"I know so. She could never have become entangled with him. He is a graduate of the Medical School and is all right in a professional way, but he is on the Medith Board, and confines his pratice to charity patients in the—Ward. She could never have even met him." never have even met him."

"It is not always safe to say whom a woman may or may not most,"

"She would never have been attracted to him if she had. Molesworth is one of the most eccentric of men. And Dr. Cameron drew up his fine figure in a way that was sufficiently significant."

Mr. Ciryce smiled and shook his head.

"Let us make ourselves sure of the matter," said he. And leading the way back to the office, he asked a description of the owner of the card.

"A possiliar looking person," answered the clerk. "Medium sized, but with a face that meant business. His hair is dark and he weare no beard. He has a pleasant smile, he wears no beard. He has a pleasant smile, but his frown makes you feel as if you wanted to stand from under. His

But Dr. Cameron had already drawn the

"Let us get away from here," he eriod-CHAPTER IV.

MRS. ORREFORES. They were in the street. Dr. Cameron whom this last blow had seemingly amazed stood on the hotel steps looking in a vague way about him, like one made suddenly homeless: while the detective with his and on his arm ondeavored to make him

"Haste? Why should I hasten?" asked he at last, struck by the word. "I have to engagements, they will scarcely miss the brideyroom if the bride is absent." Possibly not, but that absence must be

ressery not, but that absence must be accounted for. That is my duty, perhaps, but you have one, too, I think, sin "Here? possibly."

"No. I don't think you can do anything here. But you might by. The lady is

"I wannot," interrupted the other, with a look of irrepressible repugnance, "Neither my love nor my complaisance is sufficient for such a humiliation," And he started away towards the carriage.

Mr. Gryce followed him, saw him enter, and stepped into the vehicle him-

"To the nearest elevated station," he

shouted to the driver. "And quick! We have lost ten minutes by this unexpected discovery," he explained, in apologetic tones to the doctor, "and must make them up at our own inconvenience."
The doctor did not reply; apathy had succeeded disgust.

Mr. Oryce went on talking. "I am in no position to suggest your duty to you, sir, but I will just lay before you one or two conclusions that have come to me in the last live minutes. Will you

I have nothing else to do," dryly re-

marked the physician.
" Very well, then. Some time ago Miss Oretorer engaged herself to you. She seemed happy; then some trouble came into her life, we do not know what, but we can safely connect it with this Molesworth, nd she wished to break her engagement mother to whom she mentioned her thought it too late for her to do so ; and driven by some unknown necessity of the situation, she quitted her home three lays before her contemplated marriage, " promise to return in time to fulfil frog day arrives, and she delays for return unaccountably; but the but ingelay is not over, and when I saw to keep her word? We do know; but her face was cheer even expectant; the face indeed woman who is looking forward to talk with him, and the result is a et change in her bearing and expres-

com, and that in this new and unexpected fiel in her duplicity," broke in the doc-The detective slowly shook his head.
If you do not love her," his gesture seemed

closed. "A marrings perpetrated in this manner and under circumstances so near to scandalons, will not only destroy her in he

oup her world. She is lost i o take place. Her mother is look of gloom did not

Mrs. Geotores be told of her daughter's position as som as possible. Hat why need \$ "To save your good name intact. You

are expected to be on hand to marry Miss Gretorex at S c'clock. If she is too ill to marry you, society will confine itself to discrating your disappointment. But

He stopped, for the doctor's whole manner "Shall we not go by the elevated soad?"

asked Mr. Gryce, in his quiet way.
"Certainty, certainty," came from the doctor in ringing tones, strangely in contrast to his late apathetic ones; "anything to get there in time. Who knows but my honor may at least be saved." And the voice which gave the orders to the coachman now was his, and it was his foot that first touched the pavement, and his torm that led the way up the stairs to the elevated

They were fortunate in catching a train immediately, and once upon it, both breathed easier. Twenty-five minutes certainly would suffee to carry them to 125th street, lifteen more take them across town, and filteen additional see them at the house. Fifty-five minutes and they had an hour and forty minutes. That is, an hour and forty minutes before 8 c'clock. But Mrs. Circiorex had to be informed of her daughter's critical position, and got down to the hotel by 9. Could it be done? The calm face of the detective asserted his confidence that it could.

But there are accidents that upset all our calculations. Just as they were congratulating themselves upon the good time they were making, the ears gave a sudden jerk and came to a sudden standstill. Instantly all the ladies in the car rose, and next moment the gentlemen, for they had just left a station and were yet some distance from smother.

Yet they did not believe their own words, and it was some minutes before they fully realized that the engine had really given out, and that they were virtually prisoners, and liable to stay where they were for half an hour at least. When they did, and had calculated the possibilities of escape and found none (for like all such accidents it had taken place in the highest portion of the road), they turned from each other with an irrepressible expression of dismay. For even if they succeeded in reaching the house by 8 o'clock, the half hour now being lost made the expectation of getting Mrs. Gretorex down to the hotel in time to stay her daughter's marriage, no longer within the possibilities. Her fate was then decided, and by a power higher than their own. The thought affected the doctor deeply, for he knew, or he thought he knew, enough of Dr. Molesworth, to foresee anything but happiness for her in an alliance with him. Even if he were a man of her world, which he was not, he had characteristies of disposition that would try the meekest woman; and she was a decidedly haughty one, with memories behind her that would make a life of constant concession intolerable.

In the blank of the dull window out of which he looked, he perceived her image, tigd with all her accomplishments and lady-like proclivities, to this brusque, stern, self-contained man, whose ambition was as hard as his poverty, and whose will was allied to something narrow and constrained, rather than to what was broad and helpful. The result was pity. Not the pity that is akin to love, for love he could not have now or ever again for this woman. The shock she had given his pride had killed its very germs in his heart. Even if he could bring himself to believe in the detective's plausible explanation of her conduct, and find in her very inconsistencies the evidence of a hidden and baffled affection for himself, his feeling

very inconsistencies the evidence of a hidden and buffled affection for himself, his feeling must still remain one of pity alone. The fact that he saw her face as never before; that its least line struck him with a sense of that its least line struck him with a sense of beauty that had sometimes been lacking in his contemplation of her, did not go far to dispet this conviction. Misfortune while separating them had emphasized her figure in his eyes, and though she was his no more, he could not but marvel over the fate that had come between him and one whom he now saw could easily have been his ideal of what was personally fancinating and attractions. what was personally fascinating and attraclast interview not the one he had seen to day was beautiful; and pitable as it was to consider, had shown signs of that feeling attributed to her by his companion. He flushed as he remem-

bered it, and rigorously turned away his thoughts. But they had taken deep root, and though he rose from his seat and walked the length of the train, talked to the engineer, and interested himself in one passengers whose countenances betrayed apprehension, he could not escape them, nor substitute with any other vision the picture of her face as it had looked to clouded skies as he glanced out, in the blaze of the fire as he peered into the furnace, finally, in the abstract visage of his companion, as he returned to his old seat and sat down again by the detective's side. Do what he would—and his pride impelled him to make every effort possible the shy, almost beseeching glance, so new to those proud eyes, the bright, alluring smile, even the turn of her form as she looked back on leaving him, would recar to his back on leaving him, would recur to his memory with a photographic distinctness that effectually blotted out the wild, dishevelled woman of whom he had had that hateful and stolen glimpse through the curtains. Had it not been for the hurried beating of his heart, the flerce, almost unbearable irritation of his nerves, wern to exasperation by these lingering moments of enforced waiting, he could almost have imagined that the avents

gering moments of enforced waiting, he could almost have imagined that the events and revelations of the day had been a dream, and that he was going forward with warmth in his heart and hope in his soul, to a marriage that promised love and honor. of her or any other woman, could blot out the shameful fact that he was on his way to anything but a happy bridal scene; that instead of honor he should meet mortificaold age, chafed at what was unvoidable

had nothing to say during this time of inaction. Possibly he had taken the opportunity to study up some other case, possibly he thought silence more discreet than speech; at all events, he made no effort to break it, and the minutes went by, and the an one without a word having been uttered between them. But with the first onward novement of the car both roused, and Mr.

" Thirty five minutes lost ! That's bad but if the fates are propititions we may succeed in our intentions yet. Come to the door, and don't stop for any courtesies. Seconds are of importance now."

Mr. Cryce was, he showed that when hurry was demanded not even his proverbial rhe matism stood in the way. As soon as the cars stopped at One Hundred and Twentysighting a train approaching them on the cable road, ran, caught it and were on their way across town before some of their fellow massengers had reached the bottom of the

There were no delay this time: St. Nichowalk before them, they stepped out with a decision that was almost hopeful. Suddenly a carriage rolled by them.

"Good God!" exclaimed Dr. Cameron,

'a guest going to the wodding!"
Another carriage and another; the street

seemed alive with them,
"Why didn't I think of this," murmured he doctor, feeling the cold sweat breaking

"Did you expect anything else?" asked the detective, "The parents, hoping for her return up to the last, naturally could take no measures to warn their guests. You will even see an awning up, you may be

ion, with bitter emphasis; and at the corner of St. Nicholas Place he almost stopped ner of St. himself unable to proceed. But

ner of St. Nicholas Place he almost stopped as if he felt himself unable to proceed. But the detective's firm figure passing hurriedly on, he recovered from his momentary weakness, and followed him.

Meanwhile the stream of carriages kept up, and presently they could hear the slamming of doors as their occupants alighted. Something in the sound, in the general aspect of things, seemed to move the doctor strangely.

"Hark," cried he, clutching at the detective's arm to stop him. "There is no confusion, no delay; the guests go in and are received. And look! lights—lights from basement to garret! What does it mean? Do those wretched parents still hope that she will come?"

For answer, Mr. Gryce drew him hur riedly on.
"Don't stop for anything," he cried.
"Forget your wrongs, your fears, your hopes even. Be a machine; we have work to do." Then with a sudden change of tone. "You must not be seen by these paralle, and you must see the houses, and

They opened the door. A feetive scene burst upon them, but they paid it little heed. The tall figure of the family butler bowing before them, absorbed all their attention, for he wore a look of expectancy and cheerful welcome that added to the mystery of the moment and made it difficult for the doctor to stammer out:

"Where is Mrs. Gretorex? I must see her at ones."

her at once."

The butler, surprised, stared at the dector an instant, and, seeing something in his face that he did not understand, faltered helplessly, and turned his eyes upon the detective.

"I want to see her. Tell her."
"Wait!" whispered Mr. Gryce, "I had better send her my name." And he took a card out of his pocket.
But the butler, more and more surpris

shook his head, and while he did not refuse to take the card, muttered : "Pardon, Monsieur!-Madam Gretores make her toilet, but if Dr. Cameron will go

make her toilet, but if Dr. Cameron will go to his room, I will tell her—"
"That will do," broke in the detective.
"Take us up stairs at once." And ignoring with his usual imperturbility, the glances of astonished inquiry that followed his rather burly figure clad in its common business coat, he pushed his way to the stairway without waiting to see if the doctor was behind him.

This gave the butler an opportunity to

This gave the butler an opportunity to whisper. 'The bride is a little late, Monsieur; and Mrs. Gretorex asked me to

exasperated that they should still attempt to keep him in ignorance of the real state of affairs. "I will go up, and you see that Mrs. Gretorex comes to me immediately.
And he followed in the wake of the deter tive, conscious from the expression of the faces he passed, that he wore anything but the aspect appropriate to his supposed posi-tion of bridegroom.

tion of bridegroom.

Mr. Gryce was waiting in the hall above.

"I have inquired for the room set apart for your use," whispered he, "and they point out the one at the end of the hall. Isn't it a sham?" he added. "And what pluck on the part of the mother. I declare I had no idea she would carry it as far as this. But I suppose she could not help herself. She kept hoping and hoping from minute to minute that her daughter would come, and has not yet found courage nor opportunity perhaps to explain the situation and dis-miss her guests. If it were not for what we have still to do," he added as they stepped into the room which had been pointed out to them, "I would wait and hear what excuses she would frame to meet the emergency; for you may be sure they would entirely be in accordance with the

demands of the occasion." "There is no excuse possible. The truth will have to be told," declared the doctor. But Mr. Gryce shook his head, and pointing to the clock, replied, "There is yet an hour before us. If she will come at once, Mr. Gretorex may safely be left to announce to the throng that his daughter has been suddenly taken so violently ill thather marriage to night is impossible. Not one in a dozen will believe him, but the talk that will follow will not hurt you; and to-morrow any turn can be given to the story which the facts will bear out."

"Yes, yes," began the doctor, but he went no further, for at that moment there was a rustle heard on the threshold, and Mrs Gretorex, magnificent invelvet and diamonds, slowly pushed open the door and stood in a dignified attitude before them. Both gentlemen started forward and both gentlemen paused confused, for her air was one of conricous protest and the glance that she allowed to travel from one to the other had nothing but a haughty inquiry in it, which to them, knowing as they did all that was hid behind it, showed a power of dissimulation that for the moment was al-

glance at the doctor which completely igored the detective. "May I ask what I can do for you?" Then as the doctor hesitated in his agitation, added politely, "It is 8 o'clock and my daughter is almost ready. I hope these few minutes of delay

"Your daughter!" gasped Dr. Cameron.
"She is here?" While Mr. Gryce in no
wise disturbed by the coldness with which
his presence had been received, took up a lips moved in what might be called the ghost of a whistle. " My daughter is here of course, sir," de

clared the mother in tones that were almost iey in their pride and indignation. "Where and she cast a furious glance at the detective which that person was of course much

"Here!" again repeated the physician, absolutely dumfounded at her audacity.
"I beg pardon, but I thought—"
Her smooth voice stopped him.
"Shall I inform my child that her bride-groom is ready?" she asked, with a polite but doubtful glance at the overcoat he still wore.

quate to grapple with the situation, and glanced at Mr. Gryce, who softly laid his paper weight down and advanced.

"Madam," said the latter, "excuse me,

but moments are of inestimable value just now, and I must go straight to facts. Your But this woman was not one to brook interference. "I don't know you, sir," she affirmed, and turned again to the doctor. When my daughter's toilet is quite complete you will receive a summons from her

Would you like any assistance yourhe took the lady's hand and respectfully bowed over it. " Mrs. Gretorex," said he, "you ignore the man you have employed, but you will not ignore me. If your daughter is in this house she must have returned here in the last few minutes. In

But here he was again interrupted. "You mistake. My daughter-concern ing whose movements you seemed to have formed the most unaccountable conclusions—has been in this house since noon. She came back with a consin of hers from Montclair, just as we were beginning to feel anxious about her. Her present delay is owing to an entirely different source. Some trouble about her veil, I believe."

about her veil, I believe."

For the second time the doctor showed intense astonishment. "Mrs. Gretorex, do you speak the truth?" he asked, "Miss Gretorex here and since noon, when I myself saw her at the C——Hotel an hour ago? You are deceiving me and I as your intended son-in-law will not endure it. Though I situ your daughter from the bot. Though I pity your daughter from the bottom of my heart, I cannot marry her, for her conduct has shown a duplicity to which this tardy return to fulfil her engagement

this tardy return to fulfil her engagement only gives an emphasis."

It was now Mrs. Gretorex's turn to look dumfounded. She gazed at the doctor as if to see whether he were in his proper senses, then she stepped up to the detective.

"This is your work," she cried. "You have gone beyond your orders. Did you not receive my telegram?"

"No, madam."

of us should think of the matter again. Yet you have talked in the very quarter where I desired you to be allent, and the consequence is that my daughter's happiness is threatened and her character impeached. It is an irreparable injury which I shall never forgive. And leaving Mr. Gryce to digest these pleasing words, she turned again to Dr. Cameron.

"Sir," said she, "I do not know what excuse you can have for asserting that you have seen my daughter within an hour. I only know that the fact is impossible, for Genevieve has not been out of the house since her return at the time I mentioned, as a dozen witnesses at least can prove to you.

since her return at the time I mentioned, as a dozen witnesses at least can prove to you. As to the duplicity of which you complain, it amounts simply to this, that she felt her health giving way under the constant strain of our numerous preparations, and in a sudden freak, which she now deplores as sincerely as myself, started off for Montelair without telling any one of her intention, thinking that the complete rest thus obtained would benefit her, as it has; for never has she looked more blooming or more fitted to be your wife than at this very moment when you hesitate to accept her."

asked. "Was it indeed another woman?"
"I will tell you in two minutes," was
the hasty answer; and quitting them with
small ceremony, Mr. Gryce passed out of

answer Mrs. Gretorex till he came back. His whole future destiny was trembling in the balance and it was as much as he could do to retain his composure. Happily the time of waiting was short. Mr. Gryce rejoined them almost immediately, and bowing low to the lady of the house, said in Dr. Cameron's ear, "Another case of mistaken identity. Mr. Castovay is accurate in all identity. Mrs. Gretorex is correct in all her assertions. You have made a fool of me and I show my chagrin by simply de-

The doctor attempted no reply. He was beside himself with joy. What, the whole dreadful business of the last four hours a farce? His marriage assured, his bride untainted, no Molesworth in her past, no possible jealousy in their future? He almost dropped on his knees to Mrs. Gretorex, in his contrition, attempted explanations and his contrition; attempted explanations and paused thinking them too inadequate, laughed, asked questions about his bride's beauty and betrayed impatience to see her; in short, acted like any man suddenly trans-

in short, acted like any man suddenly transported from unhappiness to rapture.

The mother understanding him better than he thought, perhaps, only smiled, and pointing to his black neck-tie, asked if he had a white one in his pocket.

His face grew suddenly long and he flushed with intense mortification.

" I have not come quite prepared for so grand a ceremony," he stammered. "If the guests will wait a little longer while I send for my coat and tie—"
"They must," declared Mrs. Gretorex, calling a servant at once and giving him one or two orders. "It will not take more than another half here."

than another half hour, and the band can keep them patient till then."
"Tell them I was detained by an accident on the elevated road. As I was," he merrily added. "Keep them in good nature and give me a glimpse of my bride."
"You impatient lover!" was all the relieved mother could say; but her look was a promise, and in a few minutes, a trim and

quiet girl came tripping to the door, and, smiling coquettishly, showed a him room at the other end of the hall, saying:

"Miss Gretorex is all dressed, sir, and will speak to you for a minute if you desire

was it love, or only that old pride of his restored to its full life, burned in his breast, and made his short walk down the hall a just ajar, was like a beacon of hope, and when he saw it open wider and caught the one short glimpse she allowed him of her tall and elegant figure in its shimmering robes and misty veil, he felt his pulses beat as never before, and scarcely needed the charming smile she gave him to com happiness which at that moment was

"I have kept you waiting," she mur-mured; and he found no answer for looking at her eyes, that, seen thus through her veil, possessed a beauty and a glow which made her absolutely beautiful. "I am all ready now," she cried, " but mamma says that you are not. Naughty man, to go careering down town to look after some patient or other, when you should have been

thinking only of me. He laughed, feeling himself to be another being, and she another being from the man and woman of a week ago. Then he looked at her again, and uttered some tender complument witch made ber blush delictously,

and in answer to a wave of her may to withdraw, when he saw her eyes sud-denly dilate and a look of such shock and fear cross her face that he involuntarily turned and glanced down the hall behind him for its cause. There was nothing there. absolutely nothing; only the figure of a hair dresser or some such woman, who cloak and veil, stood with her little bag her arm waiting to enter, and astonished at the most startling conjectures, he turned back to reassure himself by another look at his bride, when the door which had been swung open between them, softly closed, and he found himself shut out from her presence, with a new memory and a new fear to make discord of the notes of the wedding march he was soon to hear.

CHAPTER V.

A STARTLING INTRODUCTION. The Gretorex mansion was eminently ad-

apted for a large gathering. Built since the introduction of the modern styles, it had intricacies and surprises innumerable; but it had also many and various rooms of spacious proportions opening into hall-ways so wide and open stair-cases so ample, that had the number of gnests reached the full thousand that had been invited, there would have been sufficient accommodation for all. So numerous, indeed, were the rooms on the first floor, and so admirably were they disposed, it had not been found necessary to ask the guests to ascend the stairs at all.

Thus it was that Dr. Cameron had met friends on the landings but none on the floor above, and there it was, that upon his return to the room that had been allotted to him, he could pace its length for twenty minutes without an interruption. And a friend's tace, a jovial word would have been so welcome! For he did not want to think, and was impatient at the solitude which forced him to do so. When the die has forced him to do so. When the die has been cast when our future is decided upon, we wish to reach the culmination without delay, and Dr. Cameron, weary with many and varied emotions, only longed for the moment when amid music and bustle, the flash of lights and the murmur of voices, he should lead his young bride into the presence that would irrevocably seal their fate. For in these long and heavy minutes of waiting he had something besides his thoughts to contend with, he had impressions, a consciousness almost amounting to

thoughts to contend with, he had impressions, a consciousness almost amounting to an intuition, that something strange, something dark, something entirely out of harmony with this scene of light and joy was taking place near him—in his sight if he could but see, in his hearing if he could but hear; at all events near him, awesomely near, as near as that closed door towards which he cast hurried and shrinking glances every time a turn in his walk brought him within view of it.

alightest reason, for this sensation, did now make it any less vivid or powerful. Right or wrong, it had got a strong hold upon him and swayed him so completely that if the door I have spoken of had opened at one of the momenta his eye was upon it and revealed a grizzly skeleton standing on its threshold, he would not have felt the shock as much as he did the ringing burst of mel-ody that now and then soared up from the violins below. Yet in his heart he knew that he was but the fool of his imagination that he was but the fool of his imagination and that nothing more serious than the re-arranging of a lock of hair or the buttoning on of a refractory pair of gloves by the com-mon-place hand of the woman he had seen enter there, could be going on in this room his fancy peopled with shapes of fear and

his fancy peopled with shapes of fear and despair.

For he was a man of common-sense and knew the fashionable world well, and was, moreover, quite aware as a physician how far a man's imagination can carry him when his nerves have been unstrung by a series of such potent sensations as had visited him in the last four hours. Let that door once open and the bride step forth and all would be hope and cheer again. He knew it even while he was shuddering over the conviction that it had opened, and that a hand had been thrust out in a gesture of silent appeal and as quickly again withdrawn.

The coming of the servant with the articles necessary to complete his toilet was like cold water dashed upon a man heated with fever. It righted him immediately. As he tied his neck-tie and fastened his gloves he felt himself to be more a dreamer of night

felt himself to be more a dreamer of night all the city for his practical common-sense and sound judgment. He even langhed in his old, easy fashion as he peered down the hall and saw the servant who had waited upon him walk up and knock with the ut-most assurance on the door he had been so long and fearfully watching. Nor did he feet himself to have been any the less a fool when in a moment later he beheld it open veil and sweeping train as she gave her answer to the man and then waited with the door half shut for the summons to descend.
As he had promised himself it would be, all was cheer and hope again; nor in the bustle of preparation that presently followed did he become conscious of a thought out o harmony with the scene till, suddenly, as he was half way down the stairs, he felt his bride lean a little heavily on his arm, and turning to look at her, perceived, not a woman, not an automaton even, but a sceptre, whose glassy eyes, fixed upon vacancy, froze the blood in his veins.

What did it mean? Was she mad or was

she-He did not stop to finish his thought; he clutched her by the arm and gently firmly spoke her name. A shiver seem go through her, then she turned her head lips took on the semblance of a smile so forced, so meaningless, that he stopped her where she was, and pointing to the surging sea of faces below, exclaimed:

"They are waiting for us; the minister has his book open, and your parents are already standing on each side of him; but if you do not wish to marry me, if there is any impediment in the way, or if you feel I cannot be to you the cannot be to you the husband you desire, say so, and we will turn back. No moment is too late before the minister has uttered the final words."

But her eyes, which had opened fearfully as he began to speak, closed softly as he finished, and murmuring celdly, "Let us proceed," she stepped down another stair.

He followed her and spoke again.
"I cannot go on, tienevieve," he persisted, "till you assure me of one thing. Is your heart mine? Stands there no other man between us whose memory makes this moment frightful to you? If there is-" "There is not," came from her lips, now showing less pallid under this questioning. 'I am ill, fearfully ill : that is all.'

He looked at her. He had known sickaspect in less time than had passed since he saw her blooming and brilliant a half hour before. And such might have attacked her, he could not tell.

" Are you too ill to go on ?" he asked.

"You can bear the effort and excitement?" "I can bear anything." His foot moved towards the edge of th step on which he stood Genevieve? He had stopped again. "Yes," she murmured, wearily.

" Do you love me ?" Her form, which up to that moment had rected to the utmost, suddenly vielded and expressed in every curve, a feminise

"With all my heart," she murmured.
"Then," said he, "I am content." And his foot passed over the edge of the step. There was no further delay. In a moment they were at the foot of the stairs, and another had entered the parlor under the gaze of five hundred pair of eyes. As they did so a murmur expressive of something her eyes were surrounded by great circles change brought comfort to his heart and made the rest of his walk down the room

doubtless married a thousand couples. To him there was nothing strange in a pallid and weary-looking bride, and a nervous deeply excited bridegroom. He gave them a benevolent glance, lifted his book and began the service. But there were some per-sons present, relatives and friends of the contracting parties, who felt there was their necks to get a glimpse of the bride's face, wholly forgetful of the splendor of her jewels, and the priceless lace of her veil which under other circumstances would have attracted all their attention. The bride, however, did not lift her eyes, and when she spoke in answer to the minister's the bridegroom and the minister. But this is not unusual with brides, and the ceremony proceeded, and the time came for place the ring on her tinger.

But here a difficulty arose. For some reason best known to herself, Miss Gretorex had preferred to be married without brides-maids. There was therefore no one at hand to assist her in taking off her glove, and her own agitation making her unequal to the task, she found herself obliged after an ineffectual effort or so, to stretch out her hand for the ring, with the glove still on it. Dr. Cameron, feeling for her embarrassment, ac--for it would not slip all the way down on protect her, when the hush of the moment, there came an interruption so startling and so wild that every head turned, and more than one rosy cheek turned pale. It was a scream, an unearthly and terrified scream! Come from where! No one could tell! Speaking of what? Fear, dismay, anguish, anything, everything that was out of accord with the scene it had so weirdly inter-

rupted.

Dr. Cameron, thinking of the banshee's warning, stretched out his arm to sustain his bride, whom this last and most fearful. shock must surely rob of all strength. But he soon found that she needed no assistance. Instead of succumbing to the general fright,

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