EDITOR. D. G. GRAHAN, ASS'TE ED.

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Postmaster-General Bissell has resigned his position from Cleveland's and stood by my side. cabinet.

The Republican Editorial Association of the 8th district will meet at the Grand Pacific hotel on Monday, March 4th, for the purpose of electing officers, etc.

The Democrats in Chicago are at to run against Geo. B. Swift for the office of mayor of that little burg. So far Wash. Hesing is the only person that has aspired to the position, but the Democratic machine cannot stomach him. They think that man that will bolt the straight ticket distance sounded the ghostly hoof of the and work against Carter Harrison is waking owl. The lake lay still and shadnot a suitable man for the position, and had partially settled on Judge and eerie among the great gloomy trees and Tuley, but he does not care for the nomination. A political party must grown wall, Gilbert was waiting there. be pretty bad off when it cannot find a candidate that will accept such a secret meeting; but we were together, and position.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY DEAREST HEART."

#### CHAPTER XII.

It chanced that I had no opportunity that day of revealing my engagement to Mr. Gascoigne. It was not that I let my chances allp, though in truth I trembled not a little at the thought of the confession I had to make. I could expect nothing but anger from him. He had trusted be, he might say, and in this way I had rewarded the trust-secret meet ngs with the nephew he had bidden pever again to set foot in the Grange, and a promise to marry him-I, penniles Viola Thorne, paid companion and amenuensis! What was I that I should sed his nephew, descendant of all the great and noble Gascoignes! Who was I that I

should defy my employer? If I had not cared for Mr. Gascoigne, it might have been different. I knew Hilda Farquhar would be angry-though how angry I never dreamed then but her anger would rebound from me. In all these days refrain of a song. It rang in my ears; the there had grown within me an affection for air seemed full of it. the eccentric, solitary old man, I pitied him so truly-pitied him for his weak health, for his strange fancies, and his reliance on such a staff as Crawford Carden. It seemed to me a miserable life spent in these dark rooms over the chess-table, till the player scarcely knew whether it were the ivory pieces or the fates of his nephews and nieces he was playing with.

Yet he appeared to find pleasure in it; and they told me that since my coming he had brightened up and improved both in him all now. health and spirits. He had little thought or sympathy for me; I must always be in my place at the fixed time, always ready to read aloud, or sing, or play at chess, as he chose. But he liked to have me in the room, he was always courteons in manner, and kindly, if abrupt, in words. Sometimes he would go out on fine days in his bath-chair, clear cold blue of her eyes-the blue of a with his man-servant; but still be preferred that I should walk by his side and talk to

Poor old bachelor as he was, he had spent his life in loneliness, and grown suspicions of every one, and, above all, of those who might expect any share in his heart or his Her month was set in a firm hard line, her money; he had quarrelled with nearly all his kinsfolk, and the three beautiful girls her hands, over which fell deep ruffles of whom he had in some measure adopted, perhaps in the hope of a brightened home, hadgone their ways in the unconscious selfishness of their youth, never dreaming what solace they might have brought to the cankered heart of the aged man.

So it was partly thought of him that made me shrink from revealing my secret. He was used to me, even fond of me, I fancied, in his dry cold way, and he could not have that chair?" many years left on this earth. It seemed so hard to let him know that even another had himself justified to set a watch over all.

I had been reading to him that afternoon from Armadale, for, after the Times, he liked to hear a novel, especially those with intricate plots which took attention and Ingenuity to fathom, and he would not have me stop till tea-time came. When I rejoined him, Gwendoline and Hilda went with me, and he told them he was too tired for their company, and wanted only a quiet game with Miss Thorne.

I thought, as they turned away, that Hilda's baughty face had a harder set, and that her eyes as she passed me were more coldly contemptuous than ever. I was quivering with my own fears and doubts, and did not notice greatly then; but I remembered them afterwards, when I learned that Hilda Farquhar was hating me with a bitter jealousy because I had gained the favor of the uncle she had neglected and the heart

of the man she loved. When they were gone, I learned the meanmg of Mr. Gascoigne's impatience. Crawford Carden was expected. On this evening, of all others, I felt that I could not face his walty eyes, that I could not listen to his explanation to give?" compliments, which were becoming more

odious. I tried to shut out his voice and his presence by resorting to my old refuge, the plane. I played my favorite pieces, I sang any song that came uppermost. From one air I passed onickly to another, so that he should have no time to pause in his detecdoe's talk and bestow on me his hateful raises. I sang "Bonnie Prince Charlie" "The Clang of the Wooden Shoon," The Lost Chord" and "Ruby;" and gradu-By I drifted away from the long dim room | disgrace to either discredit me or bring on the table in the distant bay, where the knew too that the game was in my hands, what he was well aware would displease

nght of the sunset came hazily through the if I liked to win; but Annis was my friend,

lozenge panes, growing paler and fainter. By-and-by I began to sing a song I heard Gilbert sing a night or two before at Norbury. I had gone to a quiet garden-party with have said is enough. Is it true?" Annis, and, after tennis on the lawn, there had been some music in the drawing-room. Gilbert had a clear pleasant voice, and he chose this ballad, a sad little story of two lovers who met by a garden wall, and then one was false, or perhaps died, and the other was left to wander there alone, hear-

"A whisper mocking o'er and o'er, 'Whate'er may be, where'er thou art, Dear love, I love thee evermore,' and baunted with the refrain, as it haunted

"Only a whisper, a whisper, Tender and soft, loving and sweet,

Only a whisper, a whisper, From bearts that may nevermore meet." As I ceased, I was awakened roughly from my reverie. The twilight had deepened, and Mr. Carden had left Mr. Gascoigne

"I shall remember that song, that sweet whisper," he said. "If the end were happy, as it should have been. I would ask you to

think of me when you sing it." "No," I said, starting up. Then I added quietly, "You are the last person I should think of, Mr. Carden. There is nothing sweet in your whispers."

I did not hear his answer. I could stay in the room no longer; and, without even asking Mr. Gascoigne's permission, I left it.

It was a fine warm night, and the stars were coming out in the cloudless sky. I put a light wrap over my head, and stole away a loss to find a man that will consent from the Grange down to the lake. It was the first time I had gone to meet Gilbert secretly; but I had promised, if possible, to see him, and tell him the result of the confession I had intended to make to his uncle. I recollect every sound I heard, the scents with which the warm still air was heavy, the sharp shrill cry of the bats that darted to and fro amid the dark trees, and the hum a of the flying beetles that droned past me. A ericket chirped from the grass, and in the owy, the stars of heaven twinkling on its breast, and all was very lonely and quiet

> by the dark water. But, when I got to the lichen and ivy-Possibly he was disappointed I had nothing to tell him, and I was half frightened at this that consciousness was too sweet to let another thought intrude.

"I must not stay a moment," I said, "I only came to let you know this, and Mr.

Gascoigne must not miss me." I had stombled and besitated a little over the explanation, for I could not tell him I had run away from his partner, Mr. Crawford Carden. I was bound to respect Mr. Gascoigne's secrets, even though I hated them with all my heart, while I lived beneath his roof and in his service.

We stood by the wall for a few minutes, and he told me again the old story I could not weary of hearing, nor he of telling. And, as we parted, he claimed and took his first kiss, under the blue sky and the gleaming stars. But the same moment I started back from him.

"What was that?" I said fearfully.

"There was no sound, my pet, except that melancholy old owl and the grasshoppers. Are you so timid. Viola? Why need we care, when to-morrow everybody may know?" "I thought I heard a step-a whisper!"

"The whisper of the trees, dear, telling you how I love you - perhaps the foot-teps of the fairies, who have come to listen." And, as I went quickly back to the Grange,

It seemed to me as if there were fairies in the wood singing his words to me, and the

"Whate'er may be, where'er thou art, Dear leve, I love time everyone!"

The next morning a message was brought to me from Mr. Gasenigne "Mr. Gasenigne wishes to see you at once, in this manner."

me in the morning, and I wondered, as I done her work as my secretary to my entire

mounted the wide stairs, whether I had vex- satisfaction, as my secretary. I made my ed him by leaving the room on the previous night, and whether it would be well to tell To my surprise, I found Mr. Gascoigne Hilda?"

not alone. Beside his chair stood Hilda Farquhar, creet and tall. Behind her the morning sunlight slanted in through the long side-windows and lighted up her pale yellow hair, the curve of her perfect face, and the light blue dress that matched the spring sky swept by the pitiless east wind.

She raised those eyes and there came into them a sudden gleam of fire and glanced at me as I entered the room. Then she looked straight before her at the old piano and the dark pictures on the paneled wall. expression was proud and myjelding, and the lace that here and there enriched her zown, were pressed a little tightly in their careless clasp.

And near her sat Lady Martin Pomeroy, her elbow resting on the table and her hand shading her eyes. She neither looked nor moved when I entered.

"Kindly shut the door, Miss Thorne: I wish to speak to you. Will you sit down in

Mr. Gascoigne indicated a seat opposite to him; but I stood by it, nearly opposite secents more often heard. deceived him, that he was right in thinking | Hilda, and waited for his next words. His voice was keen and sharp, and I trembled a little inwardly, although I was able to raise my eyes honestly and inquiringly to meet the penetrating look fixed on me from be-

neath his bent and wrinkled brows, "I have heard some statements concerning you," he went on slowly, "and I desire you to answer them in the presence of my informant. I am told that you, knowing your life very pleasant here, but to this I perfectly well the position of my nephews with respect to this house and to myself, knowing also your own position here as my

"Your paid amannensis," put in Hilda

calmly, with scornful accent "My paid amanuensis"-the old gentleman accepted the alteration in unchanged voice. "Knowing these things, you have, I hear, been in the habit of meeting Mr. Gilbert Gascoigne during your walks, in the hand, "I want to talk to you first. Come absence of my nieres, and that last night here!" you left this house ---

"Without leave," added Hilda,

"Without permission, to meet him by the lake, alone. I wish to ask you whether this that my heart throbbed strangely. I went is true, and, if it is, whether you have any to him and knelt down by his chair.

"Is that all you have been told?" I asked. Mr. Gascoigne?" but that did not strike me then.

The presence of Hilda Farquhar kept back the hot flush from my face and strengthened my tremulous tones. He was angry, and yet I had been conscious of no sin. He was Gilbert's uncle, and he had been kind to me.

"Is not that enough?" said Hilda sharply,

and in the cry betrayed herself. I knew then that she had said nothing of Ulric and Annis, but had trusted to my own ceased to hear the jargon keptup at the | me the blame for having misled Annis. I did was reported to me, he said and did

and I could not betray her.

"I am waiting for your answer," said Mr. Gascolgne. "I agree with my niece-what I Again Hilda raised her eyes and looked

at me almost fiercely, and her hands grinped each other tightly. "It is quite true," I answered slowly. "I

have met your nephew. I asked you, sir, if you had any commands to give me for my conduct outside your rooms, and you said not. I am engaged to Gilbert."

"And is that all you have to say?" he jerked out. "Except that I have acted with no intention of disobeying you, that, if you are angry, I am very, very sorry; and I know Gilbert will be even more so."

"Why should be care? Do you suppose he thinks I am likely to forgive him his own sins? Does he expect to get my money yet?" "I am quite sure he does not."

"And you were not detading yours if with the notion that you would be he mistress of

the Grange, I suppose?" "If Gilbert had been your heir," I said, "It would never have happened. I should not have met him, and you would have had the right to see that he pleas allyon in what he did."

"You think I have not that right now?" "You cast him off, Mr. Gascoigne, and refused even to hear his name, and he had acted independently of your wishes, but never in opposition to them. If he had been your heir, he would have been above me in position, and I would never have had it said that I had married him for that position, even had circumstances then brought as together."

"As circumstances, I suppose, did now? he said shrewilly.

Het it pass. The circumstances I could not, for the sake of Annis, explain. "If I have seemed to disobey or deceive

left me free and you left him tree." "And how long did you mean to keep up !

the deception?"

"I should have told you yesterday, as soon as I was engaged, if I had been able. Gilbert was anxious that you should know at once, and it was against my wishes that I stayed a night in the Grange knowingly keeping the truth from you."

"When do you mean to get married on nothing, I presume?" "Gilbert has his professon. I have my

home, in the meantime. "You propose to go home at once, I suppose""-"Yes," I replied.

"I don't see," said the old man testily, "why I should be meanwhiteness in that way. I shall desire you to remain until I find some one to take your place; at least, you must give proper no ice. Our arrangement was a purely business one; sentimentally, I am aware my feelings are of no consequence. Since the young gentleman is not my beir, they cannot and do not claim to be considered by either of you, of course."

"They can and always will be, sir. Gilbert is your nephew; no quarrel can after that. And hearts are truer than gold." Hilda gave a forced sarca-tic laugh. Her uncle was silent a few minutes.

"Well, Miss Thorne," he said at length, "I have heard the charge, and I have heard your answer to it, which simply amounts to an admission of the facts. As you have intimated, I have no power over my nephew or you. I intend to act strictly upon our business relationship with you, and, as regards my nephew, baving nothing further to cut him off from I can do nothing. You will understand-and be had also befrer understand left to either of my nephews. New is there anything further. Hi da, you would like me

to say?" "I should searcely have expected," said Hilds calmly, "that you would have cared to keep in your house one who has behaved

"Very good," he answered. "That is my It was a very rire thing for him to want | own affair. I keep Miss Thorne, who has bargain as to her leisure hours, 10 she were my niece, of course I should take a very different view of the case. Anything else,

"Have you any questions to ask, Gwendo-

"None," said Gwendoline, speaking for the first time, and in a low super seed tone. "Then, my dears, you can go back to your drawing-room.

They went, Hilda with a slight flush of triumph on her cheeks, but yet not fully satisfied, I thought. Neither the best nor the worst she might have anticipated had

Gwendoline followed her in silence to the door; but, instead of going down to the drawing-room, she paced up the long corridor, her trailing gown, that fell from her shoulders in graceful folds, reflected on the polished floor and catching rays of warm color from the painted window.

I proceeded straight to my own room, and stood at the open casement, looking at the distant gleam of the lake. "Miss Thorne!"

I turned. Gwendoline stood in the doorway, and spoke with averted eyes in the quiet voice so unlike her short passionate

"I want you to know," she said, "that I have had no hand in this. Why you shielded Annis I cannot tell. Our part all through was mean and despicable, and, had I been you, I should have exposed the treachery and the falseness of it. But, even had I not lived in a glass house, I would not have thrown stones at you. Perhaps you may be slow to believe. I have not helped to make could not have come, and, whether you believe me or not, I wished to tell you so."

before I could speak.

CHAPTER XIII. After luncheon I returned as usual to Mr. Gascoigne's room, and took up the Times, which lay on the sideboard anopened "Not just yet," he said, putting up his

She waited for no answer, but had gone

His tone was so gentle and thoughtful, so different from the terse sentences he had sharply uttered to me a few hours before,

"You are not angry with Gilbert and me,

free and more familiar each week, and more The question must have sounded strange; "I am not going to tell you," he commenced, taking no apparent notice of my words, "all the reasons for which I d Gilbert quarrelled. There was possibly not one good reason, but what people call incompatibility of temper. When he first came to me, he was a frank outspoken lad, a bit rash and wild, and I had to keep a sharp eye on him. Perhaps it was too sharp; he found out that his words and actions became known to me, and he began to get jealous and mistrustful. Because he knew, I believe or suspected, that all he said and

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you," I said, "I ask your pardon; but you BUTTERINE, both Creamery and Dairy, @ 18 and 16 cts. W ID.

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