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Veronica

Advertising Rates. The large and reliable circulation of the CHIBBIA & BREEDING... Advertisement rates...

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. I believe PISO'S Cure for Consumption saved my life... FOUTZ'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure. The greater the purity the strength and wholesomeness...

NATURE'S CURE FOR CONSTIPATION. Reliable Remedy for Sick Stomach, Bilious Headache, Irritable Bowels, etc.

Sick-Headache, AND DYSPEPSIA. Without loss of time Veronica left her room. She had not undressed...

WANTED SALESMEN. Goodly Warranted First-Class Permanent. Good salaries and expenses paid weekly.

D. LANGELL'S ASTHMA AND CATARRH REMEDY. Sold by all Druggists. Having struggled for years between life and death with ASTHMA...

B. J. LYNCH, UNDERTAKER. Home and City Made Furniture. Parlor and Chamber Suits, Lounges, Bedsteads, Tables, Chairs, Mattresses, &c.

PATENTS. Obtained and all PATENT BUSINESS attended for by MODERATE FEES. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office...

MANALIN positively cures Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture, etc. It is a powerful medicine...

A GILDED SIN. BY BERTHA M. CLAY. I entered, when a boy, was twenty to his own, called her to him, and leaning up to her face between his arms, he kissed it.

It was a lovely June night, one of those nights that never seem to grow dark; the air was rich and heavy with the odor of the sleeping flowers...

"The violet said he seemed very ill, miss," replied the girl; "but there was nothing about his being worse."

Veronica entered the statesman's chamber. It was a large and magnificent furnished apartment. She saw wonders of rosewood and holly, silver, china, statuettes, pictures, and books.

"Close the door," he said—"fasten it securely; no one must interrupt me. My wife, come here. It is you who will have to forgive me. I have staid against you; but my sin always appeared to me in a better light than that in which I see it now."

By the noon of the following day peace and quietness reigned in the house of death; the passionate weeping and wailing, the first wild outbreak of sorrow, were over.

"I am sorry, Marie, for the past. I can hardly expect you to understand; I can hardly understand myself; it is so difficult looking back. I loved her so well, and I lost her so soon. I could never speak of her, my dear dear Ginja. I could not utter her name—it tore my heart. I could not look men and women in the face while I talked of her, my dear love."

I CURE FITS! When I had been in fits, I was cured by this medicine. It is a powerful medicine...

into her face. "You are my own child, Veronica," he said, while Lady Brandon wept at one who could not be comforted—"my own daughter—my own child. I have longed so often to take you in my arms and tell you so. I did not love you when evil spirits whispered to me that you had cost your mother her life; but I have learned to love you since you have been here, my daughter. Kiss me, Veronica. Say 'Father' to me just once."

"That cannot be," cried Lady Brandon—"that is too cruel; it will kill Katherine."

"I do not understand it, Veronica," she whispered, "Sir Jasper has sent for you and for me—he wants us particularly. No one else is to come near. He looks so strange I am half frightened. Come in."

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"Yes," she answered again; and then Lady Brandon drew the girl's face down to her own. "You will do all that? Then, Veronica, burn the will, burn it, and keep the secret until you die."

"You can do it easily enough if you wish—if you will," declared Lady Brandon. "Who knows of it except you and me? No one. Who knows the secret save you and me? No one. Oh, Veronica, if you would be true to your promise, true to your word, burn the will and forget it."

"I am bewildered," replied Veronica. "I do not know how to answer you."

"I am very sorry," said Veronica; "I cannot help it. I am not a traitor, Lady Brandon."

"I am very much pleased," said Veronica; "but I cannot help it."

"I do not, I foresee fresh trouble for the dead. He who lies the child of his sin, his gilded sin, Veronica, he did not foresee, he could not know, the suffering and the sorrow that would fall upon us. Oh, Veronica, is it just? Is it fair? Is it right? Why should this disgrace fall now upon me? Have I deserved it? It is honorable that we should so suddenly be deprived of our own position, our inheritance, all that life holds most dear? Did you love him, Veronica, this dear dead father?"

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CHAPTER VIII. "What could you mean, Clara?" said Veronica, when, some ten minutes after, she returned to her room. "Lady Brandon was not even asleep, and she says that you have never even touched the door."

"I have burned it," she said—"it is all destroyed, and I have come to mention it for the last time—to tell you that you may trust me as you would yourself."

"I know that I can trust you," he said, "because you love me so dearly. I have worked hard this last year and a half. I have made a position. I have laid the foundation of future fame and fortune. I grant that I have made no money; but that does not matter—Kate and I understand each other so well. She knows that if she had not one shilling in the world I should have had just the same—more, if possible; but we should have to wait for years. As it is I do not see why we should not be married at Christmas. Do you, Veronica?"

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