

British Empire Life. BRITISH EMPIRE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF LONDON, ENGL.

RESERVE FUND - \$2,000,000. ACCUMULATED FUND - \$7,000,000.

Over \$20,000,000 paid in claims and bonuses during the last 25 years, and no claims contested in that time.

Over \$100,000 paid in claims and bonuses during the last 12 years, and no claims contested in that time.

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well as that. She had been in the least condition, a certain idea of the fact that should be both beautiful and romantic, with her own little persecutions, so that she, Mrs. Portico, might get her out of her troubles. She looked to Georgia, to a considerable degree, to get her out of her troubles, but she had really never understood Georgia at all. She ought to have been shrewd, but she lacked this refinement, and she never understood anything until after many disappointments and vexations. It was difficult to startle her, but she was much startled by a communication that this young lady made her on a fine spring morning. With her usual appearance and speculative mind, she was probably the most innocent woman in New York.

Georgia came very early—earlier even than visits were paid in New York thirty years ago; and instantly, without any preface, looking her straight in the face, told Mrs. Portico that she was in great trouble and must appeal to her for assistance. Georgia had in her aspect no symptoms of distress; she was as fresh and beautiful as the April day itself; she held up her head and smiled, with a sort of familiar bravado, looking like a young woman who would naturally be on good terms with fortune. It was not in the least in the tone of a person making a confession or relating a misadventure that she presently said: "Well, you must know, to begin with, of course, I must surprise you—that I'm married."

"Married, Georgina Gressie!" Mrs. Portico repeated in her most resonant tones. Georgia got up, walked with her majestic step across the room, and closed the door. Then she stood there, her back pressed against the mahogany panel, indicating only by the distance she had placed between herself and her hostess the consciousness of an irregular position. "I'm not Georgina Gressie—I'm Georgina Benyon; and it has become plain, within a short time, that the natural consequences will take place."

Mrs. Portico was altogether bewildered. "The natural consequence?" she exclaimed, staring. "Of one's being married, of course—I suppose you know what that is. No one must know anything about it. I want you to take me to Europe."

Mrs. Portico now slowly rose from her place, and approached her visitor, looking at her from head to foot as she did so, as if to challenge the truth of her remarkable announcement. She rested her hands on Georgia's shoulders a moment, gazing into her blooming face, and then she drew her closer and kissed her. In this way the girl was conducted back to the sofa, where, in a conversation of extreme intimacy, she opened Mrs. Portico's eyes wider than they had ever been opened before. She was married Benyon's wife; they had been married a year, but no one knew anything about it. She had kept it on her every one, and she meant to go on keeping it. The ceremony had taken place in a little Episcopal church at Harlem one Sunday afternoon after the service. There was no one in that dusty suburb who knew them. The clergyman, vexed at being detained so long, wanting to go home to tea, had made no record of the knot before they could turn round. It was ridiculous how easy it had been. Raymond had told him frankly that it must all be under the rose, as the young lady's family disapproved of what she was doing. But she was of legal age and perfectly free; he could see that for himself. The parson had given a grunt as he looked at her over his spectacles. It was not very complimentary; it seemed to say that she was indeed no chicken. Of course she looked odd for a girl; but she was not a girl now, was she? Raymond had certified his own identity as an officer in the United States navy (he had papers, besides his uniform which he wore), and introduced the clergyman to a friend of his he had brought with him, who was also in the navy—a venerable paymaster. It was he who gave Georgia away, as it were; he was an old, old man, a regular grandmamma, and perfectly safe. He had been married three times himself. After the ceremony she went back to her father's; but she saw Mr. Benyon the next day. After that she saw him for a little while, pretty often. He was always begging her to come to him altogether; she must do him that justice. But she wouldn't—she wouldn't now—perhaps she wouldn't ever. She had her reasons, which seemed to be very good, but were very difficult to explain. She would tell Mrs. Portico in plenty of time what they were. But that was not the question now, whether they were good or bad; the question was how to get away from the country for several months—far away from any one who had ever known her. She would like to go to some little place in Spain or Italy, where she would be out of the world until everything was over. Mrs. Portico's heart gave a jump as this serene, handsome, familiar girl, sitting there with a hand in hers, and pouring forth this extraordinary tale, spoke of everything being over. There was a glossy coldness in it, an unnatural lightness, which suggested—poor Mrs. Portico hardly knew what. If Georgia was to become a mother, it was to be supposed she was to remain a mother. She said there was a beautiful place in Italy—Genoa—of which Raymond had often spoken, and where he had been more than once—she admitted it so much; couldn't they go there and be quiet for a little while? She was asking a great favor—that she knew very well; but if Mrs. Portico wouldn't take her, she would find some one who would. They had talked of such a journey so often; and, certainly, if Mrs. Portico had been willing before, she ought to be much more willing now. The girl declared that she would do something—go somewhere—keep, in some way or another, her situation unperceived. There was no use talking to her about telling—she would rather die than tell. No doubt it seemed strange, but she knew what she was about. No one had guessed anything yet—she had succeeded perfectly in doing what she wished, and her father and mother believed, as Mrs. Portico had believed—hadn't she?—that, every time the last year, Raymond Benyon was less to her than he had been before. Well, so he was; yes, he was. He had gone away—he was off, Heaven knew where—in the Pacific; she was alone, and now she would remain alone. The family believed it was all over—with his going back to his ship, and other things, and they were right; for it was over—it would be over. Mrs. Portico, by this time, had grown

more and more of her young friend; she had little by little, she had seen, it is true, a little more of her. She looked at Georgia with dilated eyes—her visitor was so much the center of the two—and exclaimed, and murmured, and sank back, and sprang forward, and wiped her forehead, with her pocket-handkerchief. There were things she could not understand; that they should all have been so deceived, that they should have thought Georgia was giving her lover up (they flattered themselves she was discouraged or had grown tired of him), when she was really only making it impossible she should belong to any one else. And with this, her inconsequence, her capriciousness, her absence of motive, the way she contradicted herself, her apparent belief that she could hang up such a situation forever! There was nothing shameful in having married poor Mr. Benyon, even in a little church at Harlem, and being given away by a paymaster. It was much more shameful to be in such a state without being prepared to make the proper explanations. And she must have seen very little of her husband; she must have given him up—so far as meeting him went—almost as soon as she had taken him. Had not Mrs. Gressie herself told Mrs. Portico, in the preceding October, it must have been, that there now would be no need of sending Georgia away, inasmuch as the affair with the little navy man—projected in Georgia's own inimitable—had quite blown over?

"After our marriage I saw him less—I saw him a great deal less," Georgia explained; but her explanation only appeared to make the mystery more dense. "I don't see in that case what on earth you married him for?"

"We had to be more careful—I wished to appear to have given him up. Of course we were really more intimate—saw him differently," Georgia said, smiling. "I should think so! I can't for the life of me see why you weren't discovered."

"All I can say is we weren't. No doubt it's remarkable. We managed very well—that is, I managed—he didn't want to manage at all. And then, father and mother are incredibly stupid!"

Mrs. Portico exhaled a comprehensive moan, feeling glad, on the whole, that she hadn't a daughter, while Georgia went on to furnish a few more details. Raymond Benyon, in the summer, had been ordered from Brooklyn to Charleston, near Boston, where, as Mrs. Portico perhaps knew, there was another navy-yard, in which there was a temporary press of work requiring more oversight. He had remained there several months, during which he had written to her urgently to come to him, and during which, as well, he had received notice that he was to return to Brooklyn. Before doing so he came back to Brooklyn for a few weeks to wind up his work there, and then she had seen him—well, pretty often. That was the best time of all the year that had elapsed since their marriage. It was a wonder at home that nothing had been guessed, because she had really been reckless, and Benyon had even tried to force on her a disclosure. But they were stupid, that was very certain. She had sought her again and again to put an end to their false position, but she didn't want it any more than she had wanted it before. They had rather a bad parting; in fact, for a pair of lovers, it was a very queer parting, indeed. He didn't know, now, the thing she had come to tell him. He was on a very long cruise. It might be two years before his return to the United States. "I don't care how long he stays away," Georgia said, very simply.

"You haven't mentioned why you married him. Perhaps you don't remember." Mrs. Portico broke out, with her masculine laugh. "Oh, yes; I loved him!"

"I know what you mean, and you will tell me," she said, with a look of defiance. "I will go on to your father and mother the whole story—how I will do!"

"I am not in the least afraid of that—not in the least. You will help me, I assure you that you will."

"Do you mean I will support the child?"

Georgia broke into a laugh. "I do thank you for what you would say to me. But I won't go so far as that—I have something of my own. All I want you to do is to be with me."

"At Genoa—you, you have got it all fixed! You say Mr. Benyon is so fond of the place. That's all very well; but how will he like his infant being deposited there?"

"I don't know what you mean by that," Mrs. Portico said, with a look of defiance. "I will go on to your father and mother the whole story—how I will do!"

NOW IN WORKING ORDER. NEW WOOLLEN FACTORY

now in operation, and I now intend to keep it running the year round. I have put in some new machinery among which is a Burring Machine of the latest pattern, which will enable us to do better work than has ever been done in Lindsay.

MANUFACTURING done at same prices as formerly, and freight paid on all lots of wool of 40 lbs or over sent to be manufactured. This does not apply when to be carried only.

GOODS ON SALE. I now keep for sale a great many more lines of goods than ever before, such as Cottons, Cottonades, Prints, Towels, Table Linen, Linens, Tickings, Dress Goods, Trimmings for Suits, Cashmeres, etc., etc., which will be sold as low and of as good quality as any. I think I can sell lower than others, as expenses are less. Will allow two cents per lb more than market cash price for wool when taken out in trade.

CASH FOR WOOL. I will pay the highest price in cash for any quantity of wool delivered at the mill. Thanking the public for past patronage, and soliciting a continuance—Yours truly,

J. W. WALLACE, Lindsay Woollen Mills. I have a Portable 10-horse power Boiler and Engine with circular saw—boiler horizontal—all in first-class order. Also Smoke Stack 65 feet long, with stays and everything complete, to be sold cheap. Call and examine, and oblige.

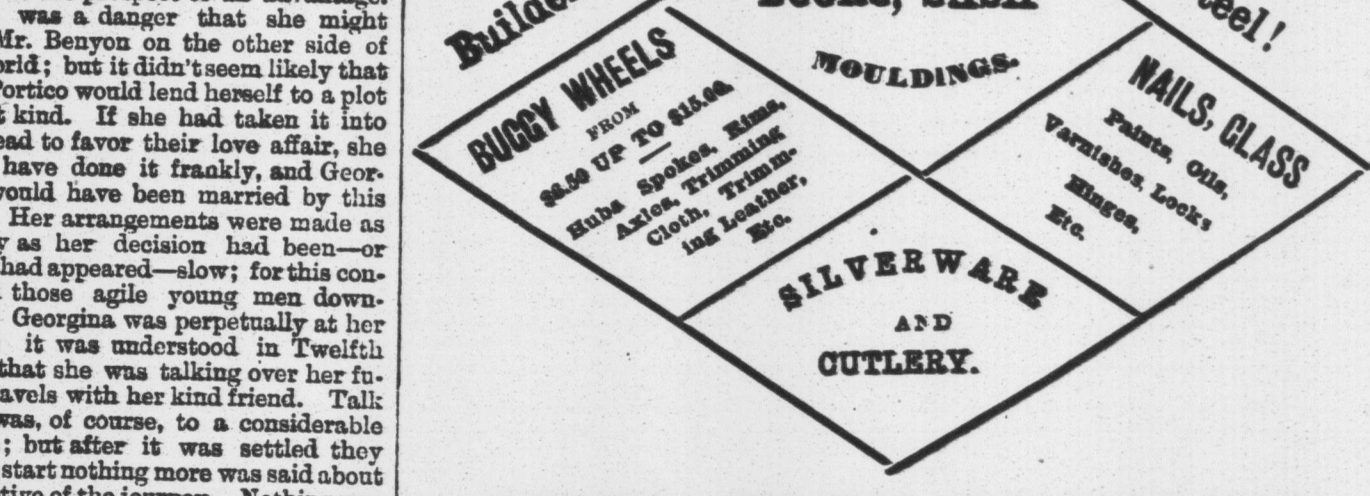
April 27th, 1886.—38.

L. O'Connor. PLAIN TALK TO FARMERS! BUGGIES and WAGGONS. I want to make a plain statement to the farmers and horsemen of the country. I don't believe that blowing does even a little good. I am to-day the oldest, the best, and most experienced mechanic in the town of Lindsay in the carriage and wagon business. My work is known to be the best, and I have had many testimonials to that effect. I have the NEW MAGIC JUMP SEAT BUGGY. The best without exception. Light and handy. It is as good as a two-seated buggy or carriage. I have the best COIL SPRING BUGGIES; good PHANTOMS; good piano box Buggies, and all other lines. I turn out the best Buggies of any made in the three counties. For material and work I can't be beaten.

L. O'CONNOR, Corner William and Russell-sts. Lindsay, May 21st, 1886.—39.

S. PERRIN. SEEDS! SEEDS! FRESH and TRUE. Turnips—all kinds; Mangold—Mammoth, Golden Tankard, and other varieties; Carrot and all Vegetable Seeds. FRESH STOCK. PERRIN'S. Lindsay, April 29, 1886.—38.

THEXTON & Co's SPECIALTIES.



TERMS.—WE SELL CHEAP FOR CASH. Lindsay, March 12th, 1886.—31.

McLennan & Co. HARDWARE SPECIALTIES.

CEMENTS.—Portland and Thorold. POWDER.—Sporting and Blasting. COAL.—Stove, Nut, Blacksmith and Foundry. BUILDING PAPERS.—Oiled, Tarrad and Plain. PLASTER OF PARIS BY BARREL AND CAR LOADS. McLENNAN & Co. Lindsay, Aug. 14th, 1886.—1891.

John Makins. MILL MACHINERY. JOHN MAKINS, WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY, Iron Founder and Machinist, MANUFACTURER OF Saws and Shingle Mill Machinery, Flour and Mill, Steam Engines and Steam Pumps. Lindsay, Aug. 17th, 1886.—37.