LINCOLNTON, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1889.

The Lincoln Conrier.

There is light upon my path, there is known to her the place she occupied on the point of telling humail when she anshine in my heart," and she felt w- in his life? He saw her color deepen, rly crushed by the burden of her ir- and he felt his own heart thrilled by a esistible, inexpressible grief. Instead new rapture.

relief in tears, and her spirit was some- them, yet the words that ru hed from what lighter when she put her hand in his heart to his lips, with their thrilling, that of her father, to lead him to the car- quiverin : message, must have utterance, riage, and felt his kiss upon her check, and he said: "I cannot keep vilent any

CHAPTER XV.

self under the care of a famous oculist in the hope of regaining his sight. Ned Newcomb, the stalwart, steadfast

distressing and distracting fears, which friend, conducted Noel to a comfortable always arose most vividly in her mind eat in the car, and then placed the quiet when Ned Newcomb was near, but the patient wife by the side of her afflicted firm, sarnest and emphatic corroboration of the fact by Judge Gilbert Ransom, ook the sent directly behind Noel and his wife, and beside him sat Edith. who

was enoking with grief.

for his shortcomings.

swelling about her young heart.

the had performed the ceremony, and The was stubbornly ready to swear to it. 'The doctor says there's a possible mance for my sight, Ned," said Noel, as bon as the presence of the visitor was hade known to the blind man.

BY JOHN E. BARRETT.

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LIBHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

WITH THE PROPRIETOR OF

OSCEA WEEK

If Ned Newcomb's footfail set her heart

beating with delight, it also filled her

with despair, for she felt that though she

loved him dearly, and she had good rea-

son to think her love was returned,

shere was a gulf between them that could

not be bridged by faith or hope. It was

not sione the written certificate of her

weird marriage with Clarence Carson-

of which by the way she had no recol-

laction-that filled her mind with those

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'That's good news, indeed," replied [ed; "and who knows but you may reurn from Philadelphia able to see your "riends as of old."

"Ah! that's a joyous thought, Ned, but o tell you the truth, lad, I have not much tope. It seems to me as if the long night and set in for which there is no dawning his side of the grave. But I'll bear it mavely, whatever it be, and I trust my ;ood wife and my dear children will how equal courage. Ab, Ned, lad, in all his darkness I am buoyed up by one great thought, and that is that you are our friend. Friends that one may tie to are scarce these days, " continued Noel, peaking in a low, firm voice, that was ree from emotion; "but it gladdens me n my blindness that my wife and chil-Iren have some one that they may see when I am not near, without fear of restoach or scandal. I tell you, Ned, that's agreat thought, but we never realize it until we are helpless. When a man is so tricken down that he is unable to raise in arm in defense of his dear ones, what a comforting thing it is to feel that there s some brave, unselfish, brotherly heart a the world to whom they can go in heir hour of sorrow, and who will not wrong them in thought, or word, or deed. if all the world could only realize this, mere would be less inhumanity, less biterness, less betrayal of sacred trusts, and wer broken hearts.

would more willingly listen, and why a her there was mockery in the words, should be hesitate any longer to make of the promise of the song, it seemed to In that moment of magnetic, soui-kind. think of that. At last she said, Edith that there was gloom upon her path ling joy, Ned felt that Edith divined his and sorrow in her heart; but she did find dearest thoughts, and could translate

> longer, Edith; I love you! Oh, pardon me for saying it," he added, as he thought he read a shadow of displeasure on her face, " but I could not help it, Edith, in-T was a painful deed I could not. Since the first moment

> parting at the rail- we met your face has been framed in my soul, day and night, and I could no more help loving you than I can help breath. and his daughter ing, so ex-ential does it seem to my very Edith, when the life, Speak, Edith say, do you love me, blind man, acting or can I hope for one kind word to tell upon the advice of me I may yet have a place in your

Ned Newcomb did not intend to say so much, but his pent-up thoughts, having fice: the brain, that ought to be at its once found an outlet, like the deep lake that break-through its banks, could not lime passion that swept his soul had

isband some minutes before it was said Edith, "after your unselfish efforts ime for the train to start. Then Ned and sacrifices in my behalf." She brave, strong, noble-hearted man was surging through her soul for expression,

spectre to stand between her, and her words she would like to say.

spare me, Edith, don't spare me. Dearly as I hav. set my heart upon you, I can endure the blow if you say you don't love me. I can see how easy it is for a kind-souled girl like you, to like a great awkward fellow of my sort without loving him. You say you like me, but you hesitate about saying that you don't love some things you cannot say, let the me, because you don't desire to hurt my

"Ah, Ned, don't talk that way," said of yours is like a dagger-thrust to my Thus Noel talked on cheerfully until the time came for the train to start, and

the Well-known "All aboard" of the conjudge me hastily." luctor warned Ned Newcomb and Edith that they must quit the car, if they did

not want to be carried off. as hurrhad After one young people rushed out on the platform. and the train sped away from the Grimsby station in the direction of Philadelphia. Edith watched it with an aching heart intil it was lost to sight, and then sufered herself to be led by Ned Newcomb to the carriage that still waited for them at the entrance to the station. A great loneliness second to take possession of her as the carriage drove slowly back to the little home, from which father and mother were now absent for the first time in many years; but she tried to realize the responsibility that had been suddenly thrust upon her, in the care of the younger children, and to meet it with the courage and forticude of a true woman. She knew that she must not be idle. Work and wages were now indispensable and she must not lose any time in return ing to her place at the sewing-machine in Gusset & Fell's factory, provided she could find employment with that firm. The outlook was not an encouraging one for Edith, but she resolved that, come what might, she would meet the issue bravely and as became a courageous woman. All these thoughts passed through her mind on the way back to the desointe little home, in which she must henceforth be the ruling spirit. Ned Newcomb, who sat beside Edith on the way home, was not insensible to the mental struggle by which she was swaved. Her anxiety, as mirrored in the shadow upon her beautiful face, claimed. touched his heart; but he knew nothing of the greater shadow on her life which was caused by the recollection of her experience at Dick Dawson's, and the thought of that mysterious marriage of which she had no actual knowledge, but of which there existed written proof and persons who claimed to be eve-witnesses. "Edith," said Ned, when they were back in the little parior of her home, "I know how hard it is to be cheerful when the heart is sore, and how easy it is for others to give us advice at such a time. but after all is it not well to look for the diver lining of the cloud? The present hope may seem dark and cheerless, but there is hope and happiness ahead. One who has passed through the very waters of the Grimsby river and come back from the brink of death, as you have done, promise? can confront life's lesser trials and lift her face to the sunshine. Edith if I may

phetic, cut her to the heart, and he was suddenly conceived the idea that were he to know he would pity and despise her forever and she could not bear to

tion of fear. "You wrong me; indeed you do, Ned, I cannot tell you now what has shaped my decision; but I am not so unworthy as to give my hand where my heart could never go."

Ned Newcomb felt that there was some mystery back of Edith's words, and he would gladly fathom it then and there were such a thing possible. He hesitated how to act, and wondered what was best to do, and say, under the circumstances, and at the same time do and say what was right and rational. There are not many men who can pause to think in such a crisis. To most of us the sweet ordeal of making a declaration of love is bound up with many awkward entanglements of the head and the heart. The tongue that ought to be more eloquent than ever before, almost forgets its of-

coolest in deciding a matter so momentous-for life or death-invariably burns. be controlied until the torrent of sub- and the pulses that ought to move in measured endence are generally in a tumult. Ned Newcomb was no exception to the sous of men in this respect but he was a man of fine control of self. and when he saw this lovely girl swayed by emotion and smitten by some sinister stopped suddenly. She was struggling thought that seemed to hold her from his with a great emotion. Her love for this arms at the moment when his cup of joy was full, sympathy took the mastery of love in his hearf and made him resolve but the memory of that marriage at not to urge Edith for an answer to the Dawson's rose up in her mind like a great question of his life just then. Indeed, he felt like chiding himself for dearest thoughts, and choked back the having spoken of love to her at all at such a time, when she was so sadly op

pressed by the weight of her great sorrow, but he could not now undo what had been done. He could at least assuage some of the bitterness of the situation, and he tried as best he knew how to

do so: but he found that no easy task. "Forgive me. Edith, dear," he said taking her hand in his, and resuming the tone of tenderness in which he first spoke to her of love. "Since there are

words that have passed between us be as if they had never been spoken, and you will find that Ned Newcomb will never the poor, distracted girl. "Every word speak to you of love again, and that he will, if you so desire, continue to be your

"It is hard to forget some things, Ned." she replied; "but for the present, at least, or until such time as we can see each other in a clearer light, I would

Judge Ransom said was valid, rose up in her mind and exerted a strange fascinapain of mind. tion over her, similar to that with which

the mesmerist is said to control his subject or the serpent charms the bird. In her case it was principally the fascinaattenues. "I presume you think it strange that i

should address you thus," said Clarence Carson, when both were seated, "but what could be more natural, since we are man and wife? Our courtship was a little queer and somewhat storing, I'll allow, but it was cruel of you to let me go alone on my honeymoon. Still, if we truly love each other, we may be happy yet.

"Indeed, I do not love you," she said earnestly. "I know nothing of this marriage you speak of. I was not concerned in it, in any manner. I was not pre cut when it took place, and Laurnot your wife. More than this, Mr. Carson, I do not want to be formented in this way any longer. It is time there was an end of this grim and hourible joke."

"A joke, Edith--a joke! As Tlive, I never was more earnest in my life. 1sH possible that you will deny our marriage? There was not much style about the ceremony, it is true, but it was just as binding as if all the gay world of fushion was present. Remember, there were witnesses two of them-beside Judge Ransom whose certificate I have here. As he spoke he took the certificate from his pocket and held it before her eyes.

"See," he said, "here is the proof that you are truly my wife, Edah, and that 1 am entirely justified in calling you Mrs.

Carson. Where did you get that ?" she asked. as she saw it was the identical paper that she took to Judge Ransum when she went to ask his advice.

"From the judge himself, whom 1 saw but a short tune ago. He told me you had called on him, and that he advised you the marriage was genuine. You showed him this paper to examine, and you forgot it. He gave it to me, seeing that I also had a claim on it. You say that I am well fortified to assert my rights as a husband, and you might as well yield gracefully to the inevitable, and accompany me. I am going across the sea, and I should dearly like to have you along. It would be just charming to cross the At antic on such a trip, then de London, Paris and Berlin together; it fact, see the world from the very high

est pinnacles of civilization. I speak to you now as your husband, as one who sincerely loves you, whatever a cynical world might say, and who will doubtless prove a much better life-companion than you expect. Come. Fdith. fling fear way, take leave of hesitation, and say you will go with me."

sye noticed his great distress, and she felt sarry for having caused him so much

Tate Library

"And who is the criminal that perpetrated such a distardly deed?" isked Clarence, as soon as he could command

"Nobody knows; that seems to be a mystery. These are all sorts of rumors, but there is nothing definite."

he paced the floor of the little parlor, in great misery. But a few moments before he felt as powerful as a giant in Edith's presence, and scoffed at her anguish; now he was helpless as a child. and like the smitten oak, his head was er. iow:

Clarence's first impulse was to rush out and cun home as soon as he heard of his anole's donth, but a mighty spectre rose up in his mind and menaced him. Was t remorse? Whatever it might be, it necked his inste, and set him thinking thoughts that tortured him.

For several minutes he paced the floor. Edith had taken a book, and was giand ing curclessly through its pages, but she was not reading it. That was an imstudy as Clarence Carson before her suddenly he halted in his movements paused a moment, and muttered audibly to himself, "Yes, I'll go there," and

then taking up his bat, bastened from the room: After leaving Edith so unceremonions v. Clarence Carson walked rapidly along the streets in the direction of his home He paid but little heed to those he met and old acquaintances were chilled by the coldness of his greeting, but they were willing to make allowance for his

great grief. But although begave little heed to the people he met on the way to his uncle' mansion, and his own home from child hood, he was not without company. His mind was peopled with a host o strange spectres. He thought of the blood upon his hands at Dick Dawson's the night he paid Alice the great bet she won from him while his mind was in a fever induced by drink, and he shudder ed at the possible connection between that horrible sight and his nucle's death. and mother." Like all reckless men, Clarence Carsor had his great moments of remorse a well as his wild scenes of piensure, and his burden grew greater as he approach ed the house in which he had been told

his uncle inv dead. "Pshaw ! i have no spirit," he thought I'm as limp as a dish-rag; all my nerveare unstrung, and I cannot go into the presence of the dead in this cowardly frame of mind."

He paused at a corner, pulled his

NO. 49

A Little of Everything.

London's police force numbers 14.257 men.

Outons are selling for a cent a bushel at Canastote, N. Y.

London is to have an exhibition 'My God ! this is fearful !" he said, as jof "antique and historical shoes."

> A canvasback duck is said to be able to fly eighty miles an hour.

The cattle in the vicinity of West-The thunderbolt had fallen in his heart, phalia, Ks., are "dving of brain fev-

> A promiuent citizen, aged 92, of Dayton, Tenn., was married recently to a woman 38 years old.

The fashion of carrying a muff dates 300 years back. Courtiers wore them in the time of George I. An Englishman has invented a bonnet which can be taken off in possibility just then, with such a grim the theatre, folded up and used as a fan

> A \$6 bill of Virginia State currency, issued in 1777, is a curiosity in the possession of a Dalton, Ga., gentleman.

The 100-ton gun is not yet regarded with great favor. The majority of gons for new ironelads are between sixty and seventy tons.

Not a snow plow has been used on the Maine Central the past winter-a thing that probably never occurred a winter before in the hise tory of the road.

A burglar, arrested in Boston, had on his breast an India ink picture of a gravestone, on which was marked : "In memory of my father

A New Orleans minister says it is a fact that most sermons are dry and sleepy, but the juicy ones are always so sharply criticised that the clergy avoid them.

The fees for ascending the Eiffe towe- are five france to the top, three francs to the second platform and two francs to the first. The three platforms will hold 10,000

Despite the talk about Smith be.

ng such a common name, those of

Green, White, Brown and Davis

heat it in the United States by 15

One-thirtieth of the whole popu-

ation of Iceland emigrated last

year, moved, it is said, by the nn-

popularity of the Danish Govern-

Out in a backwoods town in Indi-

court room for dinner, forgetting

all about his prisoner, who after-

ward leisurely walked off and has

Iu a case at law in Illinois the

an whipped her boy so that he was

in bed for three weeks, because he

A well known English actress is

with pictures representing her "be-

famous teeth. The "before" por-

trait is the on which makes her

A discussion as to the hight of

the government betaaist, the state-

ment that he saw one of the hight

or of forests measured one fallen

and found that it was 485 feet long.

An old saddle which had been

kicking around in a Nashville bar-

ness shop for several years was

ripped up the other day and found

to contain \$1,800 in confederate

money. If the owner of the shop

not since been captured.

common as "Joe"

his friends, was heart?

about to leave on the train for Philadelphis to place him-

poured it : golden current forth.

"I like you ever so much: indeed I do. and I should be an ingrate if I didn't,"

Nocl Edwards, h' uself, tried to be cheerful and to inspire his dear ones with hope. He was sensible of Ediths anguish, and he would gladiy stem the

surge of sorrow which he knew was "Ah ! I see you he state." he said; "you don't like to say the words. But don't "It is wrong to despair," he said.

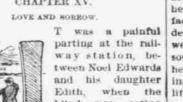
'The words of the song, that Edith sung at the house, whisper hope to my mind, and there may yet be 'light upon my path, and sunshine in my heart.' It is this hope that buoys me up in my blindness, Ned, and gives me strength to undertake this journey to Philadelphia. The sense of motion and the consciousness that I am going forward as swiftly as a bird, when this train is speeding on,

will make me feel that I can see again. feelings. and realize, even in the dark, that God is daily adding something to man's comfort and happiness, to compensate him

heart. Did you but know all, and could faithful friend as heretofore." you but read my inmost thoughts, you would be the very last in the world to

"Alas! I only know that you do not love me, Edith," said Ned Newcomb. rather that the love between us find no Well, he it so. It is not your fault, nor further expression."

it mine that I love you so dearly Edith. It is hard, my dear girl, to love ing face. with such intensity as mine when it cannot be returned. Yet I sha'n t be selfish, or churlish, or mean about it, if I can, and if ever you need my services, why command me, and I will serve you just as cheerfully as if you had said to me. 'Ned, I love you with all my heart.' I should be selfish and cowardly, indeed. if I could do otherwise. And now good by! Pardon me for having mentioned this foolish matter to you, but I couldn't help it, lass, indeed I could not." Ned Newcomb rose to leave, and reached out his hand. Edith's head was averted, for she had been trying to hide the tears that came faster than she could ontrol, while her lover was pouring orth the sorrow of his keen and hitten isappointment. Now she realized that ie was about to go away, perhaps for ver, and it pained her to the heart to hink of it. "Ned, Ned, Con't leave me in that did not think it would make you feel so and oh ! I am at a loss what to do. he replied. "Have courage to say plainly that you don't love me, if such is the case, and Ned Newcomb will never chide you for it." "ButI cannot say such a thing. Ned-Icannot say it, for it would be false," she ex-"Then you do love me!" he cried dasping her in his arms. "Thank God! Oh, Edith, how happy you have made me, for now I know you will promise that some day you will be my own little wife-my own Edith." "Ah. Ned, I wish I could make you that promise, but such a promise cannot be. I can never be your wife. I fear. "And you love me? "With all my heart and soul. Their lips met in the eestasy of a pure kiss, which, notwithstanding "Edith's words, filled Ned Newcomb's heart with "Tis heaven to know that I am loved. Edith, and by you; but I do not under- moment." stand why you say you can never be my "Don't ask me. I cannot, dare not,



The sobbing of his wife and Edith atracted Noel's attention, and he paused n his remarks. Not being able to see he effect of his words, he could not dissern the gathering storm of sorrow in the laces of his dear ones, and he was first nade aware of their grief when they wuld no longer stifle their sobs

Ned Newcomb was a man of tender wasibilities and he could not help beng affected by this touching scene, More especially was he impressed with she sublime faith in his honor, to which ha blind man had given expression, and he resolved mentally that, come what might he would never prove unworthy of that exalted opinion.

"Noel," he said, taking the blind man by the hand, "I fear you regard me altorether too highly. Such attributes as rou have, in your generous heart, enlowed me with, are indeed rare in this world, but I will say that, whether you be present or absent, should your dear mes ever stand in need of such friend. ship as I can show them, they will never mil on Ned Newcomb in vain

"God bless you, lad! It does me good to hear these words from your manly igart, and now my mind will be much mater while I am away."

The hour for Noel's departure was near it hand. There was a carriage at the foor to take himself and his wife and Edith and Ned Newcomb to the station, and everything was in readiness.

Noel asked the time, and, on ascertaining that he had yet a few minutes to spare, he asked Edith to sing him one or two verses of a song that had long been a favorite with him. It was Abt's wellknown "O, ye Tears."

Edith pleaded that there was not suffoient time, but Noel insisted that she sing one verse at least, "because," he "never before was the theme so much in harmony with my feelings as as present.

Ever ready to comply with her father's wishes, Edith seated herself with a heavy heart at the organ in the little parior, and with a great effort to smother her grief, sang the following words of tho well-known song .--

eave of despair.

* O ye tears | O ye tears | I am thankful that ye run.

Though ye come from cold and dark, ye shall glitter in the sun. The rainbow cannot cheer us, if the show'rs re-

And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddes

There is light upon my path, there is sunshine

vice I will more willingly listen." neart and the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly de-

To restore to mo the freshness and the bloom of

@ ye tears | happy tears | I am thankful that ye

The last words of the song fell trembing from Edith's lips in a rush of grief his puises beat with a quickened rhythm, that held the listeners spell-bound, and he thought the time had come for She could not sing another line then for him to icil Edith how earnestly, devotedall the world. Her heart was bursting, Iy, uns dishly he loved her. He feared Tell me, is it so? and I shall never speak and she bowed her head on the music be- at first that the time was inopportunefore her, and mingled her own bitter but hadn't she declared, herself, with tears with the words of Abt's pathetin the frankness of her innocent soul, that robbed her of the power of speech. His song. No one in that little group but there was no living man to whom she passionate words, half chiding, half pro- mysterious marriage ceremony, which could not possibly be a reality. Her keen

trust myself to tell you now." speak as a friend, let me tell you to take "I know," he said. "It is because of your deep devotion to your father. Well, 'If you may speak as a friend, dear I admire you for it; but it is not sufficient

Ned!" she repeated, with a look of infito cause you to say that, although you nite tenderness from the depths of her love me, you will never be my wife. I can wait, Edith, five, ten, aye, for tweniarge, eloquent eyes, through which her ty years, if you say so, only do not bid oul was shining. "And who has a betme despair altogether. Tell me, is it beter right to be considered such? To you, my best of friends, I owe my life, cause you fell that you ought to devote and there is no living man to whose adyour life like a loving daughter to an afflicted father's care, that you insist on saying that you can never be my wife?"

"Thank God for that, Edith!" he exlaimed impulsively. He did not quite It is not that, Ned; it is not that, but understand the true import of her words, becausenordid she realize the construction that "Because you are pledged to another?"

could be placed upon them until after he said, eagerly. "Is it, Edith? Is it they were uttered. Ned Newcomb felt that which holds you back, and prevents be that you have given your hand somewher ethat your heart could never go? to you of love again."

His earnestness terrified her and almost

Then you think there a room for shall try to bear the blow, but it is hard, hope ahead, Edith, 'he said, with a shin-

> 'Ab, who knows? The thorniest path in life may lead to the smoothest highway, and hope is a lamp that death alone c in extinguish."

God bless you, Fdith!" and he pressed the hand he held to his lips. "If you are in any trouble send for me," he added, and in another minute he was gone, leaving her sad and lonely.

She did not have much time to keep company with her pensive thoughts, for Ned Newcomb had been gone but a few

minutes when a knock at the door roused her from her reveries, and gave her quite a start, as she was not expecting visitors inst then.

But the shock that Edith experienced w to creater, when, on going to the door, days infronted a face which she had hoped in was far away-a face that had been her thoughts for some time, and that had a obittered her life. It was the face

of Charcuce Carson. He had evidently vay," she sobbed. "I cannot bear to been drinking, but he nevertheless aphave you go away in such a manner. I peared conscious of his conduct. His presence completely unnerved Edith, had, even if I could not say I love you; and at first sight of him she almost fainted; but she summoned all her strength

"Do what your heart dictates, Edith," | to her aid, for she felt that she would need it now, no matter what this man's mission might be

"May I come in." he said, touching his hat with mock politeness, "and become acquainted with my wife?"

Your wife is not here, sir," said Edith with all the firmness at her command. "I beg your pardon," said Clarence Carson, entering the room at the same

time, "but I think you are mistaken, Judge Ransom just informed me that she is, and I think you'll agree with me that the judge is pretty good authority."

"I know nothing about his authority." replied Edith, " and I care less for it.

The person you seek is not here." "Contempt of court, eh?" said Carson with a sneer. "That's sometimes a serious matter. But never mind it now, my

dear. Your other mistake is greater in saying the person I seek is not here. You will pardon me if I say that I have

the felicity of addressing her at this very

"Sir, I don't, I cannot understand you." ed himself to a chair and pointing to an-

other, said: "Mrs. Carson, be seated, and let us talk this little matter over quietiy."

> CHAPTER XVI. AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

DITH EDWARDS hated and feared

this man Clarence LIKK Carson, who had the nudacity to call her his wife. Her spirit > rebelled against the meaning implied by his words when he

'Mrs Carson," and coolly invited her to sit and listen to his you from following your heart? Can it conversation. She had hoped that he He never regained consciousness, I was gone away, never to return, and his | inderstand, until he died."

al.

presence chilled her. His talk was as painful and disagreeable as a surgical at space. He was dazed. He felt that operation, and she would gladly order this must be some horrible nightmare, him out of the house if she knew that some coinage of the overwrought brain,

"Mr. Carson," she replied, "I have said that I am not your wife; I now say that I never can be. Choose among those who are better fitted for your wealth and station and leave me to my own griefs and cares. The two witnesses you speak of that profess to have seen us married are not entitled to any credence, and as for that certificate. I am fully convinces! in my heart that it is a forgery.)

"Ah, take care, Edith," he said. "Take care how you accuse Judge Eansom of forcerv! I tell you it is a very dangerous thing to do. Your denials now are no use, and why not make the best of it You speak of my selecting one suited to my wealth and so forth. That is nonsense. What care 1 for wealth. My fortune is assured, and after my uncledeath I shall be a rich man

"Your uncle's death! 'she exclaimed. " Yes.'

"Can it be possible that you have not yet heard the news ?" usked Edith

"No: What can it be? I came here in haste. I have seen no newspinners. I have not conversed with anybody but old Judge Ransom, and he was in a horry What news is this you refer to, Edithi Come, tell me, little wife, and senson it with a kiss."

As he spoke be approached her, and reached out his arm to caress her. She darted away from him with a little scream, and said:

"In Heaven's name, he patiest until you hear me! Unfortunate man, this is no time for you to indulge in folly or

frivality. Your unclease dens! Edith did not intend to be so abrupt in delivering the terrible message, but she was compelled to do so in self-defense. The blow was as telling as a dagger-thrust. Clarence Carson stood still as if turned to a statue of stone. The lascivious leer left his face. His eves suddenly changed their look of cazer desire to a stony stare, and his entire manner was altered.

"Great God. Edith !" he exclaimed, as trembled violently from head to foot,

is what you tell me really true?" She saw his agitation, and, much as she disliked him, her woman's heart could not help feeling a pang of pity for wife. Why can you not make me such a said Edith; but Carson nonchalantly help- him. He had evidently received a severe shock, and whether it was sorrow or surprise that moved him most in that grim moment, Edith could not help commiscrating hum.

"It is true," she said. "I thought you ould not help knowing it, and thinking so, was amazed to find that your mind ould obtain no better occupation than annoving a poor, friendless girl at such a

solemn time." Clarence Carson was entirely sober now. "Forgive me," he said, "forgive me for this intrusion. I was not aware of my uncle's death. I went away in haste, I have lived in haste and I came back in haste to claim you, but I was not aware of this calamity Can you tell me how addressed her as and when it occurred?'

"On the night you went away, your uncle was robbed and beaten in his study.

Clarence's fingers clutched nervously would end it; but the thought of that and that Edith's presence and voice

slouch hat well over his forehead, and, when many persons were not passing, people.

plunged into the side-door of a saloon, The bartender, who knew him well came forward with a smile, which was speedily turned to a serious look when he thought of the fact that Clarence's uncle was dead. per cent. Even "John" is not so

"Ah, it's too had, Mr. Carson; it is really too bad," referring to the tragedy. "Yes," answered Clarence, "it is ter-

rible. Get me a good stift dr.nk of brandy-one that will put soul into me, Jim, and be quick about it.

The bartender obeyed nimbly. While he was getting the drink, a bright-faced young man entered by the same door ment and the blandishments of Cas that Clarence Carson had come in by, and | nadian emigration agents. made his way through the narrow passage leading from the side door to the bar. He crowded charcuce somewhat ana last week the Sheriff left the closely in getting by, and then turned around very politely and looking him

straight in the eves, said: "I beg your parsion, Mr. Carson, I

didn't know this place was so narrow. "Oh, don't mention it," said Clarence who fairly winced under the penetrating glance of the new-comer. The lat- other (ay it was shown that a wome ter seemed auxious to enter into conversation, but Clarence gave him no cusour agement, and made no reply to his remarks. The new arrival then passed on | could not commit fifty Bible verses to the bar, but not before he gave Clar- to memory in one week. ence a penetrating glance that made him

feel very uncomfortable. "Who is that puppy?" stid Clarence, angry because a manufacturer of when the bortender brought his drink. false teeth has placarded his town "He's an insurance agent, sir, but I forget his name."

"And a very oneeky one. I'll wager, fore and after" "aking a set of his He has eyes like gimlets and an unlimited supply of gall. I would really like to know the fellow's name, just for curiosity, "added Charence, who was about to angry.

raise the glass to his line. "I Sawyer," said a low musical voice trees in the forests of Victoria has at his side

The glass dropped from Clarence's ner- | elicited from Baron wen Muellor, ous grasp, and he said in a hoarse whis-

"It's a confounded lie; you did no such thing." of 525 feet. The late chief inspect-It was all over in a flash. The gines was broken in fragments on the floor,

and the brandy, too, was gone, "I mean that my name is Isaac Saw yer, sir, " said the insurance agent, mis-

ing his hat politely. "You expressed a wish to know, and I thought 1 would tell you. I hope I have not given offense in noing so, and since I am responsible for making this brandy smesh, I trust you will permit me to replace it with anoth-

"No, sir; not by a long shot, " said Clar ence, angrily. "I am able to buy my own drinks and make my own jokes, a breakfast and three cigars. and I consider you very impertinent for an entire stranger.

ter of me on closer acquaintance," said Sawyer, bowing low and leaving the place

met," said Clarence as he drained the second glass of brandy which the waiter brought him.

"Oh, all them insurance fellows is, sir; t's part of their business, " said the bartender; but Clarence's nervous condition had not been improved any by the collision with the detective.

[To be Continued.]

could only have found the prize in March, 1865, he could have bought Henry M. Stanley, before start-"Thank you: I trust you will think bet- ing on his present journey to Africa placed all of his literary effects in the hands of Mrs. French Sheldon, That's the checklest fellow I ever of New York, who has long been one of his best friends. The last letter which was received from him in this country was addressed to

structions concerning his correspondence, which were written with

the idea that he might never return.

her and contained some final in-