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# SUNLIGHT SOAP

should be used to clean your house as well as wash your clothes. It does twice the work of a common soap in half the time and with less labor. Don't Nearly Ope...

## CORRESPONDENT'S LETTERS

**WOODVILLE.**  
(Special to The Post.)  
If W. A. Campbell's grocery wagon isn't calling on you—you are losing time and money—w-l.

**MANVERS.**  
(From Our Own Correspondent.)  
The following is the standing of pupils of S. S. No. 10, Manvers, for the month of April. Names arranged in order of marks: Senior Class—Val Laidley, Gladys Stinson, C. J. Laidley, Junior Class—

**By Laura Jean Libbey.**

"She has followed me to New York to find me and—share my misfortunes, Gerald," she declared, vehemently; "but I did not want her to tell you she was intended for a lady. I meant for her to take the seventy-five dollars I left, and board in the village. I would have found something to do, before it was exhausted, which would have yielded enough to support both of us."

"Patient, noble Margaret," murmured Gerald, huskily. "There is only one thing which must be done and done at once," he declared; "and that is to search New York over until we find Aurelia. But I hardly think we will have much difficulty in finding her," he added hesitatingly.

And, as Margaret listened, the memory of the dark, lovely face in the coach which had flashed so quickly past her returned to her, and she did not search for me. I told her to write me at the general post-office, and every day I told there, but no letter ever came.

"You will go to her at once, Gerald," she pleaded; "tell her how ill I have been, and how weak I am, and perhaps she will come to me. Promising to do his best to bring her back with him, if it were possible, Gerald took his leave.

**CHAPTER XLIII.**  
That moment of time seemed the length of eternity to Gerald Romaine. The door opened, and he saw a tall, slim figure in pale-rose silk standing before him. His eyes were dazzled, as by a strong sudden flood of light—he could not see clearly—the gorgeous room and the tall, slim figure seemed to whirl around him.

"You wished to see me, Mr. Romaine?" she repeated gently. "There is evidently a mistake, madam," said Gerald, flushing with painful embarrassment. "In Mrs. Randolph Clavering I—I expected to see quite another person, one—whom I had known," he stammered.

**AGTAGON BAR**  
necessities, which customer along the "Fort the Hands." in this section. Having been... also with the Bathing Co. for past number of years in different parts of the north country, he has made many warm friends who will be glad to know that his new venture is proving a success. We bespeak for our young friend many years of prosperity.

Mr. J. McCrea, special salesman for the Dressing division, was in our village last week, looking up business. Doherty's great furnishings are at his disposal at present. The address given by the Presbyterian church last week for the bath was for the Sunlight Soap and Pins. His last was "Aurelia keep ways of pleasantness she had bartered paths are for to gain."

"Sitting there, he pictured to himself what life with Margaret would be like—calm, uneventful, peaceful—no great height of bliss—no great depths of disappointment. With would never look upon him with desperate envy because of the peerless wife he had won; but on the other hand he would never know the pangs of jealousy, the haunting doubts that had cursed many another man's life who had cast all his life-hopes on a beautiful woman's love.

He could take Margaret into the society of the most fascinating men in the world, and yet feel safe in Margaret's fidelity. His honor would be dear to her as life itself. No man, save himself, could ever dare to hold her hands and look love to her out of his eyes. Home to her would be a sacred shrine, an evening fell, for his coming. If all the world of wives went wrong, Margaret, his sweet wife, would be true. And Gerald Romaine was in the world's value enough to know the priceless value of a woman's constancy.

By the time the coach stopped at the hospital, Gerald had fully made up his mind as to the course he should pursue. As he ran lightly up the broad, marble steps, he thought of the faces that had haunted him—ever since he had read them, and which seem to have almost been written for him:

**CHAPTER XLIV.**  
As Gerald had expected, Margaret was quite surprised at seeing him so soon again. She held out her thin, little white hands to him with an eager light in her eyes.

"You have news for me of Aurelia," she said eagerly; "tell me, Gerald, is it not so?" He shook his head. "You did not expect it so soon?" he asked, lightly—evasively. Her countenance fell, and she looked at him wistfully.

"No; I came back to talk to you of yourself, Margaret," he said huskily, seating himself beside the couch—taking her hands and stroking them gently. "Then the doctor has told you all, Gerald?" she whispered. "He has told me nothing," returned Gerald. "Why, what is there to tell, Margaret?" "He has said a little while after you left," she returned, slowly. "Two other doctors were with him; they held a consultation about me, and I—heard them say it would be almost a miracle—if I—I—lived."

felt very much dazed—like a man under the influence of strong wine. How could he break the news of Aurelia's treachery to Margaret? he asked himself.

"Wherp to now, sir?" asked the coach-driver, as he re-entered the vehicle. "Once or twice through the park, then to—Hospital," returned Gerald.

He must have time to think clearly what course to pursue. This last escapade of Aurelia's showed him her character in a light in which he had never seen it before. He never censured her because her heart had gone out to another lover, even though at the same time she was betrothed to himself, for we have no power over the human heart; love is ordered by a divine power and goes where it is sent, despite all obstacles. No, he could not blame her for that, but a complete revulsion of feeling swept over his heart when he pictured to himself the heartlessness, the treachery, the cruelty of a girl who could usurp another's place, take the bread, and, like the vampire, feed upon the life-blood of her sister—poor, patient, gentle Margaret.

In that moment even his respect for Aurelia died out of his heart. While Margaret had been sitting in the park suffering the pangs of hunger—ay, of hunger—Aurelia had been rolling in the wealth so treacherously acquired. "How was he to tell Margaret that? Why, it would break her heart."

Suddenly, riding through the cool, blue-green park, an idea came to him. He made his heart throb quickly, and the Dr's promise face flush, increasing. The address given by the Presbyterian church last week for the bath was for the Sunlight Soap and Pins. His last was "Aurelia keep ways of pleasantness she had bartered paths are for to gain."

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asked, in wonder, as he buried his face in his hands, and his strong frame shook with emotion. "You must live, darling," he whispered. "You shall not die. I could not lose you."

"You are sorry for me, Gerald," she whispered, "but, indeed, you must not be; I am not sorry to go; only—only—one fear comes to me: who will there be to look after Aurelia when I am gone?"

"I do love you, Margaret," he declared, vehemently, "and I want you to let me prove it to you. In the future my love shall never waver as it did in that unhappy past."

"You could not love me, for your heart is Aurelia's," she sobbed, faintly. "Was Aurelia's," he corrected gently, "but now it is all yours, Margaret. Your sister is now nothing to me—nothing. Oh, Margaret, trust me once again with your priceless love, and see how I shall prize it."

"We could never be anything to each other but friends, Gerald," she said, wistfully; "we were never intended for each other. I—I did not know that at first; I saw it all afterward. I am too plain to be loved by you—love now—so what would it be when I would be plainer still—when age wrinkled my face and whitened my hair!"

"You will still be my loving, faithful Margaret—my guiding star," he murmured. "No," she persisted, "we are not suited to each other, Gerald. The woman you love must be very clever and beautiful—I am neither. Some day you will be very famous, Gerald, for I have great faith in your patents; you will win fame and riches, and you will move in the great world of fashion, where you will meet great men and noble ladies—you would feel ashamed—yes, ashamed, Gerald, of me."

"What if I was never to make anything out of my patents, Margaret?" he whispered—"if I were destined to be poor for evermore—what then?" "He could feel the slender hands he held tremble in his grasp; and a bright wave of color surged over the paleness of her face, leaving it, as it receded, paler than ever."

"Yes, Gerald," she said, shyly, and he bent and kissed the pale lips for the second time as the seal of their betrothal.

Mr. Briscoe scarcely recognized his patient, there was such a change in her when he beheld her an hour later; but he knew what had caused it when he saw her infolded in Gerald Romaine's arms with her fair head pillowed on his breast.

From that day Margaret's recovery was as speedy as Gerald could hope for. There was only one thing to mar her happiness and weigh heavily on her mind, and that was, her solicitude over Aurelia, and the word Gerald brought her from day to day that he had not been successful as yet in finding her sister.

"Do not waste your pity on so worthless an object," were the words on Gerald's lips a score of times, but he dared not utter them; he only said: "The seventy-five dollars will not melt as rapidly as you anticipate, Margaret, dear. I promise you I shall be sure to find her before it is exhausted, and she is reduced to want. Trust me in that, darling, as you do in everything else."

"I almost feel that it is sinful to be so happy in your love, Gerald," Margaret said one day, "while Aurelia's whereabouts is unknown to us. Only Heaven can tell the great agony of mind she may be enduring in searching for me and not being able to find me. How strange, Gerald, that we did not think about inserting a personal in all the leading papers acquainting her as to where I am. It is strange you did not think of that, and you so clever."

Gerald smiled and thanked her after the fashion that lovers like best for so pretty a compliment. One day, when he called to see Margaret, he found her with a very anxious face.

"Gerald," she said, looking up with wistful tenderness into his face, "you come here to see me every day, don't you, dear, and— you stay for hours."

"An engaged lover, who is very soon to claim his wife now, has a right to do," he declared, laughing. "Of course I—I love to see you, but, Gerald, can you afford to lose so much time from your work?" she asked earnestly. "Yes—you must find it very hard making enough to meet the expenses of your dear from week to week, do

(To be Continued.)

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