Markdale Standard,

VOL. I.—NO. 32. MARKDALE, ONT., FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1881. WHOLE NO. 32

Markdale Standard

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

time to meet the early mails.

the latest Foreign and Provincial
al Intelligence, County Business,
al Matters and an Instructive
y.

advance, $1 50 in three months,
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W. RUTLEDGE, Proprietor.

ESSIONAL & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Medical.

s. Sproule & Carter,
ians, Surgeons, Accoucheurs &c.
E - Medical Hall; residence at
House.
ale, Sept 17, 1880. 1-y

DR. PURDY,
ICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCH-
, EGMONDVILLE P. O. 6-tf.

Legal.

Chas. R. Wilkes,
ster at Law, - Owen Sound.
ICE—Millers's building, over Robin-
ice, Poulett Street. 1-y

Frost & Frost,
RISTERS, AND ATTORNEYS-AT
aw, Solicitors in Chancery, Convey
&c., Owen Sound, have resumed at
ion, Office open every Thursday.
J. W. FROST, LL. B.
Frost. 1
nty Crown Attorney.

James Masson,
RISTER and ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
aster in Chancery, Owen Sound.
17, 1880. 1-y

James Lamon,
ORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN
ancery, Notary Public, &c.
loaned at lowest rates on personal
estate. Lands bought and sold.
and seller introduced free of commis-
DUNDALK.
mber 1st, 1880. 1

Conveyancers & Land Agents.

Wm. Brown,
ER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES, &c.,
mmissioner in B. R. &c.
eyancing in all its branches promptly
d to and carefully executed.
—Money to Lend on Real Estate se-
dale, Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

W. L. Smith,
ERAL AGENT AND DEALER IN
rsey Stock, Williamsford Station.
17, 1880. 1

Alexander Brown,
R of Marriage Licenses, Fire and
Insurance Agent. Commissioner
, &c. Conveyancer and Licensed
er for the County of Grey. Farmers,
s, and Land Sales. Punctuality at-
, and charges made very moderate.
lle, Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

George Corbet, Jr.,
D, LOAN AND GENERAL AGENT
wen Sound. Money to Loan at low
interest. Principal payable at the
term of years, and interest half year-
rly, or principal and interest repay-
nstalments.
number of desirable Improved Farms
1-y

J. G. Sing,
VINCIAL AND PROVINCIAL LAND
urveyor, Draughtsman and Valuator,
and Markdale. Having purchased
al Land Surveyor Charles Rankin's
tock of original Field Notes, Plans,
Instructions, &c., of all his Surveys
thin the last fifty-five years, I am
d to make Surveys in strict accord-
herewith. Profiles and Estimates
ding Hills, Plans and Specifications
ding Bridges, furnished on applica-
Money to Loan at 8 per cent interest.
by letter, or left with G. J. BLYTH,
le, will be promptly attended to.
17, 1880. 1-y

Dentistry.

Mr. James J. White,
tant to Dr. Cameron, Owen Sound,
LL BE AT THE REVERE HOUSE,
Markdale, on the last Wednesday in
onth, when he will be prepared to per-
l operations required upon the mouth
most satisfactory manner, and upon
able terms. 1-y

Hotels.

EVERE HOTEL,
MARKDALE.
PROULE, - Proprietor.
S popular Hotel has had a large ad-
tion added to it, thoroughly refitted,
now second to none in the county.
abling and attentive ostler. First-
commodation for commercial travel-
Terms $1.00 per day. 17-y

OYAL HOTEL,
MEAFORD, Ont.
McGIRR, - - PROPRIETORS.
accommodation for the travelling
The bar is well stocked with the
t Wines and Liquors and the best
of Cigars.
bus to and from all trains.
17, 1880. 1-y

MERCIAL HOTEL.
PRICEVILLE, Ont.
and commodious Sample Rooms:
Bed Rooms, &c. The Bar and larder
pplied with the best the market af-
good Stabling and attentive Hostler's.
THOS. ATKINSON, Proprietor.
ber 31st, 1880. 8

GEORGE WILSON,
UTCHER
t, Markdale, next door to Expositor
Meat delivered at any house in town.
17, 1880. 1-y

J. M. Webster,
ENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE
ounty of Grey.
LOAN ND LAND AGENT,
ey to loan at lowest rates of interest, in
sum borrowers. Agent for Farmers'
nd Saving Co. All business matters
private, and treated as such.
EUGENIA P. O.
17th 1880 1-tf

T. E. DAVIS,

BUILDER & CONTRACTOR, (Stone and Brick). Plastering and Country Jobs promptly attended to. Stonecutting a Specialty. Estimates on all work, free. Satisfaction guaranteed. Residence corner of Brown and Sproule Streets, MARKDALE.
December 31, 1880. 16-y

VETERINARY.

J. BLOOMFIELD, *Veterinary Surgeon*

HAS commenced the practice of his profession in Markdale, and from his long experience and extensive practice in England and this country, is enabled to guarantee satisfaction. Regulating Powders, the admiration of thousands that have used them, warranted to purify the blood by removing diseases lurking in the system of horses and cattle, always on hand. Medicines may be procured at his office, over Dr. Sproule's Drug Store, Markdale. 1-y

WM. FOX,
Plain & Ornamental Plasterer

Estimates for stone and brickwork on application. Satisfaction Guranteed. Residence—Queen Street, Markdale.
Markdale, Sept. 17, 1880. 1-y

Sheep and Cattle.

FARMERS having good fat Sheep or Cattle to sell, will find it to their advantage to leave there names and address at McCutcheon's Hotel, Revere House, Markdale, as the undersigned are still on the war path, and will positively pay the highest prices.
C. W. & A. SPEERS.
Sept. 17th, 1880. 1-y

R. M. Galbraith,

AUCTIONEER AND GENERAL LAND Agent, Williamsford Station. Auction Sales attended in all parts of the County. Goods sold on Commission. Rates moderate. Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines; also Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines. Agricultural Implements, and Machinery of all kinds on le.
W Illamsford, Jan. 27, 1881. 20-ly

Wm. Lucas & Co.,
BANKERS,
MARKDALE.

Money Loaned

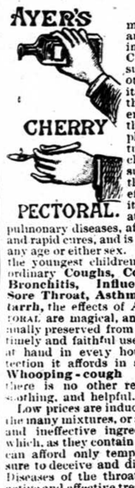
IN large or small amounts, at all times, on good endorsed notes, or on collateral security.

INTEREST AT 6 PER CENT.

Allowed on Savings Deposits.

☞ Drafts issued and Collections made on all points, at lowest rates.
WM. LUCAS & Co.
September, 1880. 2-y

THE BEST REMEDY
FOR
Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.



In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so eminently merits the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary **Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh,** the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In **Whooping-cough** and **Consumption** there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures, or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

$2 Watches. Stem winders $2.50. White metal Hunting Case $3. Imitation gold $6. Solid gold $13. Cheapest and best for your own use or speculative purposes. Valuable catalogue free. THOMPSON & CO., 132 Nassau St. New York.

STARTLING DISCOVERY!
LOST MANHOOD RESTORED.
A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers, address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham St., N. Y.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!
Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth! If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother upon earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle. 20-ly

TO CONSUMPTIVES.
The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same which they will find a SURE CURE for Consumption, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.
Parties wishing the Prescription, will please address, Rev. E. A. Wilson, 149 Penn st., Williamsburgh, N. Y. 20-ly

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING.
Brown's Household Panacea has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixer or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted. "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle. 20-ly

PIMPLES.
I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, enclosing a 3c. stamp, Ben. Vandelf & Co., 5 Beekman st., N. Y. 20-ly

AGENTS WANTED.—Big pay.—Light Work. Steady Employment. Samples free. Address, M. L. BYRN, 46 Nassau street, New York. 20-ly

ERRORS OF YOUTH.
A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous DEBILITY, PREMATURE DECAY, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,
JOHN B. OGDEN,
20-ly 42 Cedar st. New York.

SMILES.

The editor man sat lonely and grim
In his room up near the sky,
And never a hint of his terrible rage
Could be seen in his deep blue eye.

With pencil and scissors he toiled away
Nor looked from his paper up,
But his soul was seared with an anguish wild,
And on gore he could calmly sup.

Beneath the shirt-front so snowily white
Reposed a rubble-stone heart.
For the editor man was reading a piece
Which he tersely described as "tart."

"Dod-rot the darn poets!" he fiercely said,
"With their soul-songs and other guish;
If I had my way I would sink their stuff
Along with the fishery slush."

A fair-haired maid stepped softly in,—
The editor's girl, I ween,
Full quickly he looked from the manuscript up—
"Ah, 'tis you, my heart's own queen."

The editor man have pretty tough times,
And often their bones do ache;
But in winning the hearts of the maidens fair,
The editors capture the cake.

More Truth Than Poetry.

Father, tell me what are Editors?
Are they men, or beasts of prey?
I heard some one say, their creditors
Kept them in ambush, night and day.

Alas, how soon the hours are ever,
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage
Allotted us to play the sage!
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands! beside,
How long the audience sit before us;
How many prompters, what a chorus!

A tame li-on—The sofa.
A dam growler—A tigress.
Séquel to towl play—An egg.
A sterling work—An English sovereign.
The sphinx is a mystery—The hen, an egma,
A matchless story—one in which there are no weddings.

Plump girls are said to be going out of ion. If this is true, the plumper the girl the slimmer her chances.

WOMAN'S SILENCE.—Woman's silence, although it is less frequent, signifies much more than a man's.

The Egyptian emblem of a snake with its tail in its mouth was the earliest sign of the "swallow tail."

MEAN THING.—A crusty old bachelor says he thinks it's woman, and not her wrongs, that ought to be redressed.

The latest journalistic venture in Cincinnati is a penny paper with no name. It goes wherever there is one sent.

A London bookseller who tried to imitate Dr. Tanner lived five weeks on filtered water and then "kicked the bucket."

OVERHEARD BY A PASSER-BY.—"Jane, it is eleven o'clock; tell that young man to please shut the front door from the outside."

First gentleman (at the theatre)—"What do you think of the scenery?" Second gentleman—"I never saw a prettier Gainsborough hat in my life."

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—The experience of many a life, "What a fool I've been!"—The experience of many a wife, "What a fool I've got!"

"You seem to have a picket me," as the boy said to the fence when it detained him by the subsequent part of his pants. Would you say he was boy-cotted?

"O dear!" exclaimed penniman, "I wish I could excel in something! I do believe if I should kill a man it wouldn't be anything but murder in the second degree!"

TOO TRUE.—The Arab horse is not broken until his fourth year. That's where they differ from teacups. But then Arab horses are not washed by the average kitchen girl.

An editor in Georgia says; "Gold is found in thirty-six counties in this State, silver in three, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, diamonds in twenty-six, and whiskey in all of them; and the last gets away with all the rest."

A stranger in Galveston asked an old resident how malarial-fever could be distinguished from yellow-fever. "As a general thing," was the reply, "you can't tell until you have tried it. If you ain't alive, then it is most likely yellow-fever."

"Is it law you're talking about? Look, now, when I was a soudger I shot twenty men for the Queen, and she gave me a pinshun; but it I was only to shoot one stray fellow for myself, bedad, I'd be tried for murther. There's law for yez."

They were watching the seagulls whirling in graceful circles above the waters of the bay, while the rays of the sinking sun covered the landscape with a flood of gold. Finally he turned to her, and in a voice trembling with emotion, asked: "Darling, if we were seagulls, would you fly away with me and be at rest?" To which she answered, with her gaze fixed on a far-off mass of castellated clouds: "No, George; I'd let you fly away, and then I'd have all the rest I wanted here."

Did you ever see a woman slip down? Of course you never looked, but then you've seen them. She don't flourish around like an intoxicated jumping-jack, filling the air with arms and bad words, as a man does; but she simply abbreviates, so to speak, like a crushed hat or patent drinking cup, while you stand by and wonder you never noticed that hole in the sidewalk before.

THE famous iron doors of the Lombard's which was carried to Vienna by the Austians in 1859 and afterward surrendered by them, is jealously guarded in the cathedral at Monza. It was almost falling to pieces from age, but lately has been restored.

A down-east girl, who is engaged to a lumberman, says she has caught a feller.

Jack Chiddy.

A True Incident of the Ball.

Brave Jack Chiddy! Oh, well you may cheer,
For the name isn't one that sounds nice in the ear;
But a name is a sound—nothing more—deeds are best,
And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast.

Now, I heard you say that you're fond of a tale
If it bears upon railway men and the rail.
Well, here is one that will suit you, I know,
Though it happened a good many years ago.

Jack Chiddy—there you are smiling again
At the name, which I own is both common and plain.
Jack Chiddy, I say, wrought along with the mates,
Year in and year out on a section of plates.

Simple enough was the work, with no change
But to see that both lines were in gauge and range;
Faster a key there, and tighten a bolt,
All to keep fast trains from giving a jolt.

Strange when one thinks where a hero may rise,
Say at times, in a moment, before our eyes,
Or right from our side ere we know it, and do
The work of a giant-and pass from our view.

But the story? you say. Well, I'm coming to that,
Though I wander a little—now, where was I at?
Let me see. Can you catch, shining round and clear,
The mouth of the Brentington tunnel from here?

You see it! Well, right on the bank at the top,
When reaching some blocks, all at once, down the slope
A huge slab of stone from the rest shore its way,
And fell down on the up-line of metals and bay.

One sharp cry of terror burst forth from us all,
As we saw the huge mass topple over and fall,
We stood as if bound to the spot, dumb of speech,
Reading horror and doubt in the faces of each.

Then one of our mates snatched a glance at his watch,
Gave a start and a look that made each of us catch
At our breath, and a cry, that thrilled our hearts through...
"My God! the 'Flying Dutchman' is overdue!"

Hark, straight from over the hill we can hear
A dull, dead sound coming straight to the ear,
Then a short, sharp whistle that told with its blast
That the "Dutchman" was into the tunnel at last.

And there on the rail lay that huge mass of stone.
And the "Dutchman" behind coming thundering on;
In a minute or less he would come with a dash,
And a hundred lives would be lost in the crash.

"Now, for your life, Jack!" for Chiddy had flown
Down the bank, and three leaps brought him close to the stone.
Not for his own life, for wife and child's sake.
Thought he, but the hundreds that now were at stake.

'Twas the work of a moment. With terrible strength
And a groan of the shoulder the slab moved at length—
Slipp'd clear off the rail—when, half muffled in smoke,
From the mouth of the tunnel the "Dutchman" broke.

There was one sharp whistle, a roar, and a crash
Of wheels ringing clear on the rail, and a flash
Of coiling smoke, and a glitter and gleam
Of iron and steel, and then down fell the steam.

Not a breath could we draw, but stood blank with dismay
As the train tore along, making up for delay;
Till at last from us all burst a shout and a cheer,
When we knew that the "Dutchman" had pass'd and was clear.

And Chiddy? Ah me! you will pardon these tears,
For he was my mate on the rails many years.
When we found him, one look was enough to reveal
That Jack's life's-blood was red on the engine-wheel.

Brave Jack Chiddy! Now you don't sneer
At the name which I own is but harsh to the ear;
But a name is a sound—nothing more—deeds are best,
And Jack had the soul of a man in his breast.

HIS VICTORIA CROSS

By the Author of "A STRANGE WEDDING-EVE," "CLARE STANHOPE'S DIAMONDS," &c.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"It's a falsehood—a base falsehood!" cried Cecil sharply; her blood bounded in her veins, and mounted to her brow, while her eyes flashed. "It is not true—it cannot be true."

"But it is," said Alice vehemently. "Mr. Fairleigh said every one knew it; he was surprised that we had not heard; but, of course, Colonel McLeod taken care we sha'n't hear. That's why he keeps us mewed up here like nuns. Fairleigh showed me a history of the Mutiny, and it's there in black and white—only mentioned, you know—and he said Lord Kennedy knew it and—"

"Hush—hush! Don't, Alice; for pity's sake, be quiet!" said Cecil, in a voice of such keen anguish that it disconcerted the younger girl.

Cecil turned and pressed her hands to her hot temples. She kept repeating to herself with white lips—

"It is not true—it cannot be true—there must be some mistake—yet—yet—"

Was this the clue to his suffering? Was this the explanation of his manner that day? Was this what he had meant when he told her of her father's "trust" in him? And then there came a gleam of light across the darkness; her father had believed in him. Why, then there must have been some error. Courts-martial were not infallible, nor even the Horse Guards.

"Alice," she said quickly, turning round once more and dropping her hands to lock them tightly together, "Colonel McLeod must have meant this—what you tell me—when he said that our father trusted him; he said it to me; twice he has done so; he alone believed in him when the world censured. So, Alice, there must be some error. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't see," answered Alice shortly. "Papa was partial, I dare say; it's not likely that everybody was wrong and papa right—a court-martial too."

"But you say their sentence was reversed. They can be wrong then."

"Oh, well, perhaps there was interest! How should we know? How odd you look, Cecil!"

"Never mind me," returned Cecil, with an impatience rare to her. "What was it he said was done?"

"Fairleigh? Oh, Colonel McLeod had to hold some place that he didn't hold! And so the Sepoys got in, and there was a frightful massacre; only the Colonel and a few were saved, because reinforcements came up. I shouldn't like to be Colonel McLeod, that's all!" concluded the Colonel's ward thankfully.

"There is more nobility, bravery, and loyalty in Colonel McLeod's soul, Alice," said Cecil deliberately, "than you would ever attain to if you lived a life of prayer and penance! Do you never remember that we should have been penniless and alone in the world but for his generosity? Have you no thought for the unwearied kindness he has shown us here, the countless benefits he has loaded us with? No, it's of no use crying, Alice; tears are not feeling. You can cry for an hour, but you are just as selfish and shallow at the end as you were at the beginning."

Cecil spoke with a bitterness she had never before shown nor indeed felt. Then she left the room; she was trembling from head to foot, profoundly excited by the passion of feeling aroused within her. Her first idea was to go at once to the Colonel and ask him to tell her the truth; but then, she told herself, it would be an additional agony to him to think that this story was known to the children of Albert Verner. No, she would not go to him; she must remain in suspense as to the truth of the story.

Never before had Cecil known what it was to go through such an evening as she passed that day, bearing a burden to which she was unaccustomed, trying to seem her usual self, and failing. She said she had a headache, and, under that plea, she sat throughout that wretched evening in a low chair by the fire-side, holding a screen, as if to shield her from the light, while Alice played chess with Mrs. Annandale. Colonel McLeod did not come into the drawing-room. He had sent a message, asking to be excused from joining them at dinner; he had business, he said; and Hector, who delivered the message, added that the Colonel had ordered his horse not long after Lord Kennedy had left, and had ridden out alone.

"Lord Kennedy has been here then?" said Mrs. Annandale; but Cecil made no answer. What news had Lord Kennedy brought to give a fresh shock to Loris McLeod?

The Colonel had to go into Hyde early the next morning. He saw Cecil for a moment or two, and greeted her in his old gentle half-tender manner, which made her tremble with a strange vague feeling that was half dread, half hope of she knew not what. But he said not a word of what had passed the day before. Perhaps it pained him to think that other eyes had looked upon his suffering.

In the afternoon Cecil was practising, or trying to practise, in the library. She thought she was still absent, and would not return until later; but the Colonel came in and went straight to her side. She started up, flushing from cheek to brow in confusion.

"I thought you were out still," she said a little hurriedly, "or I should not have come here. Forgive me."

"You were made free of the library long ago, my child," replied Colonel McLeod, with a grave, sweet smile; "but I want you for a little time, Cecil, if you can spare it to me."

"I am not busy; and, if I were, my time is yours," she said.

She locked her hands tightly together, trembling a little inwardly, and in wondering silence took the low chair he brought forward for her.

"I am going," said the Colonel, taking up his favourite position by the mantel-piece, "to speak to you, my child, on a subject that may startle you perhaps a little. You have no mother or father, so I must stand in their place; and with you it is best to come at once to the point. Lord Kennedy came to see me yesterday"—he saw her start and raise her eyes quickly to his face; then they dropped again. "He asked my permission to become a suitor for your hand."

He had expected the girl to be startled, agitated, bewildered at the intelligence, which would probably come upon her as something new and strange; but he was not prepared for the shock his words seemed to give her. She sprang towards him and put out her hands with incoherent words, and an almost wild entreaty in her large eyes.

"No, no—I cannot—I never thought—oh, Colonel McLeod, don't say I must think of that—don't let him take—take me from—"

She bowed her face on his arm in a fit of uncontrollable weeping; and for a moment the Colonel stood quite silent, looking down on the trembling form, on the shapely head, and on the silken curls that swept his hand. What was the cause of this terrible agitation? Cecil was not weak, nor a girl to indulge in tears on the slightest occasion; and yet now she was weeping passionately. His lips moved; he bent down in mute agony for a second, then raised his head once more firmly, and laid one hand on the girl's head with infinite tenderness.

"My child, my child, dry your tears! You must not think I would ask you to do anything for which you had no inclination. What is it, Cecil, that troubles you so much?"

It was some moments before the girl could control herself; and then she whispered brokenly—

"Forgive me, please—forgive me! I ought not to be so foolish. I will be calm now. I am so sorry."

"Dear child, there is no need," said the Colonel gently. "I fear this is but a rude awakening from your happy childhood!" He half sighed, but spoke again—"Can you listen to me now, Cecil?"

"Yes," answered the girl in a low tone, with face averted.

"Forgive me the question, my child. Had you no thought, no vague idea even, why Lord Kennedy has come so often of late?"

"No. I thought he was your friend, Indeed, indeed I never meant to deceive him, to let him think I cared for him—as he wishes," said Cecil, low and earnestly.

"But you might learn to love him, my child?"

"No, no—never," whispered Cecil.

Something seemed to be striving to find utterance from her heart. She wanted to say that she would never leave him to loneliness and gloom—now less than ever; but she could not find words.

A thrill of unutterable joy passed through Loris McLeod.

"Listen, Cecil," he said, with a quietness that dare not stray into one tender word. "You are very young now; you are almost, I think, in feeling a child. Can you truly gauge what your heart may feel when the thought of love and marriage is less strange to you? Can you send a man, who loves you well, from you, without even a hope that he may one day win you? Remember, Cecil, I don't want to urge you in any way; your own heart must be your guide; but I say that, if you can love Lord Kennedy, he will make you happy. I want you not lightly to cast aside a love that is very true and earnest; you hold a man's life in this little hand, Cecil."

His voice faltered and failed; he drew in his breath quickly; he could scarcely bear the clinging touch of that little hand; he could not utter another word, although bitter self-reproach was stinging him. Had he been true to his trust?

Presently Cecil raised her head and pushed back the thick wavy hair from her forehead. She said half dreamily, as though speaking more to herself than to him—

"A man's life in this hand? Will he care so very much? Is it true that women have such power? Colonel McLeod," she said wistfully, "if I said that I did not care for him now as he wished, but allowed him to think I might do so in a little time—a year or two—he would hope, would he not, and think I should not send him away again?"

"What then, Cecil?"

"That would be deceiving him. Please bear with me, Colonel McLeod. I know I am only a young girl," said Cecil pleadingly—but there was in her tone a resolution, a clear comprehension of what she was saying, that assured him she spoke deliberately—"but in this I know I shall never change. I shall never love Lord Kennedy as he would wish his wife to love him. I like him—I have been very happy when he has come; but that is so different from any feeling one ought to have for the man one must look up to above every other. I am so sorry, oh, so sorry! Do you want me very much to marry Lord Kennedy?"

Her wistful eyes looked up to his, seeking an answer and appealing to him with pathetic pleading. How could he give the lie to that love throbbing in his heart—how say the words that would influence her perhaps to strive painfully to please him? For he knew that Cecil spoke the truth; she would never give her heart, her life unreservedly, to the man who had asked these of her. She must have seen the gray pallor that came to his face, the convulsive quiver of his white lips. With a last effort of self-control he turned aside, folding his arms tightly over his breast; and the girl flushed and shrank back.

"If you can be happy!" he muttered hoarsely.

For one moment after that Cecil stood absolutely still, her eyes turned with a startled, half-bewildered, questioning look on him. And in that brief space of time a sharp revulsion came to Loris McLeod. He knew that a moment's weakness had almost caused the betrayal of that which he had exerted every power of his will to keep secret. He was doubly bound in honour. And honour was the guiding star of his life; all else might fail him—there was only that left to cling to. Should that go too? He raised his face once more, deathly white, but set in an unalterable resolve. He did not look towards the girl, who started, as if from a dream, when she heard the soft voice, quiet with the intensity of inward emotion.

"Your own heart must guide you, Cecil," he said, as though that had been all his answer to her appeal. "You must not think of me in this decision; only be sure of what that decision must be."

He could hear her quick irregular breathing, could hear her hands clasped and unclasped; he dared not trust himself to meet her eyes.

At length she spoke, low and hurriedly, moving away as she did so.

"I cannot give him hope. I shall never change. Tell him—ask him to forgive me. I did not mean to deceive him. Must I—must I see him?"

"No, my child, unless you would wish."

"No—oh, no!" She shrank in terror from the thought, scarcely herself understanding how much this shrinking was due to a wild fear that he might divine something she must hide from every eye. "May I go now?" she half whispered; and, hardly heeding the answer, she went out from his presence mechanically.

CHAPTER VII.

Day after day passed slowly and heavily to Loris McLeod. The additional burden of the love which might have been the crown and glory of his life—but which, coming now, reached him too late—was almost more than he could sustain. And yet he was used to endurance. He had always had his burden to bear; but it had never seemed heavier than now, when he had to meet Cecil day after day, to do battle hourly with the temptation to take, if it might be, the happiness that lay at his door; to keep ever before his yearning eyes that stern code of honour by which he had lived, and at least to keep that honour stainless.

Yet outwardly there was no change in his manner to Cecil Verner. True, he rarely, as before, went out with her for those long rides or walks which had been wont to make up the pleasure of his life. He had, he said, little time, when Alice asked him once why he had given them up.

Cecil studied harder than ever in those winter days; and Mrs. Annandale said she grew pale and nervous, and had lost some of her bright merry ways. She wondered if she had loved Lord Kennedy, and if Colonel McLeod had raised obstacles and parted them.

To Cecil the hard lesson of endurance she must practise now came as something new and strange. She knew that somehow there was a change in her inner self. She looked out no longer with a child's wonder on the world. There was a vague unrest on her spirit. Why could she not go in the old way to the library, she wondered, as Loris McLeod sat writing or reading, and put her hand on his shoulder and see him look up with that sweet and tender smile? Why was there a slight cloud between them, a shrinking restraint she strove in vain to cast off when in his presence? Yet Cecil felt that she could be quite her old self if she might only have knelt at his feet and laid her head down and felt his gentle hand rest lightly on her brow.

So passed the dark winter days—anxious days for many English hearts, for the air was laden with war news from South Africa.

Then suddenly there came the awful tidings of the fatal field of Isandula, and the glorious defence of Rorke's Drift. Almost before the call was made for reinforcements, men came forward to volunteer, and first among those who so volunteered was Loris McLeod. He did it without hope, only with a passionate prayer that this time he might not be denied. For now it seemed impossible to bear this life he led. He felt that his self-control must fail him soon. He could see that in some way Cecil was changed, that some trouble lay on her heart. Was it that she had mistaken her feelings with regard to Lord Kennedy, and that his absence had shown her clearly now that she loved him? The Colonel tried to force himself to think this might be true; yet his own heart dared to whisper another story.

At Hyde conjecture and eager questioning were rife. Were the 9th Lancers going out? Of course the Colonel would go then. Nothing was known. No orders had come from head-quarters as yet. Both officers and men were eager to be sent out; and, at the mess, in barracks, indeed everywhere a Lancer's uniform was to be seen, there was but one topic of conversation—the war, and the chances of taking part in it.

In silence Colonel McLeod waited—in suspense that was an agony. He had not spoken to Cecil what he had done. She knew that he must have volunteered, because she knew him so well. But as he had not spoken on the subject, she shrank in her new shyness of him from seeking a confidence he had not volunteered.

One afternoon Cecil entered the library to fetch a book. It was one of the days on which Colonel McLeod's duties always took him into Hyde, whence he rarely returned till late. She thought he was still absent. She had not ventured into that room of late. She paused therefore with a start when, on entering, she saw that the library was not tenantless. But the shock was not at the sight of him she half dreaded to meet, but at the attitude, the whole appearance of the man, which betokened something so like despair.

He sat, with his arms crossed on the table, his head resting on them, perfectly still; yet the bowed form told of suffering before which the girl's half-trembling fear vanished, the woman's noble impulse to soothe and strengthen filling her heart. She had no thought of herself, of all the doubts and self-communing that had destroyed her peace of late. She simply knew that he suffered, and that for him she would have braved even death, if that might save him from pain.

With light gentle footfall she came to his side, and then paused, shrinking from wounding him afresh by intruding on his anguish. Yet, soft as had been her step, he must have heard it, or was instinctively conscious of her presence; for he raised his head and looked up, with only a dim consciousness that it was Cecil who had come to him. Her coming might be an additional sting; but the greater pain had swallowed up the lesser for a time. Then he dropped his head again and said slowly—

"Why do you come to see my humiliation?"

She bent forward, deathly pale, with a sinking heart—the word struck her sharply.

"There is none," she said in a low tone.

"What is it?" What has happened? Oh, Colonel McLeod, tell me—in pity tell me!"

His breast heaved, and his hands tightened their clasp together.

"There is no atonement—none!" he muttered hoarsely. "Twenty long years cannot expiate it, twenty years of patience cannot blot out one false step. They will not give me even the chance to redeem a dishonoured name. Oh, Heaven, the dishonour was not mine—not mine!"

Trembling, awe-struck, the girl heard those words. A few weeks before they would have sounded without meaning to her; now she read them by the light of a later knowledge. She saw at once all that had fallen on him, how his last hope had been crushed. She had scarcely need to read the official letter he half pushed towards her. It only said, with one exception, what had been said to many others, that it was found impossible to accept the services of all who had tendered them. The exception lay in the last words, that Colonel McLeod's request to be permitted to volunteer even in the ranks could not be entertained.

Hot tears rushed to Cecil's eyes and fell upon her hand. It seemed to her a cruel thing to deny to him all hope of winning back a stainless name. He asked to go out, not in his own rank, but to waive all rank and position, and serve in any way. No; he had been censured. Perhaps graver suspicions had lain behind that censure, and Loris McLeod was "not known" at head-quarters.

Once more the low passionate voice spoke. The deep reserve of years had broken down before the on-rushing of the flood. Perhaps he scarcely heeded that he was not alone; yet there could have been no bitterness for him in Cecil's presence, else he would have recalled to himself even in this agony how bare he was laying all the wounds of his heart.

"Have I failed these twenty years in any service? Have I been unwilling to bear the censure that seemed to them just? If"—he rose now and paced the room, locking his hands so tightly that the blue veins stood out like cords—"if I had been verily guilty of all and everything that had been charged to me, is it just then to make oblivion an impossibility? I asked not mercy or generosity, but bare justice; and that, as a mercy, if I may not live for England, at least—at least that I might die in her service. But I must endure, and still endure through years yet to come; and, still enduring, die—my grave dishonoured, my name stained to the last!"

He covered his face, shivering from head to foot.

"What am I to do now with this life that is left me?" he said, sweeping his hand across his forehead, and brushing back the waves of hair. "I had thought I was inured at last to inactivity, could bear to live on day after day in a dead monotony; but that is broken up. How shall I bind myself again to a double yoke?"

He sat down again to his old position, but stretched out his right hand as if, in very helplessness, seeking strength of which he was bereft, and his voice sank to a whisper.

"Cecil, Cecil, come to me! You are young and noble; you have not exhausted the well-springs of your life. Tell me how I may still live bravely and patiently."

She sprang to him and knelt beside him, her tears falling fast on the hand she clasped in hers. She could speak no word. Her passionate impulsive nature was moved to its very depths. It startled him, this bitter weeping that shook her slender form. It seemed to awaken him as if from a dream, to restore to him in part that self-control so swept aside that he had taken no thought of what he said, had forgotten all but the terrible agony, the keen sense of a bitter injustice. But now he bent over her and strove to force back the deep tender love that would thrill in every tone of his voice.

"My child, my poor child, forget, forgive my madness, my weakness! I have startled you with words that should never have passed my lips. Cecil, do not give me the additional reproach that I have suffered the shadows of my life to fall on yours."

"No, no," she said, almost inarticulately—not reproach. Oh, if I might bear it all for you!"

"Heaven forbid!" he said quickly. "Your name is free from stain, dishonour; mine—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Sunken Island in Lake Michigan.

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