

# Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 6, 1893.

(Continued from page second.)

followed my train of thoughts, for he went on pleasantly:

"I am doing all I can to live up to the proud position in which her love has placed me. I have promised to stand for the country when the expected vacancy occurs; and—you remember the book over which I was so busy a few years ago?"

"I remember you were very keen about it at the time. Then you put it on one side when Madeline was taken ill, and after I heard no more about it."

"It is in existence still, and it only wants a few chapters of completion. I mean to finish it at once."

It was my turn to laugh now, and I did so with anything but a kindly intonation. It was absurd to think that he could in odd moments gather up lost threads of serious thought and weave them into anything like order; it was madness to think that, at his age, he could live the life that he was leading now, burning the mere remnant of a candle at both ends, and expect to keep it burning. I told him this with the blunt and cruel candor one reserves for those one loves the best.

"Either give up this senseless round of gaiety, or give up all idea of work," I finished earnestly, and laid my hand upon his shoulder in the nearest approach to a caress I would permit myself, feeling as I did.

"And if I prefer a full life—and a short one?"

"Then you must take the consequences. You don't want to die, do you?" There is nothing troubling you?" with a shrewd, searching glance into his face, which he made no effort to evade.

"I am only grieved that my sister will not love my wife. She is lovable enough—poor Ada!"

"Then why waste pity on her?" I retorted, irritated beyond endurance at the idea that this girl, who had supplanted my best friend, and who had all the heart a woman could desire, should be supposed to need compassion too. "I loved your first wife, Christopher, with all my heart; but my love is not transferable. I must be content merely like your second."

And then, ashamed of my ill-managed outbreak, I turned and left the room, not even glancing round to see how he had taken my plain speaking.

That he showed no sign of resentment when we met again did not dis-arm me. During the days that followed there was constant reason why I should nourish a lively jealousy on Madeline's behalf. It was Christmas time, when she had been more than ever Lady Bountiful to all her poorer neighbors, and it afforded me no satisfaction to note that nothing she had done in former years was neglected now. Indeed, the gratitude and admiring affection shown by the country people to Christopher's child-wife were so many tributes robbed from Madeline, who was first their benefactress and their friend. No doubt it was good feeling that prevented any reference to her; yet I felt chilled by the silence, which was a real or burial of her that the funeral ceremony I had attended not quite two years ago. Not even her memory was kept alive. There was nothing to remind one of the gracious, kindly woman who had reigned at Heron's Court for more than thirty years. The house itself was altered and rearranged beyond all recognition. There were no photographs of Madeline about, and, on the whole, I was glad of this, for they must have suffered by comparison with those of her young and brilliantly beautiful successor, who was everywhere in evidence—in her presentation dress, in bridal white, in furs, and summer frocks. Truly the child was very lovely, and, as Christopher had said, "lovely enough." Some times I found it required some strength of mind not to join the crowd of her admirers, while she—conscious that I held aloof—woman-like, took special pains with me.

Christmas Eve found the whole household busy. In the morning there was a great doling out of Christmas fare and Christmas gifts, for the more lasting benefits of coats, blankets, and warm clothing had been bestowed when frosty weather first set in: afterwards the holly and the mistletoe were gathered, and everybody lent a hand to the decoration of the house. Ada was quietier than usual that afternoon, and kept close to my brother's side. The morning's experience, and the insight she had gained to the simple lives of the poorer people with whom she had momentarily come into contact, had subdued her. She could not at once throw off a sympathetic sadness. It may have been because he noticed this that Christopher was more tender to her, more loverlike than ever, and when a parcel arrived from London, about teatime, he opened it at once, and gave us all our Christmas presents.

Mary and I had both been generously remembered, but Ada's gift was a splendid riviere of diamonds that sent her wild with delight, as she lit it from its case and let the light sparkle down its length.

I watched her with half-contemptuous amusement as she danced about the room and finally jumped upon a chair to see her self in the overmantel mirror. Then suddenly, just as I was telling myself that she was only a child capable of a child's sorrow, a child's love, a nothing more, her mood changed. She crept back to Christopher, and nestled her face against his breast looking up into his eyes with a pathetic, passionate, soulful adoration that was a revelation to me of her inner, truer nature, though long ago I had abandoned the idea that she had married her husband for anything but love; it was only a mute carress, a look of

gratitude she gave him now, but he answered her as if she had spoken out her thoughts.

"It is nothing, nothing. You gave me the work of your hands," he said hastily and very humbly, as though half embarrassed at having inspired such utter unreasoning devotion, or half ashamed that there should be any witness to the scene. Then Mary touched me gently, and we went out together, leaving them alone.

When we saw Ada again she was her usual brilliant self. The dressing bell had not yet rung, but she was already dressed for dinner, in her eagerness to show her Christmas gift to everyone at once to best advantage. She was in white with a bunch of purple and white violets at her breast, the light of diamonds gleaming in her golden hair, and the necklace, which was fit for a princess, flashing like a line of liquid flame round her white throat. As she came down the broad staircase and lingered in the hall, where some of the hardest workers were still busy she seemed to illuminate everything around her. At the same time was something so delicate and fragile in her brightness, and such transparency in her slim form as she stood there amongst darker figures, like a spirit, a creature made of air and fire and dew, that there was a strange admixture of pathos in her joyousness of mood. When presently she came into the drawing room where I was, and sitting down to the piano, began to sing a plaintive air, it did not seem incongruous at all. The sweetest women are all smiles and tears.

"Have you seen father anywhere?" whispered Mary, a few moments later. "It is time for us all to go and dress." "He said he was going for a quiet smoke."

"Then he will be in his study. Are you coming?"

I answered "Yes," meaning the ascent to only my hurrying off to dress; but somehow, as I passed the long corridor leading to Christopher's own room, I was irresistibly impelled to turn down there; and before I had traveled half its length, a low wild cry, striking as a sharp discord onto the sad and dirge like air that Ada was still singing, made me hasten my steps into a run.

Yet after all, what need of haste? When I thrust open the door of the study and went in, I knew at once it was too late for aid or farewell greeting. It seemed to me then that this had happened before, and was scarcely a surprise. The scene seemed tolerably familiar. There was Christopher in his arm chair before his table, which was, as usual, strewn with letters, and the manuscript of his book—still untouched, and never now to be completed. His body had fallen forward, and his head lay heavily upon his arms. Not sleeping—not for a moment did I deceive myself with this vain hope—one glance at Mary's sorrow-stricken face had told me he was dead. When I touched his ice cold hand it only made the certainty more certain. At the same moment I saw that he was holding something closely to his breast. It was a faded and worn photograph—of his first wife!

Everything then seemed to swim before my eyes. I could only look helplessly, inquiringly, into Mary's face, wondering in an agony of remorse how I could have thought that Christopher had renounced the memory of the beloved woman with whom the best years of his life were spent, even although so fair a face had come between him and the dead. I guessed then, as I knew later from her daughter's lips, that Madeline had never been for a moment it was the repression of his ceaseless, overwhelming grief that at last had broken his heart. He had married his child wife from pity, because they said she must have died under the burden of an unrequited love; but no one had ever guessed it was so—least of all the child herself who had the hopelessness of youth and a natural, wholesome vanity to blind her. Only Mary knew, and helped him to conceal his secret. She helped him even now. As the sound of Ada's voice reached us, from a distance, she drew the photograph away from the dead hand and hid it in her pocket. Then, too stunned for tears, and conscious that the worst was still to come, we waited in vain for further action, while Ada drew nearer and still nearer.

From where I stood I could see her dancing down the dimly lighted corridor, now in shadow, now caught into soft brilliancy by the rays from coloring hanging lamps, and calling, "Christopher! Christopher!" as she came. For an instant she hovered on the threshold of the door, unconscious of her grief, the love-light in her eyes, a smile upon her lips, the scent of violets all around her. I never saw her again.

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The pity of it is that, though three Christmases have passed since this occurred, the second Mrs. Heron is still in deepest mourning, and I think that she will never cease to mourn the love which she believes was hers. Sometimes, seeing her a pale ghost of her bright self as I once knew her, I am tempted to let her know that she is wasting all her sweet substance on a shadow; but Mary, who is still her constant companion, forbids it—and maybe she is right. Some remedies are more cruel than the pain which they profess to cure. Some natures are so delicate and so angelic that it is only by cherishing illusions they can live among us. The cruel truths of life would kill them.

Tavelers may learn a lesson from Mr. C. D. Cone, a prominent attorney of Parkersburg, who says: "I never leave home without taking a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with me, and on many occasions have run with it to the relief of some sufferer and have never known it to fail." For sale by Frank P. Green.

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—**Consider it a household necessity.** Mr. A. J. Whiting, Newton, Kansas, accentuates his opinion thus: "I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for my family for the last eight years and consider it a household necessity."

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But ride inside of the Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule Apartment train of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains, is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "for particular persons, see small bills." Small bills (and large ones, too) will be accepted for passage and sleeping car tickets. For detailed information address John R. Pott, District Passenger Agent, Williamsport, Pa.

**Wanted.**

Flouring Mills at Reynolds, N. D. (\$2,000 stock); and Maynard, Minn. (Free site and half of stock will be taken).

Jewelry Stores at Buxton and Neche, N. D. Banks at Ashby, Minn., and Williston N. D.

Hotels at Wabaton and Grafton, N. D. (Stock will be taken); Crystal, N. D. and Waverly, Minn. (Bonus offered or stock taken).

General Stores, Creameries, Harness Shops, Dry Goods, Shoe Shops, Lumber Yards, Tailor Shops, Hardware Stores, Banks, Carpenter Shops, Saw Mill, Soap Factories, Blacksmith Shops, Meat Markets, Bakers, Barber Shops, Wagon Shops, Furniture Factories, Machine Shops, &c. needed and solicited by citizens in new and growing towns in Minnesota, the Dakotas and Montana. Free sites power for factories at various places. No charges whatever for information which may lead to the securing of locations by interested parties.

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