HY ANNA KATHKING GERRAC

was an unknown order, causing as much he quiry as admiration. A perfect blands like her brother, she had none of the sweetness and trightly that usually accompanies this complexion. On the contrary, there was amothing inverse in her whole appearance, and expecially in the position expression of her eye, that awake and the etrangent featings and produced even in the mindred those who are not engaged in the most ordinary occupations of life an impression of remote-The fact that the affected furthers edical and control both horself and brether in garto this impression, and gave perhaps some excuse to thise persons who regarded her as being as admermally constituted as her brother, finding it impossible, i suppose, to reconcile regressions with industry, and a taste her his rich and beautiful with a porcept or corporation, it anaroty made there is the matter of the feether to the matter to the ma known for the realty if were A blands green arms without her, a dangerous woman afty have been correct had the girl present hammoret, as the was untrammeded, by the gener of responsibility forwards her importe brother. As it was, more than one mather huch hach estaurch be salt why has one wore men a incody nouse after formating from a cortain a month from arter continuing from a correct quarter of the town, and at one time goods had not heatered to declare that freight fedure the hangity bright fedure had not hean admind to be seen entering her Andy, through every instensy that arons were and under the winter of their except their hitenfrom work an honorithe an the homes. If any the priverty, of the owner domanded.
When I heard thee, and heart also that he

shifted her an incre, I animed to have gained some antightenment as to the odd and contrathereby arthur of my humans what bay. He haven his deter, and was in some way inhund with a construction that had been wrongof the wan therefore, jeahous of any one who had, or memon to have gained the archentic of the man who had possibly topeather her. Yet even with this explanation of the economic, there was much for which f could not account, making my intended inbeginne with the about a matter for he more

of hom approhended the wan thorotope with a por spource also gather outward and appethold that I district hat the quantit and they eathers which had been prairied out to me as the about of these semantentile foring. I concline it just as the show arriver three, and was immediately impromet, as my informante evidently expense of the in he, by the are of poersy and refine ment that characterised even the humble exbaring. Pitt it was not fill I had knocked at the dear and been nebered into the house by the little brother, that my rest associate front bagain. For though the room in which france invente that are, an I was afterwarde PUTTOTTO OF STUDIOS PROSES OF STUDIOS IN CASE entury hart the offers of herestoneness upon the ave, and had it and how his my inward application and auspense, would have produced a spine of tenseith steasures, searcety for he hadend has in the character of a striple washing girt he it was, I was attenty conscious of a strain cottof in the keen bounder of my feet this and infinit with almost a somewhen it heres for the hery who was smithing and grimsectors inserted into their horse another shoots escatted me, has this how was not this one hach soon so the mitt barrety bore hours asser

Interesting of the frationer, huner, and drawn medal new as be apparant like aneshan harns. franchitus, morey, and mans, he have as his being in then the are supported of the thepop page often I hard spare thoses, new and his common more change, through I harked at him stractly and how with a year that was any thing mit th knowing with his apparency beautour

"If he not the large I have known," I meddealy decided in my inind, and I connect by the what wild surmises I much have indulged, if at that moment the chor at my back had not opened and a house etopped In which at the first pance attracted my atfanthen and absorbed all my thought.

formation a winners, little, blanche, beautiful, hitemate, with features excular as the carver of hand would make them, but informed with it epitely are remembers, pressentes, and provious, that you lost water of her beauty in your wonder at the formid-Abda natura id the churacter she herraved. Thomass her drawed as an other women grap departs hating in a fitte of map hat of a cost and make custon the come, and comenter, it will can, the application I felt as f eastern that in his I hahald my rival, my entagement, the enemy of freight Pollard's

peace and mine. That her face, even the hatred that viels lety contracted it as hor eyes mot mine, were familiar to me in the countenance and expromition of the bury I had mot, went for mor intage. The hounty and matter of a sporting unbacita, and the same characteristics in a Widness mitche and Amided as this, awaken very different emotions in the mind. Phough had seen that same brow ourrogated before, it was like a revelation to behold it now, and watch how the ropy lips took a straight tine and the harf white mysterious eyes hard ed like a thread of light, as she stretched out one white hand and asked half imperiously, half threateningly

"Who are you, and her what he you come

"I am Constance Sterling," I retorted, antished that notating anort of the herate treatment would avail with this woman's Cand if I do not mistake, I think you know very wall why I come here,"

from botwoon hor not lipe. And in one short instant all that was best in her and all that Was worst became anchordy statiste, as turn-ing to her actily chuckling brother, the mo-tioned him out of the room, and then turn-ing to me, advanced a step and mid; "Will you explain yourself, Misson is it Mes-longhames steeling pr

Constance storting in "I returned, weak dering, as I am her cheeke pale and her eyes only strange and attal sparke, if I exerted any mole influence over her as the did over me. "I mid I thought you know why I came here. I mid this, because this is not the first time we have met, nor any I the first one who has presumed to address the other in a tone that the a summe.

"We will leave my brother out of the dis-cussion," the broke in, in a voice so distinct I scarcely noticed that it was nothing but a

Tam not alluding to your brother," I declared, meeting her eyes with a look ateady as her own, and I hope more open.

"Oh, I see," the murmured; and she took mother step, while the flash of her glance out like a knife. "You accuse me then a "Of assuming a disguise to spy upon tracient Pollard."

It was a well-epot shart, and quivered alive and burning in her heart of hearts, she gave a spring like the panther she account at that minute, but instantly recovered herself, and launching upon me the strangest amile, mockingly exclaimed?

War are a brave woman. Then as fells not quall before her passion, drew up her dight have to its height and mide. We are worthy of each other, you and fells. Pat me what you want."

The field my own check turn pale, and f was fain to all upon the pile of entirions that were arranged in one corner for a

"What I want?" I repeated: "I want to know how you dured put in language the insammations which you hung up on the door of the ald will this marning? Her eyes, narrowed, as I have entit, in her

nomingly habitual destro to keep their secrets in horself, hashed wide open at this, white a low and mirthless laugh escaped her

"So my latine was not entirely wasted!"

That the lines and the writer," I complotod, relentlosely preserving the advantage felt myself to have gained. "The lines before they were defined by the storm, the writer as she picked up the useless paper and want away."

of that joyless laughter; "there are two opter instead of one in this game!"

There are two women instead of one who know your samily and purpose," F

"How came you at the mill?" she sudden y asked, after a moment of allent communton with her own repressed sould with accident," was all my reply. "Ware you stone ?"

COF WAR

orthon no

"No one but myself."
She gave me a look f made no stan of an

"Have you told any one of what you saw and read?" the inquired at last, as she perceived I meant to volunteer nothing. "That I am not called upon to state,"

"The your would play the lawyer in was her low and curter remarks "I would play nothing," was the answer

that come from my Hose the drew back, and a change passed over

from and grow on hop favor. When he was at its hoight she boared her two hunds on a bubble that should between us, and, bending forward, whimpered

highe so keep his name free from seaso

Hothers me if you can, but I could not an ewer ; penethly because I had as yet an anever to the question in my soul,

the back advantage of my heatestion. Perhaps you think it is not worth while Aght may that I have no real weapons at my command f" and her eyes shot forth a flame that devented my rising hopes and marked my heart as with a hery weed.

of think you are a ornel woman," I doclar-"anxious to destroy what no longer

"You know my story than ?" she whisper-"He has balked about me, and to

"No," I replied, in guler disclaim. know nothing save what your own eyes and your conduct fell me.

er then you shall," she murmured, after a noment's secreting of my large "You shall hear how I have been loved and how I have house horaken. Parhaps it will help you to appropriate the man who is likely to wreak h . He our hyas.

I must have lifted my head or this, for the paneed and give me a curtons look. "You don't love him?" she ories.

"I shall not let him wreck my life," I re-Her his ourled and her two hands closed statement of her states.

"You have not known him long," she declared. "You have not seen him at your feet, or heard his votes, as day by day he pleaded more and more passionately for a word or smile? You have not known his

"Na," I importantly oriest, fuscinated by f thought she looked relieved, and realis-

ed that her words might have been as much an inquiry as an assertion "Then do not boost," she said. The blood that was in my cheeks went out

of thom. I felt my eyes close spasmed y, and hurrietly turned away my headine watched me curtonaly.

"Do you think I mooumbed without a struggles" she vehemently asked, after a moment or two of this silent torture. "Look at me. Am I a woman to listen to the pasat me. Am I is woman to never to the par-sionate arowals of the first man that happens to glance my way and imagine he would like to have me for his wife? Is a handsome to have me for the wife; he a handsome face and honogod tongue sufficient to gain my good graces, even when it is backed by the wealth I love and the position to which I feel myself equal! I tell you you do not know Ithada Colwell, if you think she could be wen easily. Days and days he haunted this room before I let his words creep much

mused at last. "He forced me to love

him. Had he left me when I first and No. I found have looked down on his face to-day with contempts. But, no, he had a fancy that I was his destiny, and that he must possess me or die. Die! He would not even let me die when I found that my long-sought 'Fee' turned his worship into indif-

ference, and his passion into constraint.

But—"she suddenly cried, with a repetition
of that laugh which now sounded so fearful in my care—"all this does not answer as to how I dered publish the instructions I tacked up on the mill-door this morning.

"No," I shudderingly oried.
"Alt! I have waited long," she passionpatient, and are very still, but the time hes at last when even a woman weak and fruit as I am can lift her hand in power;

and when she does lift it --- " "Hush !" Fexclaimed, bounding from my cont and scising her upraised arm; for her vivid figure seemed to admit a flame like death: "Hush! we want no tirades, you nor I; only let me hear what Dwight Pollard has done, and whether you know what you were saying when you called him and his family-"

"Murderers!" she completed.

Eshook, but howed my head. She loosed her arm from my grasp and stood for one

moment contemplating me.
"You are a powerful rival," she murmus.
"He will love you just six months longer than he did me."

formmoned up at once my pride and my "And that would be just six months too long," Favorred, "If he is what you declare

"What " came from between her teeth, and the gave a spring that brought her close some side "You would have him, if I proved to you that he and his brother and its mother were the planners, if not the ex-

soutors, of Mr. Barrows' death, "Hate him?" I repeated, recoiling, all my womanhood up in arms before the fearful joy expressed in her roles and arritade. "I should try and forget such a man ever existed. But I shall not be easily convinced," Footimed, as I saw her lips open with a sort of onger hope terrible to witness.

"For are too anxious to kill my love." er Oh, you will be convinced," she assertof "Ask Dwight Pollard what sort of surments those are which lie under the boards of the old mill, and see if he can

enewer you without trembling." " (furments ?" I repeated in astonishment:

ask that question and not turn pale, stop me In my mad assertions, and tour his doom as more. But if he finches A frightful smile closed up the gap, and

the seemed by a look to motion me towards " And is that all you are going to tell me?"

I answer, then avoid at the prospect of our interview forminating fans. " he if not enough!" she asked " When

Can you not wait for that hour?

I might have answered No. I was temptthan once to exert the full force of my spirit and orush hop. But I had an indomitable pride of my own, and did not wish to risk even the semblance of defeat. So I con Frotled myself and morely replied : "I do not desire to see Dwight Pollard gain. I am not intending to return to his

"And get gon will see him," she averred. "Foun easily he patient till then." And the cast another look of dismissal towards

" You are a demon?" I felt tempted to feepand, but my own dignity restrained me as well as her beauty, which was something absolutely dassling in its intensity and live. of will have the truth from you yet," was what I did say, as I moved, heart-sick and

desponding, from her side, And her slow " No doubt," seemed to fill up the silence like a knell, and give to my homoward journey a terror and a pang which proved that however I had deceived myself, hope had not quite give , up its se-

eres hald upon my hears. And I dreamed of her that night, and in my dream her evil beauty shone so triumphe antly that my greatest wonder was not that Dwight Pollard had succumbed to her fascinations, but having once seen the glint of that subtle soul shine from between those half-shut lids, he could ever have found strongth to turn aside and let the fire he had foused hurn theelf away.

> CHAPTER XL PROPER THE MILE PLOOR.

I know, this set shows terrible and grim-

I had never considered myself a courageoms person. I was therefore surprised at my own temerity when, with the morning light, came an impulse to revisit the old mill, and by an examination of its flooring, actisfy myself as to whether it held in hiding any such articles as had been alluded to by thoda Colwell in the remarkable interview just ofted. Not that I intended to put any men question to Dwight Pollard as she had suggested, or, indeed, had any intentions at all beyond the present. The outlook was too rague, my own mind too troubled, for no vague, my own mine too troubled, for me to concoct plane or to make any elabor-ate determinations. I could only perform the duty of the moment, and this visit seemed to me to be a duty, though not one of the pleasantest or even of the most promising.

character.

I had therefore risen and was preparing myself in an abstracted way for breakfast, when I was violently interrupted by a resonading knock at the door. Alarmed, I scarcely knew why, I hastened to open it, and fell back in visible astenishment when I

beheld standing before me no love a person than Anios, the late Mrs. Pollard's maid. "I wanted to see you, miss," she said, coming in without an invitation, and carefully closing the door behind her. "So, as I had leave to attend early mass this morning. I just alipped over here, which, if it is a liberty, I hope you will parden, seeing it is for your own good."

A smile, which I could plainly see in the mirror before which I stood, passed slyly over ker face. She took up her parasol from her lap, then late it down again, and altogether showed considerable embarramment. But it did not last long, and in another mo-

ment she was saying, in quite a bold way;
"You took my place beside the mistress I loved, but I don't bear you no grudge, miss, On the contrary, I would do you a good turn; for what are we here for, miss, if it's not to As I had no answer for this worthy senti-

ment, she lapsed again into her former em-barrassed state and as speedily recovered from it. Simpering in a manner that un-

"You left us very suddenly yesterday, miss. Of course that is your own business, and I have nothing to my against it. But I thought if you knew what might be gained But I would not help her out.

"Why," she went on desperately, with a backward tom of her head, "you might think as how we was not such very had folks after all. I am sure you would make a very nice mistress to work for, Miss Sterling," she simpered; "and if you would just let me help you with your hair as I did old Mrs. Pollard—"

Augry, mortiflet, and ashamed of myself that I had listened to her so far, I turned on her with a look that seemed to make some impression even upon her.

"How dare you-" I began, then paused, shocked at my my own imprudence in thus betraying the depth of the feelings she had ronsed. "I beg your pardon." I immediately added, recovering my compoure by a determined effort; "you doubtless did not consider that you are not in a position to speak such words to me. Even if your insinuations meant anything serious, which I will not believe, our acquaintance"-I am afraid I threw some sarcasm into that word "has searcely been long enough to warrant you in approaching me on any subject of a personal nature, least of all one that involves the names of those you live with and have served so long. If you have nothing better

eyes as much an expression of disappointment as anger, and took a reluctant step or two towards the door.

"I am sure I meant no offence, miss," she stammered, and took one more step still more reluctantly than before.

I trembled. Outrageous as it may seem, I wished at this moment that honor and dignity would allow me to call her back and question her as to the motive and meaning

of her extraordinary conduct. For the thought had auddenly struck me that she might be a ness enger—a most unworthy and humiliating one it is true,—and yet in some sort of a way a messenger, and my ouriosity rose just in proportion as my pride rebelled.
Anice, who was not lacking in wit, evi-

dently felt, if she could not see, the stru she had awakened in my mind, for she turned and gave me a look I no longer had the courage to resent.

"It is only something I overheard Mr. fluy say to his brother," she faltered, opening and shutting her parasol with a nervous hand; then, as I let my hair fall from my grasp, in the rush of relief I fett, blurted out: "You have beautiful hair, miss; I don't wonder Mr. Guy should say, 'One of us two must marry that girl," and was gone state that bordered on stopefaction.

This incident, so suggestive, and, alas! so degrading to my self-esteem, produced a deep and painful effect on my mind. For hours I could not rid my cars of that final centence : "One of us two must marry that girl." Nor could the events that speedily followed quite remove from my mind and heart the sting which this knowledge of the Pollard's base calculation and diplomacy had implanted. It had one favorable consequence, however. It nerved me to carry out the expedition I had planned, and gave to my somewhat failing purpose a heart of steel.

The old mill to which I have twice carried you, and to which I must carry you again, was, as I have already said, a dilapidated and much dismantled structure. Though ite walls were intact, many of its staircases were rotten, while its flooring was, as I knew, heavily broken away in spots, making it a dangerous task to walk about its passage-ways, or even to enter the large and solitary rooms which once shook to the whirr and hum of machinery.

But it was not from such dangers as these I recoiled. If Heaven would only protect me from discovery and the possible intru-sion of unwelcome visitants, I would willingly face the peril of a fall even in a place so lonesome and remote. Indeed, my one source of gratitude as I sped through the streets that morning lay in the fact, I was so little known in 8- I could pass and fo pass without awakening too much comment, especially when I wore a close veil, as

Rhoda Colwell's house lay in my way. took especial pains not to go by it, great as the relief would have been to know she was at home and not wandering the streets in the garb and character of the idiot boy. Though I felt I could not be deceived as to her identity, the mere thought of meeting her, with that mock smile of imbecility upon her lip, filled me with dismay that made my walk anything but agreeable. It was consequently a positive relief when the entrance to the mill broke upon my view, and I found myself at my journey's end unwatched and unfollowed; nor could the unpromising nature of my task quite dash the spirit with which I began my search.
My first efforts were in a room which had

ubtedly been used as an office. But upon inspecting the floor I found it firm, and, convinced I should have to go farther for what I was sceking, I hastily passed out into the next room. This was of much larger dimensions, and here I passed longer, for more than one board tilted as I passed over it, and not a few of them were lone and could be attituded by the lone and could be attituded. out gaining any thing beyond a sense of hopeleaness and the prospect of a voury back. And so or end on I want for an hour, and was beginning to realise the giant and ture of my undertaking, when a sadden low, and of running water broke sport my own,

The result was civil war, and the latter, as



landed him there being cut off, he was trained to take refuge in the tower of Capitello. He and his fifty followers nearly starved there, but they were released by some shepherds and the Bonaparte family driven from Corsica by the adverse faction. The members were exposed to great peril from the popular rage, and finally got off to Marseilles in a chance ship. There is strange inconsistency in the future hero of Marengo, agram and Austerlitz being obliged to fly from his native land, with his mother, brother and sisters, to save his life, on account of hatred of the enemies of France. During Napoleon's stay at Marseilles he was engaged by a French general to nego-

tiate with the insurgents of the region round-about. He issued a pamphlet in which he pointed out to them the strength and temper of the revolutionists and the folly and danger of exciting the wrath which would certainly be their ruin. His sentiments were undisguisably republican, but not radical, for he had no redsh of popular clamor or disturbance. He was speedily transferred to Paris, and, after remaining there some months, was intrusted with the command of the artillery sent against Toulon, then in the hends of the Spanish and English. He managed his gnus so admirably that the town was constrained in a few weeks to surrender, thus winning (December, 1795) his first decided success, and laying the basis of his surpassing military fame. Gen. Dugommier, in reco him to the committee of public safety, wrote significantly: "Promote this young man, If he should be neglected, he will promote him-

bion's army and participated in the Piedmont campaign. After the destruction of the triumvirate, he was arrested in Paris by the Moderates on suspicion of having been a partisan of Robespierre. If this had happened during the Terror, he would, in all likelihead here because of the participation of the partisant of the participation of the participated in the Piedmont of kelihood, have been guillotined. An indigant remonstrance from him to the authorities procured his release in a fortnight. He then sought for some new military position, which, despite his acknowledged abilities, was not granted him immediately. At this



deem his sword-dissatisfied, downcast, full of anxieties. "Life," he says in one of his ing, marvelous performance in this shadowed sentiment! He was so despondent, so troubled

CLOSING SCENES

But the man having come, the hour did not long delay. The convention was sorely in need of a resolute, efficient commander for its 5,000 regular soldiers, abundantly provided with cannon. Barras, president of that body, had general control of the troops, but hardly felt adequate to the responsibility of pitting them against the 30,000 national guards, as the defenders of the sections (primary assemblies) of Paris were called. Gen Menon was at first selected for the position, but he lacked decision and was set aside. Barras, who had been with Napoleon at Touon, declared that he was eminently the man for the emergency, and the committee ap-pointed him to the important office.

The convention is sitting in the Tuileries, and the guards, backed by the populace, advance (Oct. 5, 1795), confidently along the quays of the Seine and the Rue St. Honoré to the palace, confident of expelling the assembly as they had done before. Napoleon, with but one night for preparation, has secured the best positions and calmly awaits their comsacred name the wholesale, promiscuous throat cutting has been waged for six years and more, the people who had rioted and triumphed in blood Will the young Corsican dare to defy their overwhelming numbers and consecrated prestige? He is not the man to flinch from odds or responsibility, to be deterred by names or precedents. He has deterred by names or precedents. He has divine faith in artillery; he opens with it heavily and seasonably; mows down the marching columns; keeps up the thunderous fire incessantly. In one hour's actual fighting the mighty monster that had devastated France and terrified the Old World is shivered into atoms; is no longer to be seen or felt.

Marat, Chaumette, Desmoulins, Danton.

Just, Couthon, racy, might have stirred in their bloody graves if conscious that they had died in vain. On the needless graves of 25,000 Frenchmen a stu-pendous intellect, without morals or

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