

Somers Herald, VOL. XXIX. NO. 42. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1881. WHOLE NO. 1550.



MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For all Female Complaints. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

SIR HUBERT'S WIFE. "Then you will give her to me, Mrs. Trevor?"

"Most willingly, Sir Hubert," and Mrs. Trevor's handsome, patrician face flushed with a glow of gratification.

"A deep breath of relief escaped Sir Hubert, but his face darkened and clouded over a little as she spoke again."

"It shall be the object of my life to prove that your trust is not undeserved," he said, "if Lillian accepts me."

"If Mrs. Trevor broke in, with a slight air of surprise. 'Why do you doubt it?'"

"I hardly dare hope," he answered. "She is so young—I am so much her senior—and I have fancied sometimes that it is selfish in me to wish to bind our lives together, that"

when they fastened the veil of tulle, with the wreath of orange blossoms on her head, obey you, mother, because you have taught me that to you I owe my first duty, but I would rather you were dressing me for my coffin than for my bridal!"

The sad words struck with prophetic knell on her mother's heart, but it was too late to draw back now.

She looked older than her bridegroom as they stood together at the altar. His joy had made him young; her grief had aged her.

"His patience had never tired, his tenderness never lessened, in the long weeks, he strove, in new scenes and amid new faces, to bring a little look of gladness into her own."

She never murmured, never complained. She no longer shrank from him. That was something gained."

Indeed, when they were quite alone together, she seemed quite contented, more so than in their wanderings."

"Next week we will go home, Lillian," he said to her one day.

"Oh, I shall be so glad," she answered. "I am so tired."

"Tired, little one? You have wanted to go before? Why have you not spoken?"

"I waited for your wish," she replied. "But my wish is yours. Will you not learn that lesson?"

"You are very good to me," she answered, wistfully. "Too good, I do not deserve so much love."

He drew her to him and kissed her many times. "Too good?" he echoed. "Oh, my little pure snowflake, if ever you can love me for one little hour, it would be worth a lifetime!"

Always struck from meeting strangers. Each face she scanned with almost painful intensity; then the old look of utter indifference would sweep across her own."

But here in the home where her husband had brought her she would be subjected to less of this. Its grand old beauty could not fail to delight her senses."

Her own rooms were fitted up like the bower of some fairy princess; servants waited upon her every wish; all day she might stroll alone through the shaded avenues of sun-dappled oaks, save when her husband joined her.

"But day by day he watched the sweet face grow paler and the slight figure more frail. One day he came to her with an open letter in his hand, a happy light in his face."

"Harold has written me, darling—the friend whom I have told you I love so well—he is coming to visit me. He will be here to-morrow."

"Harold," she gasped, and her face grew ghastly. "He threw his arm about her, fearing she would faint."

"No, no," she tremulously answered. "I was faint for a moment. That is all; I am glad for you. I will be ready to receive your friend."

"Harold," she murmured to herself, when alone again. "Am I so weak that the simple utterance of the old name thus moves me? As though there were not a thousand Harolds in this great world. Oh, heaven, what wilt grant my prayer. Thou wilt never let me see his face again."

"The next afternoon Lillian was alone among the trees, when suddenly she heard the sound of voices. It was her husband speaking."

"You will think her beautiful, Harold. She will be to you a sister. Of you I will not be jealous."

"The next moment a turn in the path brought the two men to view. One instant—her glance rested on them both; then she sprang to her feet pressing both hands to her heart, awaited their approach in silence, her face colorless as her dress, her figure swaying as the lily-bell on its stem."

"Harold, my wife!" said Sir Hubert, then looked from one to another in amazement.

"The young man made no motion to outstretch his hand. He bowed low. Lillian neither stirred nor spoke."

"You have met before? Sir Hubert went on."

"We have met before," replied Harold Courtney.

Lillian still spoke no word. Once she passed her hand across her eyes, as if blinded; then turned and walked swiftly toward the house. The two men left alone, looked in each other's eyes.

"What does it all mean?" asked Sir Hubert, and his question was both stern and pleading.

"Ask your wife, answered his friend. 'Only bid me good-bye, and let me leave your roof.'"

"Wait until to-morrow," replied the host. "Lillian has never deceived me—she will not do so now."

The young mistress, pleading sudden indisposition, begged to be excused. The two men sat down in silence. It was a wretched meal, and an evening yet more wretched.

At an early hour Sir Hubert conducted his guest to the rooms appointed him, and withdrew to his own."

Restlessly he paced their length for half an hour, when he resolved to seek his wife and have the mystery explained."

She might not love him, but at least she had no cause to fear him; she would withhold nothing."

In slipped feet he crossed the corridor. His way led him past Lillian's boudoir; the door was half open; within he heard voices. His very blood froze in his veins, it was his wife speaking."

Harold, you must go at once—at once!" "How dare you tell me what I must do?" answered the man; "you who have wrecked my life? It is for you I toiled to amass the wretched fortune I now loathe. The death of an uncle gave me success sooner than I had hoped. I thought but of you by day, by night. Wild with happiness I returned to claim you—to learn what? That you had married and gone. Desperate, I did not even ask the name of the man