



room." He would have gone with her, making her lean on his arm, but she would not let him.

"I am quite well, now," she said.

She threw herself on the bed and lay there motionless. Her temples burned, but her limbs felt chill and numb.

"I shall soon strike on the rocks," she said to herself. When the tea-bell rang she rose and removed her riding habit and tried to get ready to go down to the opera. She could not bear to have him suspect her yet. But her fingers trembled too much to pin collar or bind hair. She gave up the idea of going to the opera. The thought of the bright room and questioning eyes was too much for her. But she could not be still any more. A spirit of restlessness seized her.

"I will go and walk till I am quiet," she thought.

She threw a hood over her head and without any wrap she went down-stairs and out into the yard by a back way. As she ran down the steps, she became conscious that it was raining a soft, misty rain. She only thought:

"It will cool my head."

The moon was nearly full, and the rays struggling through the veil of clouds made a soft twilight.

Irma made her way to the mulberry-trees which extended across a part of the back yard. She fixed up in gold the house. The thick, green leaves nearly sheltered her from the rain as she walked from one end to the other of the mulberry colonnade. For a time she could think of nothing coherently. Images of blood and violence, of exposure, disgrace and imprisonment, flashed before her and fast through her brain. After a time, she became conscious of present conditions. She heard the sounds of talk and laughter coming from the parlor. Presently the sound of music—of singing, Florence Bellamy's voice—how well she sang tonight. And was not that Bert Fontenoy singing with her? In her fancy she could see the two, so handsome and assured in their manners—so gently but so firmly, as they had a right to be. They had no dark secret in their lives. They were not hiding under a false name. They were well fitted to each other. They were made to love and marry. Oh! how gladly they were all talking. Nobody thought of her, nobody cared. She did seem to hear her and white—shrine waiting for its idol. They rambled over the old orchard and peeped late peaches, sitting on the low boughs or in the long grass. They came back before sunset. There were tokens of a change in the sky. Clouds had gathered, and the sun was setting. The light from the windows of Live Oaks shone brightly. The drawing-room was gay with fresh flowers. Florence and a young girl cousin had gathered them and filled the vases and baskets. Florence, dressed in white, stood at the parlor door to receive them. The day's mail lay on the table and Bert and Irma, Dr. John and Miss Gray were soon tearing open letters. Fannie had half a dozen dainty, perfumed envelopes to break. Only Irma had no interest in the mail.

"Miss Brazzale, I have never known you to get a letter," Fannie Gray said.

Irma colored.

"I have no correspondents," she answered.

"I wish I had none," Bert said.

"Here's a fellow writing that he is coming here to see me, to stay, he doesn't say how long."

"What sort of fellow?" asked Miss Gray, looking up with interest.

"Oh, he's a clever chap enough, a writer, a newspaper man, a born detective. I found him capital company in New Orleans once, and he helped me in a matter in which I was a little hard to get on with."

"Who are you not glad he is coming?"

"How do I know if he is the kind of fellow one would like to have domesticated in one's home, where there are women folk? I had bachelor rooms in town when I invited him. I can write to him about the change."

"Do nothing of the kind. Let him come. If he proves to be dangerous we can ship him over to John at Grobeck," said Miss Gray with decision.

"And now, Bert, read the paper to us before tea. I am glad John is having a fire made, a little aesthetic wood-fire. It is turned cool, and it is raining. Isn't it?"

Bert unfolded the newspaper and began to read. Irma was not interested. She was about to slip out of the room when her attention was suddenly, fearfully arrested.

"Why, what a queer tragedy!" cried Bert. "Papa you know Solon Vanhorn—the rich, cranky old cotton-merchant? Well, he has been killed by a woman he had just married. Listen:

"A SINGULAR TRAGEDY.

"For some time, our well-known fellow citizen, Mr. Solon Vanhorn, has been missing from his place of business on Levee street. It was not known what had become of him. His friends conjectured he was carrying out some large business operations in New York; but now comes the startling news of a strange tragedy of which Mr. Vanhorn has been the victim. For some time he has been engaged to a young girl, the daughter of one of his cotton partners living in Black Bayou, in the parish of St. Simon. He had gone to consummate the marriage, and it had taken place smoothly. The wedding, when, as the bridegroom turned to kiss his newly made bride, she suddenly stabbed him in the neck, nearly severing the artery. The blood, coming from the wound, and Mr. Vanhorn fell, crying that he was killed. The girl gave one look at the man who had married her. It was supposed she drowned herself in the bayou. A part of her dress was found at the water's edge. There was no boat known to have been at hand in which she might have made her escape.

"Mr. Michael Vanhorn, however, brother of Solon, from whom we get these particulars, does not believe that the girl drowned herself. He has heard that a woman in a boat was seen at the time when she would have been making her escape. He has forwarded a minute description of the young woman to the police authorities here, and they are at work on the case. It seems that she is a brunette of very peculiar type. She is handsome and accomplished—particularly in music and French. Her victim was not dead, at least accounts, but that he can recover, as he lost a great quantity of blood and a low fever has set in."

Irma listened to this from first to last. She had been in the act of leaving the room when the first words arrested her steps and seemed to turn her into stone.

She stood listening with dilated eyes, her fingers crushing the flowers she had been carrying to her room—flowers Bert had gathered for her from the garden. She heard Mr. Fontenoy's comments upon her deed, his speculations as to whether the girl were mad or simply a delirious victim. She heard, but they made no impression upon her. The words of the newspaper article were burning in her brain:

"No hope that he will recover; police at work on the case."

A gasping breath betrayed her. Bert looked up and sprang to her side.

"Miss Brazzale, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

She made a desperate effort and shook her head. She tried to smile.

"I rode too fast," she said, huskily.

"I am a little tired. I will go to my

romantic we are!"

Bert gave her a look which expressed that he thought of Belle's disapproval. Irma felt that Belle's disapproval was upon her, and that Mrs. Fontenoy was looking at her wonderingly.

"Miss Brazzale felt feverish, and went out into the fresh air; I saw her, and carried her a shawl," Bert explained, curtly, in reply to his mother's look.

"She is feverish," Dr. John said, gently laying his fingers on her pulse.

"I fancy you have taken too much cold," said Miss Aimee. A good rest will cure her.

"I have no doubt of it," she said, with a bend of her head, she passed on upstairs.

"She looks like the heroine of a romance," Miss Gray said. "I wish to goodness something tragic would turn up about her. We will all stagnate here. By the way, Bert, you did not tell us the name of your self-invited guest."

"He is not exactly self-invited, I told you. His name is Harold Vane."

"Harold Vane?" she repeated quickly. "Yes; but he writes under the name of Cyril Thorne. Do you know him?"

"I have—seen him," she answered, slowly.

For awhile she was silent—a rare thing with her.

"Who is this Vane? Where did you pick him up?"

"Don't you remember, sir, that young journalist who helped us ferret out the frauds of the business manager of the 'River Queen'? He was reported by the New Orleans 'Picayune', but he is a natural detective, and he told me that he had traced the talents in that direction. I liked him first-rate. He is a capital story-teller, and he proved himself a sharp one in the case of the 'River Queen'."

"We paid him, I remember. But I feel under obligations to him all the same. Write to him to come. I suppose he will be here in a few days."

"I should say so," struck in Miss Gray. "Harold Vane is a pet in literary circles, and I could endorse him myself. He is rude; he puts on airs of indifference."

"To women," said Bert. "I think he is not much of a lady's man, good-looking as he is."

Upstairs, Irma, looking her fate in the face, was wondering how long it would be before she would be married and her glass bar shattered on the rocks.

"Oh! to think I killed him! But I did not mean to. Of course, they will be before me, and I will be here. If they had only believed I was drowned!"

"The young man at the bank did not betray me. Why, I wonder? I took his boat; I would not let him come with me. They offered a reward for information about me, but he did not speak. Was it through pity?"

She recalled his face in that one glimpse she had of it by the lightning-flash. What if she knew that at that moment they were discussing the same man down-stairs; that he was soon to arrive at Live Oaks; that he was a born detective, and that he was often employed in that line!

It was long past midnight before Irma, who had been sitting up, and youth and nature asserted themselves, and she slept at last, a sweet, dreamless sleep, which lasted until the sun, I am not cold, and the dog Gitup and two other curs of low degree were barking at the door.

The Madcap saw Irma and waved her hand to her.

"I'm taking Pansy out to ride for her health. She looks a little better. Maum Vinny says nothing will cure it but to ride a hard trotting-horse. He's a regular cure."

Irma laughed before she knew it, a merry little laugh. Then she started sitting up. How dare she laugh? And yet, what was the matter with her? She despised before the crash came? Why not take all the brightness life offered, and then when the night of misery fell suddenly and quenched as by some haunting thought, the shadow of pain that came into her eyes, her restlessness, her occasional started look, and the other things which were the signs of a fit of sudden agitation in the parlor? It came while he was reading of Solon Vanhorn's tragic wedding. But she could have nothing to do with the murderous bride of Black Bayou. There was some mystery about this girl—this strange child-queen girl, who was not like any other woman he had ever met.

He looked at the pale, repressed face under the scarlet hood.

"It is no evil mystery," he thought. "I would stake my life on her purity! It is a sorrowful secret, perhaps; I wish she would confide in me and tell me. I would take me the cold little hand that lay on his arm. He longed to ask her to let him be her friend. He had no thought that he was falling in love. He expected to marry Florence Bellamy some time. It would gratify his mother, who idolized him, and leave her father's pride. Besides, Florence loved him. He had a big conceit that he had many times been too tender for mere brotherly friendship. She was high-spirited, too. Neither she nor her family would brook being trifled with."

No; he would marry her some time, but he was not more interested in her little sister's music-teacher. He must be her eyes that attracted him so, their sphinx-like mystery and melancholy. Or was it her voice? How thrilling were its intonations now and then she said:

"They are singing something that sounds very sweet! Go in and hear them. It is so much pleasanter than here."

"I had rather stay in the mulberry garden," she said.

"But it is damp, and I am a dull companion."

"I do not find you so. Your mere presence is magnetic; it radiates from the tips of your little fingers!"

He just touched them as she spoke, but he felt a thrill through all his frame.

He had spoken lightly, but there was an under-current of earnestness which Irma felt. It embarrassed her; and, to break the silence, she said:

"Who is singing with Miss Bellamy?"

"I thought the other time it was you."

"It is some galleon from the town. There are two of them who came in hunting for you to-night; I have been hunting for you, Madcap and I. We hunted for you disconsolately from room to room. At last the bright idea occurred to me of going out on the back veranda. There I caught a gleam of a red hood as a ray of light fell upon it. Without a word to Madcap, out I came."

"Bertrand!" called a shrill, sweet voice from the house.

"That is your mother's voice. Let us go in," Irma said, seeing that he would not go without her.

She thought to escape to her room unscathed, but the quick ear of Miss Gray heard her steps, and she ran to the parlor door.

"Dear me! what a night to choose for promenade!" she cried. "How

and her intelligent look made Bert turn to her for suggestion. She forgot all in her interest, and gave her ideas of how passages should be rendered and movement carried out. They were all very good, because they were true to nature and to a strong and pure imagination.

"You must have been on the stage," murmured Miss Gray.

After the rehearsal was over Bert came over to the window where she was sitting.

"I wish to heaven you had Miss Pepton's part, or Florence Bellamy's," he said, leaning over her. "They are nice girls, and, as Belle has dramatic cards because of her society influence, they are perfect puppets. They have no power to throw themselves into a fine part. Leave you to me, you must let me look and movements in every-day life somehow suggest the romantic and tragic drama to me. I wish you would tell me your part. I wish I knew all your life."

"It would not edify you. I had rather talk of anything else," and she began to speak in a low, sweet, soft voice, how lovely she would look as Portia in the casket scene, and how saucy she would look as Lady Gay Spanker.

"I have found more beauty in the face he looked on then, with the moonrays lighting its poetic curves and strange, sad eyes."

"Belle has been falling in love with Aimee Brazzale," he exclaimed.

"What nonsense!" he exclaimed, with an impatient backward toss of his head. "She is not worthy to be loved."

"You are my only one with a right to expect that you would marry to please me. You can have a wife with money and social position, and she is not worthy to be the mistress of Aimee Brazzale. Aimee Brazzale is a woman to whom I could not hold my peace. She has been trying to hold him. I am surprised at her, disappointed in her."

"She has done nothing of the kind. She has avoided me. I doubt exceedingly if she would accept me if I offered myself to her."

"Bert!"

"I doubt it, I repeat. I had a thought of testing it, but you and Florence had known before, and I hardly feel like a free man. But if I were wholly free, and asked this girl to be my wife, I should feel very doubtful of her success."

"As if she would be so mad as to refuse him," murmured the doting mother. "I am sorry I brought Aimee Brazzale into the world. She is not a charm myself. Bert speaks the truth. She does not seem to try to win him, though I have seen her face light up when he came in. What if she knew that at that moment they were discussing the same man down-stairs; that he was soon to arrive at Live Oaks; that he was a born detective, and that he was often employed in that line!

It was long past midnight before Irma, who had been sitting up, and youth and nature asserted themselves, and she slept at last, a sweet, dreamless sleep, which lasted until the sun, I am not cold, and the dog Gitup and two other curs of low degree were barking at the door.

The Madcap saw Irma and waved her hand to her.

"I'm taking Pansy out to ride for her health. She looks a little better. Maum Vinny says nothing will cure it but to ride a hard trotting-horse. He's a regular cure."

Irma laughed before she knew it, a merry little laugh. Then she started sitting up. How dare she laugh? And yet, what was the matter with her? She despised before the crash came? Why not take all the brightness life offered, and then when the night of misery fell suddenly and quenched as by some haunting thought, the shadow of pain that came into her eyes, her restlessness, her occasional started look, and the other things which were the signs of a fit of sudden agitation in the parlor? It came while he was reading of Solon Vanhorn's tragic wedding. But she could have nothing to do with the murderous bride of Black Bayou. There was some mystery about this girl—this strange child-queen girl, who was not like any other woman he had ever met.

He looked at the pale, repressed face under the scarlet hood.

"It is no evil mystery," he thought. "I would stake my life on her purity! It is a sorrowful secret, perhaps; I wish she would confide in me and tell me. I would take me the cold little hand that lay on his arm. He longed to ask her to let him be her friend. He had no thought that he was falling in love. He expected to marry Florence Bellamy some time. It would gratify his mother, who idolized him, and leave her father's pride. Besides, Florence loved him. He had a big conceit that he had many times been too tender for mere brotherly friendship. She was high-spirited, too. Neither she nor her family would brook being trifled with."

No; he would marry her some time, but he was not more interested in her little sister's music-teacher. He must be her eyes that attracted him so, their sphinx-like mystery and melancholy. Or was it her voice? How thrilling were its intonations now and then she said:

"They are singing something that sounds very sweet! Go in and hear them. It is so much pleasanter than here."

"I had rather stay in the mulberry garden," she said.

"But it is damp, and I am a dull companion."

"I do not find you so. Your mere presence is magnetic; it radiates from the tips of your little fingers!"

He just touched them as she spoke, but he felt a thrill through all his frame.

He had spoken lightly, but there was an under-current of earnestness which Irma felt. It embarrassed her; and, to break the silence, she said:

"Who is singing with Miss Bellamy?"

"I thought the other time it was you."

"It is some galleon from the town. There are two of them who came in hunting for you to-night; I have been hunting for you, Madcap and I. We hunted for you disconsolately from room to room. At last the bright idea occurred to me of going out on the back veranda. There I caught a gleam of a red hood as a ray of light fell upon it. Without a word to Madcap, out I came."

"Bertrand!" called a shrill, sweet voice from the house.

"That is your mother's voice. Let us go in," Irma said, seeing that he would not go without her.

She thought to escape to her room unscathed, but the quick ear of Miss Gray heard her steps, and she ran to the parlor door.

"Dear me! what a night to choose for promenade!" she cried. "How

and her intelligent look made Bert turn to her for suggestion. She forgot all in her interest, and gave her ideas of how passages should be rendered and movement carried out. They were all very good, because they were true to nature and to a strong and pure imagination.

"You must have been on the stage," murmured Miss Gray.

After the rehearsal was over Bert came over to the window where she was sitting.

"I wish to heaven you had Miss Pepton's part, or Florence Bellamy's," he said, leaning over her. "They are nice girls, and, as Belle has dramatic cards because of her society influence, they are perfect puppets. They have no power to throw themselves into a fine part. Leave you to me, you must let me look and movements in every-day life somehow suggest the romantic and tragic drama to me. I wish you would tell me your part. I wish I knew all your life."

"It would not edify you. I had rather talk of anything else," and she began to speak in a low, sweet, soft voice, how lovely she would look as Portia in the casket scene, and how saucy she would look as Lady Gay Spanker.

"I have found more beauty in the face he looked on then, with the moonrays lighting its poetic curves and strange, sad eyes."

"Belle has been falling in love with Aimee Brazzale," he exclaimed.

"What nonsense!" he exclaimed, with an impatient backward toss of his head. "She is not worthy to be loved."

"You are my only one with a right to expect that you would marry to please me. You can have a wife with money and social position, and she is not worthy to be the mistress of Aimee Brazzale. Aimee Brazzale is a woman to whom I could not hold my peace. She has been trying to hold him. I am surprised at her, disappointed in her."

"She has done nothing of the kind. She has avoided me. I doubt exceedingly if she would accept me if I offered myself to her."

"Bert!"

"I doubt it, I repeat. I had a thought of testing it, but you and Florence had known before, and I hardly feel like a free man. But if I were wholly free, and asked this girl to be my wife, I should feel very doubtful of her success."

"As if she would be so mad as to refuse him," murmured the doting mother. "I am sorry I brought Aimee Brazzale into the world. She is not a charm myself. Bert speaks the truth. She does not seem to try to win him, though I have seen her face light up when he came in. What if she knew that at that moment they were discussing the same man down-stairs; that he was soon to arrive at Live Oaks; that he was a born detective, and that he was often employed in that line!

It was long past midnight before Irma, who had been sitting up, and youth and nature asserted themselves, and she slept at last, a sweet, dreamless sleep, which lasted until the sun, I am not cold, and the dog Gitup and two other curs of low degree were barking at the door.

The Madcap saw Irma and waved her hand to her.

"I'm taking Pansy out to ride for her health. She looks a little better. Maum Vinny says nothing will cure it but to ride a hard trotting-horse. He's a regular cure."

Irma laughed before she knew it, a merry little laugh. Then she started sitting up. How dare she laugh? And yet, what was the matter with her? She despised before the crash came? Why not take all the brightness life offered, and then when the night of misery fell suddenly and quenched as by some haunting thought, the shadow of pain that came into her eyes, her restlessness, her occasional started look, and the other things which were the signs of a fit of sudden agitation in the parlor? It came while he was reading of Solon Vanhorn's tragic wedding. But she could have nothing to do with the murderous bride of Black Bayou. There was some mystery about this girl—this strange child-queen girl, who was not like any other woman he had ever met.

He looked at the pale, repressed face under the scarlet hood.

"It is no evil mystery," he thought. "I would stake my life on her purity! It is a sorrowful secret, perhaps; I wish she would confide in me and tell me. I would take me the cold little hand that lay on his arm. He longed to ask her to let him be her friend. He had no thought that he was falling in love. He expected to marry Florence Bellamy some time. It would gratify his mother, who idolized him, and leave her father's pride. Besides, Florence loved him. He had a big conceit that he had many times been too tender for mere brotherly friendship. She was high-spirited, too. Neither she nor her family would brook being trifled with."

No; he would marry her some time, but he was not more interested in her little sister's music-teacher. He must be her eyes that attracted him so, their sphinx-like mystery and melancholy. Or was it her voice? How thrilling were its intonations now and then she said:

"They are singing something that sounds very sweet! Go in and hear them. It is so much pleasanter than here."

"I had rather stay in the mulberry garden," she said.

"But it is damp, and I am a dull companion."

"I do not find you so. Your mere presence is magnetic; it radiates from the tips of your little fingers!"

He just touched them as she spoke, but he felt a thrill through all his frame.

He had spoken lightly, but there was an under-current of earnestness which Irma felt. It embarrassed her; and, to break the silence, she said:

"Who is singing with Miss Bellamy?"

"I thought the other time it was you."

"It is some galleon from the town. There are two of them who came in hunting for you to-night; I have been hunting for you, Madcap and I. We hunted for you disconsolately from room to room. At last the bright idea occurred to me of going out on the back veranda. There I caught a gleam of a red hood as a ray of light fell upon it. Without a word to Madcap, out I came."

"Bertrand!" called a shrill, sweet voice from the house.

"That is your mother's voice. Let us go in," Irma said, seeing that he would not go without her.

She thought to escape to her room unscathed, but the quick ear of Miss Gray heard her steps, and she ran to the parlor door.

"Dear me! what a night to choose for promenade!" she cried. "How

and her intelligent look made Bert turn to her for suggestion. She forgot all in her interest, and gave her ideas of how passages should be rendered and movement carried out. They were all very good, because they were true to nature and to a strong and pure imagination.

"You must have been on the stage," murmured Miss Gray.

After the rehearsal was over Bert came over to the window where she was sitting.

"I wish to heaven you had Miss Pepton's part, or Florence Bellamy's," he said, leaning over her. "They are nice girls, and, as Belle has dramatic cards because of her society influence, they are perfect puppets. They have no power to throw themselves into a fine part. Leave you to me, you must let me look and movements in every-day life somehow suggest the romantic and tragic drama to me. I wish you would tell me your part. I wish I knew all your life."

"It would not edify you. I had rather talk of anything else," and she began to speak in a low, sweet, soft voice, how lovely she would look as Portia in the casket scene, and how saucy she would look as Lady Gay Spanker.

"I have found more beauty in the face he looked on then, with the moonrays lighting its poetic curves and strange, sad eyes."

"Belle has been falling in love with Aimee Brazzale," he exclaimed.

"What nonsense!" he exclaimed, with an impatient backward toss of his head. "She is not worthy to be loved."

"You are my only one with a right to expect that you would marry to please me. You can have a wife with money and social position, and she is not worthy to be the mistress of Aimee Brazzale. Aimee Brazzale is a woman to whom I could not hold my peace. She has been trying to hold him. I am surprised at her, disappointed in her."

"She has done nothing of the kind. She has avoided me. I doubt exceedingly if she would accept me if I offered myself to her."

"Bert!"

"I doubt it, I repeat. I had a thought of testing it, but you and Florence had known before, and I hardly feel like a free man. But if I were wholly free, and asked this girl to be my wife, I should feel very doubtful of her success."

"As if she would be so mad as to refuse him," murmured the doting mother. "I am sorry I brought Aimee Brazzale into the world. She is not a charm myself. Bert speaks the truth. She does not seem to try to win him, though I have seen her face light up when he came in. What if she knew that at that moment they were discussing the same man down-stairs; that he was soon to arrive at Live Oaks; that he was a born detective, and that he was often employed in that line!

It was long past midnight before Irma, who had been sitting up, and youth and nature asserted themselves, and she slept at last, a sweet, dreamless sleep, which lasted until the sun, I am not cold, and the dog Gitup and two other curs of low degree were barking at the door.

The Madcap saw Irma and waved her hand to her.

"I'm taking Pansy out to ride for her health. She looks a little better. Maum Vinny says nothing will cure it but to ride a hard trotting-horse. He's a regular cure."

Irma laughed before she knew it, a merry little laugh. Then she started sitting up. How dare she laugh? And yet, what was the matter with her? She despised before the crash came? Why not take all the brightness life offered, and then when the night of misery fell suddenly and quenched as by some haunting thought, the shadow of pain that came into her eyes, her restlessness, her occasional started look, and the other things which were the signs of a fit of sudden agitation in the parlor? It came while he was reading of Solon Vanhorn's tragic wedding. But she could have nothing to do with the murderous bride of Black Bayou. There was some mystery about this girl—this strange child-queen girl, who was not like any other woman he had ever met.

He looked at the pale, repressed face under the scarlet hood.

"It is no evil mystery," he thought. "I would stake my life on her purity! It is a sorrowful secret, perhaps; I wish she would confide in me and tell me. I would take me the cold little hand that lay on his arm. He longed to ask her to let him be her friend. He had no thought that he was falling in love. He expected to marry Florence Bellamy some time. It would gratify his mother, who idolized him, and leave her father's pride. Besides, Florence loved him. He had a big conceit that he had many times been too tender for mere brotherly friendship. She was high-spirited, too. Neither she nor her family would brook being trifled with."

No; he would marry her some time, but he was not more interested in her little sister's music-teacher. He must be her eyes that attracted him so, their sphinx-like mystery and melancholy. Or was it her voice? How thrilling were its intonations now and then she said:

"They are singing something that sounds very sweet! Go in and hear them. It is so much pleasanter than here."

"I had rather stay in the mulberry garden," she said.

"But it is damp, and I am a dull companion."

"I do not find you so. Your mere presence is magnetic; it radiates from the tips of your little fingers!"

He just touched them as she spoke, but he felt a thrill through all his frame.

He had spoken lightly, but there was an under-current of earnestness which Irma felt. It embarrassed her; and, to break the silence, she said:

"Who is singing with Miss Bellamy?"

"I thought the other time it was you."

"It is some galleon from the town. There are two of them who came in hunting for you to-night; I have been hunting for you, Madcap and I. We hunted for you disconsolately from room to room. At last the bright idea occurred to me of going out on the back veranda. There I caught a gleam of a red hood as a ray of light fell upon it. Without a word to Madcap, out I came."

"Bertrand!" called a shrill, sweet voice from the house.

"That is your mother's voice. Let us go in," Irma said, seeing that he would not go without her.

She thought to escape to her room unscathed, but the quick ear of Miss Gray heard her steps, and she ran to the parlor door.

"Dear me! what a night to choose for promenade!" she cried. "How

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF MISS MITCHELL IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Fac-Simile Signature of **Chas. H. Mitchell** NEW YORK.

46 months old 35 Doses - 35 CENTS.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

Great Clearing Sale of Millinery AT MISS MITCHELL'S

Hats sold as low as 5c. Hat and Dress Trimmings sold below cost so as to be able to make room for Fall goods. Call before it is too late.

Dress and Mantle making done here.

MISS MITCHELL.

VICTORIA PLANING MILL

I have just completed a **DRY KILN,** and am now prepared to furnish everything for house finishing in my line as cheap as the cheapest. Everything guaranteed right or no pay.

Call and inspect work and get prices.

J. P. RYLEY.

Telephone 122. —2010-1f.

YOU RECALL

the story of the prisoner who on being asked if he was guilty replied, "I guess I am, judge, but I would like to be tried all the same." Now, I want to be tried by every farmer in this County for good, pure, first-class Paris Green and Insect Powder.

A. HIGINBOTHAM, Druggist, Lindsay.

FOR Cheap FURNITURE GO TO ANDERSON, NUGENT, & Co. KENT STREET, LINDSAY: Undertakers and Cabinet Makers

Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.