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With one spring May Fielding had darted forward.

She knew that that fond embrace

those eager kisses, were not for her; but

A servant in another moment entered with lights, and Clare struggled away, smiling and covered with blushes.

she added gravely: "Have you not

Guy L'Estrange felt a giddy sensation

sceents. "Sit down, Guy, and listen."

heart turning sick with dread.

He did, his brain whirling and his

But he listened to the end without in-

Then the whole thing was clear to him

"She has been cajoled away—deceived by a likeness," he said. "I know now;

"He married in Australia the beauti-

She was silent, therefore, as to her

the infamous conspiracy between them

for the rain of May's happiness forever.

"Well, then," said Guy, rising, an

Raymond, who had not yet been able to

itter a word or to thoroughly compre-

hend the meaning of the scene, "we must

not leiter here, Armstrong. We must

Clare's patience gave way at this, "What!" she cried; "you, Guy L'Es-range, the last of a noble house, will

stoop to follow the footsteps of a runs

way girl who fled from you at the first breath of calumny? Shame upon you!

Rouse your manhood and your pride

He read her secret in her parched lips,

Let her go! She is not worthy of a sec

her shifting color, her heaving boson

At this moment there was again a knocking at the door, and a servant en-

"A groom has ridden round from the park, Mr. L'Estrange," she said. "Miss Fielding is there. She was brought there

in a carriage, very ill."

Guy waited for no more, not even t

ask the lawyer to follow him; but, rush-

and was off like lightning.
Paul Armstrong, before he went,

turned to Clare Raymond, saying in a

"Young lady, you played a desperate

game, which might have resulted in very

serious consequences. I suspected you

Then, bidding adieu to Mrs. Raymond

be hurried out, just in time to catch the

groom gossiping with the servant, and to

walk quietly with him to the park.

May Fielding was delirious when her lover reached home; and it was many a

ong day and alght before she recovered sufficiently to look back upon the past

It was to Guy's aunt that she poured

forth all her troubles-her interview with

Clare; the coming of her supposed lover

to the lodge; his entreaties; her flight

and her revulsion of feeling; how she

only saw her pretended lover by night;

but the illness, even unto death, through

which she had passed; her wistful, child-

nd comprehend the present.

which she seemed to have lost.

ing out, he leaped on the groom's horse,

tered presently

low voice:

all along.

go to London after my darling."

me where is May?'

tutor) and sent abroad.

"and she fled."

terrupting.

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The message of Guy to May restored her greatly, and she seemed by night gether time to have quitor covered herstrength, At the usual time for retiring she was chatting gayly to Clare, who had been

strange is reserved and ellent. At length she interrupted her. "May," she said "you pain me by these happy, trusting words of yours. I have kept silent up till now, because you were so weak and ill; but it is only just that I should speak. Give me your promise first that you will be brave, and that you will believe that I only tell you what I do for your good.'

May turned very pale, but she slipped a trusting hand into that of her enomy. "Tell me all," she said; "it will be better for me to know."

"You must hope still for the best, dear," said the wily traitrons, "because nothing short of otter compulsion will range is guilty; I saw him myself in dripping boughs and over the sodden the woods; I saw him strike the woman to the ground in his rage."
"Oh, Clare, Clare! It is not, it cannot

be true!" cried May, as she flung herself on the breast of her supposed friend.
"I will never believe that Guy could be

"No, no, May," said Clare, pressing Guy L'Estrange and a long, terrible fondness, that the breast in pretended term of Imprisonment ndness, that she might not see the vengeful glitter of her eyes, the serpent like triumph on her face; "I do not say that. I saw and spoke with Guy after it was all over, and I can relieve your heart of a great deal."

"Tell me—tell me then, I beg," said May, "Do not fear for me. Anything is better than suspense. It is that which prostrates me and seems to rend my heart vith hopeless despair,"

"Listen, then, May," said Clare. "Do not interrupt me and I will explain all. But above all remember that not a word of what I say must be repeated to any one, not even to my mother."
"I promise that," whispered poor May, still nestling her aching head on the

varm bosom of her betrayer, "all shall e sacred between you and me."
"Well, then," continued Clare, "I saw hay L'Estrange strike this woman down, as I have said, and she saw me and knows that I was a witness to all. She will tell this when she recovers her senses, and they will force me to be a witness against him. But he has quite cleared himself in my eyes. That woman is not his wife or anything to him. She never was of that he has convinced me. It was all a hatched up story to extort money, but so well was it concected that, in his horror and dismay to find that his marriage with you would be put off and all his

prospects of happiness perhaps blighted forever, that he lost command over himself and struck her, never intending to deal so violent a blow," "But it was cowardly to strike s woman at all," sobbed May. "Yes: it would have been utterly cowardly and wicked had he meant it," said Clare, "but he did not do it in premeditation, and he was bitterly repentant

He wanted to remain, and do his persuaded him to fly while no strangers were about; and having seen that the roman was quickly recovering her senses, and hearing footsteps approaching, I confess I fled, too. It was then I met Guy again and heard from his lips

the proof of his innocence of what the woman charged him with."
"What is to be done, then?" she mouned. I wish he had not struck that woman It seems to lower him in my eyes. Oh Clare, if that part of your story could be blotted out I should be a happy girl." "You do not love blm, then," said Clare, gently putting her from her and rising; "if you did you would find excuses for him in his utter despair at be

think it would conduce to his well doing if he heard your doubts and complain-"But stay, Clare," cried May, clinging to her; "what is to be the end of it all? If he did this thing, if that woman forces you to speak, he will be convicted. "There is no doubt of that," said Clare "and he will be heavily punished. We

unless one of two most unlikely things happens,"
"What are they?" "Either that the woman dies before he recovers consciousness or that he cacapes. The latter is the more improba-ble in these matter of fact days of well built places of detention and wide awake police. And yet such things do occur, and there is at any rate a bare possibility that he might escape. If he does he

will, of course, have to fly the country."
"That would be a confession of guilt," "Well, what else could he do?" said Chare; "if he remained be would simply be placed back in prison, under far more unfavorable circumstances. No. If he once escapes he must leave England, and it is very unlikely you would see him again for years, unless, indeed, you fled with him. But I must go to my room

now, and you, my dear, look as if a long sleep would do you good. You must try and keep up your strength, for who knows what fresh trials the morrow may She bent to impress a treacharous kiss on the girl's forehead, and then bastened o her own room.

Here she at once began to undeess, ditting the while before the mirror and admiring the June like beauty she respotney. "How can be prefer her insipld beauty?"

she multered to herself, as she surveyed again her own ample charms—"a weak faced, helpless club!! Bah! I hate myself when I find my sif pitying her. must and will go through with my plan. I have begun it. What a pitiful coward should be to abandon it now!" For hours she sat there perfecting a cheme-a scheme diabolical in its treach-

ery and cruelty. But what of that? It meant May's shame and ruin; but, hen, to Clare Raymond it meant the

ove of Guy L'Estrange. Was not that worth fighting for? And while this arch fiend was con ceting plans for the destruction of her ling away at a rattling pace from L'Esselplese, innocent foe, May, lying in her trange Park. lonely hed, was revolving in her mind the words which Clare Raymond had

might not meet for years." As if she could doubt? As if, were she to hear his dear voice call harself hanny.

mo test me sisses on mer nps, ane wound not yield to any proposal he made!

Escapel

What delight there seemed now in and teet me sisses on ner nps, she would not yield to any proposal he made!

that one word! It might mean to others a confession that flight forever. was up in a moment, however, and hur-

And so at length, tired out by the excitement and her sorrow, she slept in sweet peacefulness, dreaming of happy

In the train Guy disguised himself blood was pouring from an ugly wound.

In the train Guy disguised himself blood was pouring from an ugly wound.

The days passed wearily. The condition of the woman up at the inflemary had not changed, and nothing further had transpired.
It was a dead level of monotony—wait-

ing, waiting-and May Fielding's apirits The weather, too, had changed to a dull, drizzling rain, wearisome and depress-ing, and though, as May Fielding sat in her own room on this eighth night after the outrage, the downpour had ceased, there was pitch blackness without, and force words from me. But Guy L'Es- the wind howled dismally among the

> A fitting accompaniment she thought to her own weariness and sorrow.
>
> There seemed nothing to look forward to but the cold routine of a public trial, which, if Clare's words were true, could

> Only one thing in all was sure-her certain, unswerving love for Guy. She was seated at the fire, which, in spite of the time of year, she had had lit, for she was chilled and pulseless, when a slight noise at the window attracted her attention.

With a nervous, startled feeling at her eart she turned her head and waited. Again the sound came—tap, tap, tap, "Who is there?" she cried in a tremuous voice, as she drew aside the cur-

As she did so, she needed no answer; me glance gave her that; and she started back with a cry of mingled joy and For there, without, pale and ghastly,

but certainly living, was Guy L'Es-In an instant she had opened the window, and stepping out on the balcony, was clasped to her lover's breast. Again and again he kissed her passionately, and then in a low, murmuring

voice he said: "May, my darling, I dare not stay here. Some one will be sure to observe us. I have escaped, and shall be pur-sued. Have you courage to come out Brixton, with nothing to amuse her but May quickly took her resolution. sued. Have you courage to come out and meet me at the boathouse by the dull babble of the well meaning

hind her as she entered, and when she regretting in bitter terms the necessity ton's face, and a stern frown took its encountered him as if by a miracle. It She was all in dark things now, and

tripping down the iron steps leading best to restore her to consciousness, but I from the balcony, she was soon speeding over the wet lawn, confident that no one could see her in the darkness. But two eyes had seen her, and watched

her going in cruel triumph-those of Clare Raymond. May found her lover at the boathouse, his hat pulled over his eyes, the collar of his big ulster buttoned round his throat so that very little of his face could be

"May," he said, taking her hand in his and looking down into her face (she could not see his eyes in the gloom, but she guessed how lovingly they beamed upon her), "I am come to-night to put your love to a great test. Nay, hear me out, for at any moment we may see the interns of the police flitting hither and thither in search of me. Clare has told you all my cowardly folly and my pun shment. She has told you, too, that I am innocent of all save that blow-that that woman was never my wife or aught

"Yes, she has told me," whispered Thanks for your sweet trust, May,

May, nestling to him. he said: "but all the trust and love is the world will not avail me if I remain in England. If I stay here I am doomed. I cannot deny the blow; it was witessed and will be sworn to, and, May, bear it bravely, my love-the woman i dead. The charge against me now is me of murder.

As his strong arm held her, he felt how she shuddered, and he bent and kissed her

"I am leaving this place to-night," he aid. "To-morrow I must be on the sea. Never more can I set foot in England. We must part, dear one, this night for-

"What?" cried May, turning her startled face to his. "Unless, my own, my darling," he cried, hobling her passionately to him, unless you will fly with me. We shall not want for money; I will secure all that. If your love is as great as mine, my sweet, there will be no craving to re urn hither providing we are together. May made no reply, but nestled to hin

nore closely, sobbing wildly on his "Do not let me take you from you home, dear," he continued, "to share my dishonored name, if one thought, one loubt, binds you to England; but remem er, May, if we part now it is forever. "I will go, Guy," she whispered. "How an you doubt me? You are my life-

He rained kisses on her lips so passion ately that May wondered, while he thanked her in broken words for her love and trust. At this moment a light was seen in the trees afar off, and a whistle sounded. "Ah," he cried, "they are after me al-ready. Even now, May, I almost think

myself a coward to ask you to share my troubles and dangers. Perhaps, after "Hush, Guy!" she said; "let us go. Every moment increases your danger. Across the grounds they hurried, and were soon in the highway. Here a closed carriage was waiting

to the driver, and they were soon speed-May lay silent in her lover's arms. She fest no desire to talk; and even if vented her from doing so intelligibly.

It might mean; to others a confession of guilt and shame.

But to heavit meant the sufety of her lover and their flight to happiness to gether.

And so at length, tired out by the expectation of guilt and shame of guilt and shame. It is a flight forever.

Brave or not, she fought with this feeling and conquered it; so much so, that when the vehicle draw up with a great at the first railway station that Guy dared stop at the angle of the first railway station that Guy dared stop at the angle of the first railway station that Guy dared stop at the angle of the first railway station that Guy dared stop at the angle of the first railway station that Guy dared stop at the angle of the first time was let up, she found Guy in his shirt sleeves and first railway station that Guy dared stop at the angle of the first time was let up, she found Guy in his shirt sleeves and first railway station that Guy dared stop at the first railway station that Guy dared stop at the first railway station that Guy dared stop at the same of the first time was let up, she found Guy in his shirt sleeves and the first time was let up.

It was extraordinary to May to see how clear sighted he was through it all, as if everything had been arranged be-

dismal spots than that, while this hue Guy, the man for whom she had deserted and cry is after me. She is a good old home and friends, had no mark on his and cry is after me. She is a good old soul, honest and trustworthy, but you must not confide in her too much. Here you must be Miss Maud Rivers, and I must pass as Tom Hartley. I thought of those names on the road, and telegraphed to the worthy old soul, so she will be quite ready to welcome us."

Again that unaccountable, uncomfortable feeling passed through May's whole being, a dread that she had done wrong, a feeling, in fact, which she did not like to confess to berself.

not come in.

ont come in.

"I must not be seen about in the daylight, my darling," he said. "I must get away while the day is dull and heavy. Expect me to-night directly it is dark. I will arrange about the special license, and we can be married in three days,"

After which it seemed strange that directly he quitted the street he hailed

a hansom and ordered the driver to take

entered quite openly, and passed into round the room.

which would force them to be married place, n the dismal little parlor of the Brixton

lodging house.

Bowever, it was heaven where she and account and off he was again.

Bowever, it was heaven where she and account and Mr. Hartley"—

Tell true," he added sternly, "what did A dull pain was at May's heart as he

that it did not come too late? She wept bitter tears; she blamed her- ly let me pass, madam." self for her inconstancy; she murmured the name of "Guy, darling Guy," and begged him, as if present, to forgive her; and yet she craved to be at home at the odge with Clare and Mrs. Raymond, and found herself wondering whether, after all, she could ever have loved him

at all, for the feeling, all mastering as it had been, seemed fast dying out. "Never mind," she said, as her poor aching head rested on a wet pillow that night; "I must go through with it all now for Guy's sake. No doubt my feel-ings are only those of a foolish, fright-ened girl. Never shall Guy be able to

say that I fled from and betrayed him in his hour of danger. For two days she saw nothing of her over; on the third he brought the special

cense and the ring to show her. She trembled and blushed a little when she saw the plain gold circlet and the formidable official document; but when he had kissed her pouting lips, and whispered words of loving and blissful anicipation, she felt more restful, and lay in his arms like a tired child in the dull

glow of the parlor fire. For it was noticeable that when he came the lamps were never lit; the two were always left to the loverlike light of the flames. "One could never tell," Guy said,

when or where sples might be about. They might be peering through windows and listening at keyholes, and so forth, when everything seemed still and se-

It was on the next night that May, having seen nothing of Guy, retired to her room early to read before retiring to This, to-night, was more than ever a

necessary proceeding, for her mind was in a state of wild unrest. To-morrow was to be her wedding day. Two days after she would quit England with her husband forever. Why was it that dream voices kept saying to her: "Do not go; do not so readily leave home and friends?"

Her mind was too excited for tears; her heart was beating high; she could not read, and flinging down her book patiently she rose, and looked out pon the garden, upon which the rays the moon were now shining brightly. The strips of ground at the back of the houses were bounded by a somewhat high back fence, which separated them from a piece of waste land on which were sundry evidences that an enterpris-ing builder had intended making a rush to work, and then abandoned it.

Far over there, beyond this waste, rose church spire. On either side were some trees, and here and there a pool shining in the silver light of the night goddess. And there! What was that?

and helping May in, Guy gave the word Her heart gave a great leap as she recgnized a tall figure in an ulster dashing cross the waste ground at a headleng peed. Was that Guy and were his purners after him? A sickening feeling of froad invaded her heart, and though her oken.
"Unless she were to fly with him they it sped along so swiftly would have pre-The tall figure had evidently for the Left thus to her thoughts, she could time given his pursuers the slip, and was oven heavef hance.

days with Guy, and never once seeing dinely in all her visions, the sword which was about to fall.

"Let me help you, Guy," said May, was about to fall.

"Let me help you, Guy," said May, was about to fall.

head resting on his shoulder.

London was reached in the small I sthe his arm."

hours of the morning, and Guy at once chartering a cab, ordered the driver to woman. "I couldn't do it all by myself, take them at full speed to an obscure and I didn't like to call you. I know street in a south London suburb. girls don't fancy the sight of blood." girls don't fancy the sight of blood."

May felt, she knew not why, that a

as if everything had been arranged beforehand.

"Where are we going, Guy?" she asked,
as they rattled onwards through the
somewhat grimy streets.

"To Mrs. Preston's," he said, "an old
servant of my aunt's. I will leave you
there, for I must hide away in far more
dispal spots than that while this hus
Guy, the flesh being lacerated deeply.

In one instant she had learned the fact
that this man who stood before her in the
semblance of her Guy, her own darling
Guy, the man for whom she had deserted

not like to confess to herself.

Mrs. Preston was all that Guy had thing about marks on Guy's arm. All said, kind, respectable and hearty in her they had heard was the word "dagger." On the left arm of this man was a She at once drew May into a room with a bright fire, very acceptable on that muggy morning; but Guy would. At this moment Mrs. Preston re-entered the room.

a hansom and ordered the driver to take were her first words when she regained him to the Clarendon club, which he consciousness, and she gazed us if in fear my family that he died at the age of 16.

What could this mean? Was Guy deceiving his trusting little tiancee after all?

What offee room as usual.

"Oh, he's gone," said Mrs. Preston friend, Paul Armstrong here, that he did not; but was expelled from school (while the clergyman would be here very early; I was at home in bad health under a Time passed very wearily for May and that he would get you over to France ful but unfortunate creature, who died today, under the name of Roy Talbot,

and meet me at the boathouse by the lake?"

"Yes, Guy," she said, and in a dazed way she moved as if to go at once, "No, no," said her lover, "you must put some thick wraps round you to conceal this light dress, and put on a hat.

"Thank you, Mrs. Preston," she said, his real name being Ernest L'Estrange. "For your kindness in bringing me the wine; but that is only a stimulant for the moment, and I must have something to make me feel strong and look bright on my wedding day." (She shuddered involuntarily as she uttered the words.)

The dull babble of the well meaning landlady, the perusal of some out of date wine; but that is only a stimulant for the moment, and I must have something to make me feel strong and look bright on my wedding day." (She shuddered involuntarily as she uttered the words.)

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'Not to-night, miss," she said, edging | was even by another towards the door. "I was told most the description given by my brother"

"Never mind Mr. Hartley," said May, you tell ber? How has she been deleft her, and she hurried up to her little with a mirthless attempt at a laugh, as ceived? room, she put on her hat and threw her travel-Was her awakening coming? And ing cloak over her arm. "Time enough ought she not be thankful, if it were so, to obey him when I have said the orthodox words 'love, honor and obey.' Kind-

The latter words were added in a L'Estrange's release reached London she might be the wife of Ernest L'Estrange hard, commanding tone quite unusual to May, as she advanced quickly. Mrs. Preston was desperate; she had long seen that all was not quite right between the "lovers," and she would lose a big reward if she allowed the girl

to escape,
She stood, therefore, at the door to prevent her ogress. But she had entirely miscalculated the rength of will existing in that youthful nind and the power lying dormant in that lithe young form. With one spring, May Fielding had darted for-ward, and seizing the woman by the

arm, had swung her backward into the enter of the room. Then, without a pause, she' fled down the stairs, out into the street, and away toward the busy highway at the end. She had money with her, abundance for her purpose, and halling a cab she drove to the police station.

After an hour's interview with a very her wistful eyes. elighted and astonished inspector, th This woman loved him with an absorb brave girl drove off again, this time to the ing passion as yet unknown to him, bu rallway station at Euston. which, now he had realized its existence It was apparently a very pleased and explained all that had occurred. "I shall follow the dictates of my heart, Clare," he said, "and that bids first class ticket by the express to Deep ford, who gave the porter half a crown me save my darling if I can."

to obtain her a carriage to besself, and who made herself cozy in a corner for her long journey. But an the train began to tear madly along, shricking through the fields and villages, May Fielding lay in a tumbled

cap on the floor of the carriage, oblivious to all. Mrs. Raymond and Clare sat in the Irawing room at the ledge. The former was indulging in one of ner favorite napa; Clare had been preending to read, but as soon as the regu lar breathing of her mother told her that she was in the land of dreams, she threw

uside her book to think.

The flight of May had caused the utmost consternation; none the less so when it was found that, in virtue of her father's foolish will, she had transferred all her money in the Alliance bank to Mr. Thomas Hartley. Clare, of course, kept silent, refusing to judge her in any way; only expressing

hope that Guy L'Estrange would be

satisfied now of the worthlessness of the girl with whom he had been so infatu-That morning news had come that the injured woman at the infirmary had recovered her senses and was able to be carried to the court; but as to the result,

oothing was yet known.

Clare sat at the window looking across the lawn and howing—hoping that she might see the tall form of Guy L/Ee which she seemed to have lost. trange striding across if.

Harkt sounds of wheels approaching hen a loud rat-tat-tat at the door. Hur ried steps cross the great ball, and in another moment the door opens and Guy

L'Estrange rushes in, followed by Paul

And so in the shadow of the big room

Armstrong. A girl's figure springs to meet him and is clasped to his pasting heart, while passionate kisses rain upon her lips. Clare linguand.

SUBSCRIBE

ADVOCATE.

-In using ammonia for domestic purposes, one talnespoonful to a quart of water is about the ordinary proportion. -Some one should write a sermon on he had taste of pursuing good taste too ex-

100 Ladles Wanted, And 100 men to only at druggists, for a cree package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great rest and herb remedy, discovered by Dr Silas Lane while in the Booky moon anias. For discasses of the blood, liver and although it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large-size package, 50 cents. At all druggists.

At ali druggistr' -Nothing dies, not even life, which gives up one form only to receive another. Ne good action, no good example, no gengrous endeavor, dies; it lives forever in our

Their Business Booming. Probably no one thing has enased such general revival of trade at REBLE's firm Store as that giving stay to customers so many free as that giving stay to customers so many free trial bothers of fir. Sing's New Piscovery for Consumption. They trade is simply enermous mints very almable strick from the fact that it slways cures with hever disappoints. Coughs, Coids, Asthma, Kronshittis, Croup, and all thront and lung disables quickly cured. You can test it before buying to getting a trial bothe free, large size \$1. Kvery bothle warranted. none the less was it rapture to lie in his arms, lip to lip, for the first and, it might be, the last time!

-The nobler a man truly is, the stronger is his desire to live a yet richer and worthler life; the more vatuable his work, the "You did not give me time, Guy," she more es said, "to explain the mistake." Then upon it. more earnestly does he long to improve

Don't Stand That Pain. It don't do to neglect nature's warning, nebes through the system cause Rheumatism. Neuralgia, Hackache and pain in the side, a prompt and safe renesity is required, Red Flag Oil, the famous pain cure, fills the hill. Price 25 cents. Are you Consumptive or de you suffer with a Cough or Cold, it so use Puritan Cough and Consumption Cure, Price 25 cents. Fer sale at Thomas drug store. of dread stealing over him, and he grasped the table for support,
"Heard what?" he cried, "Speak! tell "She is not here. She has fled," said Clare in her gentiest and most studied

-As a man's "yes" and "no," so his character, A prompt "yes" or "no" marks the firm, the quick, the decided character; and the slow, the cautions or timid.

"She has been cajoled away—deceived by a likeness," he said. "I know now; I feel now that the whole secret of this infamous affair lies in a nutshell. I had a twin brother (which was the cause of the strange marks on our arms), and I was led to believe by my father and all my family that he died at the sge of 16. I have discovered since, through my dear the secret of the secret of the secret of the successful medicine called Semp's Balsan, which is sold on a positive can be seen to see the excellent effect after taking the first lose. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial size free.

At all druggists.

-He who defers his charities till his leath is rather liberal of another man's goods than his own.

Parents too frequently permit their children to suffer from headache, fits, St. Vitus Dence, nervousness, etc., when they can be cured. Mrs. P. was cured of sick headache, lizziness, dyspepsia, nervous prostration of signteen years standing, after failure of sixteen physicians; Mrs. K. of sick headache for 35 years; Mrs. P. of twenty to fifty fits a night; others from this vicinity could be mentioned who have been cured by that wonderful nerve food and medicines. Dr. only by the different color of a blind or put some thick wraps round you to conceal this light dress, and put on a hat. I may keep you some time.

I may keep you some time.

She went in at once, and in a few moments returned.

She had closed the French wildow be blind box as she outgred and when she had closed the French wildow be blind box as she outgred and when she recessity.

In the disposition of a flower.

Guy she saw little of.

He came for a few minutes only on the first evening, saying that even this short visit, which began and ended in the passage, was at the peril of his life, and the help of his life, and she outgred and when she recessity.

The kindly look died out of Mr. Presidence of our eyes, in the color of our eyes, in the classes, in the color of our eyes, in the disposition of a flower.

Guy she saw little of.

He came for a few minutes only on the first evening, saying that even this short visit, which began and cook origin in a few more involuntarily as she uttered the words.

He came for a few minutes only on the first evening, saying that even this short visit, which began and ended in the passage, was at the peril of his life, and she outgred and when she followed him. She mistook me for him to prescribe for me.

The kindly look died out of Mr. President evening and look origin in a few more soundered the words.

He came for a few minutes only on the first evening, saying that even this short to he had led, leaving her, like the infar the words.

The came for a few minutes only on the first evening, saying that even this short to head they leaving her encountered him as if by a miracle. It was he who struck her down, and who was even by another woman, who, from Thomas' Drug Stores.

-He who, meeting a pleasant temptaion, stops to shake hands with it, will generally end by going with it wherever it thooses to lead him. "I told her what I saw," said Clare

Shilloh's Consumption Cure. She thought it best to keep back the This is beyond question the most successtruth even yet. Fate might still play into her hands. Before the news of Guy ul Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of cough, croup, and Bronchitis, while it's wonderful success in the cure of Consump-tion is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since it's first discovery It has been sold on aguarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a neetings with Ernest in the woods and cough we carnestly ask you to try it.
Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and \$1.00. If
your lungs are sore, chest or back lame,
use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold at
Biery's or Thomas' stores. reasing the hand of the startled Mrs.

-It is queer that a young man never noices that a woman he is in love with has freckles until after be in jilted, or married

to her.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Stilloh's Catarrh Remedy, a moryelous cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache. With more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 conts. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drug stores.

a face that a painter might dwell upon." "Ayer's Medicines have been satisfactory to ne through my practice, especially Ayar's Therry Protoral, which has been used by many of my patients, one of whom says he knows it saved his life."-F. L. Morris, M. D., Brook

-Rather a broad face. Somebody, In-

escribing a beautiful woman, sava she has

-Don't be too severe on the man who. scolds his wife in public. Perhaps that is he only time he dares to. Look before you leap in business, and think

efore you swallow-in medicine : but know once

for all that Laxader is pro-eminently the liver-regulator and blood-purifier in the day. Price. Suffer not disappointment by employing toomany "cures" —but for the diseases of infancy are Dr. Bull's Baby Syrap which never disappetnts, and one is only 25 cents a bottle. At all druggists

-Most men like to see themselves in 'print;" but women do not. They prefer ilk or satin.

Now, Give Attention In the purification of your blond, for at no cascar is the body so susceptible to the benis to be derived from a good medicine, as a March, April and May. Hood's Harea m sarch, April and May. The d'a Sera-parilla is the people's favorite spring medi-cine. It stands unequaled for purifying the blood, coring scrobils, sait rheum, etc., reg-slating the kidneys and liver, repairing nerve tissues, strengthening and invigorat-ong the whole hely, as well as checking the progress of acute and chronic disease, and restoring the affiliated restoring the selection. storing the afflicted parts to a natural, orby condition. It you have never tried toods Satasparilla for your "spring mediine do so this season.

how she strove to love and respect him, yearning for home and for something -It is the man who can light good fires who is sconest able to hire others to light In his secret heart Guy had felt sorely his fires for him. aggrieved that May should, even for a

-She says she is approaching her oment, mistake another man for him; thirtleth year. Approaching he Why. she has been getting away from it for the like eyes; her pretty penitence and self taxt ten years. -Laumess grows on people; it begins

basement conquered him, and he took her to his heart as truly and as lovingly with cobwebs, and suds in iron chains, The more business a man has to do, the Ernest L'Estrange saved a great deal more he is able to secomplish, for he learns of the inevitable exposure he putting an to economise his time, Concluded on fourth page.