

a half smile upon her lips, as she uttered the notes of some sweet old song, so pretty a picture that one would have been tempted to wish that all the world might see and

Yet she was not without an observer. While she was humming her song and plucking the blossoms, forgetful of the world, a young gentleman came down one of the avenues of the park, upon the side opposite to that by which she had come, and paused upon the bank, gazing wistfully

at the larger island of the group.

While he was still regarding it, her low, sweet song stole softly upon his ears; he started and turned his gaze upon the unconscious maiden.

For a moment he stood entranced. He was a noble-looking youth, with a form instinct with manly vigor, and with a face indicative of intellectual power, coupled with womanly refinement. His complexion was as dark as that of an Italian, but it was clear and tinged with a beautiful crimson. His eyes were almost black, and expressive of a frank, truthful and chivalrous nature. In age he appeared

to be akout two-and-twenty.
"Truly this is Eden," he murmured, "and that is a second Eve, twice as lovely as the original. Can it be____"

He did not complete the sentence, for Ilde's fairy boat had approached quite near to him, and Ilde herself, lifting her gaze, had beheld him, and uttered a cry of sur-

"Oh, Gay !" she cried, her voice tremulous with joy, "is it you—really you "and a flood of scarlet surged up in her before

"Is it Ilde Dare, then?" saith the youth, his face reflecting her delight. "I thought so, but you have changed in four years. Permit me to detain you a few minutes." He reached out his hand, caught the bow

of the boat and drew it with its occupant upon the bank, under the shade of a tree. The young couple then shook hands, and the youth seated himself upon the bow of the boat, in accordance with the maiden's

"This is really an unexpected pleasure," he said. "I had began to think we should never meet again."

"Why so, Gay-that is Lord Tressillian?" inquired 1lde, in charming confusion. "You are familiar with the way to Edencourt, and I am always at home.

"But not to me," returned his lordship. "I have called several times at Edencourt since my return from the continent, a month since, and have been informed every time by Sir Allyn that you were engaged. You were the first triend I sought after my return, Miss Dare."

Ilde's eyes expressed her astonishment at this declaration, and she said, simply: "I knew you had returned to the Hall, Lord Tressillian, and I fancied that you had quite forgotten me. I was not aware that you had visited us. Papa must have

forgotten to infirm me." Lord Tressillian's face brightened at this

"Sir Allyn must have forgotten to tell you!" he echoed. "He seemed to be delighted to see me, and urged me to repeat my visits often, so I am quite sure he cannot object to the continuance of our acquaintance, Miss Dare began, as it was in

As the reader knows, Sir Allyn Dare loved with a father's affection the young Viscount Tressillian, and years before cherished the hope that through Ilde, the two families might at some future time be

Since the young lord's return home he had prevented their meeting, least their childish affection for each other should deepen into a life-long love.

As we have said, the Dares were the great family of the neighborhood, and the pride of the villagers of Edenville. The prestige of the baronet's family had not been in the least weakened when, years before, the adjoining estate had been purchased by a noble viscount—a devoted friend of the present Sir Allyn, in his youth. This nobleman, Lord Tressillian, had cheristened his new acquisition Tressillian Hall, and had spent much of his time and money improving and beautifying it. He resided there three months out of every year, but his visits had been too brief to permit him to acquire any kind of the popularity which was accorded as a matter of right to Sir Allyn Dare and his family.

Being such near neighbors, and remarkably congenial in their dispositions, it was not to be wondered at that Sir Allyn dreaded to have the young couple meet, but not all his foresight could have imagined that they would eventually meet in such a romantic manner, calculated to arouse in each heart an abiding interest for the

"Oh, no, papa can't object to your visits. Lord Tressillian," said 1lde, confusedly rolling between her fingers a green leaf she had plucked from the rose-bush. "He is not himself lately," and something of her old anxiety was perceptible in her tones.

"I noticed that he seemed very nervous and ill," remarked the young viscount, his frank gaze fixed with ill-concealed admiration upon the maiden's face. "He is greatly changed from what he was formerly. Every year has seemed to add a wrinkle to his face, and to whiten his hair. Is he under a physician's care?"

"No, his disease is mental, not physical." replied Ilde, her desire for the friendly sympathy and counsel of the loved friend of her childhood inducing her to speak freely. Lord Tressillian looked anxious and

"Call me Gay, as you used to do," he said, gently. "Do not let the years we have gained since our last meeting be a barrier between us. I am Gay Tressillian to my

A faint color fluttered up into Ilde's cheeks, and she dropped her head without

Taking her silence for a tacit consent to his request, the young viscount continued:
"Do you remember when we sat here last, Ilde? Do you remember how, when we parted on yonder island, I asked you if you would not some time be my wife, and you whispered yes?"
"We were but children then," muttered

your promise throughout all my wanderings. It has been my safeguard throughout my student life, it has been an anchor to my student life, it has been an anchor to me amid all the temptations that beset youth. In every act I have questioned myself, 'Would that be worthy of Ilde's lover?' and by its impartial verdict I have always governed myself. Oh, Ilde," he added, his face glowing and eager, "you little thought when you gave me that promise how I should rely upon it and endeavor to make myself worthy to become

the guide of your innocent youth."

A sweet, tender smile taltered over Ilde's lovely mouth, and for a single instant she raised her radiant eyes to his. They were so full of happiness that the viscount's heart swelled with answering joy.
"You have thought of me, then, Ilde?"

deavor to make myself worthy to become

he whispered.

"A little," was her faltering response.

"You have not taken back that childish

"No—yes—you mustn't ask such questions," she said, shyly, yet not displeased, if one might judge by the delicate blush extending even to the tip of her shell-like

"Then if I may not ask them now I may by and by?" returned the viscount, smiling. "I do not want to startle you by my abruptness, Ilde, but I am going to ask you a very important question one of these days. Till then you will let me be your Triend, won't

It was impossible to misunderstand his meaning, and Ilde, whose maiden dreams had enshrined him as their hero, felt a thrill of delight at the prospect of so noble and handsome a lover. He looked even nobler than she had pictured him in her heart, and she felt an instinctive reliance upon his nobleness and goodness. She hardly dared confess, even to herself, how her soul responded to his frank, outspoken

"Ye, we will be friends, Gay," she murmured, softly.

"I should like, too, to be a friend of Sir Allyn," declared the young viscount. "I love him as if he were my—my father. If his disease be mental, why might I not cheer him, and so relieve you of some of your anxieties? You look pale, as if you had attended upon him closely, and he has cold me of your constant devotion to him."

At mention of Sir Allyn, Ilde grew grave and thoughtful. The idea suggested itself that when Lord Tressillian should learn that she had been despoiled of her inheritance, he might not desise to ask that "important question" to which he had alluded.

"I hardly think you could cheer papa, Gay," she said. "The truth is-I tell it to you in confidence—I think he is tortured with a fear of losing Edencourt."

"Losing Edencourt?" "Yes. I believe he owes a gentleman a great deal of money-more than he can pay without sacrificing our home. Papa has told me nothing, and I have only been able to guess at what I have told you, but it must be near the truth. If we lose Edencourt I cannot be wrong in telling you this, for you must know it, with all the world, sooner or later."

"Who is this gentleman, Ilde?" "A Mr. Therwell.

father's secretary.' "Ah! I remember him. I used to see him in my boyhood, when visiting Edencourt. He was a large, stout man, with an evil expression on his round face."

"Yes, that is the same," sighed Ilde. "He is now visiting papa." Lord Tressillian reflected for several min-

utes, and then said: "Your fears may have outstripped the truth, Ilde. I believe that Sir Allyn is simply nervous and ill, and that he has brooded too long over some trouble in itself not so very formidable. But if you are right, Ilde, and your father threatened with the loss of his property, why then

"I shall be poor," interposed Ilde. "No, not poor, with all that magnificent dowry of beauty and innocence !" exclaimed Tressillian, ardently. "You will be as rich as ever, with the exception of a few adventitious luxuries, which can well be dispensed with. You will always be wealthy in my eyes, Ilde, for you have wealth that no one can take from you"-and his eyes wandered from her glittering hair to the lovely face it framed. "I do not mean alone your beauty of person, but that of your mind and soul. If Sir Allyn owes money, and must give up his property," he added, scarcely knowing how to express his meaning without wounding the maiden's pride, "he must remember that Tressillian Hall is always at his disposal. It would delight me to entertain my father's best

friend. Besides-" He hesitated, having been upon the point of offering his heart and hand to Ilde. He checked himself, however, fearing to defeat his cause by too much precipitancy.

The next moment he added : "I will call upon Sir Allyn myself, and say what I cannot say so well to you yet. Ilde. I shall tell him of our meeting, and of the hopes it has confirmed within my heart, and I am sure he would not reject my friendship and-filial affection."

Her fears set at rest as to Lord Tressillian's reception of the announcement of her approaching poverty, Ilde conversed with him at her ease, showing herself so gentle, so bewitching, that it was with difficulty he could refrain from asking her on the spot

An hour glided away, and then the maid en aroused herself to thoughts of her father. and declared that she must return home. Her decision being incontrovertible, the young viscount insisted upon rowing her to the boathouse, to which he restored the craft; he then accompanied her through the park and nearly to the mansion, when he took his leave, promising a speedy visit to the baronet.

Ilde returned to the dwelling, where Sir Allyn and Therwell awaited her, with strange and joyful thoughts filling her heart, and Lord Tressillian strolled homeward musing :

"How fortunate it is that I am rich. can pay off this debt of Sir Allyn's, so that he can retain Edencourt. Then if Ilde will only love me and become my wife, I shall be the happiest of men."

CHAPTER IX.

"IT IS IN MY POWER TO CRUSH YOU AND 'I can bear scorpion's stings, tread fields

In frozen gulfs of cold eternal lie; Be tossed aloft through tracts of end

Tressillian, Ilde momentarily forgot her anxiety concerning her father, and as she slowly ascended the terrace toward the mansion, she looked the very incarnation of the morning's brightness and sunshine; her step became free and elastic, her slender figure assumed a prouder and more erect carriage, her lovely face lost its usual grave and most sad expression, and wore a glow of hopefulness to which it had long been a

Sir Allyn Dare, looking gloomily through the upper half of the glazed door of his study, beheld her approach, and wondered at the change wrought by her brief absence. With the sunshine turning the reddish tint in her hair to a gleaming gold, with an unconscious smile on her lips, and an unconscious grace in her movements. Ilde looked to him like an angel of beauty, as she had long been to him an angel of good-

"Oh, I cannot, cannot give her up !" he muttered, unconsciously, an anguished look convulsing his features.

"What did you say, my dear Sir Allyn?" inquired Therwell, in his soft, oily tones, coming behind him. "Ah, Miss Ilde has returned at last from her ramble. How

charming she looks !" Unconscious of scrutiny, Ilde advanced toward the wing, pausing now and then to pluck a violet from amid the grass, and at length entered the little shrubbery and approched the private door of her father's

Sir Allyn groaned and retreated in his chair, as she came nearer, but his guest opened wide the glazed door and welcomed the maiden with compliments upon her improved appearance. At the sound of his bland, smooth voice

the dreamy, pleased expression fled from Ilde's face, her countenance became grave, and her demeanor almost haughty, as she bowed quietly, and passing him, entered Therwell remarked her coldness with

faint smile, a smile which Sir Allyn, who knew him so well, observed with a shud-"Come here, my darling," said the bar-

onet, putting out one arm, as if to shield The young girl obeyed, approaching him, but her heart sank as she anxiously scrutinized his pale, worn, and desparing counten-

"Dear papa," she whispered, apprehensively, "have you not yet settled this man's claim upon you?" Sir Allyn shook his head-he could not

trust his voice to speak. Ilde became pale and grave as she marked his agitation, and she hastily reviewed in her own mind her recent suppositions with regard to the secret bond which united her father to his uncongenial

She had convinced herself that Sir Allyn was required to make some terrible sacrifice to Therwell, and that the sacrifice exacted compromised possibly to all her fater's pos-"I believe when I went out." she

thought, "that papa had formed the idea of giving up Edencourt. Perhaps his courage has failed him. Perhaps he thought that I would not really forgive such a step, since it was all to be mine. Poor papa, I must encourage and strengthen him. The tender glow and flush that had se

recently radiated her face gave place to a look of quiet resolution and self-devotion. She gently withdrew herself from the arm of her father, and stood beside him with the air of a protectress. There was something of defiance in her

tone and manner as she addressed Therwell. "You must see for yourselt, Mr. Therwell, that papa is not able to bear such constant excitement and trouble. Your

presence at Edencourt, under present circumstances, is therefore undesirable." "Ilde !-Ilde !" cried the baronet. "Hush, papa, dear,"returned the maiden. putting one arm reassuringly around him. This man has come here as your enemy.

His presence is killing you; and either he or we must leave Edencourt." "Ilde, you know not what you say," groaned Sir Allyn. "Let her say what she will," said Ther-

well, blandly, flinging himself carelessly into an arm-chair, "it is really refreshing, after long intercourse with the world to meet with such an enthusiastic young lady. You were saying, Miss Dare, that either you or I must leave Edencourt."

A flush of indignation at his undisturbed coolness and self-possession momentarily tinged Ilde's cheeks, but it faded, leaving them paler than before.

"Oh, papa-dear papa," the girl cried, pleadingly, "confide in me! Tell me what hold this man has upon you. Tell me the secret between you. Surely, if you can share it with him, you can share it with me-your own daughter. Am I not your best friend, papa ?"

"My best friend-my only one!" murmured the baronet, not daring to look up, and almost crushed under his burden of misery. "I-I cannot tell you, Ilde. The srcrifice is too terrible---

"A sacrifice is demanded then !" exclaimed Ilde. "I think I understand it all. papa. This man has some hold upon you, and he exacts a heavy price to relinquish it. You have dreaded to pay this price, more perhaps on my account than your own.

"You have guessed it all, then !" ejaculated Sir Allyn, marvelling at her calmness. "Yes, papa, I have guessed the truth," was the sad response. "But you need no longer hesitate upon my account. Give him what he asks—so that your name may remain unstained, and the old peace of years ago return to your heart."

"And can you counsel this, Ilde?" cried the baronet incredulously. "Are you sure you understand his demands?"

"I think so, papa. I am sure that it has been no light grief that has turned your hair gray at your age, and that has clouded your life with such gloom. I am sure that the hold that this man has upon you must be terrible, else you would have struggled against it, or bribed him into silence. I will no longer urge you to confide in me, since you do not wish it, but I am sure that you have never committed a wicked act which it is necessary to conceal from the world. You have been unfortunate you owe him money, perhaps—you were guily of some fault in your wild days—but you never, never stained your soul with a

Sir Allyn moaned pitifully, and his enemy indulged in a strange smile.

Rendered uneasy by that smile, yet not disturbed in her filial faith and trust, Ilde

hour without a moment's anxiety, and I have failed. But I trust you, dear father. I trust and honor you through all."

"Heaven bless you, my child," breathed her father, in a faltering whisper, leaning his weary head against her arm

"As I said, I have guessed the sacrifice exacted, papa," said Ilde, with forced cheerfulness, though every word cost her a bitter pang. "Mr. Therwell demands Edencourt as the price of his silence. Give it to him, father, if it be necessary. Do not hesitate upon my account. We will go away from here to some quiet spot, where we are unknown, and be all in all to each other. Surely, father, to be happy it is not necessary that we should live in a splendid home like this. Give him Edencourt, papa, and I will work for you, so that you shall never miss the luxuries to which you have been sccastomed."

"Oh, if I could do it!" cried the father. with a low wail that cut through his daughter's heart. "I I could only do it."
"If the sacrifice be necessary, you can do it, papa," she answered, misunderstanding him. "You need not hesitate upon my account. Dear as is my ancestral home to me, fond and proud of it as I have ever been, I prize your pesce of mind and hap-piness far more. I can be happy with you in the humblest cottage, father, and I am sure that I can make you happy, too, in such a place if you can only fling off these

terrors that are consuming your life." She spoke earnestly and cheerfully, and though her gaze wandered from Sir Allyn's face to the windows, through which she caught a glance of the old trees shadowing the mansion, there was not the faintest shade of reproach or grief in it when it re-

turned to him. "Ilde," cried her father, in passionate sorrow, "if to give up Edencourt and leave us beggars were all demanded of me, 1 could do it. Yes, I could do it, but the sacrifice that Therwell asks is something

far greater." "Greater than giving up Edencourt, father!" exclaimed Ilde, in wondering astonishment. "What can it be?" "Sir Allyn directed a prayerful look at

his enemy, and then covered his face with his hands for a moment, as if to collect all the strength of his soul. "What is it, father?" she asked gently. The baronet shivered as with cold, and

then withdrew his hands, looking up at her with a face so haggard, and at the same time so deprecating aid sorrowful that the young girl experienced a sudden and uncontrollable alarm. "Ilde," he said, "I have never told you

the cause of my years of gloom. You have nursed me tenderly in all my fits of despondency, without ever hearing the cause of them. Can you bear to hear it now?" "Yes, papa," she answered, regarding him with grave and lender eyes, full of

committed a wrong or a crime, and anything else I can bear. Tell me all." The baronet endeavored to speak, but it was several moments before he could sufficiently command his emotion to begin his

trustful light. "I know you never wilfully

promised narration. And all that time Ilde soothed him gentby her caressing touch upon his hot and fevered forehead, unconscious that her beauty was more than radiant in her selfforgetfulness and filial devotion, and that Therwell was watching her closely, yet

with an apparently careless gaze. "Ilde," began Sir Allyn at last, in a choking voice, "I cannot explain everything to you. There is a mystery in my life, as you have surmised, and this mystery I cannot lay bare even to you. But it has a bearing upon your fate. I-I was forced into a compact repugnant to my every feeling as a father and as a gentleman, and I trafficked away your happiness in order to secure to you and me an unstained name, andand continued existence. Ilde, have pity

"I do pity you, papa," said the young girl, with a wondering look. "I do not understand what you have said, nor how you can traffic away my happiness, but you know that I love and pity you."

"You will never love me less, Ilde?" he "Never, papa. Now tell me the rest!"
And she looked upon him as a young

mother might have looked upon her sorrowing child-so full of ineffable pity in her "Oh, Ilde, I cannot! When you look at

me like that I wish I had died years agobefore I had lived to bring misery upon you. I cannot tell you !" Therwell quietly arose from his chair and came forward, pausing near the father and

daughter, and contemplating them, with his arms folded across his breast. "My dear Miss Dare," he said, blandly "since Sir Allyn cannot command himsel sufficiently, to explain what you so naturally desire to know, I beg you will permit me

A look of aversion flitted over the maiden's face, yet not so quickly but that he who was the cause of it remarked it. But

it did not affect his imperturbability. "Allow me to commence, Miss Dare, by remarking that my visit to Edencourt at this time is almost entirely upon your ac-

"I was your grandfather's-Sir William Dare's-secretary, and I am your father's best friend. At a critical period in his history—the very period to which he alluded when declaring that there is 'a mystery in his life'—I rendered him a great service. In return tor that service, which was inestimable, he made a compact that in ten years' time, when you should have attained the age of eighteen years, he would give

you to me as my wife !" Ilde became deathly pale, and gave a startled glance at her father, who dare not encounter her gaze.

"Consequently, my dear Miss Ilde, you said Therwell, quietly, yet in a tone expressive of great satisfaction. "I dare say that I have not all the graces which you have pic-tured as belonging to your future lover, but you would reap many advantages by a union with me—at least Sir Allyn would?" he added significantly. "You can do or say nothing that will change your destiny, and you will do well to submit and make the best of it."

"Is this so, father?" asked the young girl, incredulously. "Tell me, has this man spoken truly?" spoken truly:
"Oh, my poor little girl, forgive me! It

Ilde seemed almost stupified by this de-"We were but children then," muttered lide, not looking up.

"You were then fourteen years old and I was eighteen. Yes, we were little more little more was eighteen. Yes, we were little more was eighteen. Yes, we were little more little more with Lord was eighteen. Yes, we were little more with Lord was eighteen. Yes, we were little more little more was eighteen. Yes, we were little more little more with Lord was eighteen. Yes, we were little more little

ried into practice. You do not know Vin cent Therwell as well as your father does. Ask him what would be the consequence

of doing as you request."

The baronet uttered a faint, miserable

Looking into his ghastly face, Ilde Dare began to comprehend something of the iron hand compelling him to do that against which his soul revolted, and she subdued all outward sign of the deadly pallor creeping over her heart, and strove to maintain

"You had better go away, Mr. Therwell," she said, calmly. "Papa is not strong enough to battle with you, but I know that you can have no claim upon him that will force me into a marriage with you. I am too young to be married, and my father needs me; so dismiss all thoughts that I will consent to marry a man whom I saw for the first time in my remembrance last night, and then under such circumstances as to inspire me with a profound dislike to

"Ilde," said the baronet, faintly. "That is very fine talk, and quite worthy of the daughter of Sir Allyn Dare," said Therwell, seemingly unmoved; "but you must be as innocent as you look if you think your protestations can influence me. Fortunately, I did not expect that you would fall in love with me at first sight. I am quite willing that the gentle and pleasing emotion should follow, instead of precede, the marriage ceremony."

"Do not deceive yourself, Mr. Therwell!" exclaimed the maiden. "I tell you that I shall never marry you. Papa could never have seriously promised you such a strange, cruel, and unheard of thing. An appeal to the law, if other means fail, will free both my father and myself from your persecu-

"An appeal to the law?" asked Therwell. with pretended ignorance as to her meaning. "Who shall appeal to the law, you or

There was a singular significance in his tones, and Ilde felt her father's hand clutch her arm with a sudden and painful force, as if he were experiencing deadly alarm. "I will," she responded, haughtily. shall be discovered if my poor father shall

be frightened into a morbid state of mind simply on account of some boyish fault, the knowledge of which you happen to have become possessed. His health is infirm, and, since he cannot be my protector, I will protect him and myself. I do not fear you, Mr. Therwell, nor any harm that you

"Indeed !" said Therwell, quietly. Ilde's eyes flashed indignantly, the colo kindled in her cheeks, and her lip curved in scorn for the man who would make her

his unwilling bride. "Cheer up, papa," she said, as Sir Allvn semed to tremble in his chair. "You are not well, I know, and Mr. Therwell shall not be permitted to disturb you any

"Pardon me, Miss Dare," said the exsecretary, blandly, "but you seem to be laboring under some misapprehension. You think that your father has done nothing to merit censure, and that if he were not in a morbid state of mind he would resent my words and bid me begone. You think that what has been said in this interview is too incredible to be acted. Let me assure you that my resolve to make you my wife is no udden whim, no idle resolve, but the cherished purpose of years, and you had better brave the deadliest tiger in its native jungle than to attempt to brave and defy

Though he spoke affably, there was at that moment a tigerish gleam in his usually dull eyes, and a cruel, determined expression about his mouth, that caused the tenderly nurtured maiden to quail momentarily in fear.

But the next instant she was as resolute as he. "I do brave and defy you!" she said, with a flash of spirit.

"Oh, Ilde, you know not what you say," said her father, sorrowfully. "Sir Allyn is right, Miss Ilde; you know not what you say. Refuse to marry me, and persist in that retusal, and you will wish that you had never been born. Has it not occurred to you that there is something terrible under all this talk of a 'compact' and a 'bond ?' " and Therwell's tones grew earnest for the first time. "It is in my power, Ilde Dare, to crush you and your father under a burden of shame, to hang him higher than Haman, to hunt you through the world, where not a hand will be lifted in your defence when you declare that you are the daughter of Sir Allyn Dare of Edencourt. And I swear that I will so

hunt and crush you if-"Ilde, I do not ask you to sacrifice yourself for me," cried Sir Allyn, in an anguish ed voice. "I can bear anything, but I beg you to have pity upon yourself, upon your unprotected youth and friendlessness."

Ilde's arm fell lifelessly from its encircling clasp about her father, a look of terror was depicted upon her face, and she faltered, in a voice unlike her usual one: "Father, does he speak truly?"

Sir Allyn groaned an assent. It was impossible longer to misunderstand how critical was her position, and Ilde at once reliquished all thoughts of the morbid state of her father's mind, and awoke suddenly and thoroughly to the Cause of all his gloom and despair.

He must then have committed some crime. the punishment of which had been his lifelong dread. It was in her power to save him by sacrificing herself. Yet could she

It was strange how, in that moment, she

remembered the bright, handsome face of Gay Tressillian, and the sweet hopes that his words had evoked in her soul. "Ilde," said the father, gently, terrified at the sudden look of anguish that came over her face. "Ilde, can you save me? If

I were to perish you would die under your burden of shame and misery. You

will save us both-" The young girl aroused herself, and looked earnestly into her father's face. It was a pale, high-bred countenance, indicating a weak will, perhaps, and a soul unable to cope with troubles and difficulties, but it also indicated a noble nature. Looking indicated a noble nature. Looking hus at him, Ilde feit that it was impossible that he could have committed a crime, and

the mystery of his secret rested upon her like a funeral pall. "Yes, papa, I can save you," she cried, with an effort which the baronet but dimly

(To be Continued,)

claim upon you that cannot be settled in an hour without a moment's anxiety, and I have failed. But I trust you, dear father. I trust and honor you through all." "Heaven bless you, my child," breathed ner father, in a faltering whisper, leaning the father, in a faltering whisper, leaning of the father, in a faltering whisper, leaning the father white the father white the father whith the father whith the father whith the father which is the wants money give it him, but tell him that his demand for my hand is proposterous." "That is easily said, Miss Ilde!" declarged the father, in a faltering whisper, leaning the father, in a father whith the father whit

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Nov. 2nd, 1892.—1593.

Lindsay, Dec. 12th, 1888;-1619.

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