once?"

A deep sigh broke from his lips, and he covered his face with his hands.

"I fear we shall have to postpone it, my darling," he said; and then he told the same old story, that is on the generality of men's tongues end; that he had endorsed a note for a man, and now he had it to pay, and if he could not raise the amount ruin stared him in the face. It was always a man's supposed friend who beat him.

Poor Reine's lovely face grew white as a lily leaf with fear.

"Oh, Waldemar, you are so kind-hearted, of course, you couldn't refuse your friend. But, oh, what a predicament it leaves you in!"

Suddenly her lovely face brightened.

"Don't let it worry you, Waldemar, dear," she cried, with a dazzling smile. "I know where we can get the money. I will write to papa for it. He will send us double the amount."

"Perhaps it would be the correct thing to give the old gent a pretty strong hint as to how we are situated," he answered, trying hard to subdue the ring of triumph in his voice; "but be sure to add that I am working hard," he went on, crossing his white hands indolently on his lap, "and that we are wonderfully happy."

After she had written it, he took the letter in his hands, scanning it eagerly, pretending to admire the delicately curved chirography, but in reality to see if she had put it strong enough about the money. He was satisfied on that point, and the letter was sent to Fairlawn.

Reine never doubted but that her father would respond at once with a generous check.

She wrote so pleadingly, so earnestly, that the stern old general laid down the letter completely unnerved by the reading of it.

"I shall not send it, certainly not," he said to Bernard Chesleigh. "I foresaw all this when that scoundrel asked me for my child. I knew he only wanted her money. Scarcely married a fortnight, and calling upon me for assistance. But not a farthing of my money shall go to the spendthrift who stole my daughter from me. I have sworn it, and a soldier never breaks a vow. I shall write and tell her I am sorry for her, but I cannot and will not send her a dollar. I shall tell her plainly that all such applications to me will meet with a prompt and decided refusal."

In vain Bernard Chesleigh attempted to use his influence with him in Reine's behalf; the old gentleman kept his words, adding, as a postscript, that it would be well for Waldemar Waldron if he never crossed his path.

Reine and her husband were at luncheon when the general's letter was brought them.

"Open the letter at once, Reine," said Waldemar eagerly, pushing his food away untasted. "Let us see how large a check he has sent us."

He could scarcely restrain his intense impatience until the envelope was torn open and the letter extracted.

Lo!—no check was visible! In the greatest dismay, Reine read aloud the few stern, terse lines her father had penned.

She had scarcely finished ere it was dashed from her hand, and Waldemar Waldron was crushing it beneath his heel, with a face so pale with passionate rage it was frightful to behold.

"So that's the stand the stupid old fool intends to take, is it?" he cried. "Who dreamed that he would stick to his miserable vow when once we were married?"

In vain his young bride tried to stay the torrent of the wild imprecations that he hurled upon the head of the offending general.

"Waldemar!" she cried, in horror, "remember you are speaking of the father whom I love."

But she might as well have attempted to stay the mighty current of lava of a burning volcano.

"Waldemar!" she sobbed, kneeling at his feet and raising her little white hands in terror, "I pray you to hush if you love me! Oh, my love! my love! you are breaking my heart! Do not make me regret the sacrifices I have made for your dear sake."

He turned on her like a flash.

"Sacrifices!" he sneered. "I wish to Heaven I had been two hours later on that accursed Christmas night! I see you are destined to be a millstone around my neck."

The girl rose from her knees with the dazed light of a stricken fawn shining in her lovely, tearful blue eyes.

"Waldemar," she said, and she wondered at the strange, hollow sound of her own voice, "tell me, do you love me less because my father refuses to send us money?"

"I certainly do not love you the better for it," he returned, harshly, caring little in his reckless rage how the cruel words hurt her.

At that moment her old father's words came back to her:

"He wants your fortune, my child, not you. Such a man is incapable of the beautiful sentiment, love. Money is his god."

She was only sixteen—little more than a dreaming child—yet she was beginning to dimly realize that there were indeed bitter drops in love's alluring cup that she had imagined would be always so sweet.

"Waldemar," she said, beating back the agony that was almost overpowering her, "tell me the truth. If I had been a penniless girl instead of the prospective heiress of Fairlawn, would you have married me?"

He might have spared that trusting, bleeding heart in his answer; but he did not.

"A man with my tastes, and with no means to gratify them, would be worse than a fool to throw himself away on a pretty pauper when there are so many women with plenty of money to be had. I thought, of course, that I was marrying an heiress, and a pretty mess I have made of it, it seems—curse the luck."

"Then the love you have lavished upon me was only a pretence. Ah, Heaven, Waldemar, could you, my idol, be so base?"

"Have done with this silly nonsense about love," he cried, impatiently. "Two weeks of it has sickened me almost to death of the very word."

She staggered back, leaning heavily against a marble Flora, her own face quite as pale and cold as the lifeless statue, sobbing out that the heart in her bosom was breaking.

He saw a strong shudder run through the girlish figure, he saw her raise her white arms as though in prayer. The golden lashes drooped piteously, the uplifted, appealing white arms fell helplessly to her side, and she dropped, face downward, upon the floor at his feet. She uttered no cry, spoke no word, but fell in the silence and stillness of death.

He had not meant to go so far—to reveal to her what he was—a desperate fortune hunter; but the keen disappointment of finding no check, and awakening to the truth that he would get nothing from the general, enraged him beyond the pale of reason.

He looked down upon her for an instant. The golden hair, the still white face, and the blue merino robe she wore all seemed one confused mass to him.

He raised her in his arms—striding hurriedly toward her own apartment—and laid her down—poor, crushed, bruised flower—laid her down with a muttered curse at the folly of marrying in haste.

He never kissed her, or took, with gentle hands, the tangled golden hair from her white face, but, ringing the bell sharply for Honora, her maid, he turned on his heel, and without one backward glance at the white face on the pillow, hastened from the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

Waldemar Waldron's romantic marriage with the general's pretty daughter was the principal theme for comment the whole country round. It was discussed in the drawing-room by the ladies, in the lobbies of the theatres by gentlemen, but nowhere was it discussed with more surprise than at the club which Waldron frequented.

The excitement was all the more intense because Bernard Chesleigh was a member of the same club, and more than one predicted when they did meet there would be a terrible reckoning between them. A duel, or something equally terrible, would be the outgrowth of this affair, even though the old couplet did say that "all was fair in love or war."

There was general surprise that the general's daughter should have chosen Waldron, instead of Bernard Chesleigh, so noble, so courteous, and honorable. Still, there was no accounting for the tastes of young girls. They were really not expected to discriminate between gold and dross.

The gentlemen—even his warmest friends—were too courteous to mention the matter in Bernard Chesleigh's presence.

Waldron had taken good care to keep out of the way of his companions; but on the afternoon he had had his first quarrel with Reine, absorbed in his own thoughts, he turned recklessly toward his old haunts, and soon found himself in the very midst of a curious throng.

He was a capital story-teller, gay, debonair, and on the whole, was something of a favorite with a certain few of his companions, and for the while he was the hero of the hour.

He was just in the humor for drowning dull care and forgetting the unpleasantness which he had just passed through. Toasts were drank, and soon the bridegroom of a fortnight was in that mood which often overtakes a man who has lingered too long over the sparkling wine-cup—his wit was as keen as his tongue was loose.

He boasted openly and flippantly of his lucky marriage with the prettiest and richest girl in Virginia, and what a gay life he intended to have of it ere long, when the old governor relented.

"What if he still remains obdurate?" laughed a gay young captain of the Light Guards. "What will you do in that case?"

"Put my wife on the stage," he declared, with a rude laugh. "She's got a face like a Juno and a form like a Hebe. She could make a fortune for both of us, and—"

He never finished the sentence. Quick as a flash of lightning, some one who just entered the open door, pausing a moment on the threshold, and who had heard that last remark, sprang to Waldemar Waldron's side, and hurled him back from the banqueting board with his strong right hand.

It was Bernard Chesleigh.

"Hush!" he cried, sternly. "Not one word more! Not one, I say!"

Only Heaven knew how strong was the feeling within Bernard Chesleigh's heart to fell the scoundrel to the ground who dared breathe Reine's pure name thus, and crush his very life out of his miserable, worthless body, but he controlled himself by a super-human effort, and beat back the bitter anger that surged in his breast.

Besides, he could see that his companion was in no fit condition to defend himself.

Quick as thought Bernard Chesleigh had forced Waldron into an adjacent ante-room. There they were quite alone, and there they stood facing each other in utter silence—these two who had such cause for hating each other so bitterly.

It was Bernard Chesleigh who broke the terrible, oppressive silence. The blood was boiling in his veins, yet he spoke steadily, calmly, as his stern gaze fell upon the rival who had won Reine from him at the very altar.

Waldron attempted to speak, but the other held up his hand with a quick gesture.

"Not one word will I hear," exclaimed Bernard, white to the lips—"not one word that you can offer in extenuation of the words that fell from your lips in reference to—Reine."

"Well," exclaimed the other coolly—by this time regaining his insolent composure,—"as the husband of the lady in question, I demand to know by what right you shall dictate in what terms I use her name."

"As her friend, and her father's friend, I cannot stand by and hear her name mentioned lightly—even by you, who should have all respect for it."

"How could my wife's old lover prevent me from speaking of her as I will?" sneered Waldron,—"to attempt to interfere would be to bring about that which you should wish to avoid; her name being bandied about all the more."

"You interfered in my affairs once before, Chesleigh, and I vowed that I would be even with you, and I flatter myself I have paid off that old score with interest."

The remark made Bernard Chesleigh fairly tremble with rage; his pride was stung to the quick, but he dared not give way to the passion that was struggling in his heart for mastery.

It was well for Waldemar Waldron, perhaps, that he turned at that moment on his heel and left the clubhouse by a private entrance—left Bernard Chesleigh standing there like a man turned to marble.

As Waldemar Waldron walked homeward through the sunlit streets, his head held high, his fair handsome face gay in its triumph over the humiliation of Reine's old lover, people turned to look after the hero of the day—young girls with admiring eyes, men with something very like envy. If his heart could have been read, not one of those who passed him by would have changed places with him.

It was in no enviable mood that he returned to Reine. She was sitting by the window, her beautiful golden head bent dejectedly on her hand. She was just beginning to realize that life was not the golden dream that she had pictured it.

She rose mechanically as he entered and advanced toward him, an open letter in her white hand.

"It is from papa, Waldemar," she said, timidly. "He says he has boxed up all my belongings and sent them to me. Here is a list of the articles. He says that in future a rigid silence shall be maintained between us, and that he will never forgive me."

Reine's diamonds—her father's and also Bernard Chesleigh's magnificent gift to her—headed the list.

Her superb wardrobe, her books, bric-a-brac and pictures, even her pony and phaeton, were to be sent her—all she had ever possessed at Fairlawn—together with a check her poor dead mother had placed to her credit when Reine was a small child.

It had accumulated with gathering interest to the snug little sum of eight thousand dollars now.

Waldemar Waldron's eyes brightened as he read—eight thousand dollars. Ah, it was certainly a godsend to him.

"How much are your diamonds worth, love?" he said, passing one arm caressingly around the slender waist, and assuming the old lover-like fondness.

"They are worth at least ten thousand," said Reine. "There is a pair of beautiful solitaire earrings, diamond studded bracelets, and a superb necklace of small, white stones."

There was the stylish turnout and the pictures. That meant a thousand more in cash. No wonder Waldemar Waldron, whose god was glittering gold, was highly elated at the gold mine that was to be laid at his feet.

Ah! what a glorious life they would have of it while the money lasted. That afternoon, just as the sun was setting, Reine received the heavy-loaded boxes her father had sent her from Fairlawn. A trusted servant was sent on before with the cases of diamonds and the check her mother had left her. Who had dreamed, in that distant past, that the day would come when poor Reine would need it so sadly.

Waldemar Waldron set himself to work at once to regain the love and esteem in Reine's heart that he had shaken so fatally. She was so young and so trusting, and loved him so, and was so pleased to look on the bright side of life, that the task he set for himself was not difficult to accomplish.

He took her in his arms, praying her to forgive the hasty words he had uttered that morning, telling her that she ought to have known he never meant them.

The upshot of the whole matter was, that they made up their differences with love's forgiving kisses, and again poor Reine was in Paradise; Waldemar was so kind and affectionate to her.

It was like beginning their honeymoon over again; and after all, she had heard that the course of true love did not run smooth at all times, and that the making up between lovers was all the sweeter for the little rift in the lute of domestic felicity.

That evening Waldemar took Reine to the opera. They were the cynosure of all eyes. Many of Waldemar's companions of the club were there; and as they looked at the exquisitely lovely face of the little blonde bride, more than one of them thought of the remark her handsome, dissipated young husband had made—of putting her on the stage; while she, poor little soul, sat beside him, never dreaming why he turned so shamefacedly away from them and riveted his eyes so fixedly on the beauties behind the footlights.

Reine's meteoric happiness lasted just the few hours she sat beside Waldemar Waldron in the crowded theatre.

On the morrow a strange and unlooked-for event was to happen.

CHAPTER XVII.

When Bernard Chesleigh returned to Fairlawn he refrained from mentioning to the general the episode that had taken place at the club that afternoon.

For long hours he sat by the glowing embers of the library grate buried in his own thoughts.

Now that his meeting with Waldemar Waldron was over and past, he wondered how he had so far controlled his bitter anger against the man who had won Reine from him in so cowardly and dastardly a manner, as to refrain from challenging him to a duel on sight.

He had realized that a blow struck at Waldemar Waldron would pierce Reine's heart first.

What a pitiful trial it must have been to Reine to have greeted him in the plight in which he had returned home to her. With all her love, how her pure soul must have shrunk from him.

He had no respect for his young bride, that he dared return to his old vices before he had been wedded a fortnight? How Bernard's blood boiled with indignation as he thought of poor Reine's humiliation!

"I could not endure remaining here and witnessing all that I should be compelled to see," he ruminated. "I must leave Fairlawn and this vicinity—at once."

It was a sorrowful parting between General Hastings and Bernard Chesleigh, yet the general did not press him to remain. He well knew the true reason that actuated his immediate departure for New York city.

He was young, wealthy and energetic; he would be sure to hold his own in the great metropolis, if any one could.

Without even mentioning the name so dear to him, Bernard Chesleigh turned away, little caring whether he ever saw the hills and vales of old Virginia again or not. He was equally indifferent as to what became of him.

Some men would have sought to drown sorrow in dissipation. He was of the class that turned to hard work as a panacea for all human ills.

He had scarcely been in New York a week, when, glancing over the personals in a moment of leisure, one morning he read, in extreme astonishment and dismay, that Mr. Waldemar Waldron and wife—nee Miss Hastings, daughter of General Hastings, of Virginia—had taken up their residence at No. — Madison Avenue, and that they intended to make New York city their future home.

Bernard Chesleigh laid down the paper with a disturbed face. He had exiled himself from home and friends in order that he might be spared meeting them; but now, here they were in New York city. Of course, if they went into society, he could not help meeting them sooner or later. How unlucky of late to have brought them here.

He was not a block of marble nor an icicle in human form, such as we often read of in the pages of very prosy books. He was simply a man, who had loved with all the fullness and passionate strength of his noble nature, and it was no light matter to look forward to meeting the woman he loved as the wife of his rival.

When Waldemar Waldron received Reine's belongings from Fairlawn he turned every available article into cash, and proposed to Reine that they should leave Waldron Towers at once for New York city.

"We shall see plenty of life there," he said, enthusiastically. "The metropolis is always gay in winter."

He well knew that the name of General Hastings would be received into the best and most exclusive society.

They took up their residence on one of the most fashionable avenues; and there Waldemar Waldron commenced in earnest the life suited to his taste—a gay life and a merry one as long as the cash lasted.

Reine had not the faintest notion of where the money came from to furnish all the luxury they were enjoying. She quite imagined that her young husband must have some sort of an income. It never occurred to her that it was the money realized from her check and the sale of her diamonds, that furnished all this.

Waldemar Waldron was quite right in his surmise. The elite society of New York opened its arms to General Hastings' daughter and her handsome young husband.

But with this new life came quite a change for the pretty young bride. At first Waldemar began simply to neglect her. At last he spent whole nights, and sometimes days at a time, away from her.

He considered it quite a fine lark to insinuate, wherever it was not known otherwise, that he was single free to woo and win any fair maid who might please his fancy.

"It could do no harm to Reine, carrying out this little joke," he told himself, complacently.

He liked to see young girls' eyes brighten at his approach—to know that their hearts beat quicker at the sound of his voice; and that their blushes were for him. Of course, all this would be at an end if they were to find out he was married, so, why inform them of the fact when the information was not called for?

When they had no visitors at home, or had no invitations out, Waldemar Waldron spent his time as he liked. Perhaps it was quite as well that Reine did not know how he spent the hours that she found so sad and lonely.

Three months had passed; and those months had made a sad change in Reine. She was thinner and pal-

er. The lovely blue eyes looked as though showers of hot tears had dimmed their lustre. The fair rounded cheek had lost its delicate contour, and if one came upon her suddenly, they might have seen tears on the lovely drooping lashes.

But she was so loyal to her handsome, debonair husband; she would not even own to herself that she was disappointed in her marriage. She was so young and loving. She longed for kind words and caresses. She longed for such expressions of fondness as Waldemar had shown her before she had married him.

It almost seemed to her that the whole world knew that her husband did not care for her, and that she was a neglected, desolate bride.

It was a sad thing for one so young to be so lonely, and to be so utterly neglected. Once or twice she had timidly gone to Waldemar, with tears in her lovely eyes, to plead with him to show a little more consideration toward her.

He caught up his hat and gloves, looking at the tear-stained, grieved face with an impatient frown.

"If there is anything I do detest, it is a crying woman," he observed angrily. "Do not repeat this scene again, Reine. I really cannot endure it. I shall not return home until I feel quite certain you are over this weeping scene."

He strode out of the room, and again the wretched girl-wife fell face downward on the velvet carpet. There, long afterward, the servant found her unconscious still.

In vain they chafed the little white hands and blue-veined temples. The fluttering breath grew fainter and fainter. Kindly hands unfastened the amber satin dress she wore, and took from the twining golden curls the pale roses that clustered among them, laying her on the lace-draped couch, and a physician was quickly summoned.

When he heard the moans and bitter sighs that quivered on the pale lips of the miserable young bride, he knew perfectly well it was not a case for drugs.

"Who could minister to a mind diseased?" He left her a quieting compound, and recommended that her husband should be sent for.

In vain messengers were sent here and there for him. Waldemar Waldron was not to be found. That evening, while strangers gathered around Reine's pillow—who had summoned the physician again, for she was growing rapidly worse—at the self-same moment the physician was gravely counting the strokes of Reine's pulse, solemnly shaking his head, while those around her were weeping silently—at that moment Waldemar Waldron was seated at the head of a banquet table, odorous with the breath of roses, making a speech of welcome to the gay, piquant opera singer whose dashing beauty had taken New York by storm, and in whose honor he had given this elegant supper.

It was three days ere the notion occurred to him that it was about time to return home to Reine.

He quite expected a storm of reproaches and tears as he entered his wife's pretty blue-and-gold morning-room. The slender, girlish form he expected to see was not there. He ran lightly up the stairs to her boudoir. She was seated, in a white cashmere wrapper, before the fire, gazing thoughtfully at the pictures the glowing coals made.

She was looking wofully thin and pale and dull. She greeted him gravely, answering his questions when he spoke to her, in clear, steady tones.

He would not believe that she had been ill.

"It was quite an ingenious little story to greet him with," he declared, "but she could not make him believe it."

He never did credit it—not until the doctor sent in his little bill, days after.

"I had intending taking you to a grand concert to-night," he said. "I secured the tickets already."

"We cannot go, Waldemar, because I am so ill," she said plaintively.

"If you choose to stay at home, that will not alter my intention," he said, brusquely. "I shall go all the same."

And, without a word of compassion or pity for her illness, he left the house again—left her alone in her pitiful despair. Only the angels knew what she suffered in the hours that followed, while her husband was thoroughly enjoying the lights and music at the grand concert, amusing himself by scanning the prettiest faces in the audience.

There was one lady whom Waldron had introduced to Reine to whom she had taken a decided dislike, much to her husband's annoyance.

"Mrs. Smith wants to be fast friends with you," he declared, with a frown one day,—"what's the reason you don't like her?"

"I do not know, Waldemar," she returned, slowly, "there is something about her—not quite—congenial."

The frown deepened on his face.

"She is not an educated lady," she went on; "her manners are quite vulgar, and—she paints her face."

Her husband laughed long and loud at that.

"I do not like her lady friends whom she brings here with her, any more than I like herself—they actually seem to have lived in a different world from me—I do not understand them."

Again Waldron laughed loud and long, although Reine could not see anything particularly amusing in what she had said.

"I have invited Mrs. Smith to accompany us to the opera," he said; "see that you treat her well—she don't like your cold way—mind, she's not to be slighted."

"It would not be agreeable to me to have her accompany us, Waldemar," said Reine; "you ought certainly to have consulted me before asking her."

"Nonsense," he declared. "She's the rage of New York—there's not a man but—" he stopped short, and looked a little embarrassed, Reine thought—"but," he added, after stopping to cough slightly, "but would be delighted to have her in their box—with his wife."

Reine sighed, telling herself silently that the presence of Mr. Smith would spoil her pleasure of hearing "Norma."

"I invited her here to dine with us," he explained, "thinking that would please you."

Mrs. Smith arrived late, and when she had thrown off her wraps, Reine looked at her in amazement,—her style of costume was a little peculiar. Mrs. Smith evidently observed it. She said, nonchalantly.

"I came prepared to go to the opera,—we must go early, my dear Mrs. Waldron. It is to be a gala night, there will be quite a crush of all the upper crust of New York—all the elite I mean."

Reine did not reply.

Very soon Waldemar joined them, and it almost seemed to Reine her husband actually forgot her presence, he was so engrossed in bandying jokes—yes, jokes—with the golden haired Mrs. Smith.

For a few moments after dinner Reine found herself alone with her husband—she hurried to his side with a pale, perturbed face.

"Oh, Waldemar," she cried in distress, "I cannot go to the opera with Mrs. Smith in that—that dress I—I—should died of mortification."

"What is the matter with it?" he demanded. "I thought it was something stunning."

Reine's face flushed in dismay—"I should think you would see for yourself, Waldemar," she murmured,—"there—there is not much—to—the waist."

"Hump!" sneered Waldron, "that's only your prudish taste. That's called decollette by women of fashion; I should think you would know that."

"I call it by another name, Waldemar," she replied, "it is—immodest. I—I—think I should die of shame if I had to sit beside Mrs. Smith in that dress."

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Reine," he cried, seizing her arm roughly. "Don't dare tell Mrs. Smith that; you would make an enemy of her for life."

"Well, what if I do?" she answered, spiritedly.

"You would rue it to the last day of your life," he hissed. "You shall go to the opera with her and make yourself as agreeable as you know how."

Reine went, but it was with one of the heaviest of hearts. As she had expected, all the lorgnettes in the house were repeatedly turned to their box. Reine shrank behind the silken curtains. Mrs. Smith seemed to enjoy this close scrutiny hugely.

It was a great relief to Reine when the long evening was over, and they were en route home.

"I never enjoyed myself so well in all my life," declared Mrs. Smith, enthusiastically, as she parted from Reine. "It was a grand social triumph for me."

Those words puzzled Reine for long hours afterward. She was to know the meaning of them all too soon. On the day following this event a lady called, whose friendship Reine prized highly.

She greeted Reine with a grave face, and during the course of the conversation, the lady brought around the subject of the opera of the previous evening.

"I saw you in your box, Mrs. Waldron," she said, "but—for the moment, I could hardly persuade myself that it really was your box."

"Why?" asked Reine, smiling.

"I do not know as I should speak about it; still, I feel it is my duty to enlighten you, my dear," returned the lady. "Please remember it is only the friendly interest I feel in you that forces me as it were, to speak; to put it plainly, the person who was with you, is a creature no lady who values her reputation can be seen speaking to. Of course you did not know; she is a near neighbor and appears to be a woman of wealth, but ah, my dear, such as she are the world's sharks. I pray you, close your doors against her. Do you comprehend me?"

Reine was too shocked for utterance.

"I told my husband from the very first I did not like Mrs. Smith," she said.

"Smith!" cut in Reine's friend; "why, my dear, that is not her name, she is called the notorious Madame Eglantine. She has wealth and beauty that a princess might envy, but good women shun her as they would a scorpion."

"It is so strange that my husband did not know," said innocent Reine; "but then we have not been long in New York city."

"Very strange," repeated the lady; and she soon after took her leave, congratulating herself as she rolled away in her carriage, that she had opened Mrs. Waldron's eyes to what was going on; it was her duty to do so.

Quite shocked, Reine sat down before the fire, thinking the matter over.

Wife-like, the moment Waldemar came in she told him of what she had heard.

"It isn't true," he declared, a dull, red flush suffusing his face. "If you believe all these tattling old busybodies have to say, you would have enough to do. Why, when a pack of them get together, they'd blast the reputation of the Virgin Mary if they could. Mrs. Smith is a gay young widow; these homely old women are simply jealous of her, that's all."

"Is her name Mrs. Smith, or Madame Eglantine, Waldemar?" she asked, firmly, "and how did you come to know her?"

"I do not recollect now," he replied, adding, "She is to go with us to the concert to-night, again."

"If she goes, I stay at home," said Reine. "I am amazed that you should expect me to associate with one against whose fair fame there is even the slightest stain."

With a muttered imprecation, Waldron strode from the room, vowing that he should take Mrs. Smith to the concert that night in spite of all the prudes in Christendom, and if she would not go with him, that he should go alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When Reine had come to New York from Waldron Towers, she had insisted upon bringing Honora Allen, her maid, with her.

"I have never been among strangers, Waldemar," she said. "I must see a few familiar faces about me."

Her husband had demurred at first. He could not endure the girl who was so devoted to his wife, and who seemed to have such a cordial dislike of himself; but in the end Reine's maid went with her.

And the time came when she was more like a counsellor and trusted friend to the desolate little bride than a paid companion. She had seen from the first how this ill-starred marriage would turn out. She was not surprised that Mr. Waldron had gone to the grand concert leaving his sick wife at home.

She found Reine still seated in her arm-chair by the glowing fire, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Oh, my lady," cried the girl distressedly, "you must not take on so, and you so weak and sick; indeed, you must not."

Reine struck her little white, fluttering hands together with passionate fervor.

"I cannot help it," she cried. "I am so wretched, Honora, my heart is dead—my life is empty. He can go to the concert to-night knowing I am ill."

She crept up nearer to faithful Honora, clutching her hands with a gasping sob.

"He would not care if I were to die," she said, despairingly. "He would not miss me. No stranger could be more cold and more careless to me," she went on. "I am growing frightened at myself, Honora. I cannot tell—I dare not think—how it will end. I loved him better than all the world, when I married him, but now—I am beginning to dislike him. It has come to that at last."

"Oh, my dear lady, that is very wrong—very wrong indeed! A wife should never dislike her husband."

"Should a husband ever dislike his wife?" cried Reine, hoarsely. "Because my husband does dislike me I am frightened at myself, Honora; for, if matters go on this way much longer, I shall hate him!"

That night no sleep came to her. She was thinking hour after hour what was she to do. She saw no light in the dark clouds which obscured the future—no hope for her. The years stretched out dark and gloomy. And this was the man for whom she had thrown away another love, which was as noble as it was tender and devoted. Then, for the first time, she commenced to compare Waldemar Waldron with Bernard Chesleigh.

She knew, Heaven help her, that she had chosen glittering tinsel instead of solid gold.

It was too late for regrets now. She had sealed her own doom—walked into the pit with open eyes. In open defiance, she had married the man they had warned her against, and now her folly had come home to her.

The sight would have stricken the old general mad, could he have seen his beautiful daughter pacing up and down her room, crying out that life was too bitter to bear. If he could but have seen how she struck her white breast with clasped, clenched hands, praying to die; only those who know what it is to be a neglected, unloved wife can realize what she suffered, when she was praying to die and end it all.

The servants—those secret messengers in households—soon gossipped the story about that his pretty young bride did not have any too much attraction for Waldemar Waldron. Bernard Chesleigh heard these stories, and was the only one who looked on with sorrowful regret.

He did not wonder that she threw herself into the whirlpool of fashionable life.

Those who met her, told how gay, brilliant, polished, sarcastic, and animated Waldemar Waldron's young wife was becoming. She seemed possessed of a restless idea of always wanting excitement.

An hour's quiet was more than she could endure, and people who wondered at her high spirits, her brilliant smiles, her clever repartees, never guessed that all this covered the sorest of hearts.

She was becoming quite noted in society as a beauty too.

Waldemar Waldron was quite astonished. He wondered curiously what people could see in Reine to rave over. As for himself, he never considered any one save dazzling brunettes particularly beautiful.

Bernard Chesleigh had avoided meeting Reine. He knew that it would affect him greatly to see such a change in her as he knew must have taken place. How he pitied her when he heard the whispers that floated now and then to his troubled ears.

"She is trying to drown her sorrow in the continual whirl of excitement," he thought; "but she will not succeed, and the reaction, when it comes, will be terrible for her."

He longed for a chance of speaking to her without seeming to interfere. That chance came at last.

He had attended a grand ball at one of the fashionable residences of Gramercy Park. He had scarcely entered the spacious ball-room ere his host touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Come with me, Chesleigh," he said. "I have an excellent partner for you for the next waltz—the most graceful as well as the most beautiful lady in the room. Come and let me present you."

Thoughtlessly enough, he went with him to the end of the rose-embowered ball-room. A slight, graceful figure was seated on a rustic bench, surrounded by a circle of admirers, who reluctantly drew back and made way for their host and the tall, commanding stranger.

Reine—for it was she—turned carelessly to see who the newcomer was who stood before her.

One glance. Ah, Heaven! It was a wonder she did not fall dead at his feet. It was Bernard Chesleigh who stood before her. Would he turn from her in haughty, withering scorn? Or would he denounce her before that brilliant gathering, crying out, sternly and rebukingly.

"So it is thus that we meet again, is it, my fair love, who deserted me and disgraced me so heartlessly at the altar?"

Perhaps he would curse her. She had borne so much already, one bitter word would slay her.

Over the crash of the gay, dance music she heard their host go through the formula of introducing them.

Not one muscle of the girl's beautiful white face quivered. The little hand that held the bouquet of rare white blossoms did not tremble. She stood before the man she had so cruelly slighted, like a white fawn at read the dumb agony she was enduring in the piteous, appealing eyes so dazed and agonizing in their blue bay awaiting her doom. Perhaps he depths.

But the doom she was expecting did not fall then on that beautiful golden head. Was she mad, or dreaming? Bernard Chesleigh held out his strong white hand to her with a grave, sorrowful smile.

"This lady and I are old friends," he explained. Then their host went away, leaving them alone together.

"Do not shrink from me, Reine," he said, gently. "The past is over between us; I have forgiven and forgotten long ago. I cannot bring myself to feel anything but friendship for you. I do not blame or reprove you. It was not your fault, my poor child, if you could not love me."

She could scarcely believe that she saw and heard aright. Was he holding out his hand—that noble hand that she had scorned—and was he speaking kindly to her?

A torrent of tears rushed to her eyes, her face grew deadly pale. Of the two, she was most likely to create a scene by breaking down completely—her heart was so sore, so desolate and lonely, kind words had overpowered her.

"Come out into the conservatory, Reine," he said, drawing the little, ice-cold hand—ah! so cold, even through the tiny glove—within his arm. "Do not attempt to speak until you can control your emotions. See, people are watching us. Keep tears back from your eyes; force a smile to your lips, I pray you."

Silently he lead her from the glittering ball-room, from among the sheen of satin and glimmering diamonds, out among the cool, green shadows and softened lights of the fernery.

He stood quietly before her, his arms folded thoughtfully over his breast, while the tears fell like rain from her lovely eyes. He did not attempt to break in upon her thoughts.

Perhaps the sight of his face reminded her all too painfully of the days when she was the loved and petted heiress of dear old Fairlawn.

"You are good to think so kindly of me, Mr. Chesleigh," she faltered. "I did you an irreparable wrong, but I have been sufficiently punished for it."

She turned away in confusion. Not for worlds would she have him know that life was going all wrong with her; that the idol she had flung away his honest, noble love for, she had found sordid clay. Not for worlds would she have him know she was that most pitiful of all God's creatures, a neglected, desolate, unloved wife.

Every sigh that fell from her lips, every tear from her lovely eyes, touched him keenly to the heart, like the sharp thrust of a sword. He would have laid down his life if the sacrifice of it could but have made her happy.

At that moment she remembered that Waldemar had asked her to dance the Lancers with him, and the music was striking up already. What would the consequence be if he came to look for her, and found her sitting there talking to the one man above all others whom he hated—her old lover? There might be a fierce quarrel between them. Her heart beat; she grew strangely nervous. She must get back to the ball-room at once. Before she could put the resolve into execution, hurried steps were heard approaching. She sank back, pale, breathless and trembling, almost fainting, as she heard her name called in a quick, impatient voice.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I am here," said Reine, pushing back the thick, clustering magnolia branches that screened her from view.

It was one of the servants. He looked at the beautiful, pale-faced girl, slightly abashed, as though uncertain how to proceed with the delicate mission upon which he had been sent.

"What did you want of me?" asked Reine, nervously clutching more tightly at the flowers she held in her cold, trembling fingers.

A moment only the man hesitated. It was a thousand pities to tell her what he had come there to say, but it must be done. He touched his cap respectfully, flushing slightly.

"If you please, madam, I would like you to use your influence with your husband to restrain him from going to the ball-room just now. He looks—quite—quite—ill."

No word broke from Reine Waldron's white, set lips. She knew as well as the servant did what was the matter with her reckless, handsome husband, and why they were so fearful he should re-enter the ball-room.

"Where is he?" she asked, in a frightened voice. "Conduct me to him at once, please."

Bernard Chesleigh drew her back.

"Let me attend to this matter for you," he said, pityingly.

She drew back with something very like the old pride.

She could not bear the thought that he should see Waldemar Waldron in the way in which she knew she should find him.

"You could not help me in the matter. I thank you, though, for the proffered kindness. If you will conduct me to the cloak-room to get my wraps, I shall be much obliged. I shall not return to the ball-room again. If my husband is ill, I must see that he is taken home at once."

Bernard Chesleigh offered her his arm in silence. He could feel the slight form that clung to his arm tremble like a leaf in a storm. He saw the lovely face flush and pale, and the feverish light deepened in the blue eyes.

They had to pass from the conservatory through the lower end of the ball-room, in order to reach the cloak-room and suite of apartments beyond, in which she was told she would find Waldemar.

Gently Bernard Chesleigh folded her velvet wrap about her. The snowy swan's-down that bordered it was not more white than Reine's pallid face.

One moment she glances at the brilliant ball-room which she must leave ere the mirth of the evening is fairly begun; and in that moment some one rushes past her toward the green-arched ball-room, and stands, flushed and excited, on the threshold.

A low cry breaks from Reine's lips. It is Waldemar. She sees plainly that the servant is right. He must not enter the ball-room again. Quick as thought she is by his side. Her little white hands clutch his arm. Her piteous eyes are raised to his face.

"Waldemar," she whispers, hoarsely, "you must take me home at once, dear. I was just going to send for you."

He shook off the clinging hands angrily enough.

"What! go home when the ball has but just commenced? I shall do nothing of the kind," he answered, turning his flushed face impatiently from the imploring white one.

Ah, why was she unwise enough to tell him the true reason why she wished to go, and plead with him with tears and prayers.

"Upon my word, this is like a scene from a French drama," he sneered. He taunted her, and laughed at her, telling her that he intended to stay until the very last one, and as for indulging in wine, he had not taken the half of what he intended to; that he knew his own business, and would brook no interference from her.

She redoubled her piteous entreaties, raising her white face to his. She angered him beyond all measure. He raised his hand and struck her, leaving a red mark on the white cheek—struck the face the old general worshipped so fondly—the lovely face that Bernard Chesleigh loved so well.

She had drawn him forcibly back into the cloak room. The music drowned his angry voice. The gay dancers had not seen the tragedy enacted so near them. No one saw but Bernard Chesleigh, who had stood near, almost fearing to leave her.

Before Bernard Chesleigh could reach her side Waldemar Waldron had fled—not into the ball-room again, but out of the house, into the street. He scarcely realized in his hot anger that he had raised his hand against her.

Reine did not faint—did not cry out; she stood in the exact spot Waldemar had left her, looking like a statue carved in marble—all save the faint crimson mark on the pale cheek.

As Bernard Chesleigh reached her side, her pride, her reserve, her grand courage, all gave way. She was humbled, humiliated to the very dust.

She laid her face on her hands with a low, wailing cry that seemed to freeze the blood in his veins as he listened.

She crept up to him as she had been wont to do in that dim past. She had always found him her champion—her true, noble friend. He was her friend still.

"Bernard!" she sobbed, "what shall I do? I am so miserable that I wish I were dead. Take me away, Bernard! Take me home quick. He has gone. He will not return for me. An hour hence he will have forgotten me, and that I am waiting here. Take me home, Bernard."

He saw that she was in a state of wildest alarm. Gravely he led her through the brilliant rooms out into the cold, starlit night. Their carriage had been ordered, and was awaiting them. He must see her safely home. So, when he placed her within the coach, he seated himself opposite her.

What a blessing his love was to her in this hour of need; what a haven of rest this unswerving friendship seemed.

Here was a man who was constant to friendship, even as the needle to the pole. What a firm rock for a woman to cling to, when the waves of adversity tossed her about life's ocean!

How true and noble a friend he proved himself! Some men might have taken advantage of her pique and annoyance to have ingratiated themselves into her good graces by denouncing Waldemar Waldron and traducing him. Not so Bernard Chesleigh. He was so careful of her, he might have been a guardian angel shielding her from harm—this beautiful girl whom he would have given his very life blood to have seen smiling and happy—like the capricious, willful, little beauty of old.

He left her at her own door. She held out her hand to him with a faint smile.

"You have forgiven me, and you are my true friend still," she said, wistfully. "If we never meet again, I shall always remember how kind you have been to me to-night."

She turned away abruptly. The door opened and closed again hurriedly, and he was alone again with the starlit night—alone with these words sounding like sweetest music in his ears:

"You are my true and noble friend still."

Ah, Heaven, if he had but had the right to protect her—to revenge that cowardly blow. He longed, with all the mighty passion in his soul, to smite the hand that had been raised against the only being whom he had ever loved.

As for Reine, she walked slowly and hesitatingly up the broad staircase and on to her boudoir. No tears blinded her blue eyes. No quivering sob broke the straight tension of those white compressed lips. Nothing could ever pain her after what she had suffered to-night. She had reached the climax of human woe and human endurance.

Her maid cried out in alarm when she opened the door for her, and saw her standing there so pale and death-like on the threshold, with that crimson stain on her white face.

Why was she home so early from the grand ball? What had happened?

"I shall not need you to-night, Honora," she said, wearily, throwing off the heavy white velvet cloak. "You can go to your room."

In vain the maid protested that she looked ill; that she was sure she needed her. Reine shook her head.

"Ill!" sobbed Reine, when she found herself alone. "What was all the illness in the world compared to what she was suffering then?"

She went to the window and drawing aside the heavy silken drapery, raised her white arms to the star-gemmed night sky.

"Mother! Mother!" she wailed, with gasping sobs. "If you are looking down upon me from yonder clouds—if you can see and know all that has happened to your most unfortunate child—oh, gentle mother, you will plead hard with the angels to pardon me for what I am about to do to-night. I am driven to it. Yes, driven to it."

CHAPTER XX.

There was a brief but terrible struggle in the heart of beautiful, hapless Reine, as she stood by the window, with her white face mutely raised to the night sky.

The golden stars had died out long since. Dark clouds, presaging the coming storm, obscured the face of the heavens, and ere long a blinding snowstorm set in.

The snow outside was not more cold than the girl's heart.

"I cannot endure it longer," she told herself, bitterly. "When Waldemar returns he shall not find me here. He has driven me to it."

She turned hurriedly to her wardrobe. By chance, Honora's long, dark cloak hung there. She donned it mechanically, tied a dark veil over her face, then, with cautious, quiet steps, she went down the stairs, and out of the hall door into the terrible storm of the night.

No one heard the door open. No one heard it close again.

Like one mad, Reine fled through the darkness and the storm, little heeding whither she went.

So delicately nurtured, so tenderly reared had the general's darling been, that the bitter cold soon told upon her.

She looked at the white, falling snow, stretching like a shroud over the deserted streets and the housetops. Would it be her winding sheet?

She struggled on through the drifts with but one thought in her mind: To get so far away from Waldemar Waldron that he could never find her.

Was it fate that at that moment brought her face to face with—Bernard Chesleigh?

For an instant he gazed with puzzled bewilderment at the young girl approaching him. The light of the flaring gas lamp fell upon the slender figure. The eyes of love were so keen that he know her at once.

"Reine," he cried, spring forward, "what in the world can you be doing alone, and in such a storm, upon the streets at night?"

A piteous sob fell from the girl's lips, ending in a hysterical laugh.

"I am running away, Bernard," she said. "I am leaving the old life far behind me. I am going where no one who ever knew me can see my face again."

He drew back with a pained, grave face.

They were opposite a fashionable cafe. Gently he drew her within, out of the bitter cold and the fierce storm.

"Oh, Reine, Reine," he cried, distressedly, seating her upon one of the velvet divans, and taking a seat opposite her, "tell me what it is that has led you to such a course as this?"

She laughed; and the mirthless music was sadder to hear than the most violent weeping would have been.

"It is simply this," cried Reine. "When I reached home, I tried to school myself to meet him again, after what happened at the ball. Oh, the torture of the hour I passed! I was so maddened with pain, humiliation and rage, that if he had entered the room then, I could not have

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been accountable for what I would have said, even though he were to strike me dead for it. I hate him so that I can never look upon his face again," she sobbed, with reckless despair. "I would sooner die."

Bernard Chesleigh gazed at her with infinite pity in his dark eyes, a troubled look on his grave face.

"Reine, poor child, is it so bad as this?" he asked, huskily.

"It is so bad," she said, "that it could not be worse; to meet death would be preferable. I am tired of it. I am going away."

"Going away!" he repeated, slowly. "That is what I feared would happen. Has your patience, your forbearance, come to an end at last, Reine," he said, compassionately.

"Yes," she replied, truthfully, "it has at last."

He was silent a few moments; and then, as he looked up at him, a great awe stole over her. His eyes were upraised; his lips were moving silently. What should he do? What should he say to her?

Only Heaven knew the struggle that was in his heart, and how he conquered it. Loving her with all the great love of his heart, how easy it would have been to rejoice and encourage her in the step she was taking. There was something more than heroic—it was sublime—the way he beat back his mighty love, that he might counsel her aright.

She was another man's wife. He prayed to Heaven for strength to guide her as he would wish a sister of his guided, if she were to be placed in just such circumstances.

"My marriage was a terrible mistake," she sobbed, raising her beautiful, childish face to his. "I see it now, and almost unconsciously the words that had so often trembled upon her lips burst heedlessly from them now. "Oh Bernard, I am sorry that I gave you up for him; you would have taken me for love. He only wanted me because I was the prospective heiress of Fairlawn.

Ah, how he longed to take her in his strong arms, put the golden clustering curls from her white face and weep over her. He crushed the mad impulse—spurned the thought from him.

Bernard had a code of honor all his own perhaps—a rare one in these degenerate days. He had loved her dearly. Heaven knew he loved her now, but it would unman him to listen to words like these from her innocent, thoughtless lips for, there is no storm so strong, so irresistible as that of human passion, yet Bernard stood firm.

"You must never dwell upon useless regrets, Reine," he said gravely. "Remember you are wedded to another now, and marriage is for life."

"I wonder how many men of the nineteenth century there are who would give up everything that is dear in life for the sake of maintaining a high, ideal purity!

"When the chain galls it should be broken asunder," she said piteously. "I could not endure it until death sets one or the other free," Reine added.

"Do not urge me to go back, Bernard," she sobbed; "the life I have been leading would soon kill me, or the wretched loneliness of it!"

"Oh, Bernard—that is so like my dreary life; I live such a lonely existence—no one to love, and no one to love me. There are times when I long for the clasp of strong hands for sympathy, and—and—to feel the assurance that some one cares for me. Can you understand?"

"Yes," he replied, huskily.

"To creep in to the fold of strong arms, and pillow my head on a faithful breast," she went on, piteously.

"Poor child! poor little Reine," he murmured, brokenly.

"I cannot endure the thought of what the future would be with him. I have thought it all over. I would rather face death—for that would be nothing to the cruel torture of dragging out day after day, weeks, and the months that lengthen into years. With him, love died with possession. The thought of our growing old together is full of nameless horror to me; we should detest each other more thoroughly—if that is possible—as time rolls on, than we do now."

"Oh, Bernard," and she crept nearer to him, "tell me where to go? I want to go so far away that he can never trace me;" and hiding her face in her hands she gave way to hysterical weeping.

"Will you let me advise you as to what your duty is, Reine," he said very gently, "and follow it?"

In uttering this last sentence, Chesleigh unconsciously took up his hat, which he had laid on a chair beside him; Reine, sensitive as to his slightest movement, took it as an intimation that he was wishing the interview over, and was anxious to leave her.

She looked wistfully into his face, with a deep sigh. "I will listen to what you tell me, but I cannot promise to follow it," she said.

"With all his faults you love him still, Reine," said Chesleigh, very gravely, and because of that love you must——"

She interrupted him with a dreary laugh.

"I have never loved him, Bernard," she sobbed. "I see now that it was only a girlish, mad infatuation that I had for a pair of fine eyes and a curling blonde moustache. I do not wish to speak evil of him, Bernard," she said, slowly; "the very fact that he has injured me should make me generous to him; the very fact that I dislike him should make me speak well of him. Do not blame me for abhorring him," she pleaded. "How could anyone help despising and disliking a man who has not since marriage shown me the ordinary civility that a gentleman never fails to show to a lady? I have been cruelly victimized. There is but one course open to me—to go away."

"There are two ways before you, Reine," said Chesleigh, pitylingly. "That of flying from your fate—

making the best of it, running away from your trouble would be a commonplace ending. I see how you may make yourself a heroine, Reine, and unless I am greatly mistaken in the estimate of your character, you will do it."

He took her little, trembling hands in his own brave, strong ones, pleading with her gently and tenderly to go back again to the home from which she had just fled, to try just a little while longer to live in peace and unison with the husband she had wedded.

He pictured to her in glowing words how heroic such a line of action would be. She had a great mission to perform, reclaiming Waldemar Waldron from the slough of dissipation into which he had drifted, instead of fleeing from him and leaving him to his fate.

Reine looked at Bernard in sheer wonder.

He met the glance calmly.

"Let my entreaties win you from the path you have marked out for you, Reine," he said. "It is a delicate matter at any time to interfere between man and wife. It is only because I take so true an interest in you that I dare speak at all."

"Ah, Reine, you have your fate in your own hands. Go back to your husband and plead with him to commence life anew with you. Tell him that you, on your part, will do all you can; that you are willing to make any effort to bring about a pleasanter state of things."

"It would be quite useless, Bernard," she said, hopelessly. "Snow and sun, water and fire, will agree together better than he and I ever can."

"Promise me that you will try it, Reine," he urged. "It is worth the effort, it is indeed. And if it fails, you will at least have done your best."

"He will only say something very unkind, perhaps insulting to me, Bernard," she exclaimed bitterly.

"Then you must summon all your patience to your aid, Reine," he said gently. "You may have many sore humiliations, many hours of pitiful annoyance, many a contest with your own pride, but you will win in the end."

She clasped her hands, and looked at him with piteous entreaty.

"You forget, Bernard, that my husband does not love me," she said. "He would only sneer and laugh at me. Kindness would be thrown away upon him."

"You can but try," urged her companion gently.

He saw that she was listening to him with a thoughtful face, and his natural eloquence rose to the occasion. He pleaded with her, used his strongest arguments, and in the end he succeeded in winning the promise from her that she would try again—the life she had been so eager to cast off.

"We shall meet often in society, Reine," he said, "and I shall watch eagerly for the signs and tokens that shall tell me you and your husband are once more happy."

A faint smile parted her lips. She caught his hand and kissed it.

The caressing touch of those innocent, velvet lips made the blood leap like wine through his veins. But not a muscle of his face betrayed his agitation.

For the second time that night he called a cab, and placing Reine in it, saw her safely to her home, leaving her with an earnest, cheery "good night."

Bernard Chesleigh was a strong man, strong in his noble principles of honor, strong in his own integrity, but as he rode homeward to his hotel alone that night, hot tears forced themselves to his eyes.

His life was ruined, wrecked, and a sigh broke from his bearded lips as a thought of "what might have been in the dim future" occurred to him—if he had allowed Reine to follow her own course.

He had been a noble foe to Waldemar Waldron. Not one man in ten thousand could have so heroically resisted the temptation to encourage her to follow the bent of her own will, which would have torn down the barrier between them.

She would not know it now. But in the long years to come there might come a day when she would realize how true and steadfast the love had proven which she had once flung so lightly away.

He could never forget her; for that love which was buried deep in his soul was a part of his life.

If she should ever need the help of a strong arm, his should be at her disposal. He would have given every drop of blood in his heart to have served her. He would watch over her from afar. He would give his very life for her, if need be. His was a noble, exalted love, which would always prove true.

How many men in his place, loving her as he did, could have beat back from his lips the reckless, passionate whisper: "Come with me, dear; fly from him you hate, to the arms of love; the world would be well lost for both of us—for love's sake."

CHAPTER XXI.

Softly as a shadow Reine crept back to the lonely boudoir she had so lately quitted. No one had missed her, although she had been gone an hour or more.

It was drawing close on to midnight now. Waldemar might come in at *any moment*. He must not find her with her wraps on.

She laid them wearily aside, praying to Heaven that she would have strength to follow closely the program Bernard had laid out for her.

Poor Bernard! What a true and noble friend he had proven himself. How his handsome face had glowed with enthusiasm, as he had pleaded with her to turn back! How strange it was that she had not noticed this grandeur of soul, this nobility of spirit, before! This man had stood—

ed from his high pedestal to love her, and she had tossed that love from her as carelessly as a child tosses away a broken toy!

Now, when it was too late, she realized what she had lost. Ah, yes! the past was all over between them. There was no time for regrets or tears now over "what might have been."

Reine had not thrown off her wrappings a moment too soon, for a heavy step sounded on the stairs, and the next moment Waldemar Waldron entered the room.

It was a great trial to keep back the bitter words that sprang to her lips, or vail the scorn that flashed into her eyes, but by a great effort Reine did it.

She looked up at him, and was surprised to find that the effects of the wine which he had indulged in at the ball had well nigh worn away. How could she speak kindly to him when they had parted in such a bitter quarrel a few short hours before?

He was the first to break the awkward silence.

"How does it happen that you are up waiting for me?" he asked, brusquely, looking at her with keen curiosity.

The girl's face flushed. Hot, bitter rebellion rose in her heart. She stilled the anger and contempt. Her victory over herself was so great that she was surprised at it.

She rose from her chair, her hands trembling nervously, her lovely, child-like face flushing and paling by turns.

"I have waited for you, Waldemar, because I have something to say to you," she said, very gently.

He looked at her steadily.

"You want to renew that scene that occurred in the ball-room," he said harshly; "but if you are wise you will let matters drop. You provoked me into doing what I did."

"Are you *sorry for it now?*" she asked, wistfully.

"Yes," he confessed, a dull red flaming into his face. "But I repeat, you provoked me to it, Reine, and you know it."

She went up to him, laying her little white hand on his arm.

"We have not been very happy—have we, Waldemar? We have quarrelled and disputed until I am ashamed to think of it," she said.

He looked at her in amazement. She would not see the surprise on his face or make the least difference because of it.

"Most decidedly, Reine, we have done our best in that line," he admitted. "We have not kept the peace."

"I should like, so much to change all that, Waldemar," she said, in a low voice, "to try if we cannot begin again and really do better. I will try, if you will, Waldemar."

He looked at her with a contemptuous laugh.

"Have you been to a revival meeting?" he asked.

Reine's face flushed, and hot words of anger came to her lips; but she controlled herself. She would not utter them.

"No, I have not," she replied; "but I have been thinking, Waldemar, and would give anything on earth if we could do a little better—agree a little better. Now, for instance, if you will promise not to speak angrily or contemptuously to me, I will make the *same promise* to you."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," he answered, haughtily, a sudden fire leaping into his indolent, handsome face. "I tell you what, my lady Reine," he replied, roughly—"I do not like this sudden fit of humility. 'Still waters run deep.' It betokens no good. You have some deep design in your head, and I know it."

"You are wrong," she replied. "I want simply to be on better terms with you, so that we may have some chance of happiness. I want no more. We are husband and wife now, we must spend our lives together. Let us make the best of each other, Waldemar."

She spoke quickly, with an appealing face, her little trembling hands clutched nervously together. He answered her almost ferociously.

"What do you mean by making the best of each other?" he cried. "Do you mean that I am not good enough for you?"

"I do not know," she replied, hopelessly, a dull feeling of despair coming over her.

"Then you ought to know," he retorted. "If you wanted to marry a saint you should not have thrown Chesleigh over."

She raised her clear blue eyes to his face, and he read something in them that puzzled him.

"Remember that I gave up everything in the world for your sake, Waldemar," she said, in a low voice; "and in memory of that I would like you to be more kind to me. My heart is breaking for want of sympathy and—and—love."

"Such utter nonsense!—such rubbish! Who has been putting such romantic notions into your head?" he asked, sharply. "I am tired and sick of hearing over and over again what you have given up for my sake; let me hear no more of it. Never talk to me in this strain again. I shall never be any woman's slave; but I will compel my wife to listen to me, and not attempt to dictate to me. If you are not happy it is your own fault—your own temper and your own pride."

"Perhaps so," she said, listlessly. "You may rest quite assured of one thing—that while I live I shall never broach this subject again to you. If, in time to come, I want a friend, I shall not come to you. If I want advice, consolation, sympathy, kindness, I shall never ask it from you."

"So much the better," he answered, leaning indolently back in his favorite arm-chair. "If there is anything I abhor, it is a crying, fault-finding woman. At such times I can realize what 'Ik. Marvel' meant when he said: 'I long to break away, and find what it cannot—' found elsewhere."

Reine turned away from him proudly. It had been a terrible mistake, trying to make friendly overtures to him. She saw plainly they could never live as other husbands and wives did. It was but the common fate of the many who resort to runaway marriages. They never turn out happily. Ah! would that young girls would take warning!

Reine's was the most unhappy of all unhappy marriages.

It was Waldemar Waldron's own fault that his lovely girl-wife's idolatrous love for himself died away, giving place to hopeless despair, which grew from bad to worse—into positive dislike.

A week passed. Although Reine did her best, her heroic effort to live on better terms with Waldemar Waldron had met with rebuffs and ignominious failure.

One afternoon she had asked him to take her the following day to drive through Central Park, and for a wonder he consented; but when the hour rolled around—the sleigh stood at the door—her husband had quite forgotten his appointment with her, and the consequence was that she rode alone.

At the park entrance she saw Bernard Chesleigh, who was just alighting from a cab. She beckoned him eagerly to her side, making room for him on the cushioned seat; but, though it would have been a keen delight to him to have sat by her side, looked into her eyes, heard her voice for a brief half hour, he gravely declined, urging, as a reason, a pressing business engagement.

"You will be at the art gallery this afternoon, Bernard?" she questioned earnestly.

He said yes, regretting it, however, the next moment. He must not throw himself so constantly in her society; he must rather avoid it, for it was like the moth hovering about the flame that first blinded and then burned it. He turned to leave her, but she laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Would you like to hear how my first lesson in obedience went on, Bernard?" she asked.

"If you would like to tell me," he replied.

"I waited up for him until he came in that night. I crushed my bitter anger and my hot rebellion, and greeted him as kindly as I could. I went up to him with that crimson mark still on my face, and asked him to bury all past unpleasantness and begin life anew—to try and make each other happier if we could. He answered me, Bernard, with a low, contemptuous laugh that made me—ah! well, never mind how it made me feel. He laughed at me, and insulted me until I could have struck him down, only Heaven knows how I kept back the tears from my eyes and the sobs from my lips. It was an utter failure, Bernard. I told you how it would be before. I humbled my pride before him—to be scolded at for my pains."

"Well?" said Bernard Chesleigh pityingly.

"Well, I would rather die, than humble myself to him again—that is all, Bernard. It is a terrible mistake to think that the embers of love can be awakened in a heart where they have once died out."

"It is of no use, Bernard," she repeated hopelessly. "Waldemar and I can never get along well together. He thinks that—and I know it—I am tired of hoping for a better state of things. No woman should coax her husband for the love that should be hers. I am too proud to do it. I cannot make the first advances even though I craved it, though in truth I do not."

He knew Reine's nature—the necessity of living in the atmosphere of affection, and his heart went out to her in a great throb of pity.

CHAPTER XXII.

Bernard Chesleigh gazed pityingly at the beautiful face.

"Promise me that you will not be discouraged with this first attempt to win your husband back to his old allegiance, Reine," he said earnestly, "even though you have met with slight encouragement so far. Great victories must be valiantly fought for, you know."

"I will do my best, but it will be a very poor best, I fear," said the girl, holding out her hand to him.

He bent over it a moment—that little white hand that should have been his—then released it.

The next instant he was standing by the Park gate alone; the natty, red-cushioned sleigh, with its occupant, had vanished from sight, hidden by an abrupt curve of the road.

Poor Reine! so fatally fair, her beauty had been a curse to her. He asked himself how it would all end.

There was one thing that was quite positive—he could not, he must not see Reine again. He must leave New York at once. Better fly from danger than court it.

Reine rode listlessly enough through the Park. Hundreds of gaily caparisoned equipages dashed past her, and more than one cast a backward glance at Reine; but she did not see them, so intent was she upon her own thoughts.

Gay, chattering voices, together with the merry sound of sleigh-bells, rang out on the crisp air; but, just as Reine turned her horse about, she was startled by the sound of a familiar voice, pealing out in hilarious laughter.

She raised her eyes with a sudden start, and the sight that she saw made the hot blood course like lava through her veins, her heart beat, and a sudden mist gather before her eyes.

In a sleigh that flashed past her with the rapidity of lightning, she had beheld Waldemar Waldron. He was not alone. A young and exquisitely lovely girl sat beside him—

a young girl with a laughing, dimpled face, a crimson mouth, flushed cheeks, and eyes flashing like stars.

Even in that meteoric glimpse Reine could not help but notice how lovely the dark, glowing face was, and the rapt expression that rested on Waldemar's as he inclined his handsome head toward her.

Reine drew back, pale and breathless. Evidently neither of them had observed her. Reine was the last person that Waldron was thinking of at that particular moment.

Reine never remembered how she drove home through the crowded thoroughfares, her heart was in such a whirl of bitter emotions. She had been home an hour or more when Waldemar came to luncheon.

He was in capital good humor, singing a snatch of the latest opera as he entered. Reine went up to him, timidly placing two letters in his hand that had arrived for him in the morning mail.

"I had a long and weary wait for you this forenoon, Waldemar," she said. "Had you forgotten that you promised to take me out sleighing?"

She quite believed he would tell her frankly just what had detained him, and who his companion was with whom she had seen him in Central Park.

She had yet to learn the depth of falsity in Waldemar Waldron's nature. He gave a sudden start of surprise. His fair, indolent face flushed hotly.

He had forgotten it most certainly, but it would never do to admit it. He must resort to a subterfuge of some kind.

"You had a long wait, did you? Well, by George, that was careless of me to forget mentioning to you that I had a very important matter to attend to which would prevent me from accompanying you. I had to meet a man—"

The violent fit of coughing which attacked him then seemed a just retribution for the prevarication on his lips.

Reine drew back, scorn and wounded pride flashing in her eyes, her white lips trembling.

"An important matter to attend to!"

Her face flushed with bitter anger as she listened. Was driving a lovely girl through the Park such an important matter that he should forget her?

A quick retort rose to her lips, but ere she could give it utterance, Waldemar Waldron sprang from his chair, clutching nervously at the open letter he held in his hand, his face dark with passion, then turning fairly livid.

"Affairs are reaching a crisis," he muttered, crushing the letter deep down into his pocket with something like a groan.

At sight of his distress Reine forgot her pride and her terrible anger. In a moment she was kneeling beside him.

"What is the matter, Waldemar?" she urged. "Have you bad news?"

"Bad news! It is the worse possible news, Reine," he cried, desperately. "Every one is pushing me for money, and unless I can make an immediate raise from some source or other, we are completely ruined."

His lovely young wife looked at him. She had not the least idea what complete ruin meant.

He went on excitedly. "I can't see my way *clear*. We shall come to grief, I'm afraid, and that speedily, too, unless—unless—"

He moved uneasily in his chair, his eyes drooping nervously under her calm, searching gaze.

"Unless what, Waldemar?" she asked, earnestly.

"Unless you can manage it for me, Reine," he answered.

She looked up into his face.

"I," she answered in dismay. "Oh, Waldemar, tell me how."

He had the grace to flush hotly. He pondered for a choice of words in which to frame his reply. For one moment shame mastered him; but necessity spurred him on to desperate measures. "You could help me if you would go on the stage, Reine," he declared. "That face and form of yours would set New York wild. You'd get a handsome salary.

He did not raise his eyes to look at her; had he done so he would have been startled; he went on nervously—"And there's an opening for you—which I heard of by chance, that would turn any woman's head.

"It was all by chance I heard about it," he went on, emphatically; "I'll tell you how it came about. As I stepped out of the Stock Exchange to-day, I met Manager ——. He was in a deuce of a hurry, and all in a flutter. He is just about bringing out a grand revival of the 'White Fawn,' and at the last moment, without so much as by your leave, his star levanted—skipped with a rival concern.

"'What in heaven's name I am to do, I don't know,' he declared. 'If I could find a woman with a face and figure like Mdlle. Bertantis,—she might name her own price to take her place.' It's a chance that comes but once in a lifetime. What do you think of the idea, Reine."

She had sprung to her feet, shocked and literally astounded. He never forgot the way in which she drew up her slight form to its utmost height, crying out passionately—"Your jest is in very bad taste, Waldemar."

"It is no jest," he declared, frowning darkly. "I am in earnest. When people are pushed as hard as we are for money, they must put their pride in their pocket. Don't let a little nonsense stand between me and ruin. You must help me out of this, Reine. Come, what do you say to the plan?"

There was a look in her flashing eyes that made him wince.

"I say that I will not do it," cried the girl, in clear, steady tone. "I—I—would die first."

Her answer exasperated him. He grasped her tender white arms in his strong hold so fiercely that there

were purple bruises upon them for long days afterward. Yet she did not even wince with the cruel pain of it.

"You shall promise that you will do it," he cried. "I will wring it from your lips. Your absurd pride shall not ruin me."

"No," cried the girl, heroically, forcing the tears back from her eyes—"I will not. You are stronger than I—you may kill me—but you shall never make me do that against which my whole nature abhors."

"Another woman in your place would be delighted at the opportunity," he retorted sullenly. "It is your duty to help me in any way you can."

"Not in that way."

"In any way," he responded, emphatically—"As long as I approve of it."

She wondered what the old general would say if he had but heard. How shocked too, Bernard Chesleigh would have been.

"It's poor policy playing the high and mighty when one hasn't a cent in their pocket," he sneered.

"I would rather earn my bread as a seamstress—a nurse—anything"—cried Reine.

"Don't be a fool and stand in your own light," cried Waldron in anger. "You could afford to be neither a seamstress or a nurse; leave that for older and homelier women. You could not earn at one or the other much over a five-dollar note a week. Manager —— would give you two hundred, he says."

"Have you dared talk with him about it," demanded Reine.

"I have not only talked with him, but arranged with him," Waldron cried. "You shall take Bertantis' place. In fact, to bind the contract, he has already advanced me a comfortable sum, and—I have run through with it."

"You must return every dollar of it then," she cried shrilly. "I repeat, you might kill me in endeavoring to compel me to do this thing, but you shall never make me subservient to your will. You have gone too far."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Waldemar Waldron gazed steadily down into the beautiful death-like face raised so defiantly to his own.

He knew what she said was perfectly true. He might kill her—she was weak and fragile, tender and helpless—but he could never wring the promise he desired from her lips.

He flung the white arms and clinging, trembling hands from him, telling her that she should take the consequences then. He left her with a cruel laugh and a sneering look on his fair, handsome face that stamped out all its beauty.

Reine sank down into the nearest chair, and covering her face with her hands, burst into passionate tears.

Could Waldemar be so near upon the verge of ruin as he had declared? Ah, surely not! He had said it to tease her—to frighten her.

She made up her mind to write one more letter to her father. She would lay her pride aside, and beg him to help Waldemar for her sake. Her heart felt lighter after it was written and mailed. She would tell Waldemar what she had done when he returned home to luncheon; then surely he would be more kind to her.

The noon hour came and went. The long hours of the afternoon dragged themselves slowly by. The sun sank at length in the western sky, and the dusk of night fell silently over the bustling city, still Waldemar Waldron did not return.

As the night deepened, Reine took up her station by the lace-draped window, eagerly watching for him.

Ah, reader! do you know the blank, almost terrible calm that comes just before a storm, when the wind sleeps that it may gather force, when the waves lie silent that they may dash and foam, when the color and weight of lead falls over the sky, and the earth grows frightened? That strange calm, very like awe, swept over Reine's heart as she stood hour after hour at the window, listening for the step which did not come.

This was not the first time that Waldemar had absented himself in like manner, yet she had never felt like this before. There was a foreboding sense of pain in her heart which she could not shake off. Eleven o'clock struck from a clock in an adjoining church steeple; and as the last stroke died away some one ran lightly up the broad marble steps, and touched the bell.

As she opened the door of her boudoir, she heard her own name mentioned. A messenger boy stood in the vestibule with a sealed letter in his hand.

With a strange fluttering at her heart, Reine took it, and hurried back to her own room. It was in Waldemar's handwriting, she saw at a glance, and she noticed, too, that the writing was hurried—agitated—as though it had been done under the stress of great emotion.

Why had he written to her instead of coming home? Had anything happened to him? she wondered, and in a moment all the old love flooded her heart for him. She forgot all his coldness and unkindness, remembering him only as the handsome, fair-haired, graceful young lover for whom she had given up home, father, friends and wealth, the lover and young husband, who had taught her love's young dream.

Had ill befallen him?

With trembling hands she broke the seal and tore open the envelope. There were but a few dozen brief lines—surely the cruelest and most pitiful that ever broke a human heart.

A wild cry broke from her lips as her eyes ran over the first few words on the page. Then the stillness of death settled around her, broke now and then by the fluttering of the

sweet in her trembling hands.

These were the words she read:

"Reine,—By the time this letter reaches you I shall be far away. It is better to speak plainly to you, telling you all. I am leaving you forever, Reine, for I cannot face you after what will happen to-morrow. Perhaps, after all, it is better for you to be free from such a wretch as I own myself frankly to be.

"You married me for love. Your attractiveness to me was—you were the prospective heiress of Fairlawn. There are men whose hearts are incapable of love, for love's sake alone. Mine, I admit, is one of them. If I had thought your father would have cast you off as he has done, I should never have snatched you from luxury and happiness to share such a roving life as is mine. We were never suited for each other. A sinner like myself has nothing in common with angelic purity. We have lived luxuriously and now we are come to the end of the road—ruin and utter bankruptcy. Your firm denial to make one more effort to save me rendered me desperate, as I told you. I am a profligate by nature. I have won and lost much money at cards. Last night I staked our all—the furniture, plate and pictures of our home, and—lost. They have passed into other hands, and to-morrow they will be taken from you. I inclose twenty dollars, take it, and return to the home you left for my sake. I am going out of your life, severing the bonds that bound us to each other wilfully, deliberately. You are not the first wife so left, it is common enough for hearts to break over it. Try and forget that I have ever crossed your path, for I am not worthy of reclaiming or being reclaimed.

"WALDEMAR."

Reine sat quite still with her letter in her hand. She read to the very end, and then sat still, staring dumb, like one turned to stone. She did not cry out, after that first gasp of horror. The white lips were parted and open, but no sound came from them. The lovely, blue eyes had a mild, bewildered expression. She was trying to realize that most cruel blow that could ever strike a living heart—that she was a deserted bride. Her husband had fled from her—yes, fled from her, wilfully, deliberately. Heaven help her! Was there any remedy either on earth or in heaven for such woe as hers?

What shame, what grief, what outraged love and pride swept over her like a tempest, as she sat there looking into the glowing coals, who shall say? A wild laugh echoed through the room. It quite startled Reine. She did not realize that it was her own voice. The sound of that strange laugh pierced the thick walls to the inner apartment, where Honora, her maid, was busy sorting a package of new lace fichus. She dropped them in dismay, and hurried to Reine's boudoir. One look at the white, ghastly face bent over the open letter was enough.

"Oh, my dear! my dear! you have had bad news!" she cried in affright.

Reine looked up at the faithful servitor with wide, sombre eyes. How could she tell her what had happened to her?

"Honora," she sobbed, with quivering lips, tears—hot, bitter tears—falling like rain down her face. "I may tell you—all the world will know it soon. My—my husband has deserted me. He has left me forever. Oh! I wish to Heaven that I might fall down dead!"

Deserted her! It could not be! What man in his senses could have fled from a young wife like this—a young wife as lovely as a dream. She looked bewildered.

"Left you!" she cried in horror. "You cannot mean it, my lady!"

"It is quite true," sobbed Reine. "Oh, Honora! you are older and wiser than I," she cried out in agony; "tell me what other wives do when their husbands leave them. I have heard that such things have happened; I have read of them, but it never occurred to me to ask what the poor wives did—whether their hearts broke or whether they went mad, or if they committed suicide."

"They have to bear it calmly and patiently, I think," replied the honest maid, who had always feared that something of this kind would be likely to happen to her beautiful, young mistress sooner or later.

"I can never live to bear the shame and disgrace of it, Honora," the girl moaned. "If I walked out upon the street, saw anyone I knew, I would be looked at with curiosity, and they would whisper as they passed me by. Her husband left her. I wonder why? Oh, Honora! I could not bear that. I—I cannot live to endure it!"

"You must turn a deaf ear if anyone says anything so very unkind as that," replied Honora. "Other women have had the same thing to endure—but perhaps it is not so bad as you think."

"It could not be worse," moaned Reine; "oh, what am I to do?"

The maid was nonplussed. "Lay down and try to compose yourself to sleep a little, and I will try to think," said Honora; but Reine shook her head.

"It seems as though I should never sleep again," she sobbed; "my brain is on fire."

"It may not be true that he has gone away forever," declared Honora.

For some moments Reine sat silent; then, cowering down in her chair, she buried her face in her hands, saying desperately—"I am beginning to think there is no such thing as real love. I read once words I marvelled at then, but which seem pitifully true now: 'that some say the devil carried the seed from hell and planted it on the earth to plague men and make them sin; and some say that when all the plants in the garden of Eden were pulled up by the roots, one bush that the angels had planted was left growing, and it spread its seed over the whole world, and its name is—love. There are different species under that name, one love that blots out wisdom, that is sweet with the sweetness of life and with the bitterness of death, lasting for an hour, but it is worth having lived a whole life for that hour. There is always the scent of a god about it.

"When love's sunshine falls on the dead crust of the soul, a throbbing yearning awakes—a new life stirs to the very depths of the heart—that alone is satisfying.'

"I thought them wonderful words," repeated Reine; "now I have lost all faith in love."

Honora had listened, but she could nos comprehend such a strange vein of musing.

Suddenly Reine turned toward her again, clasping her hands nervously together, murmuring in a low, broken voice, that was husky with suppressed sobs: "Oh, Honora! I am glad I never brought a little child into the world."

The girl started. She had not the key to her mistress' thoughts; she had no comment to offer on this unexpected remark.

Reine went on thoughtfully: "Night after night I have thanked Heaven on my bare knees that I have not caused another to suffer. Do you think that was hard for me? A man who could leave his wife, could abandon his little child if he had one. Anything is possible to a man whose end is like his. Sinful—he moves straight for it, and it alone.

"Some women can bend men and things completely to their purpose, but not a man like Waldemar Waldron; they are the ones that escape the stings that strike deep—these women who control—they never throw the burden of their sins on them."

"To-morrow, dear mistress, you can think more clearly," said Honora. "Do let me implore you to go to bed," and with that she loosened the coils of beautiful golden hair that fell down over her shoulder to her waist in a mass of shining splendor.

Honor brought the dainty robe to her mistress, and Reine patiently suffered her to fasten it about her.

Throwing herself upon her couch, her bare arms from without the flowing sleeves clasping her pillow, Reine soon slept.

"Poor child—How hard she is taking her trouble," thought the maid, watching the outlines of her heaving breasts and listening to the quivering sighs that trembled on her lips.

When Honora went to her mistress' room the next morning, she found her already up and dressed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Reine pointed to the letter that had fallen from her clenched hand to the floor, and the wild laugh that broke from her lips was more pitiful to hear than the stormiest outburst of sobs.

"It is quite true, Honora. He has left me willfully and deliberately. Read what he says, and be convinced. Take it to your own room. I cannot bear it in my sight."

"What shall you do?" said Honora, pityingly. "If I were you, I would send for my father."

"No, no, no," gasped Reine, shuddering. "I would not have him know what has befallen me for worlds. You do not know the kind of man he is. He has never forgiven me for marrying Waldemar against his wishes."

And at the mention of her father's name poor Reine broke down utterly, and dropping into the nearest chair, gave way to such a storm of grief that Honora was fairly frightened.

What words could she find to comfort her? She realized at length that the greatest kindness she could show her would be to leave her quite alone, and, letter in hand, she stole softly from the room.

It was quite a relief to get beyond the sound of that violent weeping. Should she ever be able to forget the lovely, wistful, tear-stained face as she saw it then?

She read the letter over and over again, just as Reine had done, her honest anger increasing each moment.

"The miscreant!" she muttered. "If I had the making of the law, no penalty would be severe enough for a man who had deserted his wife.

"Poor, pretty young bride!" she thought, compassionately. "Her father ought to know what has happened to her. If he has any heart in him at all, he would come to her, and protect and comfort her in a crisis of this kind."

A sudden idea came to her.

"If she's too proud to send for him, why couldn't I do it for her? Yes, I will do it," she cried.

It was but the work of a very few minutes to put her project into execution. A half hour later the message flashed along the wires that stretched through the lovely scenery, through the snow-capped hills and dales, until it reached the pretty little town, a mile's distance from Fairlawn Villa.

Bernard Chesleigh had arrived at Fairlawn Villa that morning, and although no mention of Reine had passed between them, the old soldier knew quite well why Chesleigh had left the metropolis so suddenly. He knew Reine was there, and he could not meet her.

The servants had long since retired, and the general answered the summons himself.

"A telegram!" he cried, holding out his hand nervously.

In a moment he had torn open the envelope and mastered its contents.

"General Hastings, Fairlawn: Your daughter is in great trouble. I strongly urge you to come to her at once."

A name that the general never remembered having heard before was signed to it.

His features worked convulsively. He leaned back heavily against a massive marble column, his face rapidly changing from red to white.

Reine in trouble! What could it mean?

He touched the bell with such a resounding peal that in less than a moment the frightened and dismayed servants were flocking about him.

Like the general, Bernard Chesleigh had not retired, and the unusual disturbance brought him to the scene at once.

General Hastings put the telegram in his hands, with an anxious face.

"Read that and tell me what you think of it," he said, hoarsely. "My Reine—in—trouble—I am quite unnerved by this telegram, Chesleigh," cried the old gentleman, plaintively. "Do you think that cursed villain is misusing my child, now that he has her so far away from home and friends?" asked the old soldier, suddenly. "If I thought that, I would follow him to the world's end, and lash him like a hound!"

Bernard Chesleigh turned white to the lips. Had the general read his innermost thoughts? Had he read the grave fear that he dared not put into words?

The scene at the ball rose up vividly before him. Had Waldemar Waldron dared raise his hand against Reine again? If he had he should answer for it to him, there would be war to the knife between them. He would revenge her; he would wipe out all wrong done her if it cost him his life.

Waldemar Waldron had won Reine from him, but, for all that, he should not abuse her.

He read the telegram through and handed it back to the general.

"Well," said the old soldier, huskily.

"I should advise you to go at once to New York and investigate this matter," said Bernard, gravely.

"You will accompany me, of course," returned the general.

Bernard shook his head.

"If you need me, send for me," he said, "and I will come on. Remember, your daughter was once my promised bride, general. I have no right to intrude into the household of my rival; but remember, too, though fate parted us, I would lay down my life for Reine. God bless her!"

General Hastings was fortunate enough to catch the early express on the following morning. And all the way to the metropolis he was occupied in trying to think what could possibly be wrong with Reine.

He found the street and number indicated, and, with the strangest of sensations in his heart, walked hurriedly up the massive brown-stone steps, and touched the bell. What if Waldemar Waldron should answer the summons himself? How awkward the meeting between them would be!

His meditations were suddenly cut short by the opening of the door and the appearance of a housemaid on the threshold.

He saw at a glance that her eyes were red and swollen with weeping.

"I am General Hastings," he said; "I wish to see my daughter, Mrs. Waldron, at once. Tell me, my good girl," he added in the same breath, "is she well or—or—"

"Please to come in, sir. I have been expecting you. I sent you the telegram," said Honora (for it was she), as she ushered him into the drawing-room.

"I will go to my daughter at once," said the general, nervously. "Kindly announce me without delay, my good girl. Your—your—telegram has worried me. Tell me first, however, before I see my daughter, what the trouble is which you referred to, that I may prepare myself for it."

Honora wrung her hands. Never was there a task so hard to perform. She drew from her pocket the letter Reine had handed her the night before, and placed it in his hands.

In an instant his quick eye had glanced over the few terse lines, and had mastered its contents, comprehending its import, comprehending all too clearly that the scoundrel who had stolen his daughter from him had deserted her, deliberately, wilfully, and that, too, ere the honey-moon had scarcely waned.

It would be imposible to describe the scene that followed; how the old general raged and stormed, tearing the letter into a thousand fragments and grinding them beneath his heel deep down into the hearts of the crimson roses of the velvet carpet.

He quite forgot the girl's presence. She was secretly wondering how she could break the next and worst blow to him.

At length the terrible storm of anger wore itself away, and something like calm came to him. Then he asked to be taken at once to Reine, that he might comfort and console his child. Then calmly Honora broke the trying news to him—how, in the morning, she had gone to her mistress's room, and found it quite empty. Her pretty snow-white bed had not been slept in, and upon one of the white pillows she had found a note in Reine's handwriting, saying that she was going away, and bidding each one of her servants who had served her so well and faithfully, good-bye.

"I cannot stay and face what will happen to-morrow, Honora," she wrote. "I am going away."

General Hastings listened in silence. Words can illy portray his anguish.

Tears filled his eyes as he looked out upon the scene without, the bare branches of the trees beating madly against the window pane, and the snow coming heavily down in great blinding drifts.

Where was Reine—his idol—his darling?

God help and protect her! Thrown out upon the cold mercy of the pitiless world—breasting alone and penniless, the merciless storm! His lovely, golden-haired Reine, so daintily and tenderly reared!

There would have been little mercy shown to Waldemar Waldron if the old general had run across him just then.

Late that afternoon Bernard Chesleigh received the following despatch:

"Come on at once. Bring Donald Gray, the detective, with you.

(Signed), General Hastings."

Bernard Chesleigh's heart beat with dread apprehension as he read it. He responded to the summons at once. He was in quite as much of a fever of anxiety as the general himself by the time he reached New York city.

Together Donald Gray and himself boarded the up-town elevated car. They had barely seated themselves ere a young and slender girl entered, heavily veiled, and all alone. They were too much pre-occupied to notice the start of surprise she gave, or hear the cry of surprise she stifled on her lips, as her eyes fell upon the face of Bernard Chesleigh.

It was useless to conjecture why he had been sent for, but Chesleigh could not shake off from his mind the impression that matters were worse than the telegram had set forth.

He looked from the open window, but he never saw the waving trees, and the houses, as the train dashed past them, he was so pre-occupied.

"Poor Reine," he murmured below his breath, "I pray Heaven no harm has befallen her; and he thought of the red mark on her lovely face—the imprint of the hand that had dealt her a blow.

"Poor Reine!—what had happened her?" was the agonizing question he asked himself over and over again.

CHAPTER XXV.

The young girl who entered the car so heavily veiled was Reine. There was but one vacant seat—the one on the left of Bernard Chesleigh—and she took it, drawing her veil more securely down over her face that he might not recognize her.

At a station further on Bernard and his companion left the car.

Reine looked after the tall retreating form wistfully.

Ah! what a good, noble friend this lover, whom she had rejected, had been to her! She was in sore need of counsel and advice, but not for worlds would she have gone to Bernard Chesleigh. She prayed Heaven that he might never know that the man for whom she had deserted him had, in his turn, now forsaken her.

She never realized until now what Bernard, who had loved her so dearly, must have suffered.

After Honora, her maid, had left her the night before, for long hours she had paced the floor of her boudoir, trying to look the future in the face, and think what she should do. All the long, weary night through she never rested her head upon the white pillow. Sleep was out of the question for her. It seemed to her that she should never sleep again.

When daylight broke she had packed a few necessary articles in a little hand stachel, and without one glance at the room—without a glance about the pretty, ornamented boudoir, whose adornings she had grown to loved so well—she hurried down the stairs softly, and out of the house into the brisk cold of the December morning.

The streets of New York are never deserted. Early as the hour was, busy pedestrians surged to and fro.

Reine was swept along with the surging throng, finding herself at length in the very heart of Broadway.

It was not until the sun reached the horizon that she realized how faint and hungry she was, and that she was penniless, all save the half dollar which she was fortunate enough to find in the pocket of her dress. But what would she do when that was gone? The thought appalled her. All the old gay, girlish life seemed to have been left far behind her, like a bright, faded dream. Could there ever have been a time she was happy and without care?

Had she ever been petted, loved and worshipped as the heiress of Fairlawn, or was it all a strange dream?

Oh! if she had but learned how to do something to support herself in case of emergency then, she would not have been so utterly helpless now. She uttered a blind prayer to Heaven to guide her as she walked wearily along.

And the event which happened the next moment seemed an answer to that piteous appeal.

She had scarcely proceeded a dozen steps when suddenly she stumbled over something lying directly beneath her feet.

It was a small purse—a lady's purse. Upon opening it Reine found that it contained a few dollars in money, a tiny, dark curl tied with a bit of blue ribbon, and an old envelope, the back of which served as a memorandum; several items were jotted down upon it. The face of the envelope, however, revealed the name and address of the owner of the lost purse. It read: "Mrs. William Arnold, No —— East 11th Street, City."

There was but one course to pursue—and that was to return the purse at once to its owner.

The street indicated was some distance down-town. Thus it happened that Reine took the elevated car, and the first person whom she beheld was Bernard Chesleigh.

She was thankful that he left the car without observing her.

Reine had little difficulty in finding the street and number she sought. It was a neat three-story brick dwelling, with the sign of "Boarding" upon the door.

Reine inquired for Mrs. Arnold. She was ushered into a plain but neatly furnished parlor, and in a few moments that lady made her appearance, flushed, nervous, and somewhat excited.

Before Reine had time to state her errand she saw the pocketbook in her hand, and a cry of delight broke from her lips.

"I was fortunate to find this on the street an hour since, and finding your address within, I hastened to return it to you," said Reine, simply.

Mrs. Arnold thanked her, with tears in her eyes.

"It was not the loss of the money I was grieving about just as you came in, but it was because the purse contained a lock of hair of my daughter's. She died a year ago. Money could not have bought that little, dark curl from me, I value it so highly. I was just about to put an advertisement for it in the 'Lost' column, offering to pay a handsome reward for its return. If you will accept the reward I was about to offer I shall be very much pleased."

Reine drew back, flushing painfully. Accept a reward for doing one's duty? She felt quite hurt, and refused at once, on the impulse of the moment; but the very next instant, when it was quite too late, she remembered how sadly she was in need of money.

Reine burst into tears, and then the true state of affairs came out,—that she was penniless—that she was thrown upon her own resources that day, for the first time in her young life; that she had not even a shelter when the darkness of night closed in around her.

Mrs. Arnold was shocked. She was almost rendered speechless. What, young girl in tens of thousands similarly situated, would have brought her back her purse?

She pressed Reine's little soft hands sympathetically, noting the while how beautiful and white they were, like the tender, velvet leaves of a lily.

Searching for employment—Heaven pity and help her! She remembered a time, far back in her own life, when she had had an almost similar experience, and she remembered, with a shudder, she had told herself, if she did not find something to do before nightfall, she would kill herself.

Better a quick death, than the maddening tortures of starvation and exposure to the bitter cold in the dreary streets. Now she was differently situated—widowed—yet doing quite well as the mistress of this thrifty boarding-place, with a neat little sum put by for a rainy day, as all wise people should have. Her one great sorrow had been the loss of her daughter, but she thanked Heaven that her only son—the idol of her heart—had been spared to her.

"Do not weep any more, my dear," said the motherly lady, wiping the tears from Reine's eyes. "You shall stay here with me until you can find something to do. I know just how to feel for you in your present trouble—indeed I do."

Reine was only too glad to accept. She had not the least idea what she would have done, if Heaven, in its mercy, had not found her this kind friend.

"I shall not be a burden to you long, my dear, madam," said Reine gratefully. "If I could get a place to teach school, or find pupils for music, drawing or French, I would soon be able to repay you."

"You seem to be quite accomplished. If you could teach all those things," said Mrs. Arnold, "I take it you must have been rich once."

"My father was worth considerable," said Reine blushing painfully. "I never thought one short year ago that I should ever come to want."

"Ah, well," replied the good woman, cheerfully, "many a man is rich to-day, and poor to-morrow. The world never knows how shaky many a rich man is until he comes to die. In most cases, there's a mighty falling off in their wealth, I can tell you, and the heirs find themselves in tight places."

Reine did not correct the impression the good woman was evidently laboring under—that she was an orphan.

"You have not told me your name, my dear," said Mrs. Arnold, at length. "I wish to present you to my son when he comes in."

"My name is Reine Waldron," she answered, with another flush, debating within herself whether she ought to tell this good woman that she was married or not.

She concluded, however, that if she were to tell her she would be obliged to repeat to her all of her sad story, and she would rather have died than have said—"my husband left me yesterday, for no offence whatsoever—left me wilfully, deliberately."

The world is so uncharitable to women, especially if a sorrow of this kind befalls them. No, no, it were better far to say nothing upon the subject. Let them think her Miss Waldron, if they would.

Mrs. Arnold conducted Reine to a very neat little bedroom opening off from her own.

"You are to occupy this for the present, my dear," she said.

Reine was only too grateful, and she thanked her with tears in her eyes.

When the six o'clock dinner bell rang, Mrs. Arnold came hurriedly into the room.

"My son has come home," she said. "I have told him of the little episode that happened me this afternoon, and its sequel, which he declares is quite romantic; and Horace is anxious to see you, for I have told him, my dear, that you are as beautiful as you are honest. There is one thing more he tells me which will be the best of news for you to hear. He thinks he can get you employment to copy briefs for a law firm; that is, if you are quick with the pen, and write a good, plain hand. The pay isn't much—about three dollars and a half a week; but you had better take that while you are looking about to better yourself. Do you think you could do that kind of work acceptably? It wouldn't do to make mistakes, you know."

"I am sure I could do it," replied Reine, faintly, remembering the hundreds of briefs she had seen in her father's study, and remembering her idle curiosity as her eye fell upon the close-written pages, quire after quire, how the person who wrote it had the patience to do it.

And now, she, the petted heiress, the disinherited daughter, the forsaken young wife, was glad to get it to do.

She followed Mrs. Arnold down to the parlor thoughtfully. A tall, pleasant-faced young man rose to greet them as they entered.

"Miss Waldron, I have the pleasure to present to you my son Horace—Horace Arnold," said the fond mother proudly, adding in almost the same breath, "My son is a lawyer, connected with the law firm of Chesleigh & Sanford. I presume you have heard of the firm."

Reine gave a violent start, but neither Mrs. Arnold or her son observed it. The lovely face grew a shade paler, and her crimson lips trembled.

"Both Mr. Chesleigh and Mr. Sanford are estimable gentlemen," Mrs. Arnold went on, enthusiastically, "especially the former. Horace is very much attached to him."

Reine's heart gave a strange throb, half pleasure, half pain.

How well every one loved Bernard Chesleigh who knew him! Ah, how blind she had been in that dark past!

"I suppose Horace may as well bring some briefs home to-morrow for you to commence on," suggested Mrs. Arnold.

"I will be very grateful if he will be so kind," replied Reine.

It was not light task toiling through the musty meshes of legal puzzles, yet Reine never complained as the days came and went. The pretty white fingers were always ink-stained now, but it did not matter to her, those little stained fingers earned for her her daily bread.

Horace Arnold taught her typewriting, too, then Reine accomplished her work with great rapidity.

How strange it was that while General Hastings and Bernard Chesleigh together with the indefatigable Mr. Gray were searching the city through for her, Reine was quietly earning her living almost under their very eyes!

CHAPTER XXVI.

Copying, however, proved very tedious and not very remunerative work for Reine; she was not very quick with the pen, and then, to make the matter all the worse, it was just that season of the year when there were but few briefs to copy other than were given to the more experienced clerks.

More than once Reine found she was short of money for her board, and her heart sank within her.

"If I could only find something else to do in conjunction with copying," she thought despairingly.

One day an idea occurred to her to try to write poems for the magazines. In those old days, verses she had written had been highly praised. If God had given her any talent in this line, why not try to turn it into profit now?

She consulted with Mrs. Arnold on the subject.

"I should think you could make a great deal in that way," declared Mrs. Arnold. "The publishers have to print somebody's poems; why not yours? I'd try it by all means, my dear."

Reine did try, and the consequence was, she produced two very creditable little poems, which Mrs. Arnold declared to be the most pathetic she had ever heard. One was entitled, "A Misspent Life,"—the other, "A Pathway Strewn with Thorns."

Mrs. Arnold further insisted any publisher would purchase at once, after hearing the first lines.

Thus imbued with hope, although Reine could not share her friend's enthusiasm over them, she started out to dispose of her productions.

She took a list of the publishers' names and addresses, and made a tedious tour to the different offices.

Some smiled, when they heard the object of her call; others bluntly declared their waste basket was full of poems, and their pigeon holes overrun with them.

At last, one editor, pitying the wistful young face, agreed to look them over if she would leave them.

He had seen a great deal of authors in his day. It was nothing new or strange to him to see a white, wistful face looking into his office to see if there was any good news.

At first he used to purchase himself, rather than see the pain bad news inflicted as he handed back the manuscripts. Many a genius struggling in the depths, owed their first start in life to him. But half the manuscripts he bought, he could find no possible use for; he soon found he might invest the whole of his capital in such dubious ways. He was compelled to give it up, and contented himself by giving encouragement by kindly words.

He bought Reine's two poems, but as he placed the small pittance they brought into her hand, he told her he should not be able to buy any more from her until after these had been published, which would be some months yet, they were so overstocked just then, but wishing her great success meanwhile, elsewhere.

Reine wrote other poems, but she found no one who wanted to buy them.

"My forte does not lie in that direction," she told Mrs. Arnold one day with a faint smile,—"I shall go back to my copying. Some day I shall try to paint a picture. I think I would make a better artist than poetess. So one day the picture was commenced. It progressed slowly enough, her time was so occupied from day to day in copying the briefs young Mr. Arnold brought home to her.

It never occurred to generous-hearted Bernard Chesleigh to inquire who the young girl was, whom his clerk had modestly suggested to add to their corps of copyists, as she was greatly in need of employment.

"By all means give her copying to do if we have work for her," he had responded, heartily. Then he quite forgot the matter altogether.

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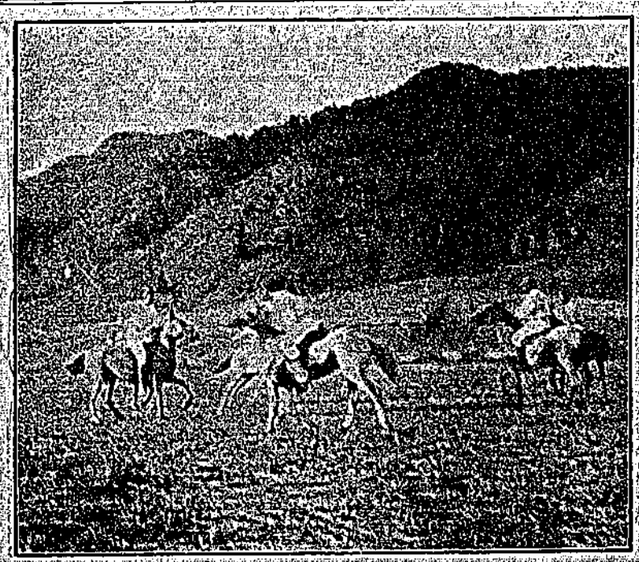
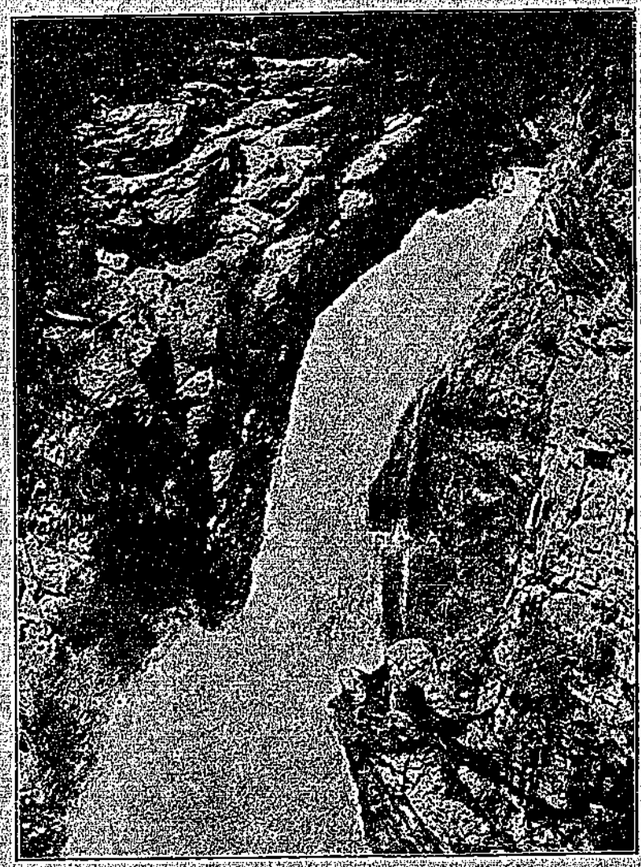
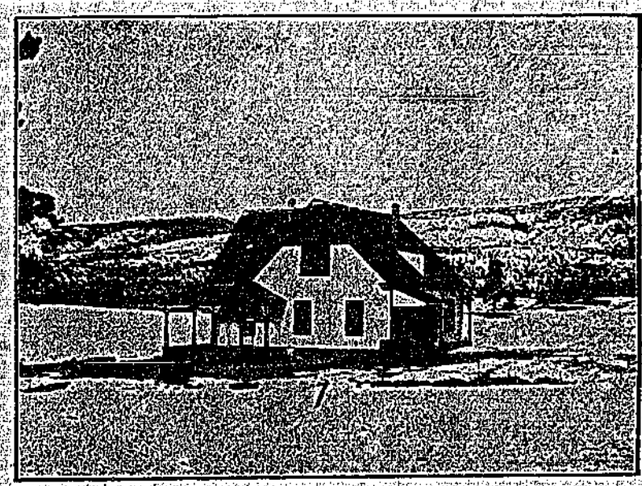


SCENES IN POLO MATCH—OKANAGAN MISSION CLUB VS. GRAND PRAIRIE

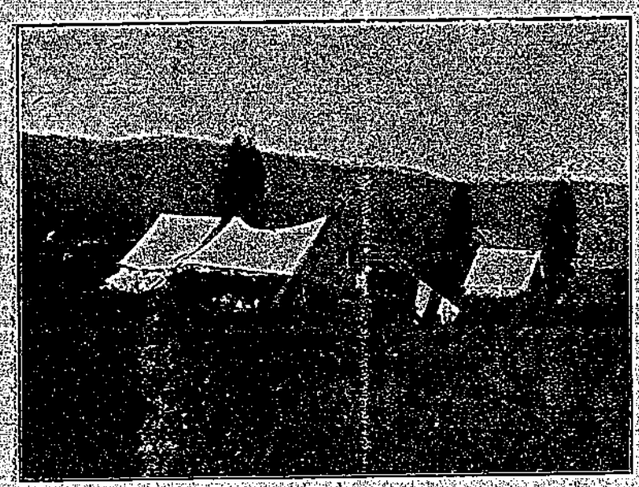


FALLS ON CANYON CREEK, KELOWNA.



F. A. TAYLOR'S RESIDENCE, KELOWNA.

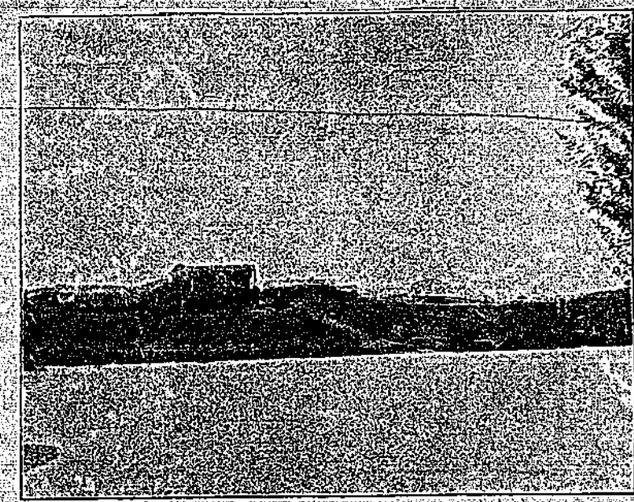
G. R. BIEGER'S RESIDENCE, KELONA.



OKANAGAN POLO CLUB'S CAMP, STMMIT LAKE.

W. D. HOBSON'S RESIDENCE, KELOWNA.

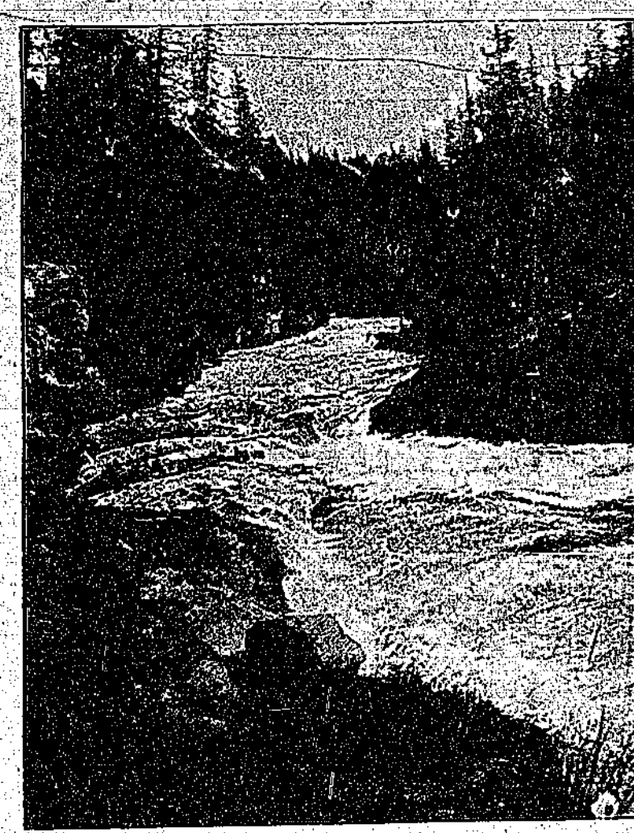
SCENES ON MISSION CREEK, KELOWNA.



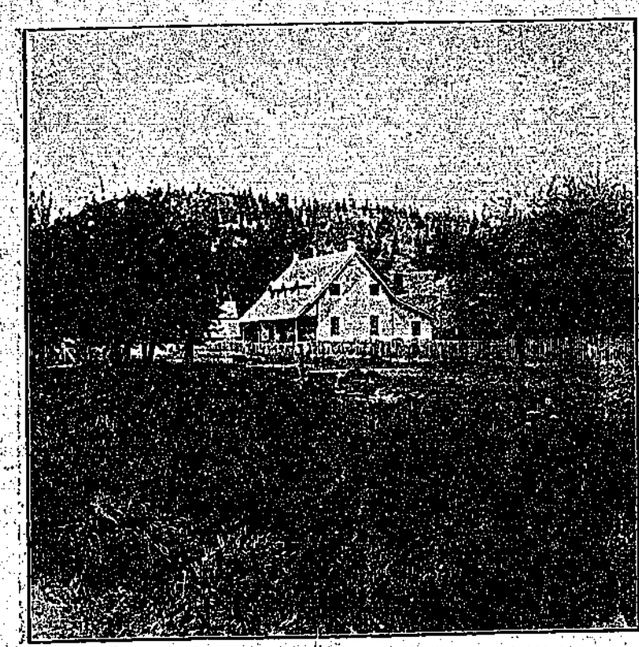
T. W. STIRLING'S RESIDENCE, KELOWNA.

WINTER SCENE, J. M. RMTLAND'S RANCH, KELOWNA.

THE WHARF, KELOWNA.

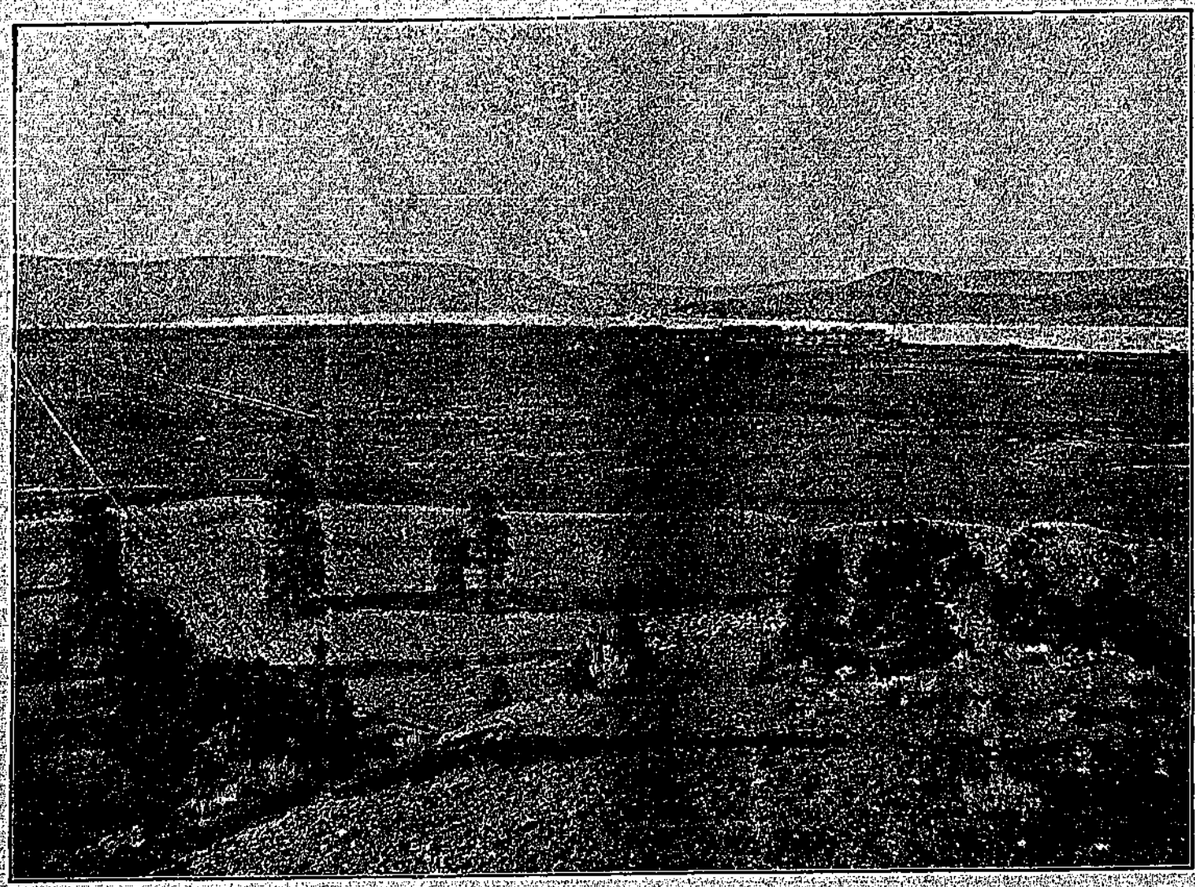


SHUSWAP FALLS.



J. DILWORTH'S RESIDENCE, KELOWNA.

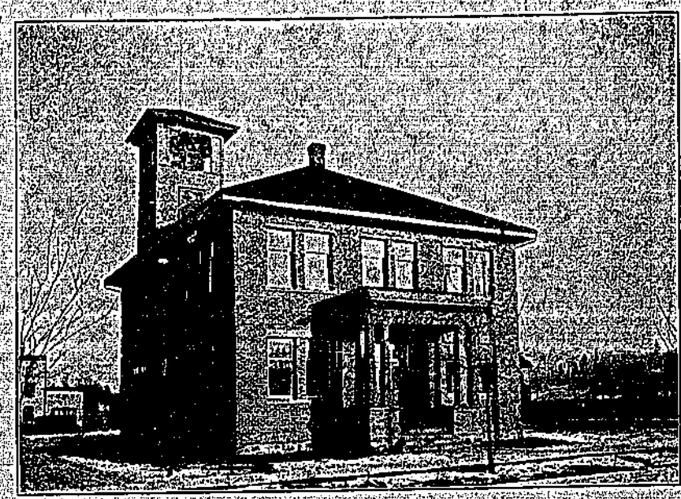
G. R. THOMSON'S RESIDENCE, CRAIGIELEE.



KNOX ESTATE, KELOWNA, VIEW OVERLOOKING OKANAGAN LAKE.

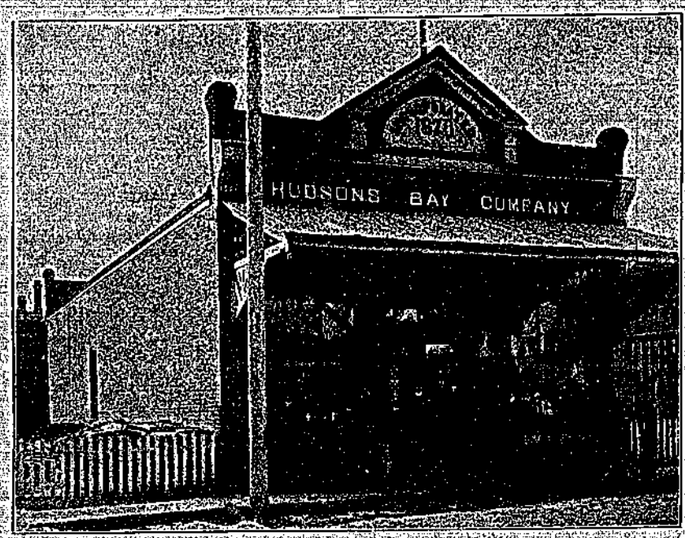
ALD. LEISHMAN, VERNON.

CAPT. A. C. CAREW, VERNON.

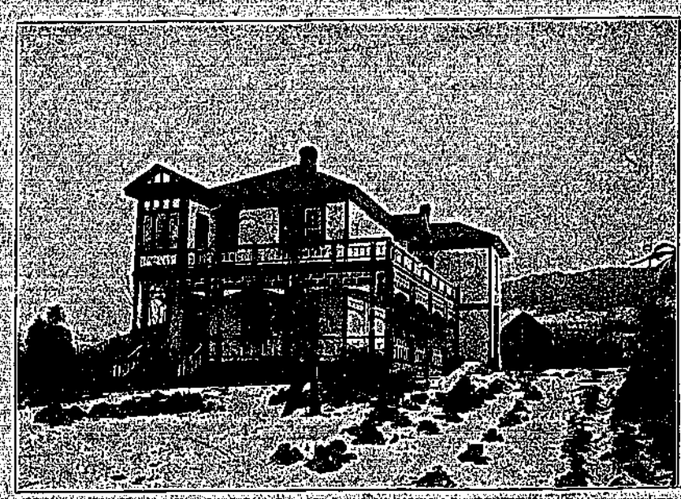


CITY HALL, VERNON.

RESIDENCES OF W. R. MEGAW AND F. BILLINGS, VERNON.

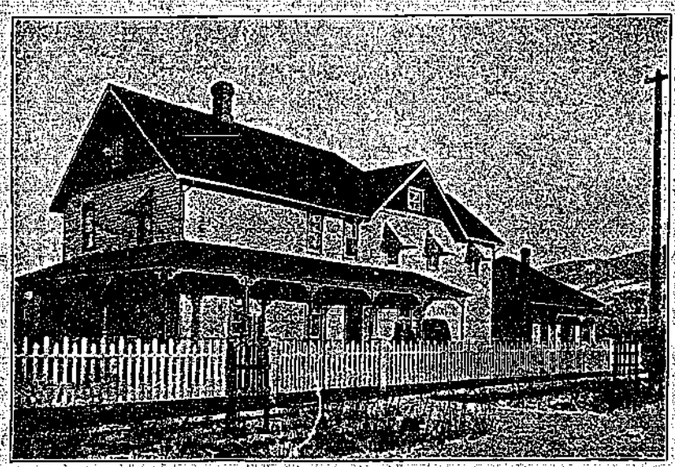


HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S STORES, VERNON.



MRS. STIRLING'S RESIDENCE, VERNON.

G. A. HENDERSON'S RESIDENCE, VERNON.



HOSPITAL, VERNON.

G. A. HANKEY'S RESIDENCE, VERNON.

DEVIL'S POT, SPALLUMCHEEN.

STUART HENDERSON,
M. P. P. for Yale.

P. BURNS & CO., REVELSTOKE.

F. McCARTY, FIRST MAYOR.

M. J. O'BRIEN, 2 YEARS MAYOR.

H. A. BROWN, MAYOR.

ALDERMAN ABRAHAMSON

ALDERMAN McLEOD.

ALDERMAN FIELD.

ALDERMAN LEWIS.

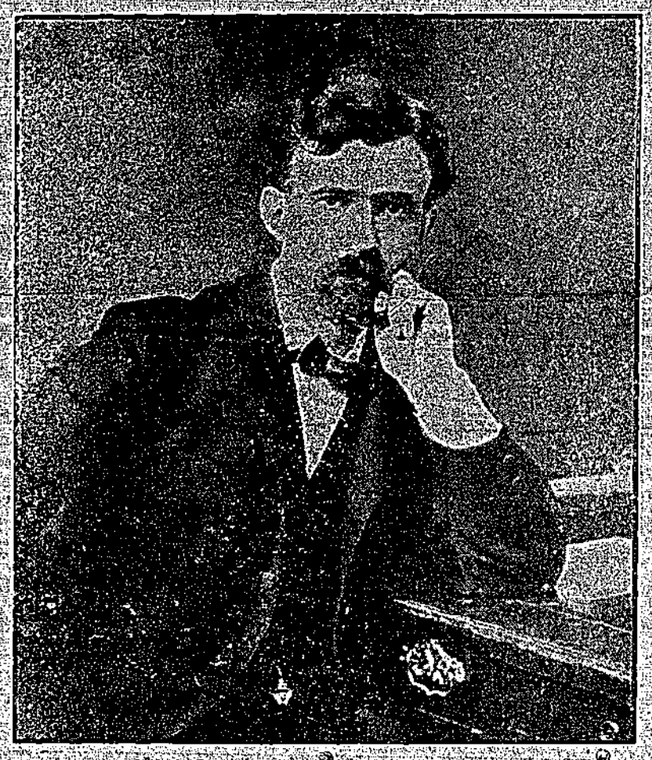
ALDERMAN McCARTER.

ALDERMAN FOOTE.

MAYOR AND ALDERMEN OF THE CITY OF REVELSTOKE.

M. BURRILL,
Conservative Candidate for Yale-Cariboo.

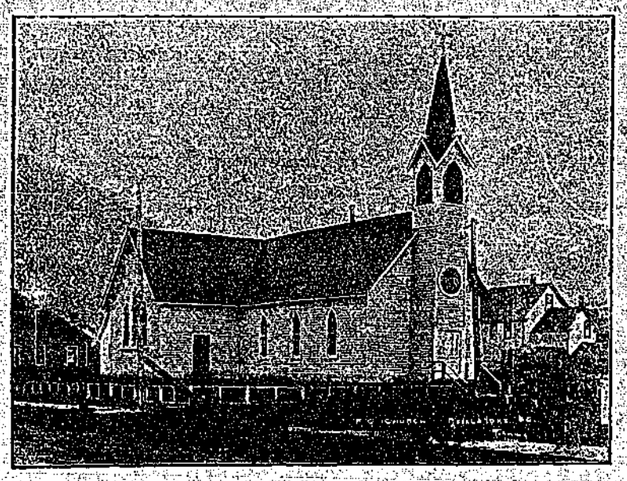
HON. SEN. TEMPLEMAN,
Representing British Columbia in the Dominion Cabinet.



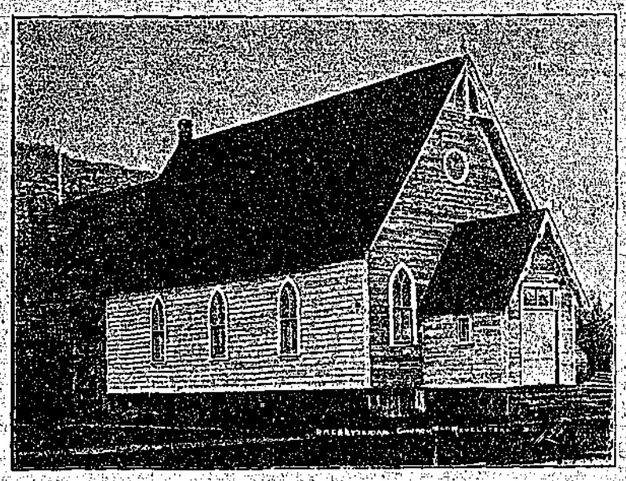
DUNCAN ROSS, M. P. FOR YALE-CARIBOO.

J. M. KELLIE,
Ten Years Kootenay Representative in B. C. Legislature.

W. A. GALLIHER, M. P. FOR KOOTENAY.

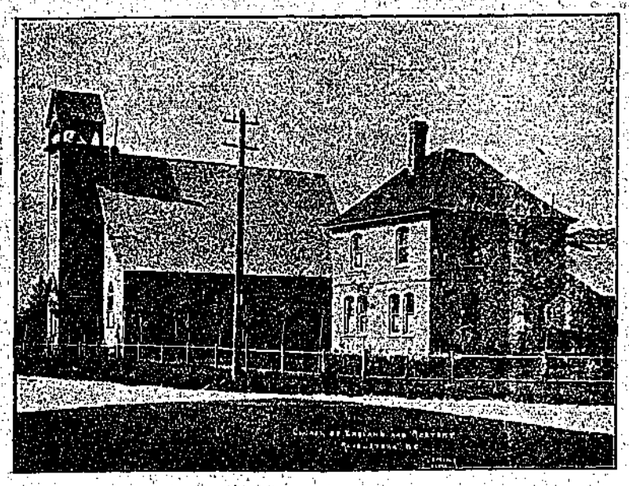


CATHOLIC CHURCH, REVELSTOKE.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, REVELSTOKE.

METHODIST CHURCH, REVELSTOKE.



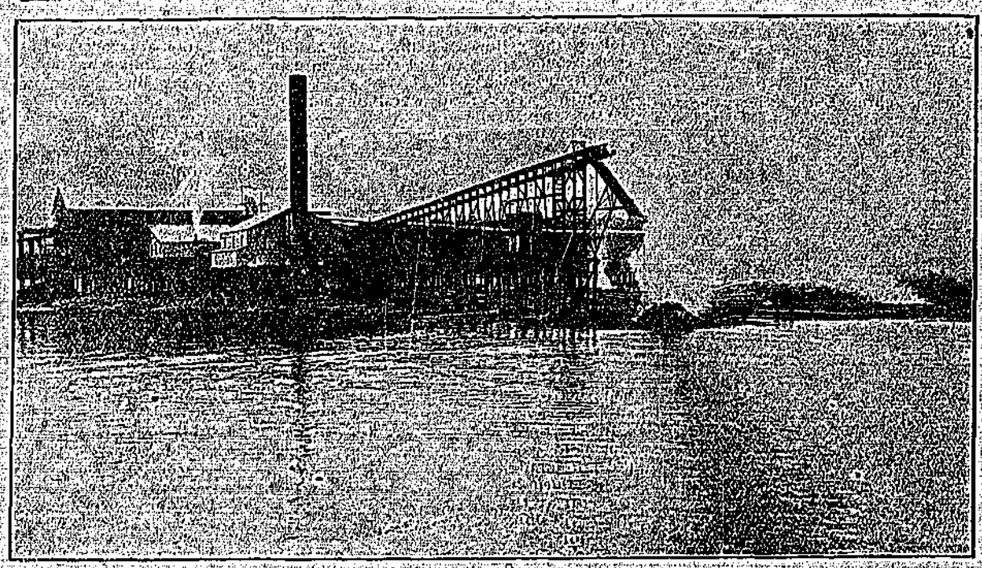
ST. PETER'S CHURCH, REVELSTOKE.

REV. C. H. M. SUTHERLAND,
Methodist Minister, Revelstoke.

REV. W. C. CALDER,
Presbyterian Minister, Revelstoke.

REV. C. LADNER,
Late Methodist Minister, Revelstoke.

REV. C. A. PROCUNIER,
Rector St. Peter's Church, Revelstoke.



BIG BEND LUMBER CO.'S MILL, ARROWHEAD.

J. RITCHIE,
Director Summerland Lumber Mills.

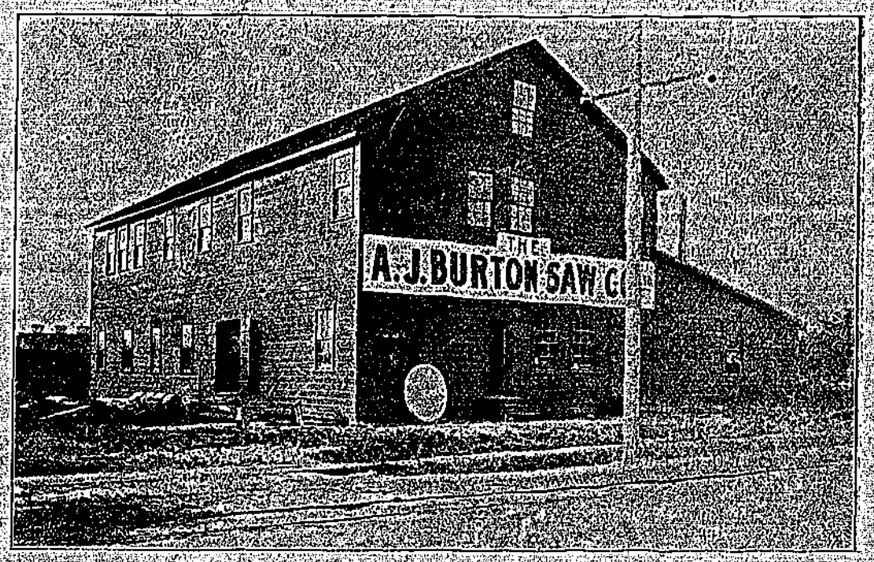
JAS. LUDGATE
Of Big Bend Lumber Co.

THEODORE LUDGATE,
Managing Director Big Bend Lumber Company.

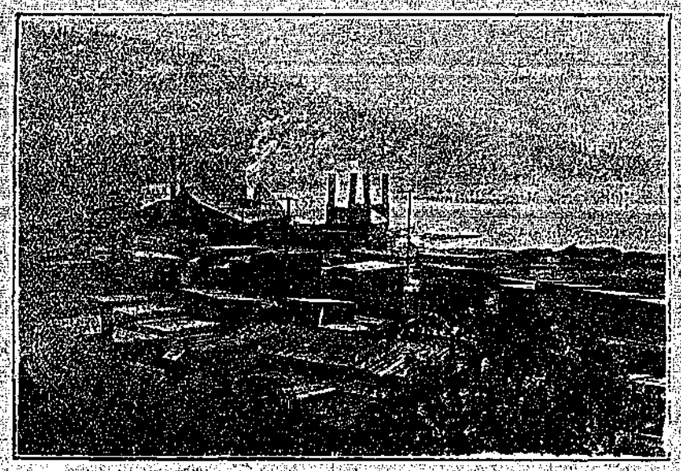
W. FRASER,
Sec.-Treas. Arrowhead Lumber Co.

WALLACE LUDGATE,
Of Big Bend Lumber Company.

G. McCORMACK,
President Kamloops Lumber Co., operating mills at Enderby and Kamloops.



BURTON SAW WORKS, VANCOUVER.

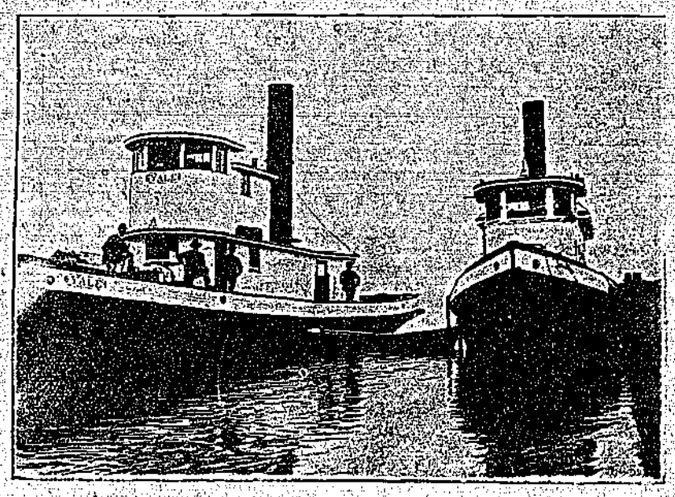


YALE-COLUMBIA LUMBER CO.'S MILL, NAKUSP.

EMPIRE LUMBER CO.'S MILL, REVELSTOKE.

R. J. STEWART,
Manager Revelstoke Lumber Co.'s Mill.

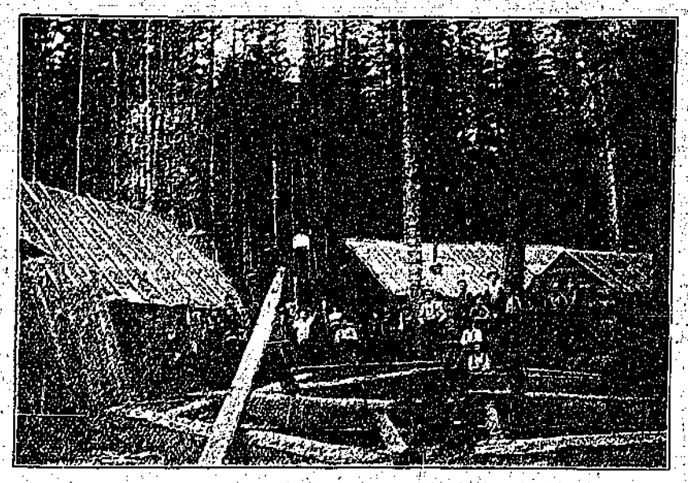
W. B. ARMSTRONG,
Accountant, Arrowhead Lumber Co.



YALE-COLUMBIA LUMBER CO.'S TUGS.

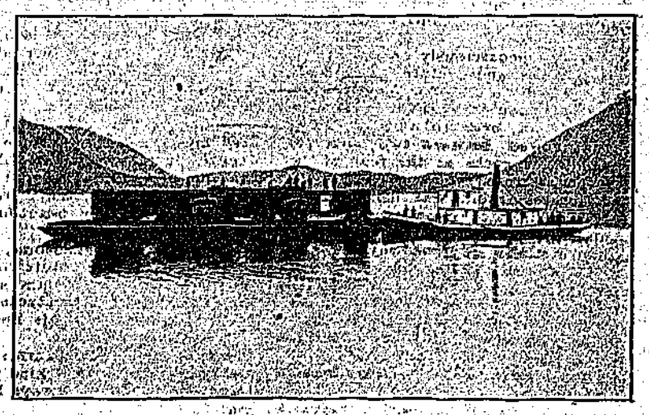
REVELSTOKE LUMBER CO.'S MILL, REVELSTOKE.

EMPIRE LUMBER CO.'S LOGGING TEAMS, COMAPLIX.



McFARLANE & DONNELLY'S LOGGING CAMP,
Arrowhead Lumber Co.'s Limits, Galena Bay.

CEDAR TREES, EMPIRE LUMBER CO.'S LIMITS, FISH CREEK.



EMPIRE LUMBER CO.'S BARGE, GEO. F. PIPER.

It was with a feeling of strange pleasure Reine listened evenings to Horace Arnold's conversation, which always touched upon Bernard Chesleigh more or less.

"He is a bachelor," he said, one evening, "but if reports speaks truly, he won't be a bachelor long."

"Why—is—is—he engaged to—to—marry any one?" asked Reine, raising a strangely white face up from the page over which she was bending and clutching her pen more tightly in her hand.

"No; but it's only a question of time before he will be, I imagine," laughed Horace. "To tell you the plain truth, if you will pardon the language, Miss Flora Sanford, his partner's niece, has made a 'dead set' for Mr. Chesleigh."

Reine looked greatly interested, and it was a pleasure to Horace Arnold to have such an attentive listener, and he went on readily enough.

"She is a beautiful, dashing girl, this Miss Flora, but not quite the style Mr. Chesleigh admires most, if I am any judge. She is tall and dark, like a Spanish princess. She always reminds me of a picture in the magazine.

"Every day she comes to the office and calls for her uncle, but we clerks know that's only a blind. It's Mr. Chesleigh she wants to see.

"She always manages, on one pretext or another, to sit and chat until Mr. Chesleigh is about to leave the office for the day, and she very kindly offers to drive him in her phaeton—which is at the door—to his destination. He cannot well refuse, and is quite used by this time to being made a captive of. She will get the noblest and best-hearted young man in New York when she does get him," young Arnold went on, meditatively. "He is certainly a capital fellow and will make her a husband that any young lady might be proud of—"

"Why, what is the matter, Miss Waldron? Are you ill?" he cried, in affright. "Your face is the color of that paper in your hands. How stupid of me to tire you by recounting gossip concerning people whom you have never seen!"

"I am very tired, that is all," said Reine, laying down her pen wearily. "I think I will stop writing for to-day, and go up to my own room."

"It is tiresome work," admitted Horace pityingly. "Let me finish those pages you have in your hand, while you go and rest."

Reine shook her head.

"You are tired enough doing your own day's work," she said. "I must not tax you by thinking of mine."

"It would be a great pleasure to me to do anything for you, Miss Reine," he said, modestly his fair handsome, boyish face flushing hotly.

But Reine shook her head again, and, taking the paper with her, slowly quitted the room.

Horace Arnold looked after her with a tender light in his eyes.

"I have known her but four weeks," he soliloquized, "and—I love her."

All the beauty and warmth of the room seemed to fade as the door closed upon her slender, retreating form.

He quite believed that a romantic fate had brought Reine to his mother's home, that he should see her, love her, and in time win for his own.

Poor boy! how little he dreamed that fate had an altogether different purpose in bringing Reine thither!

Meanwhile the object of his thoughts went wearily up to her own room. All night long Reine tossed restlessly upon a pillow that was wet with burning tears.

"Why do I weep?" she asked herself, bitterly, over and over again. "Is it because they tell me my dear old friend is to marry and to be happy at last? Am I so selfish that, because I have found no happiness I weep when I hear of the happiness of others?"

Of course he would marry some day. Few men remained single because they failed to win their first love.

Yet the thought brought with it the keenest pain to her heart, not that he was, or ever could be, anything to her now—for a barrier that could never be beaten down was raised between them. That barrier was Waldemar Waldron.

True, he had deserted her—wilfully, deliberately—yet she was still his wedded wife until death should come to her to break the heavy bonds.

She must not complain, for she had fastened those heavy chains that shackled her, with her own white hands.

True, she could have found freedom through recourse to the divorce courts, but Reine shrank from dissolving the ties that bound her in that way. To her, those whom God had joined together in holy marriage could never be put asunder by the hand of man.

From that hour Reine commenced to droop and fade; still she kept at her copying with feverish energy, devoting her spare time, to keep her mind busied, by painting a Southern landscape.

Quite unconsciously many of the old scenes and picturesque spots in the vicinity of Fairlawn were worked out upon the canvas under her deft brush, even to a small cascade that flowed between two cleft perpendicular rocks at the rear of her father's estate.

Horace Arnold was delightd with it, and insisted upon showing it to an old friend of his—an artist who had a studio on Broadway.

"I am sure Reine possesses more than ordinary talent, mother," he declared. "Do persuade her to permit me to show it to my friend."

In vain Reine protested; mother and son carried their point, and Horace duly carried it to his friend's studio.

The young artist went in raptures over it.

"Why, it is a perfect gem, my dear boy," he cried, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Whoever painted that is a genius. It is so true to nature. I went there sketching last summer, and upon my honor I did not do one-half so well as this. It is in the heart of the Virginia hills, near a grand old country place, called Fairlawn. If you like, I will put it in my window with the artist's name attached, and who knows but what it will bring her in many an order," he said, kindly.

Horace Arnold was delighted.

"Put it into your window by all means," he said, "but as for putting on a card with the artist's name, I wouldn't advise it. She would not like it, I am sure."

"Any young lady ought to be proud to put her name to a gem like that," insisted the enthusiastic young artist; "however, let it be as you say. I should like very much to meet this young artist. Bring her down to the studio, Arnold."

Then Horace Arnold saw what mischief he had done. His artist friend was interested in Reine, if he were to see her, he would fall in love with her on sight. Ah, no; he must not see Reine; he must prevent that.

How quick love is to catch the flame of jealousy!

Frederick Dallou, the young artist, had the picture Reine had painted put into a superb and unique frame, and placed it in the window without delay.

It attracted great attention. New York pedestrians have an eye for such a gorgeous bit of coloring as was this; so true to nature, one could almost fancy himself transplanted on this cold, stormy day, to the cheery scenes among the green sunlit hills upon which they gazed.

Quite a little knot of beauty worshippers gathered about the artist's window ere Reine's picture had been there an hour, and this was what had attracted Bernard Chesleigh to the spot, as he was hurrying down Broadway.

For one moment he gazed carelessly enough, then a sudden whiteness overspread his face as his quick eyes took in every detail of that beloved and familiar scene.

He stepped inside the studio, inquiring if the picture was for sale.

The young artist answered in the affirmative, adding that he would be pleased to send for the young lady who painted it, if the gentleman had any thought of purchasing it, or if he was passing that way, he might call upon her himself in reference to it. No doubt she would be pleased to dispose of it, and at a very low figure.

The artist jotted down the street and number, apologizing for being unable to furnish him the name of the young lady.

Bernard Chesleigh put the slip of paper in his pocket-book. And an hour later, finding himself in that vicinity, ran lightly up the steps and touched the bell, surprised to find the young lady living at the home of his clerk.

Mrs. Arnold was delighted to see him, and still more delighted to learn the errand upon which he had come.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mrs. Arnold came up to Reine's room all in a flutter of excitement and told her the wonderful news. Mr. Bernard Chesleigh, the great lawyer had seen the picture in a window in passing—and, being told her number had come to purchase it if it was for sale.

How Reine's heart beat as she listened!

"He wants to buy it because the scene recalls the home of an old friend who has but very recently passed away."

The lovely face into which Mrs. Arnold gazed was as white as death; a great trembling had seized Reine.

"Tell him he can have the picture at any price—he—he thinks it is worth," she said chokingly. "I—I—cannot see him—and—and—Mrs. Arnold, I beseech you—do not mention my name to him."

This was a strange freak of Reine's, still, Mrs. Arnold consented to it. Chesleigh bought the picture, but not for many a long day after, did he learn the name of the artist.

Reine was greatly astounded at the magnificent sum Mr. Chesleigh left for the picture.

He was too noble to take advantage of a struggling artist. With the eyes of a connoisseur he saw that the picture was a little gem—and he showed his great nobility of character by paying for it accordingly.

But despite the sale of her picture, Reine felt heavy hearted; who could the old friend be, who had passed away so suddenly? A nameless dread seized her—terrified her—she dared not put the thought into words that flitted through her brain.

A great longing came to her to visit Fairlawn once again, and look upon her father's face. Yes, go she must.

Mrs. Arnold's parting with Reine, whom she had grown to love, was quite affecting.

The blow fell heaviest, perhaps, upon her son Horace. His face was deadly pale, but he preserved an outwardly calm demeanor. The inward cry that welled up from the very depths of his heart was:

"It has been my own fault. It has been my own hand that plunged the dagger into my breast. But for that picture which I begged her to place on exhibition, they would not have discovered my beautiful Reine, and taken her from me."

He bowed his handsome, boyish face over the little white hand that was stretched out to him at parting, and the fair moustache hid the grievous quivering of his lips.

"Good-bye, Horace, my dear friend," said Reine, earnestly. "I shall never forget how kind you have been to me. I shall always be most grateful."

"I shall always be your true friend until I die," he answered, huskily. "Try to remember those words. Say to yourself, 'If I am ever in great trouble—if the whole world turn from me—I shall be sure of one true friend in Horace Arnold.'"

"I shall remember," said Reine, gently.

That was their parting, and when Mrs. Arnold entered the parlor an hour later, wondering why her son remained there so long, she found him with his head buried deep in the velvet cushions of the sofa; deep sighs, that were almost moans, breaking from his lips, then she knew the full extent of the mischief that had been done. Beautiful, golden-haired Reine had taken with her her boy's heart.

It was a love as mad as it was hopeless, she well knew, for her keen eyes had discovered the secret he had thought guarded so well.

From this she had drawn her own conclusions. She left the parlor quickly and noiselessly, and her boy never knew there had been a silent witness to the agony which the parting with Reine had cost him.

It was with a heart thrilling with strange, conflicting emotions Reine took her seat in the outward bound Southern express. No matter how cruelly the world dealt with her, she had always, whispered to her hungry heart, she could always creep into the shelter of her father's arms, and find peace there. No matter what she had done, the old general would find forgiveness for her, when she came back to him crushed, penitent, humbled—a poor bruised butterfly, whose bright wings were broken and trailing in the dust.

It was a sweet hope to cling to.

How slowly the train on which Reine was a passenger seemed to creep along!

The darkness of night had gathered ere she reached the cross-roads, but a young moon hanging like a jewel in the star-studded sky, threw a faint white light over the sleeping trees and flowers.

It was quite three miles to Fairlawn, but knowing the road so well Reine decided to walk the distance.

She remembered the last time she had passed over that road—fleeing from home with the man she loved—in defiance of her father's command.

Ah me, every word of the old general's prophecy had proven true. How happy her young life might have been with the rose-bloom of an honorable man's love brightening her existence! She was only a wilful girl then—only sixteen—it almost seemed to her long centuries had elapsed since that fatal day she had gone with her so-called spendthrift Waldemar Waldron, to follow his fortunes.

She paused a moment as she reached the gate, tears that quite blinded her, falling from her eyes down her pale, wan cheeks.

She heard a low lowing among the bushes; she knew before she turned her head that it was the old Alderney cow Beatrix. She held out her hand and patted its sleek sides, the faithful creature rubbed her cold nose against her shoulder.

Reine opened the gate noiselessly and paused again. How still and dark the old gray stone house, with its turrets and gables, looked to her as she crept up the well remembered walk to the broad veranda!

A tidy maid she never remembered having seen before, was sweeping the dead leaves from before the door.

"Is General Hastings within?" inquired Reine faltteringly, leaning weakly against one of the pillars of the porch.

For an instant the girl stared blankly into the white face turned so wistfully toward her and Reine repeated the words.

"Do you not know? Why, you must be a stranger hereabouts to ask that question," she said. "General Hastings—poor old gentleman—is dead; he was buried almost a fortnight ago. That is his grave on that high hill yonder; you can see the tall white shaft shining through the trees."

For a long, awful moment, the darkness of death seemed to enfold Reine; the world seemed to stand still, and her heart to slowly break then and there. She put out her hands blindly, and sunk down on the cold stone steps.

"Come round to the kitchen and let me get you a cup of hot tea," said the girl kindly, as she gazed pitifully at the white, pitiful face raised to her own. "You look faint and worn."

"No," muttered Reine, with white, stiffening lips.

"You'll be welcome to it, dear knows," insisted the maid; "the old general used to say, 'no stranger should ever be turned from his door.' Come."

And she half led, half carried Reine into the cheery kitchen, and seated her by the genial, glowing fire.

The rest of the servants did not seem to be about.

How natural the room seemed to Reine. Everything seemed the same except the strange face of this new, kind-hearted little serving-maid.

Reine almost expected to see the door leading into the hallway open, and her father come quickly over the threshold, his ruddy face beaming with love, and hear his hearty bluff voice, crying cheerily—

"You have come back to your old father at last, dear; I always knew you would come sooner or later—I have been watching for you, all these long, weary months. Your old father has been lonely without his wilful little madcap."

Reine roused herself from the stupor that was stealing over her. Was it true that he was dead—dead? Ah, pitying God! how could she realize it.

"Haven't you heard the story of the old general's death?" asked the girl, adding in the next breath, "no of course you haven't, or you wouldn't have called here from him to-night."

"No—no—I haven't heard," faltered Reine, "won't you tell me?"

"It's a sad tale," responded the girl, brushing off a tear-drop with the corner of her apron. "The doctors and the neighbors say he died of apoplexy. I say he died of a broken heart, and it is the will-o'-the wisp daughter of his who ran away with a handsome spendthrift who will have to answer for it."

The old general had a lovely young daughter, with a face like the white waxen leaves of a lily, and hair more glorious golden than its golden calyx, as pretty a young creature, they say, as the sun ever shone on.

"Lovely, wilful Reine was the idol of the old general's heart.

"His one anxiety was to see her well married and settled in life; he always had a foreboding, they say, that she might not turn out well, she was so wilful.

"He picked out a husband for her, a noble gentleman, but do you think she would have him? Oh, dear, no though, like the general, he fairly idolized the ground her pretty feet walked over.

"She fell in love with a handsome profligate, a trifler, and despite all opposition, eloped with him.

"Perhaps I am tiring you with hearing about the general's madcap daughter," said the maid, looking anxiously at the white face of the stranger, which was each moment growing more ghastly.

"No—no," faltered Reine. "I am greatly interested—go on."

The gossiping maid looked pleased; she was fond of relating the story, which sounded like a romance, ending in a tragedy, as she called the general's death, to any one who had not heard it.

"As I was saying," she continued, "the heiress ran away with the handsome spendthrift and married him, but as every one predicted, she soon found him out. He had married for money, not for love, and a pretty life he led her, to be sure. The general's wrath was terrible; he cut her off without a shilling, and when the young husband found that out, he left her.

"Some one wrote to the general about it, and he went on to bring his broken hearted daughter home; but when he got there, she had vanished. He hunted her the whole world over, but he never found her. He came home, took to his bed, and never left it alive.

"The old general's widowed sister was sent for from away down in Tennessee, and she got here just as he was breathing his last.

"He beckoned her to him, and when she bent over him, he whispered brokenly:

"'Always keep the latch string out, Rachel; some day Reine will come back—but I shall not be here to welcome my darling.' He had her picture brought from the library and hung where he could see it, and he never took his eyes from it. It would have made you cry if you had heard his mind wander, the moment before he passed away. He seemed to imagine he was at the gate of heaven and had met his dead wife there, for he cried softly—'Open the gate—open the gate,' adding plaintively: 'You ask me what I have done with the little child you placed in my arms, dear, when the angels took you, and I answer I guarded her well enough, but—I lost her—some day she will come to you and me at this gate we will wait for her here, Evelyn, no matter where she has been, what she has gone through, she is still the little darling that once slept in our arms—our pretty little Reine.'

"After that he never spoke again, and, we know he had gone to join his angel wife, to wait at the gate for Reine, poor, pretty, wilful Reine, whose name was the last word he ever spoke on earth.

"'Are you crying, lady?' asked the maid. 'Ah, well, I told you it was a pitiful story—it would bring tears to eyes of stone.'

By a great effort Reine kept from swooning. She rose unsteadily from her chair, and put down the cup of tea untasted.

"I must go, thank you, and good-bye," she said. And, like one suddenly stricken blind, she staggered out of the house, and down the path, and was lost in the darkness beyond.

She crept up to a little white gate, by the side of which great weeping willow trees grew—opened it, and stole softly up the narrow path to the grand old soldier's grave. She knelt down upon it, parted the grass, laying her face upon it, and with her arms thrown about the cold polished marble shaft, wept tears that it grieved the angels to witness.

"The world has all gone wrong with me, father," she sobbed. "Heaven has punished me sorely for disobeying you; oh, how bitterly I have repented! I have been unhappy in my love—in everything. I have come back to die upon your grave, papa."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Suddenly it occurred to Reine that it would be far better to steal away from that spot, that it would be better to hide herself forever from the gaze of those who had known her, in the dark, rippling waves of the silent water that skirted Fairlawn.

What matter what became of her whom nobody loved?

With pale, cold lips, poor Reine kissed the marble shaft, praying her father to forgive her for the past, and plead at the great White Throne for what she was going to do—for she was soon to join him.

Gathering her dark cloak about her and looking back with one long, lingering gaze, that had her very soul in it, at the dark, solemn stone house on the sloping hillside, and at the steady flame that shone like a beacon light from the kitchen window, the poor child turned away, and crept on down the path toward the dark, sullen stream.

The wind blew coldly on her face, but she did not hesitate. Never again after to-night, would she see the great throbbing world with its mysteries, its miseries, its hopes and its loves. When spring came again her feet would not tread the grass, never again would she see the sweet violets, the yellow daffodils, such as grew around the dear old home, nodding their heads in the breeze. Never again would men worship her beauty; never more would she see love glowing in passionate eyes for her sake. It was all over.

She paused on the margin of the dark, sullen stream for a moment; then climbed down on to the moss covered rocks.

"Good-bye, cruel world," she moaned; "no one will ever miss me; no one cares for poor, hapless Reine." Only the echo of her own voice answered her. Silence settled down again. A land-bird, roused from its sleep, opened its bright eyes and gazed at her from its nest among the rocks—that was all. No human being cared or rose from their quiet sleep to save her.

Reine took off her cloak slowly. The cold winds chilled her, but she did not mind it. Her beautiful, curling, golden hair had loosened from the coil at the back of her head, and fell in a shining mass of glittering splendor to her waist, but she did not heed it.

"I am going to die, and you will never know how I loved you. In the last moments of my life, I dare own it even to myself, Bernard," she moaned. "You will never know that I learned your worth too late—yes—I love you, and you alone. I have seen no one else that I love in the crowd of faces that fill the world! I have seen only yours, only yours, Bernard, by night and by day, not his, Bernard. I have since learned that I never loved Waldemar Waldron. It was only a mad infatuation. Your face has smiled upon me in my dreams; it has shone down on me from the stars; it looks up to me from the water, in the light of the sun, in the beams of the moon. All the world is blank except the spot where you are—and that is—heaven. Suddenly some one touched her on the arm.

"What are you doing here lady?" asked a voice which she recognized instantly as black Tom's—he had been one of the attaches of Fairlawn Villa ever since Reine could remember.

She shrank back from him. "I meant no harm in strolling into the grounds," she murmured, endeavoring to disguise her tone, but it was no use; he sprang forward peering in dismay into the white, averted face.

"It's Missy—Missy Reine, by all the saints, above," he exclaimed excitedly.

"Yes, it's me, Tom," she sobbed. "Don't tell anybody I have been here. I have been to poor papa's grave, and now I am going away again. Oh, Tom! take great care of it—keep the grass trimmed down close, and—and—plant some white flowers around it—my white rose bush, that I loved so well and the white hyacinths—you will attend to it Tom?"—This tearfully.

"Oh, yes, Missy Reine."

"I—I—am going now, Tom," she faltered, turning away, but he caught at her gown with trembling hands.

"What for should you go away to again, Missy Reine," he entreated; "do stay! it am yer own home, ain't it? Missy Woodstock—de ole general's sister, am a very nice 'usson, but oh, Missy, we ole folk 'tout de place like de ole rulin best.

"I can't stay Tom," Reine declared shuddering, but—

Man proposes and God disposes.

It was destined she was not to leave Fairlawn Villa so soon. She took one step forward, then exhausted nature and whirling brain asserted herself. Reine slipped down unconscious in the long lush grass, at faithful Tom's feet.

"Poor Missy Reine," he muttered, as he raised her in his strong arms. It was but the work of a moment to carry her to the house; and almost as soon as he had laid her down, he had told his story of how and where he had met Reine, and all that had transpired, to the astounded servants who had assembled, attracted by the confusion.

"Thank heaven Reine is found, at last!" sobbed Mrs. Woodstock, Reine's aunt, bending over the prostrate form, and death white face.

All the usual old-time restoratives proved of little avail, and a doctor was quickly summoned, also a telegram to Bernard Chesleigh, telling him what had occurred, was sent flashing over the wires, which brought him on to Virginia, and to Fairlawn Villa without delay.

It was many a long day ere a knowledge of her surroundings came to Reine.

One day, as soon as Reine was able to be about, her aunt sent for her to come to the drawing-room, adding that "some one was there who wished to see her very much."

Girl-like, she took a glance in the mirror before going down, smoothing her collar, and pushing back the rings of golden, curling hair from her forehead; and in that momentary glance she could not help but notice how pale and thin she had grown. She could scarcely recognize the wan face reflected there.

She walked slowly down to the parlor, and opened the door. Some one was seated in the shadow of the bay window—some one who uttered a cry of intense surprise as he beheld her; and the next moment Bernard Chesleigh was clasping her hand, looking joyfully down into her face.

"Why did you hide yourself like this from those who love you best?" he asked, sadly.

Reine hid her face in her hands.

"Did you know, Bernard, that he—he left me forever?" she sobbed. "Left me wilfully, deliberately—left me to the world's cold mercy, dependent upon myself?"

"I know all, Reine. But why, in the hour of need, did you not go to your father, who loved you so well, or come to me?"

"Papa would never have received me," she faltered. "He shut his heart against me. I have deserved it as the price of my folly."

Bernard Chesleigh was a good man, but he could scarcely refrain from cursing the villian who had wrecked Reine's young life. For God had published her sufficiently for forgetting the words of her dear old Bible: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

Poor Reine! She was but another pitiful example of the folly of eloping. Will young girls never take heed, and learn to shun false-hearted lovers whom loving friends and parents strive to warn them against?

She continued to improve in health and strength rapidly, and once more, as she stood among the roses, and her clear laugh rang out, she seemed like the merry, joyous Reine of yore.

Bernard Chesleigh watched her with yearning, sorrowful eyes, no longing seeking to hide the truth from himself. He loved her with all his heart. She was his first and only love, the other half of his soul. Yet she was separated from him as completely as though she lay in her grave.

The days that passed were all too bitter-sweet to Bernard Chesleigh. He was only human, not a saint, and it was beyond human nature to deny himself the joy of being near the woman he loved.

He fell slowly, without knowing it, from the state of blind worship into the deepest pit passion ever digs for men. He understood it at last, when a feeling of despair came over him, and he said to himself that he would give his very life to clasp her in his arms just one fleeting moment, and kiss her even should he then die. It was when that thought came over him that he realized how desperately, how madly and blindly he loved her, and more now, if that could be, than ever. He had never trembled at a woman's soft touch before; now, if his hand touched hers, if her dress touched him in passing, if, as he bent over her to read or to sing, the perfume from her hair reached him, he trembled like a strong tree swaying in the storm.

He knew his love was hopeless; he told himself over and over again that she could be nothing to him, and the next thing was to fly from her, to go where the witchery of her face would never set his heart on fire again, to go where her voice would not reach him. And yet, realizing all that, he still lingered.

He drained his cup of poison slowly, surely, knowing it was poison, knowing that it would destroy him, yet unable to put down the fatal cup, which once tasted, clings to the lips. He found himself wondering over and over again, is she were but free, if her heart would turn to him, if he read in her eyes now a look which was new in them, if they by chance met his, then the white lids would droop over them and Reine would turn confusedly away.

There was one incident that happened one evening which was certainly a trying one for both Reine and Chesleigh.

The latter was sitting at the piano drumming thoughtfully on the white keys, when a lady who was just then visiting at the villa, crossed over to where Chesleigh sat—requesting him to try a piece of music for her which he had just received. "I think I have heard you sing it before," she said, laying it before him.

One glance at the title, and his face paled, he turned hastily around. Reine was in the room, seated near them. He bowed, took the music, placing it on the rack, the next moment his deep impassioned voice rang through the room. From a mirror hung over the instrument, he could see Reine's face distinctly, their eyes had met, then he lowered his scorching gaze, never raising his eyes again until he had finished his song.

These were the words he sung:

And have you quite forgot me, dear?
Or say, do you sometimes dream
What life might have been if we wandered still
Together by wood or stream?
Do you think of days when my love was all—
The world could give or take,
Do you say with a sigh they were happy days,
Just for the old love's sake?

Do you ever sit in the twilight, dear,
And think of that other day,
When we met, and parted, and journeyed forth
Each on our separate way?
I turned and stood for a moment, dear,
And looked in your face to take
Its memory far on my way through life,
Just for the old love's sake!

Do you ever think they were bitter words?
Their memory haunts me yet;
Do you wonder if I forgot?
And wonder if I forgive?
Dear, my heart has forgiven—forgiven long ago,
Though at first I thought 'twould break;
And whenever I think—it is kindly still—
Just for the old love's sake!"

Reine rose hastily and silently quitted the room.

Chesleigh excused himself shortly after and went out into the grounds. He paced rapidly up and down under the trees to cool the mad fire in his veins; future possibilities, with their alluring fancies, took possession of him, clouding his better nature; that painful issues were to accure, he could not foresee.

To Chesleigh's nature, the moment was cruel, with its yearning and doubts.

"I should save myself from such agitation as this," he muttered, hoarsely; "I will not go through it again." Those airy visions to which he could give no outline, rendered his thoughts of her as beautiful as the freshly-opened violets after rain.

CHAPTER XXIX.

As soon as Reine's health would permit of the journey, it was decided that her aunt should take her to Florida. It was arranged, through Aunt Rachel's earnest request, that Bernard should join them a little later.

It was dangerous to his peace of mind to be so near Reine, but he

would not deny his starving heart so small a crumb of comfort, as her near presence brought to him.

He felt himself drawn like the fabled moth, irresistibly toward the flame.

"There's nothing like travel and change of scene to make one forget sorrow," Mrs. Woodstock had declared; "and amid new scenes Reine would, in a measure, forget the past."

But, alas! how human calculations fail. A week after Bernard arrived, Reine's aunt was attacked with her old enemy, the rheumatism, and upon Bernard devolved the task of cheering Reine. It was a pleasure so great it was almost pain.

She clung to him with all the old-time childish thoughtfulness. With him it was hard to refrain from uttering the loving words that often rose from his heart to his lips—so hard to keep down the love that thrilled every nerve—yet he crushed it with a mighty power that surprised even himself.

On the evening Mrs. Woodstock had been stricken down, the tide had planned a sail on the water as far as the light-house, which was situated on an island a few miles from the beach.

"Never mind me," Aunt Rachel had said irritably, "don't stay on my account. Take Reine and go by all means, Bernard. I'd rather be alone."

She watched the tiny boat as it shot into the sunny waves. Reine looked up at the window kissing her little white hand to her aunt, the light bark faded from her sight into the blue haze of the distance.

Aunt Rachel turned away from the window with a weary sigh.

"Ah! but for her folly—her mad folly—Reine might be Bernard's wife! How would it all end? she wondered. Ah, if she had but known!

The sun was low in the western sky when the little boat touched the island.

"I'm afraid we will not have time to explore the light-house," said Bernard, anxiously. "If I am an judge we shall have a storm, and a severe one, too. I think I had better turn the boat about, and head for our hotel again."

Reine laughed and sprang out on the yellow sand.

"The storm-clouds will blow over, as they did yesterday," she said. "See, they are shifting now. We must explore the old quaint light-house, now that we are here."

Against his better judgment, he allowed himself to be persuaded. Whether there was a fate in it or not, only Heaven could have told.

He fastened the boat, and followed her up the steep path without further objection, seeing that she had set her heart upon it.

The evening was a weird, ready all its own. The rocks, the sea, the sky, mixed with gold, red, dark purple linings. The sun was red, but the color of it had changed from blue to a dull red. In the west the waves were languid, but there seemed to be a deep, undercurrent. The boats crocked white sailed ships passed now slowly by, every now and then there was a slow, sullen murmur in the wind, as though it were collecting force for some special purpose. There was a heavy, brooding silence over the trees and flowers of the little island; the birds seemed frightened, and sought shelter in their nests. The whole scene had a weird effect—grand, beautiful, terrible.

While they stood there the keeper of the light, a bronzed, weather-beaten old sailor, joined them, bowing to the tall, broad-shouldered young man, and doffing his cap to the slender, golden-haired girl by his side.

"We have come to view your castle," smiled Bernard, "that is, if you do not object."

The old keeper declared that he would be only too pleased to show them about, adding that they were just in time to see the great lamp lighted. Even as he spoke the leaden hue of the water deepened, and the weird colors died out of the sky.

The grave light deepened in Bernard Chesleigh's eyes.

"That usually presages a storm," he said. "Do you think it is far off?"

"It will be upon us directly," declared the keeper. "You must bring the lady in, sir, and wait a bit until its fury is spent. See, the great drops are commencing to fall now."

"Are the storms here very dangerous?" asked Bernard, following his guide, and assisting Reine up the steep, rugged path.

"The storms do a sight of damage at times. Just by the white rock there lies a dangerous reef, and many a good ship has been battered to pieces there."

While they were speaking, the darkness of night seemed to fall like a pall over the earth, without warning. And they had barely reached shelter ere the storm broke in all its fury. The hissing of the wind rose into a scream, the sea waters into a roar, the rain came in torrents, and the lightning flashed in white, blinding sheets.

It was one of those terrible storms that sweep at times over the Florida coast, carrying destruction with it. At first it was wonderful; then it became awful; at last alarming. And in the midst of it all, something terrible happened. The awful hurricane demolished one of the windows of the tower, and the deluge of water put out the great lamp.

The keeper's bronzed face paled.

"Great God!" he cried, "the light is out! Heaven help any vessel on the sea that must pass this way to-night!"

A lurid flash of lightning lit up the room, showing the ghastly effect of the weird, awful scene outside.

A low cry broke from Reine's lips. The old lighthouse seemed to rock on its foundation. The angry waves, rolling mountain-high, seemed to threaten to devour it at any instant into the hungry sea.

Reine clung to Bernard's strong arm with trembling hands, and the flashes of light showed him the pale face, quivering lips, and eyes distended with fear.

Oh, how he longed to take her in his arms and comfort her. But his shield of honor restrained him.

Suddenly as they stood there, a terrible sound smote their ears—a sound that strikes terror to every heart; the firing of the minute guns, which denotes a ship in distress at sea.

Louder and louder sounds the booming of the signal guns.

Bernard Chesleigh listens, his grave face whitening.

In an instant the keeper of the light had sprung for his tar jacket and lantern.

"A ship in distress. I must get my lifeboat and go to the rescue," he said simply.

And snatching up his lantern, he was gone in a trice.

Hark! There it is again. The terrible booming.

Bernard Chesleigh unclasps the little, white, clinging hands from his arm.

"The old keeper of the light has shown me my duty, Reine. He has gone to the rescue. I cannot stand here, while my fellow-creatures are crying for aid, facing death. I must go and help. I must save a life if I can."

Reine clung to him in wild alarm.

"You must not go, Bernard," she sobbed piteously. "You would die in those horrible waves, and it would kill me. Oh, Bernard, do not leave me."

"I must, Reine," he said, hoarsely, bending his handsome head and kissing reverently the little white hands that clung to him so frantically.

He loosened the white hands, and in a flash, she was standing alone in the deserted lighthouse.

Reine sprang through the doorway after him with a wild cry. She forgot the drenching rain and terrible storm as she tore madly down the beach after him, crying out wildly:

"Oh, Bernard! Bernard! You are going out to death! Take me with you, and let me die, too, for I cannot live without you!"

And those piercing cries smote Bernard Chesleigh's ears far out among the mad waves, as he valiantly headed his lifeboat toward the fearful wreck on the reefs.

Now the words clung to him! They revealed that which made his heart bound with a great throbbing pain—Reine cared—yes she cared for him.

How cruel the knowledge was to him now when it was too late. She was nothing more to him now save a dearly loved sister.

Yes he had found Reine—but too late. But he must put all thoughts of her from him at this moment and think only of those in such dread peril out there at the mercy of the deep.

Was it a reckless madness that seized him to wish for half a moment that he might not live to return?

CHAPTER XXX.

The rain beat upon Reine's golden head, the terrible storm drenched her through and through, yet she did not appear to notice it. Her white hands beat the air bitter cries fell from her lips as she flung herself down on her knees, sobbing out that if he never came back to her, she would throw herself into the sea.

If he found death in those cruel waves, dashing mountain high, she would find a grave there, too, and the sad sea waves should sing a requiem over both.

Breathlessly, in the vivid flashes of blinding light, she watched the little lifeboat battling with the angry sea.

The scene on the wrecked steamer was a terrible one. The lifeboats had been lowered; but many of the frightened passengers, in their mad terror, had thrown themselves into the lashing sea.

She had struck the treacherous reef, and it was but a question of a few terrible moments ere she would go down, for she was fast settling. The steamer was doomed.

Not a soul seemed to be on board the fatal steamer when Bernard reached it, and a voluntary cry, "Thank God! all have been saved!" burst from his lips.

He turned to leap into his boat again, but at that instant a low moan fell upon his ear from down the hatchway.

Seizing a lantern that one of the sailors had left, Chesleigh sprang in the direction from which the sound proceeded.

A man was attempting to make his way toward the deck. By the feeble, flickering light from the lantern he carried, Bernard Chesleigh saw that his face was covered with blood from a wound on his temple.

He cried out, faintly, rejoicing to see succor at hand.

"One of the spars fell upon me, and must have lost consciousness. They left me here to die," he said, putting out his hands gropingly to reach the spot where his rescuer stood.

He took one step forward, then staggered blindly, and fell at Bernard's feet exhausted, crying, faintly:

"I am too weak to walk—!—"

The sentence never was finished. Bernard Chesleigh had stooped beside him, holding the lantern close to his face.

There was a hoarse cry from the lips of both.

"Bernard Chesleigh!"

"Waldemar Waldron!"

In that awful moment they had recognized each other; each was gazing into the face of the other with bated breath—these two who had been such bitter rivals for the love of beautiful Reine.

"Ah, it is you!" gasped Waldron, white to the lips. "Then all hope of rescue is at an end. You will leave me to die."

Bernard Chesleigh had drawn back with a face ghastly white. There are moments when the bravest and most honorable of us have been sorely tempted—tempted almost beyond the power of human endurance—and such a moment of terrible temptation assailed Bernard Chesleigh.

His rival lay at his feet, maimed, helpless, at his mercy. He need but turn and fly; speak no word, lift not so much as a finger, and ere he reached the shore, the steamer would go down, carrying with it the barrier that parted him from the woman he loved.

If Reine were but free, he might woo and win her. This man's life parted them. His death would set her free. The world would never know—even Reine need not be told—no one would suspect that his hands were crimsoned with the blood of a human life.

Waldemar Waldron gazed fearfully up into the white face bending over him, and read all the struggle there. The poor wretch groaned aloud.

The tempter cried: "He has wrecked and spoiled your life and Reine's. Let him die. Make for yourself a golden future." Honor and conscience cried out: "You must save a human life, no matter how painfully your lives have crossed."

"I will save you!" cried Chesleigh, hoarsely, "for Reine's sake. Make amends to her for the past, and I shall be repaid."

Waldemar Waldron was much, too spent to utter the grateful words that sprang to his lips.

By main force Bernard Chesleigh succeeded in lowering him into the skiff, grasped the oars, and again the little boat, with its double burden, was breasting the mad waves.

They were scarcely out of danger's way a moment too soon, for the boat went down, dragging all within her reach into the whirlpool—down down to the rocks full many a fathom below.

They reached the shore in safety. The excitement and the pain of the wound on the temple had been too much for Waldemar Waldron, and again he had succumbed to unconsciousness.

Chesleigh lifted the inanimate form in his strong arms and laid him on the beach, then hastened to secure his boat, which the high tide threatened to take out to sea with each high wave.

The rain had ceased, and the moon looked out clear and bright from the network of jagged clouds.

It seemed but an instant that Chesleigh had spent in securing his boat, but when he turned around, lo! no motionless form lay where he had placed it. The white-capped coldtine waves curled around the spot. Waldemar Waldron was not there.

Then the horrible truth burst upon him. The tide had carried its unconscious victim out to sea again. He had done his best to save Waldemar Waldron, but it seemed to be the will of Heaven that he should not be spared.

With hurried steps he regained the lighthouse, and found poor Reine suffering from hysterics. In charge of the lighthouse keepers daughter. It would have brought tears of pity to any one's eyes to have heard the cry of joy as Bernard flung open the door and entered.

He did not tell her just then the startling revelation he had to make. She was too weak to bear such a shock.

Mrs. Woodstock was waiting for them at the hotel in the greatest alarm. "Safe!" she cried, clasping Reine in her arms. "I feared you were both at the bottom of the sea. I was sorry—so sorry that I consented to your going."

That night, when Reine lay sleeping the sleep of exhaustion upon her pillow, Bernard Chesleigh was relating to Mrs Woodstock all that had transpired.

When he had finished the two sat looking earnestly into each other's eyes.

"You have proven yourself a noble foe," said Aunt Rachel, huskily grasping the other's hand. "You did what you could to save his life. Perhaps Heaven knew what was for the best when it interfered."

The terrible story that had so strange an ending was not told to Reine for many a long day after.

She was back in the old garden at Fairlawn when her aunt gently broke the news to her months later.

She did not cry out. She did not weep. She listened like one turned to stone.

"Waldemar was not kind to me, Aunt Rachel," she said, slowly. "Still I loved him once. I grieve that he met such an untimely fate. I can never look again on the hungry, sobbing sea, for I should see his face in the waves."

Yet even as she spoke she realized that his death had set her free. Yes, Heaven help her, she was free—at last!

Aunt Rachel left her alone in the garden, and Reine sat down on one of the benches among the great crimson roses, pale and trembling, her thoughts in the wildest chaos.

She would not be disloyal to Waldemar Waldron even in thought. She tried to think of him kindly and of his best, for his untimely death wiped out all the keen misery he had ever caused her.

How long she sat there among the blossoms she never knew. A step startled her at length—a step that brought the warm blood to her cheek and a thrill to her heart—for she knew it was Bernard's step. Before she could rise to meet him he had come forward and seated himself by her side, imprisoning the little white hand that lay on the rustic bench.

Her long, curling lashes were wet with tears; and he knew what brought them there.

"Let me teach you to forget, Reine," he said, gently. "The one gift I ask from Heaven is the right and power to comfort you, dear. Renew the promise you once made, Reine, and my happiness will be complete. Be my wife. No barrier stands between us. Give me the heart that should have been mine long ago."

She shrank from him in passionate tears.

"No, no," she cried, incoherently, "it can never be—never! I must be true to his memory—nothing else would be right."

"Is this my reward for waiting for you all these weary years?" he exclaimed, bitterly.

"Be content—as matters are now, Bernard," she said faintly, "everything is going on well."

He moved nearer her—so that his hot breath scorched her cheek—as he answered steadily:

"Would it satisfy you to live forever, like this?—no nearer to me than you are now?"

It seemed to Reine his fiery eyes burned down into the very depths of her soul as he asked this huskily, murmuring—"Oh, my love—so cold and cruel!"

Reine shivered a little, her face paling.

"Oh, Bernard," she faltered, "why are you not content?"

"Why am I not content?" he interrogated passionately, and so bitterly that he quite frightened her. "Because I am not made of marble—or ice, because I have a living, human heart pulsing in my bosom that longs for love returned—a soul that cries out against this cruelty of being so near you, yet held off at arms' length. I love you so well that I must win you, or I must go from you. I have borne more than a man should bear. Do you think I never long to clasp your hands in mine?—to hear you whisper tender words to me?"

"I do not know," she murmured.

"But I do know, Reine, and I can bear the torture no longer of being near you if there is no possibility of winning you."

A thrill shot through Reine's heart—"We cannot go on dreaming like the lotus-eaters forever," he continued.

Reine drew a long breath. "How could she withstand his ardent pleading when her heart yearned for him so strongly! "Have you an answer for me, Reine?" he whispered.

"I am not worthy, Bernard," she faltered. "If I once throw away your love. Would you—could you—trust me after that?"

For answer he raised the sweet face to his and kissed away the pearly tears, murmuring loving words over her.

She attempted to struggle out of his arms, for she saw her aunt coming down the path, but her laughing, happy lover held her fast.

When Mrs. Woodstock saw them, she knew that the ardent hope of her life was to be realized, yet she could not refrain from crying out, with a ha! ha! ha!—

"Why what in the world does such a scene as this mean? Bernard! Reine! explain this situation at once."

"It means, dear madam," said the happy lover proudly, "that my long devotion and deep love are to be rewarded at last. Reine has promised to become my wife."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Woodstock fervently. "I have always said God brings together, soon or late, the hearts he intended for each other." With these words she left them.

The hour they spent sitting side by side on the rustic seat by the murmuring fountain, building bright air-castles of a rosy future, was the happiest they were ever to know.

How great is the wisdom of God that the dark beyond is all unknown to us!

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was decided at length that the marriage should take place at once. Aunt Rachel demurred greatly at losing her neice so soon, but the impulsive lover declared he had waited altogether too long for his bride already, that delays were dangerous, and he must claim Reine at once.

He could hardly restrain his impatience at the time it took to prepare the elegant trousseau.

The grand wedding was to take place at Mrs. Woodstock's new villa in Richmond, and the preparations were going on on a magificent scale.

All the country side had been invited just as they had been invited to attend the other wedding so long ago, where Bernard Chesleigh was to have been the happy groom, and lovely, golden-haired Reine the bride. More than one vaguely wondered how this affair would end.

And the vague, uneasy speculations grew as the wedding day drew nigh, and heavy storms, which were unusual at that season of the year, set in.

At length the day before the grand event dawned, and the storm increased in its wild fury, showing no signs of abating on the morrow.

Many watched the fearful warring of the elements with troubled faces, the old adage recurring to them—"Unhappy is the bride the rain falls on."

Reine watched the scene from the window with smiling lips. The storm had laid the roses low in the garden. The trees bent earthward, nearly stripped of their green foliage. Still Reine smiled, despite her maid's anxious face.

"Signs of good or evil omen do not count for much," she said. "I have no faith in them. My wedding day will be a happy one, even if the sun does refuse to shine."

"The Lord grant it," replied the maid, fervently.

"I shall not need you any more to-night," said Reine, pleasantly, although it was only dusk. "Come to me early to-morrow morning, Amy."

The girl courtesied and left her young mistress. Ah me! How little she dreamed under what thrilling scenes she was to pass, and what tragic events were to transpire ere she looked upon Reine's face again.

Reine drew the heavy silken curtains, and turned away from the window, for it had grown dark while she stood there.

"To-morrow is my wedding day," she murmured, unclasping her long golden hair, before the mirror, and running her slim, white fingers through its luxurious masses. "How kind Heaven is to me to let me be happy with my love at last."

The words had scarcely died on her lips, ere a paragraph in a crumpled bit of newspaper lying on the mantel caught her eye, and held her spellbound.

For one moment the darkness of death seemed to enfold her. Her heart almost seemed to cease beating, and stand still. The wild rose bloom faded from her cheeks like a pale blossom of the lightning's blast. The light died from her blue eyes, and the joy from her heart.

Slowly, steadily, she put out her poor, white hands and grasped the bit of paper sinking down upon the nearest seat, and smoothing it out over her knee.

One instant a hot gush of tears blinded her eyes, but she brushed them away, bending her burning eyes on the printed page.

There were but a few lines, but they were a death-knell to a human heart—death in life.

Like one who has received a dagger-thrust in the heart, she read the cruel words, and each letter seemed branded on her brain in letters of scorching fire. It read as follows:

"We are pleased to announce that the story of the tragic death of Waldemar Waldron, the young heir of the Towers, which went the rounds of the press some time since, is entirely without foundation. Instead of meeting death in the sea waves which carried him out from shore, he clung to the wreck of a spar, and was picked up by an outward bound vessel bound for a foreign coast. After a long and tedious illness he set sail once more for his native land, and will arrive at his estate in Virginia—Waldron Towers—to-day, accompanied by a party of friends.

Alive! Reine crushed back her misery—trying to thank God his life had been spared—but the words died on her lips in a moan.

She looked at the date of the paper—it was that evening's. In the excitement of the preparation for the morrow's wedding no one had thought of taking time to read it, and consequently it had become to n. Could it be that a mistake had been made? She buried her death cold face in her trembling hands, with a bitter, stifling sob.

To-morrow was to have been her wedding-day. She was to have been married to the man she loved. Had Heaven swept them apart by an insurmountable barrier—a second time?

"I cannot—I will not believe it. I will go myself to Waldron Towers and see if it be true. If it is—Heaven forgive her—the thought that crept into her heart—she was so sorely tried.

What mattered it to her, that the storm raged outside with demon like fury? Her very soul was burning with a fever of unrest. She must know the truth—or the light of the morrow's dawn, or the suspense would drive her mad.

The house was wrapped in a mantle of gloom and darkness as the slender figure, heavily cloaked and veiled, crept noiselessly down the stairway.

A small revolver, belonging to one of the servants, had been carelessly left on the velvet divan in the marble corridor.

Only Heaven could have foreto d the impulse that caused the poor girl to thrust it into the pocket of her long cloak. Reine had left a little tear-blotted note for Bernard—on losing the paragraph, and telling him where she had gone,—believing it would not be found until the next morning.

Silently as a shadow she stole out into the bitter storm.

She took the night train, and, to her consternation, found, when she was fairly on her way, that the express made no stoppages until it reached the cross-roads. No doubt she could find a stage there to take her to Dover, upon whose outskirts lay the Waldron estate.

Trembling with excitement and fatigue, Reine alighted from the express at the cross-roads. And this, dear reader, brings us back to the opening chapter of our story—to that memorable ride of a young girl on the mountain road through the terrible storm.

When Reine alighted from the mail coach at the gates of the Towers, her heart gave a strange thro. She saw that the house was brilliantly lighted, and the sound of music floated out to her over the wild warring of the pitiless storm.

Silently as a shadow she crept up the marble porch and gazed through the lace-draped window.

One quick, startled glance, then a cry that was hardly human, fell from her white lips.

She saw Waldemar Waldron, standing in the middle of the spacious drawing-room, handsome, smiling, gay as ever; and by his side, clinging to his arm, was a young and lovely girl.

Reine turned away sick at heart. She could not censure Heaven that his life had been spared. She could not wish that he had died in the dark waters that night. But, oh, the pity of it! the pity of it! he had spoiled her life.

To-morrow was to have been her wedding-day. She was to have married the man she loved. And now it was all over. Bernard and she, who loved each other so fondly, must now part. They were separated more cruelly than if one of them lay in the grave.

Waldemar Waldron had deserted her, fled from her wilfully, left her ill and penniless among strangers. It was not likely he would seek her out now. Still, he was her husband. The fatal marriage bond forged in a moment of thoughtless folly, bound her to him while her life lasted.

Life! How could she endure it, separated from the one love of her heart, whom she was to have wedded on the morrow? Better death than that.

The thought, born of frenzy and despair, came to her with a sudden shock. Nothing could ever release her from the fetters that galled her so, save—death. Ah, why shouldn't she die and end it all?

Involuntarily her trembling hands sought the pearl and silver revolver which would furnish the way and means.

The poor, misguided girl raised her white face to the dark night skies.

In her anguish she did not heed the warning voice of conscience. She forgot everything save her supreme misery, and her one yearning desire to end it all, then and there. When morning dawned she would be the pale, cold bride of death.

One moment she leaned heavily against the frame-work of the long French window her white lips parted in the tremulous word "Forgive!" The next instant there was the clear, ringing report of a revolver. But the fatal bullet, owing to the unsteadiness of her hand, missed its mark wide, and instead of piercing the white breast of its victim, crashed through the plate glass window, whirred over the heads of the panic-stricken guests, and buried itself in the opposite wall.

And at that instant, as their gaze was riveted to the window, they caught a fleeting glimpse of a white, terror-stricken face, framed in dishevelled golden hair; but, swiftly as a shadow, it was lost to view in the darkness and storm of the terrible night.

CHAPTER XXXII.

In an instant the wildest confusion prevailed at the Towers, and, despite the fury of the storm, the gentlemen dashed from the drawing-room out on to the porch in search of the beautiful, desperate, golden-haired young girl whose terror-stricken face had been seen at the window.

The foremost of them nearly stumbled over the prostrate form of a woman lying, face downward among the wet grass.

Despite their belief that the bullet must have been intended for some one of the party in the drawing-room, they raised the cowering form with tender hands, and bore her into the marble corridor, and laid her down on a velvet divan.

Reine had not swooned; she struggled up to her feet, like a hunted deer, driven at bay, still holding the veil closely down over her face, which shielded her from recognition.

"I did not mean the bullet for any of you," she cried, incoherently. "I meant it for myself. I wanted to die and end it all."

"Why, was life so distasteful to you?" asked a fair-haired, young man, pityingly.

"You ask me that, Waldemar Waldron?" she cried, quivering with intense excitement and passion. "You ask me that?—you who have spoiled and wrecked my life?"

She drew back and looked at him with bitter scorn, clenching her little white hands together, her eyes blazing like blue fires, even through the thick veil.

"There is evidently a strange mistake here," he said quickly. "I am not Waldemar Waldron. I am Clarence Waldron, his younger brother. The likeness between us is said to be striking. Am I right in supposing you have mistaken me for him?"

"Not Waldemar Waldron!" Reine murmured, brokenly. "Am I mad or dreaming, or are my senses playing me false?"

Like a flash, a sudden thought occurred to the young man.

"My friends," he said gravely, turning to those about him, "will you kindly leave me alone with this young woman? There is a grave mystery here."

Intense as their excitement was, there was nothing else for them to do but readily acquiesce to their host's request.

He closed the door carefully after them and wheeled suddenly around, facing Reine.

"I see it all now," he exclaimed, excitedly. "You are the young lady whom my hapless brother wedded, and—Heaven pardon him for it—deserted—"

"Hold—hear me through," he added, as Reine nodded in the affirmative and attempted to speak. "This matter is quite clear to me; I see through this whole matter quite plainly. You, the deserted wife of my poor, unhappy brother, saw the paragraph in this afternoon's paper, and, of course, believed it. Part of the statements made by the reporter were quite true, others sadly mixed up. It was true, Waldron did not die in the waves on the Florida coast; he was picked up by an outward-bound vessel and was landed in China, ill unto death. It was long months before the ravages of fever left him, and he was able to set sail for home; and on that homeward-bound steamer, the first persons whom he saw, upon coming up on deck, were my bride and myself with a party of friends. The second day out, my brother confessed to me the whole story of his misspent life; I came here to take possession of the Towers with my bride and requested that all the neighbors hereabouts should be invited here to meet us. Through my perfect resemblance to my brother Waldemar, I was taken for him by those who saw me drive up from the station. It did not take long, however, to explain the situation, when my curious, wondering guests arrived. A pretty mess the o papers have made of it, to be sure. Waldemar will be here to-night. I am expecting him every moment."

Reine listened to the strange denial with speechless amazement. Waldemar really not dead! and this his

younger brother! No wonder the newspaper reporter, who had made such a strange blunder, had been deceived by the close resemblance between the brothers.

But now that Reine observed him more closely, she saw many points wherein he differed from Waldemar.

There was a hasty step in the corridor outside, that both of them recognized.

"Ah, here is Waldemar now!" his brother exclaimed, adding hastily, "I will leave you alone together to settle your differences."

Reine would have detained him, but he hurried from the apartment, and, an instant later, an opposite door was flung open and Waldemar Waldron stood on the threshold, with glowering eyes—red and bloodshot—even at the distance he was standing the horrible odor of rum reached her.

For a moment Reine was stricken dumb; a terrible sound filled her ears, flashes of red, glaring light seemed to play before her vision, but through it all she raised her terrified eyes to the harsh, mocking face before her.

"Well," he cried, hoarsely, "you have led me a pretty dance, haven't you?" and, as he spoke he flung the door after him, and strode up to her, and a hand, hard and heavy, clutched her white arm, hissing in her ear:

"I have just heard how you came there, and dived in among the crowd. I know that the heavily veiled woman they were all talking so excitedly about was you. What did you do it for, I say! Did you mistake my brother Clarence, who was standing there for me and attempt to pop him over, thinking it would rid you forever of me?"

"Waldemar," she murmured faintly, "hear me, I—I—never meant to fire into the room among those people—I—I—well I may as well tell you the truth," she said, desperately; "I did take your brother for you and I determined to kill myself to end it all." As she uttered the words, no cry fell from her white lips, although the grip of the hard, steely hand that grasped her arm, grew cruelly harder each moment to bear.

A sneering laugh broke from his lips, a laugh horrible to hear.

"When you ran away from me you thought I should never be able to find you, did you," he cried, taunt-angly.

"You left me, Waldemar," she corrected.

"It's a lie!" he cried, brutally, giving vent to such a volley of horrible oaths, that Reine's heart seemed to die within her. She shrank back from him, cowering.

"It's a lie!" he repeated fiercely, "and you know it. I only wrote that letter to frighten you into getting some money from the old man or from somewhere else—it didn't matter much where. I stayed away three days to bring you to your senses, and when I came back you were gone, glad of the excuse no doubt, and ever since I have been searching for you, and you have led me a pretty dance of it, I say."

"I did not, now, Waldemar," she murmured, faintly.

"Do you think I'm fool enough to believe that?" he cried, fiercely.

"It is the truth, Waldemar," she said.

"And there's another affair, that came to my ears as I was coming up the mountain pass; the report of my death, which you have circulated, at last, but not least, that you were about to marry Bernard Chesleigh—curse him—is it true? Answer me!"

"We were to have been married to-morrow," she replied, faltering, "but when I found you were alive and supposed to be here, I came here too."

"To put me out of the way," he interrupted, and again he broke into such a volley of horrible oaths Reine was fairly electrified. He seemed to not stop to catch breath until he had exhausted his whole vocabulary.

"Don't," she cried faintly, "you are killing me, Waldemar;" but her remonstrance only made him all the worse. He stopped at length through sheer exhaustion, for a moment, and in that moment the door was suddenly opened again and Bernard Chesleigh, with a face white as death, stepped into the room.

It was Reine to whom he turned, ignoring Waldron's presence altogether.

"I had your note," he said, simply, "and I could scarcely credit what you said was true; I believed there was some terrible mistake, Reine, and followed you here in all haste to see if what you wrote were possible."

The saddest cry that ever fell from human lips broke from Reine's. With an almost superhuman effort she wrenched herself from the detaining hold of Waldron's steel-like hand and flew like a wounded bird that has the arrow of death in its heart, to Bernard Chesleigh's arms, clasping him with her white arms as though nothing but death should loosen her clinging hold and part her from him.

"Bernard, my love, save me from him," she gasped. "Oh, save me from him, or kill me with your own dear hands."

Before Bernard could answer, Waldemar Waldron had torn her white arms from his neck, thrust her back and stepped between them. Waldron had pushed her so roughly that she had fallen backward, at Bernard's feet.

Bernard sprung forward to raise her—a low cry breaking from his lips.

"Do not touch her, do not dare to touch her, Bernard Chesleigh," he cried, in a voice of thunder; "she is my wife!"

"Just this once," implored Bernard, "let me raise her in my arms and whisper one poor word of comfort to her, we have loved each other so well, and on the morrow," he said huskily, "she was to have been—my wife,—I know she is yours; I am not going to dispute your right. Let me raise her just this once and look into the face that has been heaven on earth to me, then I will go quietly away."

"Stand back! lay your hands upon even one hair of her head and I will kill you," cried Waldron, his face fairly purple with rage. "You have stolen Reine's heart from me, and I curse you for it—curse your low, smooth, winning ways and proud, aristocratic face. But for you she would be willing enough to go back home to New York with me. No doubt you would like me to give her up to you," he sneered, but without waiting for Chesleigh to utter the words that were on his lips, he added:

"Know this, that I do not love her, I never loved her, I hate her with the bitterest hate—for her white face, tearful eyes, and moping ways—yes, I hate her, but she will go with me all the same. It will be a glorious revenge to me anyhow, to know that I have wrested her from you, Bernard Chesleigh. No matter how she may shrink from me, she must go with me, I am her lord and master," he cried, boisterously.

She had struggled to her feet, poor, beautiful, hapless Reine. Her white face was turned to Bernard, oh, so pathetically lovely in its terrible woe and a voice, tragic in its despair, cried faintly—

"Must I leave you, Bernard—oh, must I leave you, love, and go out with him into the bitterness of death?"

"Certainly," retorted Waldron, frowning darkly, "what need to answer such a question. You are to go with me—your husband, certainly."

Still she looked at Bernard in her piteous despair.

"Are you quite sure I should go with him, Bernard?" she repeated. "Ah, it would kill me, my love."

"Dare to speak to him like that again at your peril," foamed Waldron furiously. "I am sure that you are to go with me whether he is or not. He will do well to not interfere between us."

Poor Reine! her heart died within her when Bernard's head drooped and a heavy sigh of anguish broke from his lips. Then, poor child, she knew there was no hope for her. Without another word she fell prone on her face among the lilies of the carpet in a deep swoon.

If he must leave her, better that he should leave her now, Bernard told himself. "Good by, my lost love," he murmured, letting his eyes linger for an instant on the white face lying there so cold and still, and with a sudden movement knelt down and kissed the spot her feet had so lately pressed, then tore himself away.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The carriage which had brought Bernard Chesleigh to the Towers stood at the entrance gate. He sprung into the vehicle, saying hoarsely to the driver:

"Take me back to the station at the cross-roads. When does the next train pass that goes to New York?"

"At midnight, sir," replied the man, "but it doesn't stop, sir."

"I suppose it can be flagged and made to stop," said Bernard.

"Oh, yes sir," answered the man, "it has been done, but it's rather uncommon."

How he passed the time after he had reached the station until the train came in, Chesleigh never knew for some time he was like a man bereft of reason.

Once, the thought had come to him, as he stood looking gloomily through the narrow window how easy it would be for him to end his sorrow there and then, by flinging himself headlong down the deep mountain gorge into the ravine below; but the next moment his better judgment had reasserted itself; such an act as he had contemplated would be cowardly, and only cowards had recourse to such a way out of difficulty as that. No, he would live; he knew he should never know what happiness was again; it would be a dead letter for him forever after.

He knew that time might blunt the keen edge of his grief, but forget her, ah, he could never do that, go where he might; her face would be always before him. He had won Reine's love, too late.

"I ask from heaven what I have done that I should be so cruelly punished," he ruminated bitterly, as he paced up and down the narrow waiting-room. But from the darkling heavens to which he appealed, there came no reply.

"Some men meet with a cruel fate," he mused, "but they deserve it. In my life I may not have done much good, but I have done no great harm. I have committed no crime—yet, never since the world began, has a man's life been so wretchedly wrecked as mine, and happiness so near me twice."

From afar off he heard the shriek of the midnight express—in a few moments more it had flashed around the curve of the mountain and stood panting and quivering like a thing of life before the station.

Chesleigh boarded it and sank into a seat, but instead of rushing on after a moment or so, it still stood upon the track whistling shrilly.

One or two of the impatient passengers started out to learn the cause and reported that the down express was some twenty minutes late and that the train would have to wait there at the cross-roads probably some twenty minutes or more.

"I have known a train that was late to cause no end of disaster from one end of the line to the other," grumbled a commercial traveler sitting back of Chesleigh. But Bernard paid little heed to these remarks, and the fellow traveler rather piqued at his neighbor's silence, sauntered on into the smoking-car, leaving that portion of the train in which Chesleigh sat quite without occupant other than himself.

"Reine," he murmured, "it is hard to give you up, but alas—"

The sentence never was finished—the door of the car was flung suddenly open and Reine—yes, it was surely Reine, sprang into it.

At the first glance she behold Chesleigh and in an instant she was kneeling before him.

There was no mistake, he was neither mad nor dreaming, it was Reine kneeling at his feet, her long dark cloak dripping with rain and bespattered with mud thrown about her—her head uncovered, her long golden hair, wet and dishevelled, hanging all about her white, terrified face, and her hands clenched tightly over her heart that beat with great strangling, spasmodic throbs.

"Bernard," she cried, shrinking down at his feet, clasping his knees and looking up into his face with great, terrified, dilated eyes; "save me—oh, Bernard, take me with you, dear, anywhere—anywhere, save me, Bernard!"

"Reine, my poor child!" he exclaimed; "tell me, dear what does this mean?"

A laugh that was more horrible to hear than the cruelest sob could have been, broke from her lips.

"It means," she cried wildly, "that he tried to murder me, Bernard, after you had left me with him. When I woke to consciousness from my swoon, I saw him standing by the mantel; he had not even summoned help for me, and he did not know whether I was dying or not.

"I saw him standing there drinking brandy from a flask he carried about him. He was bad enough when you saw him; he is a fiend incarnate now.

"As I struggled to my feet he approached me, hurling me back on my knees. 'Stay there!' he cried, with a demoniac laugh; 'stay where you are, and say your prayers if you know any, for your time has come to die! I will show you how I deal with those who are faithless to me,' and with that, and before I could cry out for help, he struck me and whipped out a revolver and holding it close to my heart—fired. It was so near the fire burned my arm, Bernard, but his hand was unsteady, and the murderous ball crashed wide of its mark.

"Terror lent me strength. With a scream I sprang to my feet and dashed precipitately through the open French window out in the storm and the night. He pursued me with cries of rage, firing right and left. The brandy had driven him into a frenzy; he was like nothing human.

"I thought you had come to the station to take the train, and I ran here every step of the way. Oh, save me, Bernard for the love of Heaven! Let me stay with you, dear, if he finds me, he will kill me!" and the words died away with a bitter wailing cry of mortal fear.

Bernard Chesleigh was so filled with horror and dismay that the very power of speech seemed to have deserted him.

"See, Bernard," she sobbed, holding up her white arm to him, "there is where the powder burned me, and here—flinging back her rain drenched cloak—there is where the fire burned my dress—right over my heart. See, Bernard!"

It was more than mortal man could bear. Surely Heaven could find pardon for him, that in that moment he lost all self-restraint. His calm reason, his better judgment, his nobler self, all had vanished. He only heard her words—"Take me away with you, Bernard, if he finds me he will kill me!"

"I will take you away, Reine," he cried, breaking the clinging clasp of the white hands that clung round his knees, and drawing her to a seat by his side, and holding the poor, shivering girl close. "He has brought the last tear to your eyes—you shall not stay here—you shall not be the victim of a madman. Your very heart is crushed. I will save you. We will go so far that no one who has ever known us will look upon our face again. You shall know nothing but love and happiness all the rest of your life. We will fly to the other end of the world together, and live only for love and each other."

Ten minutes before, he would as soon have thought of shooting himself as to ask Reine to fly with him to escape her husband; for, no matter what the man was, he was still—her husband.

Now that Bernard's passionate nature was in the ascendancy, it seemed to him that to rescue her from this tyrant was a right thing to do. He had a most chivalrous feeling for women, a woman's tears were to him irresistible, and while she clung to him with trembling hands and he was protesting to her that she should never regret coming with him, slowly the train moved out; another instant and it was whirling along at a terrific rate of speed on through the storm and darkness of the night. But all in a moment as the train had moved out, Bernard Chesleigh began to realize what he had done. Great Heaven! he, who had always been the very soul of honor, had done so dastardly a thing as to fly with another man's wife; what had he been thinking of!

But of what use were regrets now? Why startle Reine—who was still clinging to him with hands trembling with fear? There was no returning—they had burned their bridges behind them.

"Are you content, Reine?" he asked, slowly—huskily.

"Yes, Bernard," she sighed. He clasped her closer, and soon, despite all the cold and the chill of her garments she sank to sleep like a child in his arms.

"Poor Reine," he murmured compassionately. "Heaven have mercy on us both."

He sat quite still, trying to think out what their future should be. The angels in Heaven who had watched it all, and wept over poor Reine, had marked out that future.

How long they sat thus, Bernard Chesleigh could never afterward quite fully recall—the train whirled on past hills and dales and leaping rivulets—on and on rushed the lightning express—on with a terrible roar until it reached a high bridge that spanned a dark, deep ravine—and then—

There was a horrible crash, a quiver, a sudden blinding light flashed through the car for an instant—and in that instant the engine plunged down through the bridge—down the steep height to the dark-pine-wreathed valley below. Then came oblivion to Bernard Chesleigh.

It was many a long day after when Bernard Chesleigh awoke to a realization of what was transpiring around him.

He found himself in a small, unfamiliar room, with strange faces bending over him.

"Where am I?" he asked, faintly. But before the good woman could answer, a cry of anguish broke from his lips.

"I remember. Great Heaven! I remember. The accident. Where is—is—"

"You are not to talk," said the nurse, gently. "It was a terrible accident. Many were wounded, many were killed outright; you were found terribly wounded, and brought here, while you have been for many a long week. Look through the window, see those snow flakes scurrying past, it is winter now, you have had a long siege of it." She went on: "There was a lady near you, a young and beautiful lady, lying there dead—quite dead—when they found her, which was at daylight. Her hands were crossed over her breast like a tired child's. There was a smile on her lips. Everyone said the angels must have been hovering very near her when that accident happened, watching for her soul. She was so young to die—poor, pretty young thing. There was only a little purple mark on the temple to show how death had met her, that was all.

"Some one came up from Waldron Towers, away down in Virginia, and took her home, with them—the body I mean, and I heard since that they buried her on the slope of hill—just back of the Towers."

Bernard Chesleigh turned away with a groan, turning his face to the wall. It seemed to him that her death lay on his soul.

One stormy winter night, a fortnight later, a man made his way through the snow-drifts close to a small enclosure, which was fenced in in the most isolated portion of the Tower grounds.

He need not have taken so much pains to steal along in the shadow of the trees, for there were none to see him. The old Towers was closed again, its occupants gone, none knew whither, and surely his tread could not awaken her who slept beneath the marble shaft toward which he bent his steps.

He lit a match and read the inscription on it, it bore simply this:

Sacred to the Memory of
REINE,
Aged 18 Years.

The flaring match which shed its light upon the tomb fell upon the man's face,—the pale face of Bernard Chesleigh.

From that night Bernard Chesleigh was never seen again. For a time those who knew him missed him, then forgot him.

Many a winter's snow fell deep upon Reine's grave, and many a summer's storm showered down blood-red rose leaves from a wild vine that had clambered round the shaft and over the grave, ere the inmates of Waldron Towers returned. It was summer then and the wild-rose vine was still in bloom. They found the wild-rose vines twined so closely about some object lying on the grave that they had to bend closer to see what it was. To their surprise and horror they found it was the skeleton of a man, but who he had been, or how he had come there no one knew, only this, some one must have lain down to die on the moss grown grave that was sacred to Reine.

They never, now they were carrying out the last fervent prayer he had uttered on earth, when they dug his grave, laid all that remained of him beside Reine.

THE END.

THE DRY BELT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By W. F. Osborne, M. A.

Canada, in the main, has a rigorous climate. It is generally said that the climate of New England induces catarrh and lung trouble, and I suppose that in this regard conditions are not very different in our own maritime provinces. A winter picture, for example, such as Whittier gives in his "Snowbound," is as true to life for Nova Scotia as it is for Massachusetts. In Quebec and Eastern Ontario, again, the winter is undeniably severe. The snowfall is heavy, the humidity is great, and the temperature goes low. Of Manitoba's winters nothing need be said; they are a standing joke; though we on the ground think them no menace or obstacle to people of ordinary health. And Manitoba conditions, however you regard them, prevail until one reaches Western Assiniboia. People have been heard to hint heretically that even at Calgary things get pretty bad sometimes. This survey is enough to show that we have vast areas where tolerably harsh winters are the rule. The country to the south of us, which has drawn our best blood in many respects, has unquestionable attractions to offer even in this. Florida, Colorado and California have long been, in this matter of climate, Meccas for Canadians. In the first place, those whose health is actually undermined look to these states for relief; California and Colorado swarm with invalid Canadians. But there is an even more important, because from this time swiftly growing, class to consider—those Canadians, that is to say, who, having acquired a competence, cast about for a pleasanter climate. We are just reaching a time when there will be a surprisingly large demand for easier climatic conditions. Large numbers of Canadians are now making money fast. They are American enough to want to enjoy it, and that without much delay. One of the first things they are going to ask is: "Where can we get an agreeable climate for the whole, or at least a good part, of the year?" Under these circumstances it seems no less than fortunate that we can call the attention of Canadians to something of the sort they want within our own borders. The district that I have particularly in mind is the Okanagan Valley, in British Columbia. To this may be added the smaller, but in every other respect similar, Valley of the Similkameen. The climate of British Columbia as a whole is balmy, but it is also moist. The advantage of the two valleys named is that they are at once warm and dry. In my opinion, this dry belt of the Coast province, from the standpoint both of climate and of products, is a distinct national asset.

I did not go to the Okanagan for copy; so that what I have to say—based on a three months' delightful stay in the valley—I say simply by way of general impression. To get into the Okanagan valley, the point at which one stops going west is Sicamous. From Sicamous a branch line runs south and a trifle east. At Sicamous, by the way, I understand that one is past the best, certainly the most of the mountain scenery. What is left for sight seeing is mainly the scenery along the Fraser. At Sicamous the Canadian Pacific Company have a simple admirable hostelry. It, with the station, stands on the very verge of an apparently small, but really extended, mountain lake. Beneath your very window, in the night silence, you hear the plash of waters, and from the verandah of the hotel you may step into a boat.

The line from this junction to the head of Okanagan lake passes a number of pleasant little towns. Of these, outside of Vernon, Enderby seemed to me the most attractive. Vernon, while at present slow from a business point of view, is an extremely neat, quiet, wide-streeted town. The country hereabouts—and perhaps even the town itself—is peopled mainly by Englishmen, with liberal ideas of leisure and comfort. I fancy it is very warm at Vernon. There is no body of water of any consequence very close at hand so that the heat of the valley is not modified as it is farther south by the lake breezes. A few miles farther south one comes to the head of the lake.

From Okanagan Landing at the head to Penticton at the foot of the lake—a distance of say seventy miles—a well equipped C. P. R. steamer, the Aberdeen, plies. It gets its name from the late governor-general, who has extensive interests at Vernon and at Kelowna. The Aberdeen runs south one day and north the next, making three round trips in the week. Beside the terminal and a number of private landings, the Aberdeen calls at Kelowna on the east and at Peachland and Summerland on the west shore. Of these three places, Kelowna alone is an old settlement. The bottom land here is extensive; the village is quite considerable, though not picturesquely situated; and the people have the air of flourishing.

The settlement of the valleys of the Okanagan and the Similkameen has hitherto been kept back by the concentration of extremely large blocks of land in the hands of single owners. One man in the former valley is said to own land running in generous width for sixty miles. Cattle raising is the main business of these proprietors. They need large territory, and are not anxious to promote settlement. Undoubtedly these large estates have been in a sense the curse of that country. The proper business of those two valleys is fruit raising. They should be the home of a large population of small fruit growers, who, with intensive culture and advanced methods, would make the country blossom like the rose, and produce for every ounce that is in it. And there are signs that the day of the great cattle rancher in those parts is about over. There is a growing and right disposition to tax the ranchers to the hilt, and make them break up their estates. Furthermore, the experiments at Peachland and Summerland, to which I shall refer presently, are likely to prove the beginning of the end of those close preserves.

The climate of the Okanagan, so far, at any rate, as the summer is concerned, is superb. I limit my comment to the summer, not because I know anything bad about the winter, but because the summer is all that I know at first hand. It is within the mark to say that one could count on the fingers of both hands all the days of my three months' stay in the valley that were anything less than ideal. Just take an example. During the summer, in company with Rev. Mr. White, of Peachland, I took a horseback ride over the mountains into the valley of the Similkameen river. Incidentally it may be said that the scenery was delightful, though not exactly grandiose. But the point I wish to make is that, during the ten days, the weather was simply flawless. We never thought of including bad weather among the possibilities, and the event proved that we did not reckon without our host. Nor was the heat excessive. At Peachland, where I spent practically all my time, a pleasant breeze from about 2 o'clock (afternoon), forward, was a fixture. And the nights are invariably cool. The snow-fall must be extremely slight. At Penticton, the village near the foot of the lake, I was told last summer snow had not been seen at the lake level for seven years.

Under these circumstances it goes without saying that the land must be irrigated. Otherwise the soil is as dry as powder and next to valueless. Irrigation is, however, made easy and inexpensive by the numerous creeks that flow into the lake. The lake, as I have neglected to say, is narrow, running from one mile to three and a half in width. From Kelowna south the bulk of the available land is on the west side. To come back to the matter of irrigation, Peachland, for example, is located between two mountain streams called locally Deep and Trepanier Creeks. These flow about two and a half miles apart, and will supply ample water for the settlement's irrigation. The irrigation facilities at Peachland last summer (1902) were still primitive and unsatisfactory, but I understand that they have since been put on a better basis. At Summerland, again, the water is being drawn from a large mountain stream.

About four years ago Mr. Robinson, formerly editor of the *Brandon Times* and a member of the Manitoba Legislature, at the head of a syndicate, acquired about one thousand acres of land at the point now known as Peachland, on the west side of the lake. This block of land—not a block so far as the word suggests levelness—was divided into ten-acre lots with a view to fruit growing.

Of the suitability of the soil and climate for fruit there was abundant evidence. To begin with, there was Lord Aberdeen's Coldstream ranch near Vernon. Whether this has been a paying investment or not, I am scarcely aware, indeed, I think that until the last few years it has not been, but this is largely a matter of management. Then Kelowna is an old settlement, with fruit as its main resource, though the bottom land there does not seem to suit peaches. The other fruits thrive famously. But, more important than this, practically all the old ranchers have orchards—orchards to which they give next to no care, but which produce a prolific quantity, though not exactly a select quality of fruit. A number of these ranchers have built their homes on the very fertile points of land that at intervals jut out into the lake. Now, within a mile of the projected Peachland settlement lay one of these points of lowland reaching out into the lake. This is now called, after its owner, the Lambly ranch, and the Lambly ranch has a well known forchard. In meadows that cover forty acres and that produce an immense first and a fair second crop of hay a season stand trees—apple, plum, prune, cherry, peach—that produce groningly. I may say, in passing, that this property is as cosy and attractive a place as you would want to see. The old log house—now a model of neatness—stands embosomed in trees, at the base of the gulch down which a mountain brook thunders. Going forward from the house the bottoms widen into the above named meadows. The apples, plums, and cherries grown on this ranch are fine, even first class. The same can scarcely be said of the peaches, which, though produced in large quantities, are not specially choice in flavor. Latterly, this ranch has been well managed, but there is general agreement that, for the sake of the clover and timothy, the ground has been to freely watered. At all events, with the example of this and the numerous other ranch orchards of the district in mind, it needed no great exercise of faith to go forward with the Peachland fruit settlement.

An unusually nice community has been gathered together there. The majority of the people hail from Manitoba—few of them, by the way, in ill health—because Mr. Robinson, the founder of the colony, had been a resident of that province, and naturally made his representations to the people there. The first planted of the orchards are four years old this season, and consist mainly of apple, cherry, plum and peach trees. There is quite a disposition to go strongly, if not chiefly, into peaches, inasmuch as the successful peach growing areas of British Columbia are limited. Even at Kelowna, just a few miles distant, as I have said, peaches do not thrive. The absence of rain, the fact that resort must be had to irrigation, is bound to make the Okanagan, like the California peach, firm and a good shipper. This is what the people of the Okanagan valley are now counting on. They believe that the large and growing market of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, is bound to be theirs. It is well known that Ontario fruit—the peaches of the Niagara peninsula, for example—is so soft and juicy that it cannot be shipped far with satisfaction. This is why California fruit now has such a lead in the Canadian west. On every ground it is to be desired that the hopes of the young fruit growers of the Okanagan may be realized. The quantities of fruit required in the prairie country are destined to be immense. It is in the interests both of British Columbia and of the country east of the mountains that the fruit industry, especially of the Okanagan, should develop. I

say "especially of the Okanagan," merely because the shipping quality of the fruit grown in that valley is likely to prove much superior to that of fruit grown anywhere else in British Columbia.

Peachland is a particularly pretty spot, the village itself nestling on the pebbly beach at the lake side, while the modest but pretty homes of the lot owners dot the hills. The native tree is the fir, but as this gives place to the neatly aligned rows of the orchard the effect from the lake is becoming increasingly pleasant. The community is one of unusual intelligence, and the social life of the place is extremely attractive.

I have only to add that, at a site caller Summerland, some fifteen miles farther down the lake, Mr. Robinson has undertaken to repeat his experiment. The situation here is not nearly so picturesque as at Peachland, but the soil is similar and the amount of available land is much greater. It is well known that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is backing Mr. Robinson in this particular enterprise. It is not to be inferred from anything said in this paper either that fruit has—at the time of this writing—been grown on the new lots at Peachland, or that there is a well established colony at Summerland. The oldest of the new orchards at Peachland are now just on the point of bearing, while the Summerland settlement is merely in course of being founded.

I should not refer in such detail to the Peachland and Summerland experiments if I thought they were to stand alone; but I am convinced that the whole of the cultivatable soil of the Okanagan and the Similkameen is simply waiting for touches of this kind. Permanent irrigation facilities, with intensive culture—not necessarily limited to the small acreage in vogue at Peachland—will result in making this Dry Belt of British Columbia a fruit growing area of the greatest value, especially to the Canadian West. One drawback is the lack of transportation facilities. These are inadequate. They should be improved and the rates lowered, with all possible despatch. It seems to me a matter of importance to Canada as a whole, that we should have under our own flag a section of territory where the climate is as nearly perfect, and the landscape as picturesque, as can be met with, where, instead of spending money in the various States of the Republic to the south of us, the sick man may go for health and the well man for recreation; in particular, a section that, rightly handled and justly treated, should prove competent to supply with fruit those vast areas of the Canadian West where relatively no fruit can be grown.

OUR CHRISTMAS PRIZE STORY

SANTA CLAWS OF SYRUP LAKE.

By Rev. St. John Mildmay, M. A., Vernon, B. C.

"There is no close time for Grizzlies in the West. That was about all that the Mighty Hunter knew on the subject of Rocky Mountain bears.

The Mighty Hunter had moreover had several lessons in snow-shoe running from an eccentric fellow-reporter on the little Yorkshire newspaper which had sent him to Canada.

The lessons had been administered in a little town yard, behind the office of the "Beverley Clarion," where the Mighty Hunter wielded his redoubtable pen, when not engaged with the snow-shoes, or touring the world at the expense of the Clarion's enterprising editor.

With unlimited credit and an equally unlimited amount of imagination to draw upon, the Hunter arrived in excellent spirits at the little station of Merton, B. C.

After a few well directed questions, aimed at the station agent and wine host of the fashionable Merton hotel, he arrived at the intelligent conclusion that all of the fascinating topics for copy which the famous Okanagan district offered, either "BIG APPLES" or "BIG GAME" must eventually distance all their competitors.

The station platform had been piled with tempting stacks of the former comestible. And though it was Christmas eve, the windows in Burrard avenue had seemed one blaze of fruit which recalled the magnificent coloring of an autumnal sunset on the Yorkshire Wolds. Then he had proceeded on a swift delightful sleigh-drive through apparently limitless forests of apples, belonging to, or clustering round, the orchard domains of an enterprising Scottish nobleman, so that finally, as he sallied out to dinner, the Mighty Hunter felt that his mind was made up. "The orchards of Okanagan" must be the alliterative theme of his momentous contributions to the "Travel" column of the Beverley Clarion.

His ardour was a little damped by the local apple pie.

With the best (British) intentions in the world, his charming hostess, Mrs. Witticombe, had to put up with her Chinaman's notion of an apple pie, and with the refuse apples which the local stores considered good enough for the local market—the result being that a thin layer of immature fruit smothered between an under blanket of spongy, and an upper crust of anything but crusty, Chinaman's pastry.

"Any bears to be got at this time of year in your mountains?" asked the Hunter suddenly, as he tried to conceal, with his upturned spoon, the traces of conflict which littered his plate.

"December is the very worst month," replied his host. "Even if you managed to get there on snow-shoes, *you would not* see a bear about. Hibernating, you know."

At the word "snow-shoes" the Hunter pricked up his ears.

He had a brand new pair in his portmanteau.

"Apples don't appear to me a very inspiring topic for a "write-up," was his next remark.

The fair Miss Witticombe was looking at his, the Hunter's plate. He knew it; and she knew that he knew it; and they both laughed.

Mr. and Mrs. Witticombe laughed too.

"I am so sorry we let the cook attempt an apple pie, Mr. Cross. I know it's villainous. You must not judge our famous fruit by Li's cooking."

"Have you ever seen a Grizzly, Miss Witticombe?"

"Oh, yes. I've been ever so close to a she-bear; nine feet high. I shall never forget the look in her terrible eye; she was reared up with both fore paws extended——"

"My dear Clara," protested Mrs. Witticombe.

"Stuffed, you know," explained Mr. Witticombe.

"I breathe again," said Eric Cross, solemnly. "I was afraid you were going to say you had a hug from that bear. They're safer when they've been well stuffed. Some people think that it's the same with newspapermen," he added enigmatically.

Presently mother and daughter rose from the table, and Li, the Chinaman, brought in the coffee, with the air of a great artist called before the curtain after a success fou.

In the course of a delightful evening the Hunter noticed that Miss Witticombe returned more than once to the subject of bears.

"Even if one was fortunearth a Grizzly, curled up for his witner's sleep," she suggested, "it would be something."

"Would you be willing to try?" said the Hunter, growing reckless under the subtle challenge of her tone and the witchery of her deep fawn-colored eyes.

"I hope you won't dream of Grizzlies, Mr. Cross," was Clares parting benediction, as she and her mother finally left the gentlemen to their cigars.

You had only to scratch the business man in Mr. Witticombe, and you came upon the Coureur des Bois, the mountain and forest lover, dowered with an irresistible passion for camp-life and for nature in her most majestic and solitary aspects.

Bit by bit, the smoking room, the Mighty Hunter, (as his Yorkshire colleagues had nicknamed our quiet friend, Eric Cross), learnt the secret of that far-away, strenuous look which lends to the countenances of many of our western farmers and business men a certain breadth and distinction which can neither be counterfeited nor concealed. It is the stamp which the contemplation of nature, in her vaster aspects, leaves upon those, who after being inoculated with the ichor of the trail (which sometimes turns the cultured sportsman into a moody barbarian, or at the worst, into a father of half-castes and a foe of society) have emerged from the strenuous ordeal of solitude and Gipsyism men of the world, able to turn their hand to the building up of a business, a city, or a province, with a dogged cheerfulness and success which surprises no one but themselves.

On the subject of weapons (excepting only that favorite weapon of the carpet-sportsman, — the long-bow)—Eric found John Witticombe a veritable mine of information.

It was only by way of illustrating the merits of some favorite rifle that he could be got to refer to those feats of marksmanship which were for Eric the cream of conversation.

There was the story of Hiram D. Sprott, of Cincinnati, whom Witticombe had accompanied as Hunter and guide. The American's predilection for elaborate meals and untimely siestas, the long, troublesome train of cooks, baggage-men, packers and pack horses, his patent beds and patent coffee boilers; the wine cases, razors, foot warmers and cooking stoves which Hiram D. Sprott had insisted on dragging up with him to an altitude of some 5000 feet above Syrup Lake, had all but made hunting impossible, when at last, on the eighth day they fell in with a fine old Grizzly. Anxious to give his principal a chance, Witticombe had told him to shoot. But eventually, as the American went on fumbling with his five hundred dollar rifle till the monster showed signs of making tracks, Witticombe himself fired, and getting his bear broadside, had the luck to bring him down, stone dead, with his first bullet.

Thereupon, from behind a neighboring boulder, not 40 yards from the hunters, emerged its mate—a gigantic she-bear, followed by two whimpering cubs.

Here was danger.

Five bullets (all Witticombe had left) were none too many for a bear at close quarters.

But Mr. Sprott thought that by this time he knew all about the slaying of bears.

"Look out," shouted his guide. "If you wish to settle her you must husband your cartridges and aim well for her heart."

"All right," said Sprott. "I've got the lie of this thing now."

Then, without deigning to take careful aim, or utterly ignorant of how to handle a rifle, the American let drive all 12 shots in his magazine, wounding his quarry in one forepaw, and getting three or four quite ineffectual shots into, or rather onto her almost bullet-proof cranium. At the twelfth, the miserable fool threw away his rifle and ran——

Nothing under the circumstances could have been more cowardly or more futile. The lady bear was on the slope above them. Downhill the speed of a bear is terrific.

Sprott brushed so close past Witticombe in his panic, that, had the latter had the time, he would have felled him to the ground in the interests of both of them.

As it was, the enraged mother bear, following the line he had taken, was upon Witticombe in less than five seconds.

By that time the whole five shots of Witticombe's bullets were in her heart; it was an anxious moment when the fourth shot went home, and still the bear came on.

Witticombe described himself as fascinated.

"I saw the great forearm go out for a knock-down blow. I calculated the horrible accuracy of her sideways aim. I almost heard the crumpling of my feeble occiput under the impact of that terrible hammer. But no, sir, my good old Mauser had somehow gone off a fifth time—the very last shell—and that box on the ear, which I'd smelt, and felt in anticipation, was arrested half-way.

She rocked and fell almost upon me, and after that she never stirred. It was quite a close call.

"Well, there wasn't much merry-making that night, though we had brought two very fine bears to camp. I never knew I could be so glum over a camp fire. Hiram D., and his packers, and his patent gimcracks may be laid out upon Billy Mountain yet. I'd had enough of it."

There was a pause, broken only by the ticking of the eight-day clock on the chimney-piece.

For several seconds Eric enjoyed that curious readjustment of the consciousness which follows upon prolonged listening to a musical performance, or to an agreeable talker.

At such times the mind experiences a certain uneasiness like a boat changing hands at the helm. The ears surrender their pleasant office of streersman with something like a sigh, and thereto succeeds, (more or less delightfully, according to the type of mind behind the listening apparatus) a different and profounder sense of enjoyment—which is the work of memory, the helmsman of the second watch.

As the seconds grew to minutes, and Eric's ears ceased tingling, while his memory—workmanlike and exact, as a pressman's memory ought to be—went to work, soothingly enough, digesting and assimilating what he had heard, a snore from across the hearth rug announced that his host, too, was enjoying himself in hunter's fashion, after "fighting his battles o'er again."

John Witticombe—wonderful man—had as usual sounded just the right note, to suit the taste of his company.

Thus the evening closed as harmoniously as it had begun. Eric and Mr. Witticombe were still snoring in concert when the hands of the clock pointed to midnight.

Leaving their sodden snow-shoes outside in the pitiless, cold rain, two hunters, a man and a slender girl, sought refuge in the beautifully vaulted cavern which they had discovered while searching the face of Syrup Mountain with their field glasses.

The rain had come on in a terrible storm, and they had had a terrible scrambling up the bluff, before reaching the welcome shelter of the cave.

The pocket barometer which Eric Cross carried with him showed that they were at an altitude of 8000 feet, very near the line of perpetual snow.

Over the stately mountains, which rose, tier on tier, opposite Syrup Mountain, northwest by north, the glorious after-glow of the sunset warned them that it was nearly night.

They were three miles from their lakeside camp. There was nothing to do but to collect sticks and light a fire.

Miss Witticombe seemed to regard everything as a famous joke. She assured Eric that British Columbia girls thought nothing of spending Christmas week bear hunting at an altitude of 8000 of 9000 feet, if they were lucky enough to get a hunter to go with them.

"But there are no bears," protested Eric in an aggrieved tone.

"Wrong as usual," said his companion, scarcely turning her beautiful head, but indicating with her thumb a brown, shadowy mass, about thirty feet beyond them, in the recesses of the cave.

Then she laughed again, as Eric's mighty hunter's hair literally stood on end, till the strings under his cap positively tugged at his larynx.

Could it be that last night he had been fool enough to fall in love with the same silvery laugh, which now struck him as positively odious?

Poor Eric wished they were both back in that snug houses of Mr. Witticombe's, where his host talked so eloquently of these horrible hills, and then he had fallen * * * "let me see," said Eric aloud, "we had both of us fallen * * *" "Fallen in love? Oh, yes, desperately——" —but the silvery laugh stopped half way in Clare's throat. At that moment the dark object moved unmistakeably and a pair of small, gleaming eyes looked out at the unconventional couple from between the heaving rolls of fat and fur.

There was no more room for doubt. They were sharing their retreat with a Grizzly bear of fabulous proportions.

Then Eric grew suddenly jocular, and the cave itself seemed to grow warm and inviting.

"Is that the fearsome eye which so appalled a certain young lady when she saw it stuffed?" he asked her playfully.

Then a curious thing happened.

"Are'nt you getting a bit mixed Mr. Wiseacre?" said a deep, gruff, greasy, well-to-do voice. "Ask Mr. Penny, the Merton taxidermist, if he ever stuffed a bear's eye? They only stuff us down here. See?"—And with that the kindly monster exibited an immence assortment of pockets, stuffed—literally stuffed—with Toys, Drums, Flags, Crackers, Dolls Houses, and an apparently infinite collection of those treasures which we all of us find in our stockings on Christmas morning.

"You see," explained the old fellow, with a grunt, which was very like a snore, "B. C. is the special home of Santa Claus, the mountains are just crowded with Father Christmases, and that's what we bears are about, when your scientific folk say we're "hibernating." "Hibernating," he snorted. "Tell that to the Hibernians. We're just working all of the chimney stacks in the five continents. Precious little sleep for us, when the huckleberries give out."

"How provoking," grumbled Clare. "I was just hoping to make a record by shooting you."

"I don't suppose you could hit a hay stack, my dear," answered the bear. "But suppose——" He was interrupted by Clare, who levelled her rifle—— "Hands up! Mr. Santa Claus," she cried. "I want that big Jack-in-the-box for my little brother. Now, just you hand it over."

"Come, come," grunted Father Christmas. "Can't we come to terms? Suppose I give the two of you a lift as far as your papa's? I'll land you down the chimney, and perhaps we'll throw in the Jack-in-the-box, if you're good."

In less time than it takes to tell the three were up on the coach. Father Christmas cracked his whip and the team of sixteen cariboo were off on the noiseless gallop.

There was a momentary vision of moonlit heights, studded with exquisite Christmas trees, such as only grow up there, in the sacred groves of Silver fir, far above the sombre pine woods which Merton people know—and then, as if by magic, they had reached their goal.

"Why, this is Merton," cried Clare, all of a sudden. "I seem to know that chimney."

There was a roaring of flames in Eric's ears.

The coach and Clare and Father Christmas, and the long train of flying Cariboo had disappeared. And Eric became aware that someone was shouting at him. "The chimney! The chimney is on fire."

Eric and Witticombe stood opposite each other with white faces. They had been awakened by an ominous roaring of flames up the chimney.

It was Christmas morning.

From down the hill came the glorious music of the church bells (the new peal of six—which had been Witticombe's own generous gift to his adopted city), and then from the room above came the shrill cry of a girl—

"Fire! Fire!"

The only "copy" which the long-suffering editor of the Beverley paper ever got from Mr. Cross' mission to the Okanagan valley was a graceful report of "the marriage of E. Cross, Esq., of Beverley, England, to Miss Clare Witticombe, of Merton, B. C."

The date of the cutting from the "Merton Herald" was February 14th.

"The happy couple," concluded the report, "seemed none the worse for their terrible experience on the 25th of December last, on which day Mr. Cross, a comparative stranger, nearly lost his life while heroically rescuing his future bride from the terrible fire which the same night burnt her father's beautiful home to the ground. The fire originated in a defective shaft."

So another Mighty Hunter (with the kindred name of Eros) stalked and slew the heart of Eric Cross on that eventful night.

It may be that Cupid made use of a "defective shaft" to achieve his nefarious design. But Eric knows that he had other arrows in his quiver. He has even been known to suggest that a defective pie crust, and the daring dream which it perhaps evoked, had more than a little to do with it.

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S COMPETITION

SOME EXPERIENCES OUT CAMPING.

First Prize, Winner, Katie S. Suther land, Revelstoke.

One very warm afternoon when I was feeling quite lonely for my playmates, who were away for their holidays, Mrs. Curtis came in to ask us if we would go out camping for two or three weeks to Saint's Rest. We, my two brothers, mamma, papa and I, were all so delighted with the idea that we proposed to go at once. The day decided upon was Tuesday.

There were eleven of us; namely, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis and their children, Stanley, a large, strong youth of sixteen; Harold, an industrious boy of fourteen; Wilmo, a delicate little girl of five, and Charlie, a sturdy good baby of seventeen months. The rest consisted of our family: papa, mamma, Willie and Eugene, ages respectively, thirteen and nine. Of course I was there, but that does not matter, as I am a girl.

We reached our destination about 11 o'clock, and a beautiful place it was. The tent was pitched in a grove of Balm of Gilead trees. Everything was fixed up in first class style by 3 o'clock. We had a dinner of roast beef, Boston baked beans and biscuits, etc. There was enough left for two or three meals.

After dinner we packed our provisions in the trunks, made the tent secure and went away about a mile, to the springs. Having had a most refreshing bath we returned to the camp. It was such a lovely walk back. The path was cool and shady, while here and there a stream crossed it, where we could get a drink.

The station agent, Mr. Burritt, told us there were four pigs running about the grounds where our tent was, so we would have to be careful about leaving it. We found this to be true, when we returned from our bath, as one of the trunks was open and the delicious roast beef and several eggs were gone. Poor Stanley and Harold, whose parents were vegetarians, were sadly disappointed and quite angry, as they were fond of meat. After the wonderful event, whenever a pig came near the tent it was chased by men, women, boys and girls, with sticks, stones and anything that would be handy. The impudent animals were not satisfied with our provisions, so tore up towels and mistook our pillow cases for table napkins, which did not improve their appearance any. Your imagination may inform how sweet and nice they would be for sleeping on.

Well, we gathered up the remains, had tea and lit a great bonfire. Mrs. Curtis and mamma brought out an iron pot, some sugar and other articles from some mysterious place in their trunks, and we boiled candy over our camp fire. After this we sang until bed time.

We all slept in the same tent, so it was quite hard to undress. On one side of me some person would be telling me to turn my head the other way. While Mr. Curtis could be heard saying, "Would you mind looking the other way for a minute?" I, myself would be trying to make some progress when some person would look, and this, of course, stopped me. After quite a lot of confusion we got settled down. All at once in the deep silence, when the Trout River was roaring as if it could not get to its destination soon enough, there was a terrible grunt at the side of the tent.

We were told that a bear grunts a great deal like a pig and if we heard a noise of that description we were to lie perfectly still. Of course we all promised to follow this very kind advice, as well as possible. But what does a promise amount to when there is a bear or a pig trying to get in by your head, and in spots where the animal actually lifts the edge of the tent with its head? We were all arrayed in our night robes so, of course, could not get out of bed. At last the enemy lifted the edge of the tent at Harold's head. He could not stand it any longer, so told us to bury our faces in our pillows, while he lit the candle. I tried, but, oh! with the smell of the pillow case and the grunts at my head, I could endure it no longer, so, of course my eyes wandered in the direction Harold had taken. I not only saw him, but the other boys, who were after boots, shoes, pots and pans, or anything which could be found to wound or kill the animal.

Harold went so far as to take his gun and told us he would bring some nice bear's meat for breakfast. At length they thought they were armed sufficiently and so opened the end of the tent, very cautiously. There was an unusually loud grunt and then silence. I do not know whether the beast thought it saw ghosts, or recognized the gun, for it was nowhere to be seen. The boys all came in again but not one of them had used any of the arms. Harold looked somewhat sheepish, and was forced to tell us, that in his hurry, he had not taken a cartridge with him. We all laughed heartily, although we lost the treat he promised us, and finally settled down to sleep which continued undisturbed until morning.

Again the dreadful task of dressing began, but the boys and men were so tired that they said they would go to sleep again, so the rest of us got up and prepared breakfast. Mamma cooked the Rolled Oats, Mrs. Curtis made the toast and coffee and I set the table. By the time the men were dressed breakfast was ready. A very kind lady supplied us with all the milk and cream we could use, which we did not in the least refuse.

After breakfast we said the boys had to do the dishes, but they objected, so Stanley and I undertook to do them at breakfast time, mamma and Mrs. Curtis at dinner time, and Willie and Harold at supper time. After the work was done the boys went fishing while the rest of us read. But I could not help looking at the mountains around me. To the south they towered up for thousands of feet through continuous snows into the clouds, and on every side rocks rose in grotesque forms. Looking over precipices, among unsteady stones and deep ravines, a streamlet could be seen groping for a passage through which to continue its course.

To the north the mountains in their severe simplicity made a contrast with the rest of the universe. Through a rock-rooted tree the wind howled, as though in sympathy with the roaring of the river, foaming over the rocks below.

The next day we went out to the country and saw the farmers making hay. They had a yoke of oxen hitched to a very large wagon. We hung roses on their horns, decorated our whips with flowers, and up on an immense load of hay, twice as high as the oxen, formed a gay procession. Everything went on very nicely until in the last ride the train startled the oxen and they ran across the field at a great rate. We tried to hold on to each other, but were bounced about so much that the driver, a Chinaman, fell out and broke one of his arms. His desertion did not soothe our excited spirits any and our yells made the oxen wilder. After a time that seemed hours, one of the farmers stopped the runaways a short distance from the river and we were all very grateful. After a delicious supper, on a farm, we returned to camp tired and glad to find no pigs to greet us.

Having had a good night's rest we rose early and Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, Stanley, Harold, Willie and I started on an expedition for blackberries. The section-men took us down the track on their hand-car for about three miles, and then we started to climb the mountain. We were not up very far when we came across a snow-slide and had a snow-ball fight. The snow was so hard that it was almost impossible to break it, and at last when Stanley was hit on the head hard enough to make him cry, we thought we had better stop and look for our berries. We were hardly started again when Harold came running to us with a white face and whispered that he had seen some kind of animal, but he was so frightened he did not know whether it was a bear or a squirrel. As we were not armed we hastened away, and although we had only ten pounds of berries, found our way home the best we could.

We returned faint, frightened and hungry so that our parents forbade our leaving the tent again at any great distance. The rest of our camp life was spent in resting, fishing in a stream nearby, playing games and eating. As nothing remarkable happened after our berry experience, I think I will close.

Of a moral, this is mine—
Camping is divine,
But beware of prowling swine.

PHOTO COMPETITION.

First Prize awarded to R. T. Hudson, Arrowhead.
Second Prize awarded to Miss Venables, Vernon.

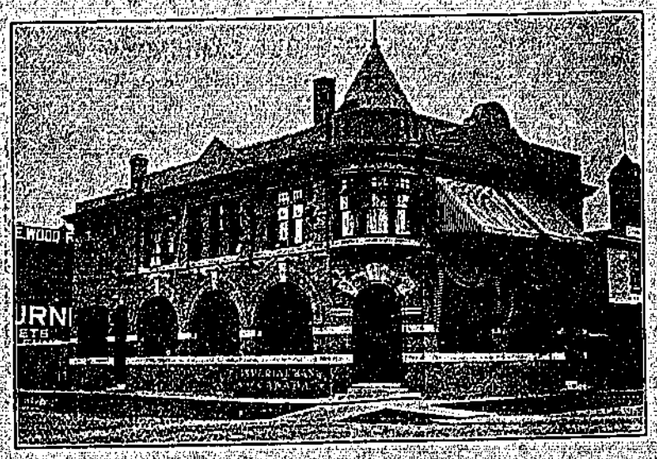
THE KOOTENAY MAIL

WISHES ITS READERS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



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Master High School, Revelstoke.

J. M. SCOTT,
Sec.-Treas. Prince Mining & Development Co.

BOURNE BROS. STORE, REVELSTOKE.

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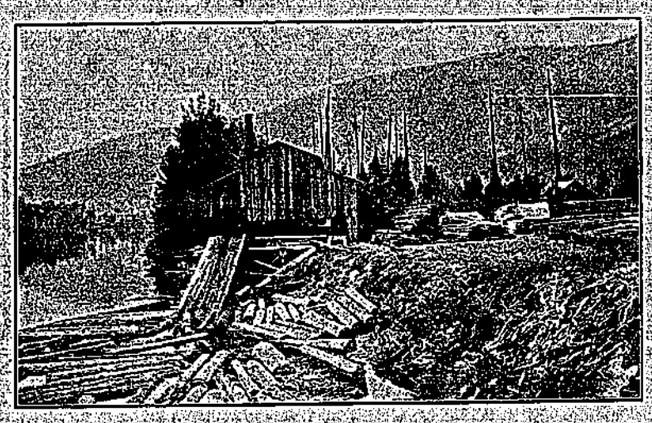
Bottom Row—W. Nelis, A. E. Phipps (Manager), H. T. Watt.

W. HORNELL,
Buyer C. B. Hume & Co.'s Dry Goods Dept., and in charge of window dressing and advertising.

E. C. BROMEY,
Contractor for stonework and masonry of Imperial Bank and Lawrence Blocks.

THE MOLSONS BANK, REVELSTOKE.



ROTHESAY LUMBER CO.'S MILL, MARA.

J. F. WOODROW,
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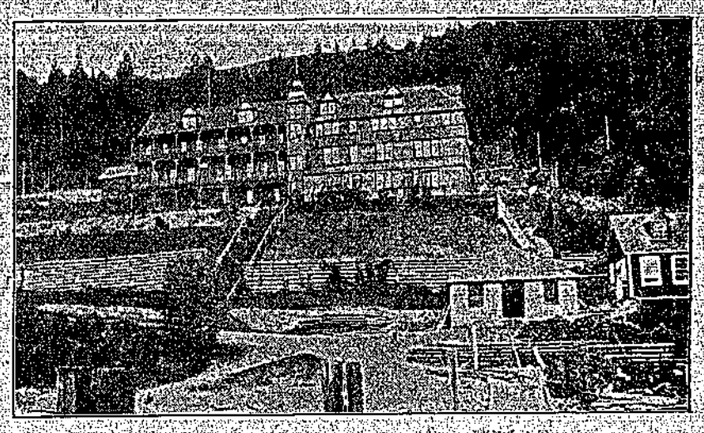
T. E. L. TAYLOR,
Sec. Lawrence Hardware Co.



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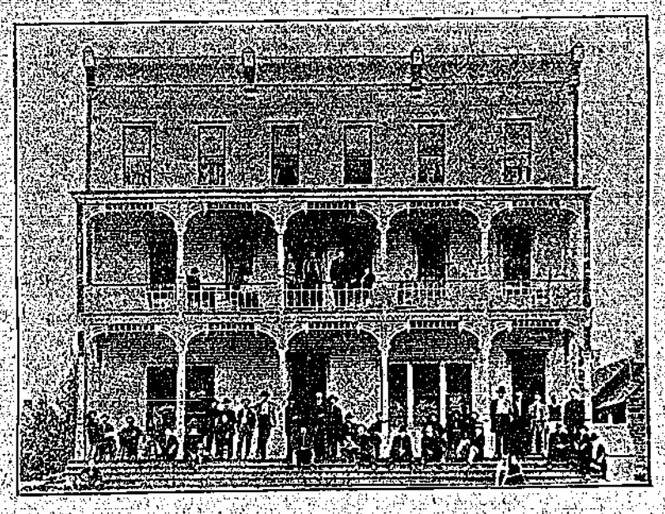
Architect Imperial Bank and Lawrence Block.

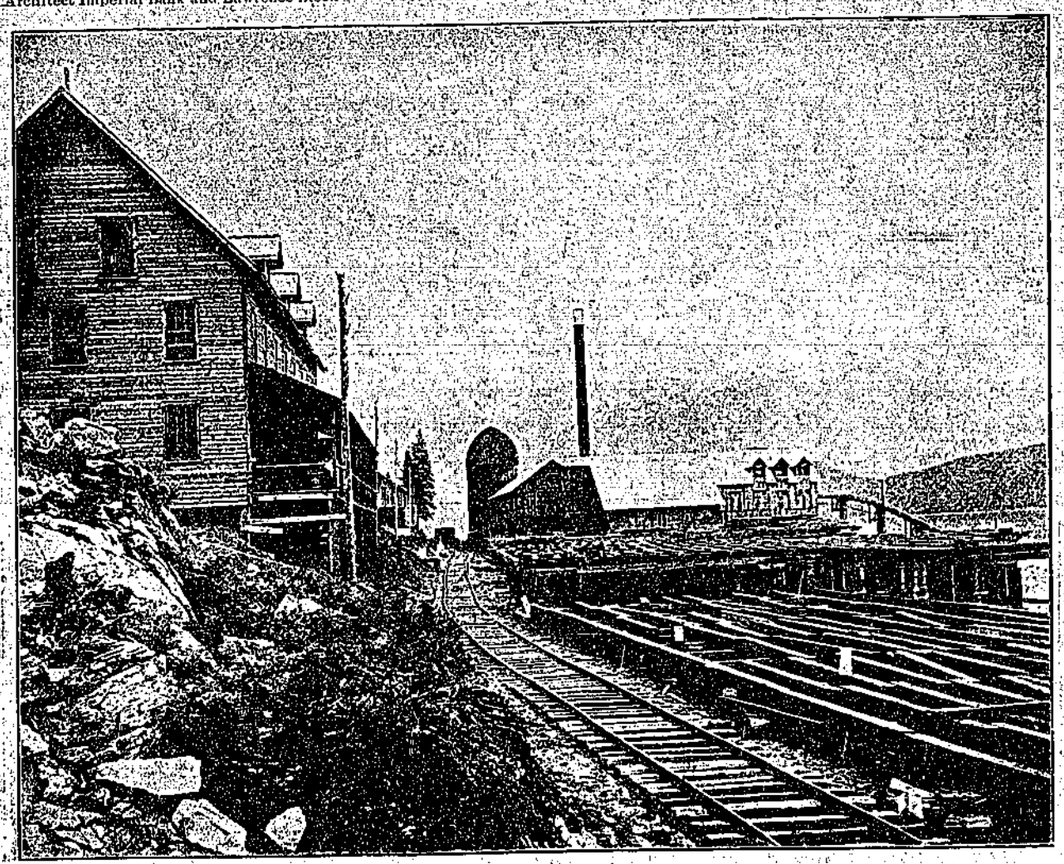
J. A. STONE,
Sec. Revelstoke Lodge I. O. O. F.

W. M. LAWRENCE,
President Lawrence Hardware Co.

C. J. RUMENS
Supt. Prince Mining and Development Co.



CITY HOTEL, REVELSTOKE.



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W. M. BROWN.
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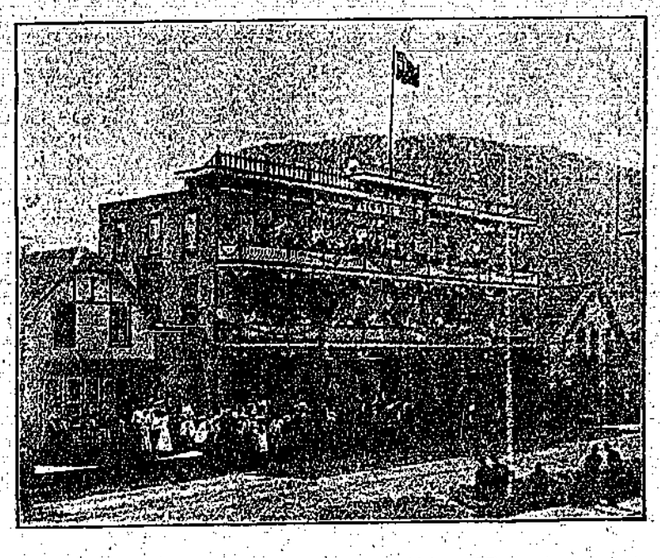
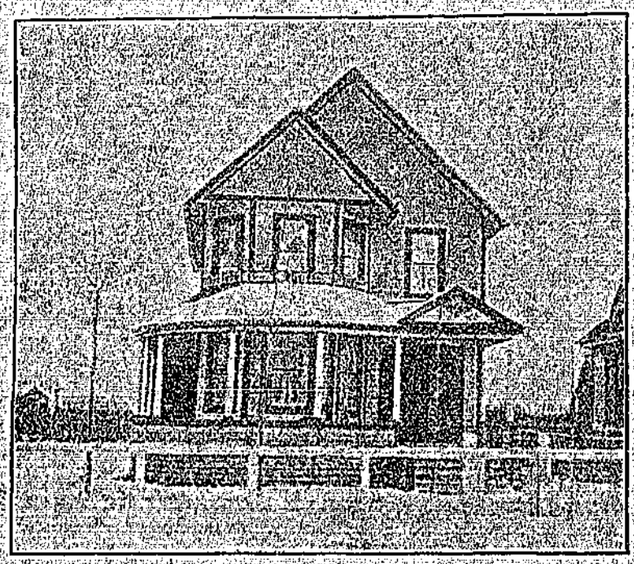
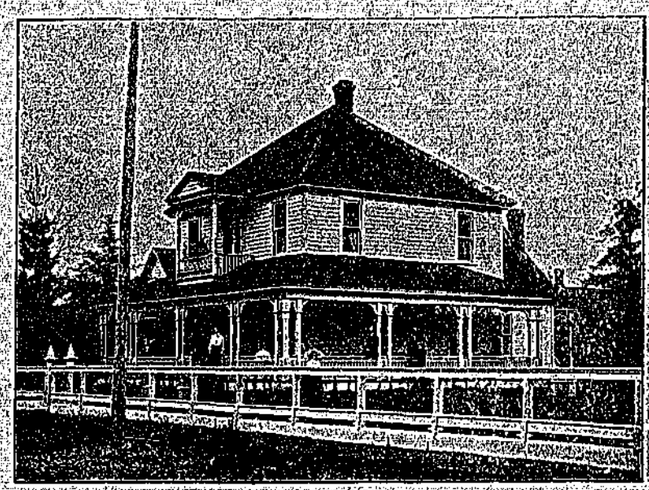


CENTRAL HOTEL, REVELSTOKE.

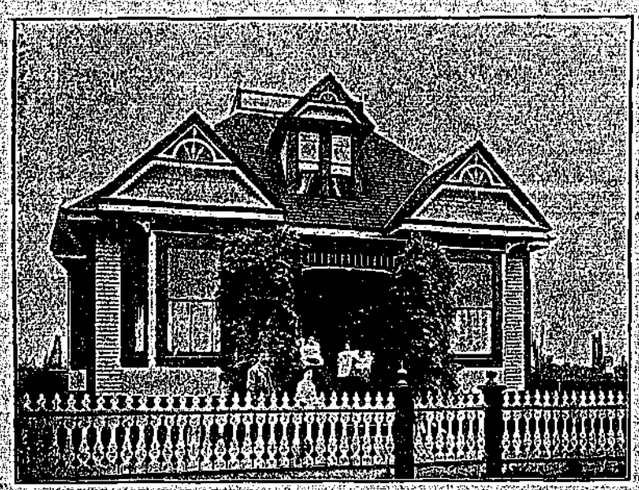


H. J. BOURNE'S RESIDENCE, REVELSTOKE.

W. S. NEWMAN'S RESIDENCE, REVELSTOKE.



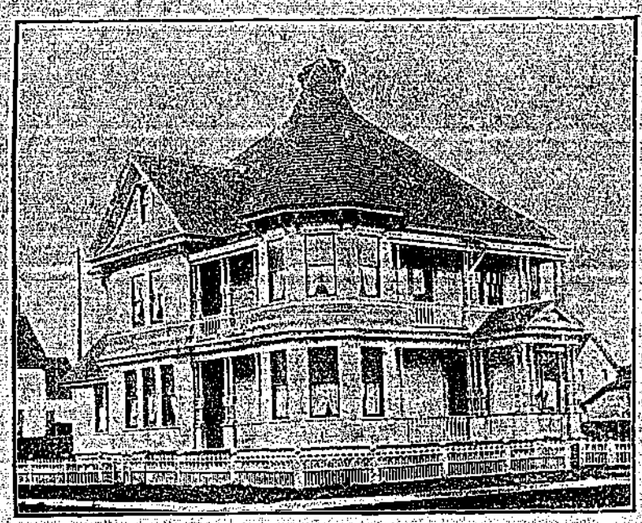
T. DOWNES' RESIDENCE, REVELSTOKE.



M. J. O'BRIEN'S RESIDENCE, REVELSTOKE.

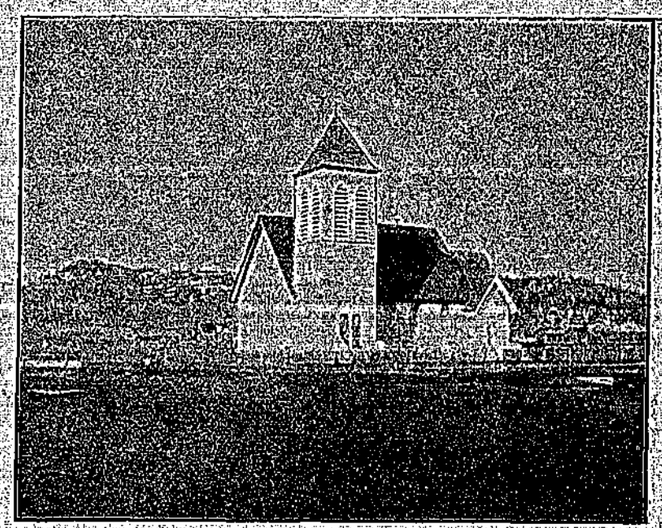
MRS. T. J. GRAHAM'S HOUSE, REVELSTOKE.

W. M. LAWRENCE'S RESIDENCE, REVELSTOKE.

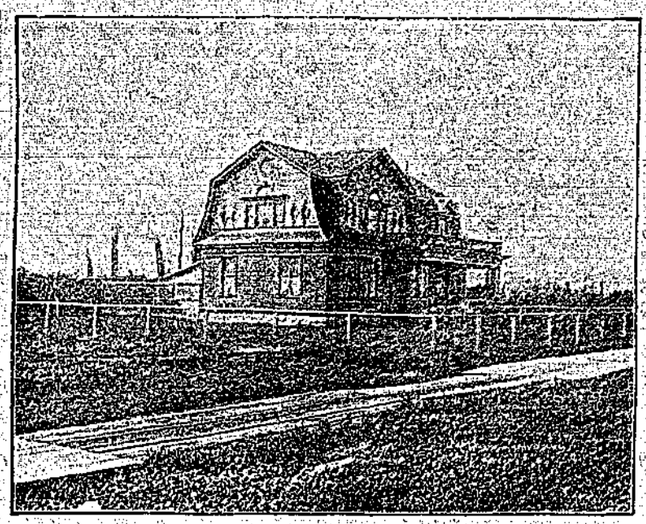


F. McCARTY'S RESIDENCE, REVELSTOKE.

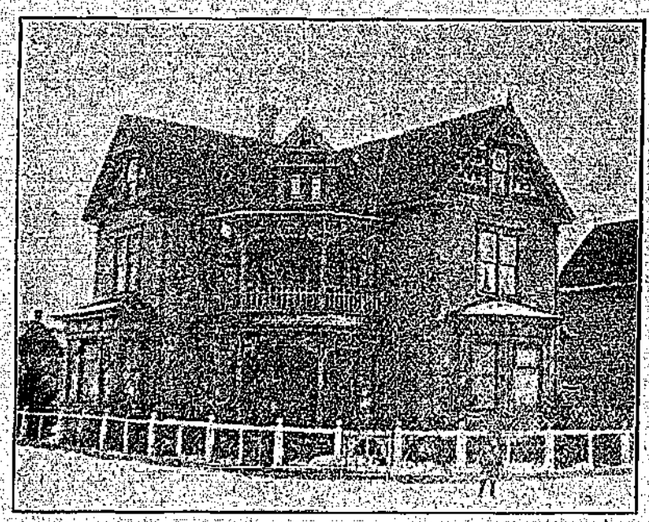
C. HOLTEN'S RESIDENCE, REVELSTOKE.



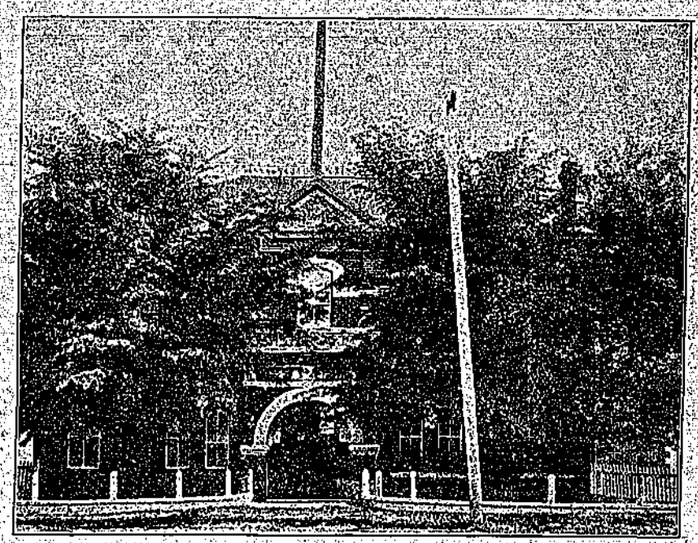
CHURCH OF ENGLAND, KELOWNA.



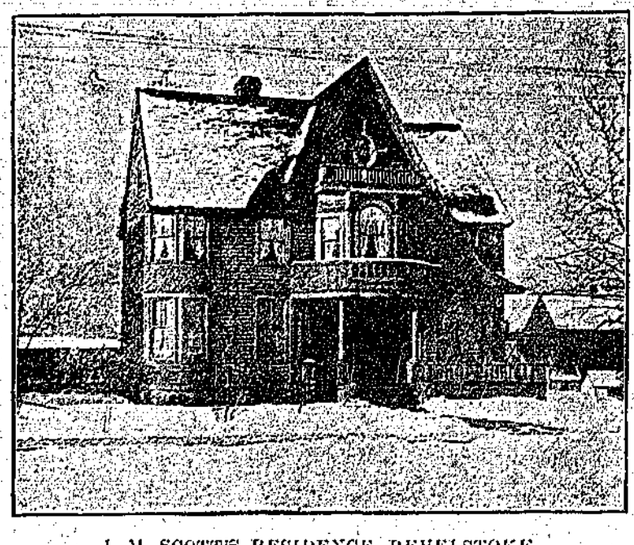
F. B. LEWIS'S RESIDENCE, REVELSTOKE.



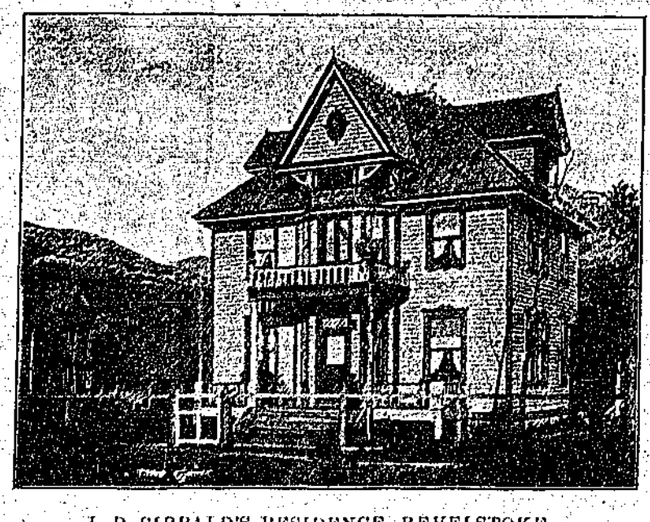
G. S. McCARTER'S RESIDENCE, REVELSTOKE.



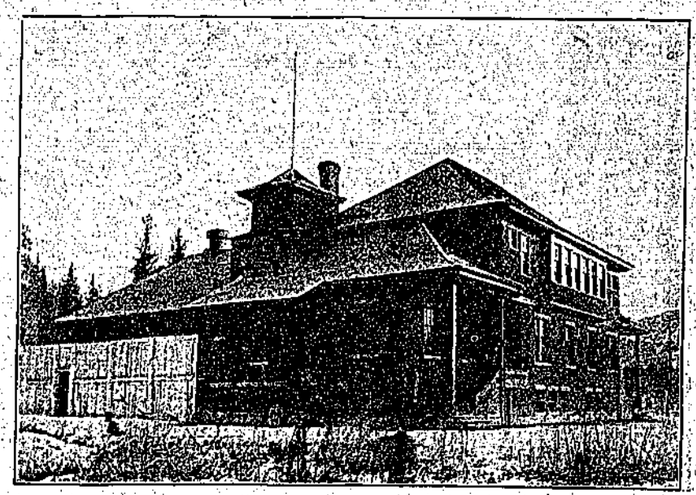
COURT HOUSE, VERNON.



J. M. SCOTT'S RESIDENCE, REVELSTOKE.



J. D. SIBBALD'S RESIDENCE, REVELSTOKE.



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Layer Figs, Dates, Malaga Grapes, Shelled Valentia Almonds.
Stuffed Figs and Dates in 1 lb fancy boxes.
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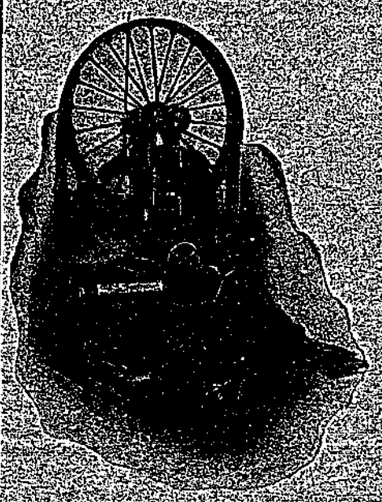

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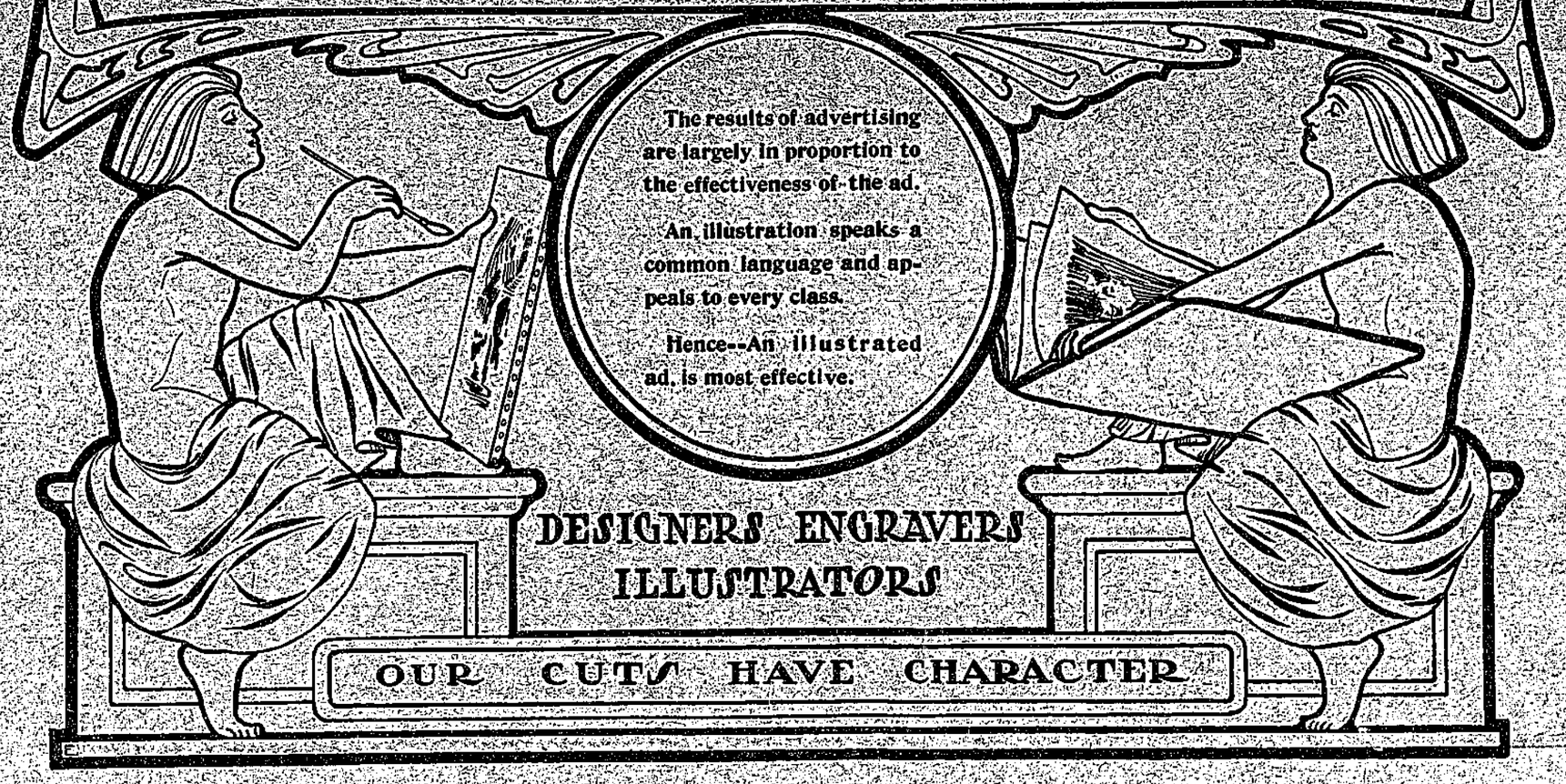

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The price branded on the sole of the Goodyear Welted "Slater Shoe," by its makers, is their (not the dealer's) valuation, and they know the wear value put into the

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Cuts, half-tone work, line etchings—in short, anything artistic—is in our line. A word on the 'phone will be sufficient, and we will call and see you and arrange terms.

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Travellers to Fish Creek will find excellent accommodation at this Hotel.

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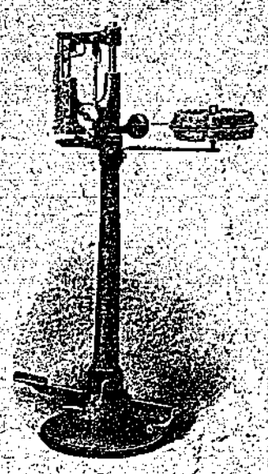

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He'd like a Fit-Reform Suit or Overcoat, all right. He knows the luxury of these hand-tailored garments. He knows how Fit-Reform caters to the men who appreciate correctness—exclusiveness.

And a gift, that displays a thought for the comfort of the recipient, has double the value of a trivial thing.

Suits and Overcoats $12 to $30.

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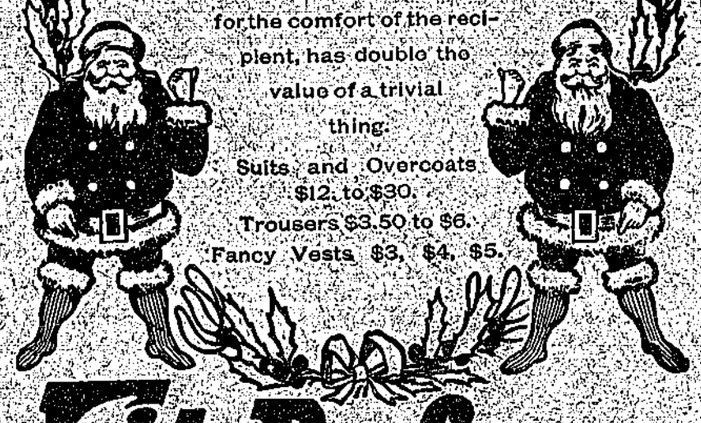

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