



"I mean you marry me—you leave me I follow you. I quite rich now, for a dress-maker. You acknowledge me, and I give it all up. You refuse and I go on making dresses, but I change my sign on the Fifth avenue—Mrs. Royal Yardsickie, Modes. The Judge he dislike me. He will be so proud when he see my card. Hat ha! I make no more dresses for the mother then. She discover me no more. For heaven's sake, Julie, don't speak so loud! There are people coming along the path now."

road and the woods and a mere direct path along the shore, and it led through wild rank beach-grass and past clumps of grass and stunted shrubs. As it was seldom used, except by wandering ovens and children, it was not easily traced in the night. The young man had not gone many steps before he found he had strayed from the right path. As the light was in plain sight across the sands, he thought it easy to walk directly towards it and not miss the path. An instant later he tripped over some wild vine and fell heavily, tearing his hand on some hidden thorns. By the fragrance he knew he had touched some wild rose that had found a foothold in a little hollow in the sand. A wiser man would have looked about him than to fall on an omen and turned back. Possessed of little wisdom and having more superstition than fancy, he doggedly got up and went on directly towards the light. There was a slight swell in the sand just ahead, and as he mounted it he was surprised at the change that had come over the scene. A damp cold fog had suddenly fallen over the sea. There was a yellow nimbus round the lighthouse tower. The level beam of light traveling slowly round the horizon seemed to be a gigantic sword turning every way against all that came near. The appearance of the light was so strange that he paused to look at it. The silence was profound. He was wrapped in drifting mist, as if with there had been a light wheeling in vast circles round the sky. Suddenly his nerves shook with absolute fear. Somewhere off to the left a diabolical howling came through the fog, and he turned to see the figure of a man in a dark coat and hat, and the world to the young man it seemed like the cry of a lost soul. Not enough of a woodsman to know what it might be, he could not reason with himself how unlikely this was, or that it was some harmless snake innocently asleep in the beach-grass, or perhaps some still more innocent toad. Before he fairly recovered from this weak fright he was stunned with a deafening, roaring clang. It was the fog-bell at the light. Its murmurous note rose and fell in tremulous waves of sound that seemed to chill his heart. To his surprise, he found the light was close up to the white fence of the lighthouse grounds. The immense fog-bell had been started, and would boom and roar at intervals through the night. Again the surf roared in the darkness off to the right. The young man steadied himself against the damp picket fence and tried to laugh away his fears, but at that instant there was a hoarse cry in the air overhead. A wild-goose called "honking" through the darkness. To Royal Yardsickie it was an unearthly cry—a frantic yell of despair. An instant later there was a crash of falling glass, and a bright light close beside him. A childish voice, brave and confident, spoke: "Who's there?" "It's me. It's only me."

"We can't see now, Come, Mademoiselle, You are not here. I remember now. Yes, I saw you talking with her. She knew you were coming to see her and came out to meet you with the lantern. I hate her." "It is false, Julie!" "Oh, I know; I know. I have heard it all from those silly women who fix their habits. I remember from me. I've seen her pretty black eyes and her curly hair. I know her. I know what she said where she came from." "Take my arm, Mademoiselle. Let us return to the hotel." She arose in silence and took his arm, and they both walked along the path, through the darkness in a little moving circle of light like an island in a sea of gloom. "You are right to move away. She might hear me. Ah! she will hear me—some day." "You must be very careful what you do. You might compromise us both. If my father knew, not a cent would I ever get. I'd starve in the street." "And if the mother knew, she would discover me no more." Again the great bell clanged behind them. He felt her arm tremble at the sound. "Oh, Royal, husband, why must it be? Take me home. I will love you again. Better than the cat. We were so happy—in Paris." She seemed quiet and broken in spirit, and for a moment or two he went on in silence, thinking bitterly of Paris and the past. "We make a home in New York. I grow rich very fast. None shall ever know. We have a little flat in Paris. I to my business every day, you to your business, and we have our home, and—oh, Royal, I send for him." "Send for whom?" "You do not know? O, husband! It came—your son."

CHAPTER V.

"It is in Paris—with my sister; you remember—Jeannette. It is like you, it has your mother's eyes. I weep at night that it does not sleep on my breast. Tell me to send for it. Why do you not speak? Ah! you have left the lantern. It has gone out. Look! What is that?" "It's nothing. Don't cling to me so. It's the light of the hotel shining through the mist. Hush! you can hear the music. There must be a dance to-night." "You speak of music and dance to me! It is well! I now understand. Come not with me. I go back to the hotel alone." She moved away, hesitated, came back and stood before him, pleading mutely. He turned away from her towards the sea. The drifting fog seemed to lift, and for an instant the sword of light from the tower swept over the wet grass between them. "I say no more. The cars are dried out of my eyes. I see what to do." And she was gone—lost in the damp cold mist that again swept in from the sea and covered him as with a shroud.



"It was Julie La Fave—his wife," thus pleasantly passed, the moon drew all the sea after it, and lifted the whole mass of the water nearer to their feet. The Judge seemed content and oppressed. The "sound of a voice that was still" seemed to linger round the place. There were restless movings in the sea, and once there was a splash of white foam on the rocks below. "The tide is rising. We cannot stay here much longer." "Oh, no! Let me stay as long as possible. This delicious air and the smell of the sea is doing me good." "Very well. You sit here a few minutes while I go up and see the old fellow at the light." "You will not go far?" "No; just a step or two. I shall not be gone long." "Seeing that his wife was comfortable and safe, he went back over the rocks to the end of the sea wall. It was only instinct—he felt it could be no more—and yet it drew him by some strange attraction to the lighthouse. He would see to whom that voice was the voice of memory belonged. Captain Breeze Johnson was at home, at leisure and ready to talk. Hardly had the Judge disappeared when his wife heard light, firm footsteps behind her. She turned her head and saw a young man standing on the rocks not far away. Her dark oval face, piercing black eyes, and wavy hair suggested some southern blood—Spanish, perhaps. She was plainly dressed and seemed strong and vigorous. Some native girl from the village, apparently. "It's hardly safe to sit there, ma'am, with the tide rising." "Not safe! Mercy! Where is my husband?" "Don't rise. There! If you must get up, stand still till I come to you." The lady, somewhat startled at the girl's appearance and her warning words, tried to rise, and, after some trouble with her voluminous skirts, managed to gain her feet. At that instant the green water rose swelling close beside her, and the olive rock-wood floated and swayed with a dizzy motion. "Stand still—Oh!" How it happened she did not know. The first sensation she felt was of intense cold, and then darkness. Someone seized her, and then she forgot everything—till she awoke on a stretcher below.

good girl, though she is my daughter and I say it as should be." The two barges drove up to the entrance of the lighthouse in frantic haste. The Judge was clearly ahead, and won the Captain's half-dollar. Judge Gearing put a bill in each driver's hand, and then started to bring the poor lady out. She did not need to require much help, and soon appeared at the door, clad in one of Mat Johnson's dresses. She was pale and nervous, but otherwise quite herself, and the Judge, too thankful and happy to think of anything but her safety, assisted her into the big barge, and it was driven rapidly away toward the hotel. The news of the accident and rescue quickly spread, and when that evening the Judge and his wife appeared in the supper-room they were overwhelmed with congratulations. Young Mr. Royal Yardsickie heard of it also, and was extremely happy over his mother's rescue. It had done no harm beyond a fright and a wetting, and he thought he saw in the event something that would greatly contribute to his advantage. He knew that, of course, the Judge would go over to the light with some kind of reward, and he was arranged so that he could deliver the reward or convey to the girl some hint that he had assisted in getting it for her, she would receive him more kindly and be more friendly to him. That she would refuse any reward, particularly if it took the form of money, never entered his mind. He would find out first what the Judge intended to do. Upon reaching the cottage after supper he found the Judge and his mother in the little parlor. A lamp had been lighted, and on the table were writing materials. Just as he had guessed. The Judge had been making out a check. "The girl was very brave, my dear, and I want very much she should be suitably rewarded. If I hadn't cut that piece of surah I should give it to her. Of course, it's out of the question to give her any of my dresses; they would not fit her; and I am very glad you mean to take a check over to her. It ought to be as much as a hundred dollars." "I've made it a thousand, Maria." Royal Yardsickie thought it was a good deal of money. "Oh! I'm not sure I'd do that. A thousand dollars is a good deal of money." Royal Yardsickie thought it was a good deal of money. "I'd make it five thousand, my dear, if I thought the girl would take it." "Oh, she'll take it; I know she will, mother."

"Well, yes, I've called there once or twice." "Oh, I'm so glad, Royal! You can go over with us and introduce the girl to me. What kind of a girl is she, my son?" "Oh, very pleasant sort of person; quite unaffected and natural. Lived here all her life. She's the old man's only daughter, I hear." "We might as well go to-night, Maria. It is not a long walk, and I want to give the reward to the girl with my own hands and thank her personally for all she did for us." "Royal, you must go with us. I'm very anxious that the girl be presented to me. Come, let us go at once. Royal, dear, can I trouble you to carry a little bundle? It's the girl's dress; and I dare say she will want to wear it to-morrow." Royal Yardsickie seldom carried bundles. It was not good form, he said—yet, under the circumstances, he would do it. The Judge and his wife walked before, and the young man followed after at a little distance. His look had returned. Julie had taken herself out of his way. He had shaken her off, and she had given up all claim to him almost without a struggle. Now he was to appear before the other girl in a new and more amiable light. The prospect seemed more pleasant, for he felt sure that the acquaintance about to be put on a recognized footing might be made to grow up to something better. In any event, he would be sure of a very pleasant time while he remained at the beach. Capt. Breeze Johnson came to the door, candle in hand, and seemed somewhat surprised to see the party. "Come right in. Glad to see you. Even- ing, Mr. Yardsickie. Come right in and make yourself at home. Sorry Mat's not at home. Went to the village not more than five minutes ago. Guess she'll be back 'fore long." The young man presented his mother to the captain, and she held out two fingers to him, but he took her two hands in his big brown fist and shook them warmly. "Powerful fist to see you, ma'am. Let's 'warn't' neshin'. Ma'd' done it for any body. Don't speak of thanks. It wasn't a thing worth speakin' of. Glad she was round to help you. Ma's handy in the water. I let her to swim 'fore she was five years old."

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