life is taken in the mad heat of pas-

ion, that call the deed murder."

beration, after thought and reflec-

The word fell painfully on our ears.
"It is a horrible word—'murder,' " I

aid. "The very sound of it is terrible."

"I read a strange story the other day," said the rector, "one that struck

me very forcibly. A man murdered

his wife, how or why I forget; she had

given him some provocation perhaps.

He ran away, when, of course, a 'hue

and cry,' was sent out, and the police

were soon after him. He had hidden

himself in a low part of the town, and

in the very home where he was con-

cealed a terrible fire occurred. A

poor weman was sleeping in one of

the upper rooms, and her cries were

heard. This man who had murdered

his wife risked, absolutely risked his

life to save the woman, who was a stranger to him. He rushed through

the flames and suffocating smoke; the hair was burned from his head, his face and hands suffered, but he saved

her life. While she was in the act

of blessing and thanking him for it,

the police captured him. You will

hang me for killing my wife, he said to them. I killed her because she

provoked me; but I am sorry for it."

Some one present quoted the words, 'A life for a life.' That is Scripture,'

said the man, calmly. 'I have literally

fulfilled it. I killed my wife, but I

have given life to this woman, inasmuch as I have saved her from death.

Truely it is a life for a life.' The story

struck me as being a strange one,"

Something induced me to look at

Lady Culmore's face. Her eyes were

fixed on the rector's face; she hung

upon each word that fell from his lips.

There was a strange light in her eyes

"Yes," said Ulric; "but the man was

mistaken. The proper reading of the

words is that whosoever takes a man's

"If one life pays for another," Lady

Every one looked up in wonder. Her

clear, sweet tones vibrated through

the room, her beautiful face was

flushed. Sir Rudolph regarded her in

"If any one takes a life and gives a

life, does not that equalize matters?"

she asked; and I detected something of

scornful bitterness in her voice. "If

the life given be more valuable than

the life taken does not that more than

"No," said the rector, in a distinct

"No. That is the view of a distorted

voice that seemed to startle us-

mind, Lady Culmore, of one that does

not distinguish clearly between right

I saw her shrink as she would have

the subject. Lady Culmore, you ough

"I have been greatly interested," she

said; and again there was something

new and strange in her voice, while

During the long discussion husband

and wife hardly looked at each other.

But at the words "a life for a life" I

saw Lady Culmore raise her eyes and

fix them on her husband's face. Who

could read them with their messages

So the evening passed; and, when

the rector had gone, Sir Rudolph,

with a hasty "Good-night,," retired

quite abstracted, walked to the win-

dow and drew the blind aside. She

stood there looking out into the dark-

"Kate," whispered my lover, "com

here; I want you;" and we went into

the conservatory, which was dimly lighted. "My dear"—with a quiet car-

ess-"you have behaved wonderfully

"You did not flirt with the rector at

all, and I must make full amends. He

has a fine face; he argues well, too.

Kate, I am sure that he admires you.

This was merely an excuse to hold

"She will not see me," said Ulric;

up my arm and kiss it. I pointed to

Lady Culmore standing at the window.

"and if she does, it will not matter,

Fancy, dearest, what I suffer, sitting

all night watching your beautiful face,

and never able to kiss the lips I love

or gaze into the eyes that hold all

bliss for me. Kate, I must be in-

It was useless pointing to Lady

anything; and, to be quite honest,

perhaps I did not mind so very much.

"WHO IS WHAT?" I ASKED.

flush on his handsome face—"remem-ber that I shall speak to my brother

forrow. I will not put up

"Oh, my dear," she said, "who

bade me "Good-night," in his lover-like fashion, and went

Then I crossed over to Lady re. She turned to me when I

ere. It was useless to do or say

"I always behave well, Ulric."

Does the bracelet fit, darling ?"

Lady Culmore, who seemed

the light still flashed in her eyes.

of love, regret, and hope?

well this evening."

conversation "

astonishment. She went on:

that I had never seen there before,

life shall pay for it with his own."

added the rector.

whose life it is ?"

discharge the debt ?"

shrunk from a blow.

"What a gloomy cried Ulric suddenly.

to have dismissed us."

and wrong."



RIS SUDDERS LASS DUTH HIS MANDS OF L'ENE'S SHOELENNISS AND LOOK NO

heaven with my whole heart that yo may have a happley life than mi 'Yet," said title, "you have had everything to make you happy." "Outwardly happy, you fivery heart knows the own secrets. I had dream ed Heaven knows how I had dream-

ed of a very different life from this." Then the brothers faced each other In the old days we had no secret from each other," said Ulric, carnosty When you were a gay, careless, young dicutement, and I a struggling barristor, we knew each other's thoughts, Ru. I know of your love for Nest, and you knew how I was looking for an kloal that I have since found. had not a secret from each other. We stood true brothers, heart to hearh face to face, no shadow between us loving, loyal and true. Now, Ru., tell

"A secret," answered Sir Sudolpff. "I know it," answered Ulrie, "Whose nocret la H ?"

me what stands between us.

"If It were mine," replied Sir R dotph, "you would have been made acquainted with it long ago. It con perns another, and I hold tt." Can you not intrust it to

"I would, but the other who shares lietter fur not to know te has tlighted my life; it might

"Ferhaps," said tible, "I might help

"Impossible. There is no help. There is nothing but patient endurance until life ends; and the greatest mercy I can ask from Heaven is that mine may and soon.

"As we are talking, bu, more in the old fashion than the new, let me ask you one thing. What has sone wrong between you and Nest ?" Sir Hudosph's face paled, and his lip

anivered. I can not tall you: I would if could. "Is it this same secret that has blighted your life, but? Has it come

between your wife and yourself ?" You," he replied, after a pause, "It le the same thing. And hin will it always last? Shall

von hover take Nest in your arms again and kiss her with the old love ?" Nover," he replied "never, so help soo Hoaven'

Has she done that which you never -can foretre, tou? "she has." he replied. "I would not

answer such questions to any other living creature, said Sir Rudolph. "To you, my brother, I may say this

And shall you live and die. Ru. without felling us what this terrible secret is which has spoiled your life?" "I hope so," he replied; "It would do no one good, and would do much

"My dear old fan " aald ffirle, "are you guite sure that this is wise? It is brotherly love, and not ourlosity, that prompts me to speak. Are you wise in this? No man could bear such a burden long. You will break down, Now, while there is time, let me help you You cannot help," he replied,

shamily "Do you mean to tell me that your whole life is to be spent in this fashion hidden from the world blighted nay. worse, wasted ? It is inconceivable, if a wrong has been done, let it be set

"It can never be set right," an

swered Sir Hudolph. 'then forget it. What is the use of brooding over a sorrow that can never he healed? He brave and strong Ruc Trample it down live it down. What to the use of all this trasical misery? tot us and is

"There can be no end," said Sir Budoubt, solomaty, "Now, thele, we will discuss the matter no further. thu, let me plead for Nest, I have

never sen any one so unhappy. My heart aches when I look at her, When I think of the laughing, light-hearted glet of three years ago, I can not believe my eyes. She is like a weeman dead in life. Could she not retent even ever so little? Could you not make a grand effort, and forgive? "My flear titrle, you mean well, but and. If you love remain. And new about the plans, tiple: you must decide."

his eyes. He could not bear to think that his noble, kindly, generous bro-Some few acce after that, I went one morning into the library, and I found tady Culmore standing at the win-

dow. I knew that Ulrie had writing some letters there. She did not move when I went in, and I did not disturb her. I found my book, and waited to see if she would speak to me. If she wanted anything, or if I

could do anything for her. I shall never forget the white face that was turned to mine.
"Kate," she said, in a low voice me here: I want you."

"Have you noticed any change in Uhio's manner to me?" she asked. "No," I answered. "He has always went to her. seemed very fond of you, and is so

"Then it must be my fancy. Please Heaven it is so! I thought he looked curiously at me, and spoke sternly." "There, you must be wrong," I said,
"for I do not think Uirle could speak
sternly if he tried. Lady Culmore," I added, suddenly, "I wonder how much of your trouble is fancy ?"

"None of It," she answered. My trouble is real enough. The most intolerable part of it is that I wake at times and for a few minutes believe It is all a dream. How I dread the gradual growing certainty! I love Ulric, Kate," she added, mournfully! "I should not like him to grow cold

"Why should he, Lady Culmore ?" 1 "I can not tell; but there has been thing I have not liked, something never saw in his eyes before, al-

I wondered if Ulric still had the same idea or suspicion that he had spoken of to me, and if it was that which had affected his manner to her.

though I have seen it in Rudolph's

### CHAPTER XII.

Lately we had one visitor to Ullaners, and that was the Reverend John Thornleigh, rector of Ulladale, though why he came I could not imagine. I was the only member of the house-hold who went to church; the servants were, one and all Dissenters—even the old butler; yet the rector persisted in calling. He and I had become very good friends. He liked to talk to me. I knew afterwards that he loved me, and would have asked me to be his wife but that he heard of my engage-

his only son was born; and nothing seemed to give him such comfort as talking to me about her. When the fector was announced, if by any accident we were all three together. Sir Rudolph and Lady Culmore would remain for a short time. It was a great embarramment to the rector—I could see that. Apart he could talk to them, but together, he looked in a state of bewilderment from one to the other. He saw plainly enough the terms on which they lived; that no unnecessary word ever passed between them; that strangers could not be less to each other than this husband and wife. He saw that all efforts to draw them nearer together were quite unavailing. It was distressing to him, and, unlike myself, he never became accustomed to it. I did. At first it was uncomfortable, but from force of habit, the time came when I could carry on con-The rector could not. He grew confused; he appealed from one to the stern coldness by Sir Rudolph, with an | man jealous about me. excess of embarrassment by Lady Of the two he liked Lady Culmore best. She was always most kind to him, and ready to help his charitable work when he needed it.

I was present once when he said to "Lady Culmore, do you never attend

any place of worship And she made answer, "Never." The rector was a good man. He had a real love for his profession. Moreover, he was clever and accomplished He looked just a little shocked when Lady Culmore answered thus.

"Do you not think," he began. But she interrupted him. "If you please, Mr. Thornleigh, we will not discuss the matter. I yield at once. I am quite sure that every ont ought to go to some place of wor-

ship, I have my own reasons for staying away, and they are known only to one. What could any man say in answe to that ? Then the rector grew more confiden-

tial with me. He talked a great deal about Sir Rudolph and Lady Culmore. They were two of the pleasantest people he had ever met, he said, and he deeply deplored the terrible estrangement between them. Like every one else who knew them he wondered greatly what had caused it. He was a true friend of theirs, and, knowing that, we talked always in the hope that we might be able to do semething. Hut, after a time, I saw that it was impracticable; there was nothing to be

The rector never tired of talking to me about his little child. I went to see him at the rectory. On my return I told Lady Culmore all about his sweet baby ways.

"Do ask him here, Lady Culmore," 1 "You cannot think how the presence of a child brightens the house These rooms would be very different with a child playing and laughing, or even crying in them. Do ask him, Lady Culmore." I urged, "I am sure it would cheer and amuse you." She grew very pale-so pale that I

thought she would swoon. "My dear, it would simply kill me," she replied.

"How could the visit of a sweet little boy like little Willie hurt you?" I asked, in some surprise She made no answer to the question

and I continued-"It would please Sir Rudolph, I an

"It would not," she cried; "you are quite mistaken. It would-" Then she stopped abuptly. "No, Miss Forster; if you wish me well, never let any "Do you not like children ?" I asked.

"You," she answered, wearily. "I suppose it is part of the nature of all women to love them." "I am not quite sure of that, Lady Culmore," I answered. "I have seen and known women who did not like children at all."

so I relinquished my idea.

I was with Sir Rudolph and Lady
Culmore another day when the rector
came to ask their help. It was for a
poor woman whose child was very ill,
and the rector dwell much on the
child's sufferings.

"It seems to me such an awful
thing." he said, "for a little child to

He did not perceive, as I did, how the expression of both his listeners' faces changed, Sir Rudolph's growing stony

terribly embarrassed air that came over her at times. I hastened to speak, hoping that I should turn the tide of "I do not think it worse for a child

to die of want than for a grown up kills another, he does not stop to think The rector shook his head.
"I have a theory of my own about the death of infants," he said.
Thinking to divert the conversation about the last execution."
"Opinions differ," said Ulric. "When sion, it is perhaps hardly murder. It is when life is taken after cool, calm

'rom what might be a dangerous chansel, I said quickly-"What is your theory, Mr. Thorn-

"It is this. Miss Forster. In the tase of grown-up men and women, you tnow the extent of their capabil rou know exactly what they are; they rerse. But, if an infant dies, you do tot know what loss the tot know what loss the world sustains; he may be an embryo Milton or Shakespeare. So the death of a child, t seems to me, is much sadder than that of a grown-up person."

There was something in this view of the case; and I was so much interested in it that for a few moments forgot Lady Culmore. A deep s frew my attention to her. I saw her turn away from us with a look of such intense anguish on her face as I had never seen on human face before, white Sir Rudolph had grown white

as death. I hastened to say that this was a new idea to me, that I had always thought adult life the more valuable; then I asked the rector some auestions about the bell-ringers, and Sir Rudolph made his escape. Lady Culmore seemed to breathe more freely after he had gone, and the rector received all that he desired. Thinking over one incident after another, it seemed clear to me that



whatever was the secret, the tragedy, the mystery of Lady Culmore's life, it was connected with a little child.

# CHAPTER XIII.

A most unexpected event happened ere long-the rector was invited to dinner. It apepars a trivial incident in itself, hardly worth recording, but it led to greater events. It must have been at Ulric's suggestion. Sir Ru-dolph never asked any human being near the place, and Lady Culmore dreaded seeing any one. I may mention that Ulric had pretended to be dreadon with both at the same time. fully jealous of the rector and his without the slightest embarrassment. baby son, and that I was both young and foolish enough to be flattered by his jealousy, and thought it a great other. His appeals were met with thing to have such a tall, handsome

One bright sunny morning, when I was starting with Ulric for the lake. the rector was announced, and I was obliged to stay and entertain himneither the master nor the mistress of the house was to be seen. Ulric's face darkened

"Is there really no one but you. Kate, to entertain visitors? The rector te what you ladies call 'such a handsome man " Do not stay long dear. Think of the pleasant time we shall have, the boat gliding over the lake among the water-lilles-a delightful

prospect for a warm day. "I must hear what he has

Ulric." I remonstrated. As it happened, the rector had a great deal to say. He was very anxious about the inhabitants of Ulladale; the town was very unhealthy; and, as Sir Rudolph owned a deal of property there, he wished to see him and talk to him about it. Some of the houses, the rector said, were so badly built, so badly ventilated, that they were neither more nor less than traps for fever and death.

"Do not think that I am an alarmist," he added, but, Miss Forster, if fever does break out there, it will be fatal for many.

I advised him to see Sir Rudolph so it came about that the rector was invited to dinner-an event in the Ullamere household. It was a warm day. The air was

faint with the breath of roses, heavy and still; there was no movement in the sprays of the jasmine. That evening Lady Culmore looked most beautiful. She wore a dress of white lace trimmed with leaves and long trailing grasses; a diamond star shone in her fair hair, a diamond cross lay on her white breast. She had dressed, as usual, to charm the eyes of her husband, and they never even rested on

To please my lover, I wore a pretty primrose silk, cut square, with short sleeves. I had beautiful white, rounded arms, he said, and insisted on my showing them; they were made to be admired, and he would not have them

That was the most cheerful dinner I remember at Ullamere. The unband and wife were not noticed so much when there was a visitor pre-sent. The rector had plenty to say, Ulric was in better spirits than I had seen him for some time.

Suddenly-I can not remember how it began—the conversation turned on capital punishment, and the rector quoted the well-known words that "the worst use to which you can put a man is to hang him." I noticed that at first neither Sir Rudolph nor Lody nore joined in the conversation They sat listening in stience, Rudolph looked paler than usual, Lady Culmore with an unusual flush on her beautiful face. The rector and Ulric argued the question hotly, Ulric being in favor of and the rector against the

punishment of death.
"I have often thought," said the rector, "that those words, "a life for a life, are capable of many interpreta-"You should see your own face, Kate; you should see your own eyes. As we stand side by side, you are the ery picture of happiness, as I am the I was ashamed of myself; I wished that I could drive the light of happiness from my face and eyes.
"I am haunted," she said, "by those words, 'A life for a life! What a

"Do you not believe," asked Ulrice, "that the man who deliberately takes a human life should pay the penalty of his crims with his own?"
"No, I do not," replied the rector. "Men are such strange mixtures of good and evil. I do not see the une

of hanging a man. It does no good; it can not restore the dead to life."
"It deters others from committing the same crime," declared Ulric.
"I do not think so," said the rector. fled. "And if I were you, Lady Culmore, I would forget all about it."
"I wish," she cried, passionately, "that I could forget all about myself, "When a man in the heat of passion even to my very name!"

# CHAPTER XVI.

Ulric had no chance of fulfilling this threat on the following day, for Sir Rudolph rode off early in the morning to Ulladale, to inspect the houses of which the rector had spoken. The heat was intense. The heavens were like molten brass. The white lilies drooped, the roses hung their heads; the birds had hidden themselves in their leafy coverts; there was not a ripple on the lake, nor a whisper of wind from the mountain tops to relieve the settled, intense heat.

"I wish Sir Rudolph had not gone to Ulladale to-day," said Lady Culmore; "it is so hot, and he will be in and out of those horrible houses. I shall be miserable about him. I have such sense of coming sorrow on me."

Ulric laughed "Now, Nest, we will not have that. Things are bad enough; we will not have any forbodings of coming sor-

"I can not help it," she said, with pale, trembling lips.
It was a long, quiet day. Ulric and I spent the morning under the cedar, He read and I worked, with various little happy interludes.

Night came and Sir Rudolph returned in safety. Although Lady Culmore had been anxious concerning him all day, she did not go out to meet him, she gave utterance to none of the joy she felt at seeing him; but I saw that her whole heart went out to him, though she repressed all outward sign

Dinner was an utter failure; no one was hungry, no one could eat. Even Ulric succumbed to the heat, and had

In the drawing room afterward, Lady Culmore, in her white dress seated herself in the shadow. Sir Rudolph opened the windows wide, and pushed away the hangings. "Let us have what little air there

is," he said. "Kate," exclaimed Ulric, suddenly, "sing for us. I found a quaint song the other day, and I brought it home with me He placed it on the piano, and I sans

it. It was called "Two Pictures." "I sat in the gathering shadows
And I looked to the west away;;
There the hand of an unseen artist
Was painting, at close of day,
A strange and beautiful picture
That filled my soul with awe,
And made men think of the city
No mortals ever saw.

"Paint me, O wonderful artist,"
I cried when the shadows came,
And bid the marvelous glory
Of the western hills affame—
Paint me the face of an angel!
And lo, before my eyes
Was the face of my sainted mother
Who dwells in Paradise!

"Paint me the face of a sinner ! "

A darker shadow swept
Down the hills, and I thought, in the twilight
The unseen artist wept;
And, lo, from a magical pencil
A face in a moment had grown,
The sad white face of a sinner.
And I knew it for my own I "

Two white hands were laid gently "How can we upon my shoulder, and a tearful voice have drifted into it? Let us dismiss "Kate, do you love me

"You know that I do, Lady Culnore," I replied. "Then do not sing another note; I can not bear it. I used to sing once

"I have never heard you sing, Lady Culmore," I said.

"I have not sung a note sincewe came here," she returned; "and I never shall sing again." And then we parted for the night. The rector had not been near us all

day, nor had he had any news of little Willie; but on the following morning, when we sat at breakfast, all four together, for a wonder, he was announce ed. He came in looking very anxious, with dark shadows beneath his eyes. Before he greeted us he cried, in a distressed voice :

"Little Willie is very ill." We were all grieved. The poor rec-

tor seemed heartbroken. "What is the matter?" asked Ulric. One must not attach too much importance to the ailments of children. They seem to be at death's door one day, and they are quite well again

the next." "Yes; but he is very ill," said the rector gravely. "I was sent for early this morning to visit the poor woman who lives by the west lake. As I was returning, I met Dr. Johnston, who had just been to see my little boy, and he tells me that he is very ill indeed. I thought I would call here, and and am now prepared to turnish everything for house haishing in my live ask you to let the groom drive me home I shall reach the rectory so

much more quickly." Sir Rudolph insisted on driving him himself; and he left us all very sorrowful.

That evening we were just finishing dinner when a note came from the rectory which was addressed to me. It told the terrible news that little Willie was ill of small-pox of the malignant type. The nurse had taken him to some cottage where a woman lay stricken with it, and the child had caught the contagion. To add to the rector's distress, the nurse had fled from the house when she discovered what was the matter: the young house-maid, afraid of losing her good looks, also left at once, and there was no one to attend to his darling boy but the old housekeeper. I read the letter aloud, and then rose from my chair. "Lady Culmore," I said, "will you let

me go to the rectory? I will nurse the child; I am not afraid, and I love little Willie. He must not want for care." Ah, there was the same strange light on her beautiful face that I had remarked before, the same clear, unearthly radiance in her eyes! "No," she replied, "I will not let you

go, Kate. If it be really malignant small-pox, it is very contagious and nerally fatal." A strong arm was thrown around me I felt myself drawn close to a faithful,

loving heart. You are not your own to do what you like with. You are mine, and I bid you to go.

I clung to Ulric, weeping "The little child—I must go to the little child." I sobbed, "You shall not go near it," he said. "You are mine. There are plenty of clever, trained nurses who can do the work better than you. I will not let you risk your life."

( To be Continued )

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