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The cream is the best part of the milk, and if you wish to get the b

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who has now had 4 years experience in making the various kinds, and purchasers all information; also how to make creamery butte by M. Moyer. I am also prepared to do

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The undersigned has opened a Wood Yard on Brown S Milton, just east of the Roller rink, and is prepare to furnish all who may favor him with orders, with

Hard and Soft Wood of all kin

ready cut and split for use, at rock bottom price

John W. Bowe

Milton, Nov. 10, 1887.

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I will pay cash for good, clean merchantable Wool, and for ordin half cash and half trade. Strong, coarse, burry and unwashed wools o in trade or in pay for work.

I have a large stock of goods to choose from, consisting of Cotton Denims and Cottonades; also Fine Grey Flannels, Check Flannels, Grey Unions and Wooden Dress Goods.

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Nails, Hinges, Screws, Glass, Putty, etc., Artists' M

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AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 28. MILTON, THURSDAY JULY 26, 1888. NO. 6.

TERMS:
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OFFICE
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8.02 A. M.	1.25 P. M.	10.00 A. M.	8.08 P. M.

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GOING EAST.
7.22 a. m., 10.28 a. m. 7.42 p. m.

GOING WEST
9.07 a. m, 3.21 p. m. 5.35 p. m.

The Canadian Champion.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

Thursday Morning

—AT—

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CAMPBELL & PANTON, Props.

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Harness, Saddles, &c., made to order promptly and at reasonable prices.

Repairing done with neatness and all work warranted.

Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton.

For the Year 1888.

	Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1	Milton	Wm. Panton.	27	29	25	13	28	30	10 a.m.
2	Oakville	R. Balmer	11	7	9	11	12	7	10 a.m.
3	Georgetown	L. Grant	17	13	15	4	15	13	9.30 a.m
4	Acton	J. Matthews	19	15	17	"	20	15	10 a.m.
5	Campbellville	S. R. Lister	5	2	4	"	7	2	9.30 "
6	Burlington	Jas. Robinson	10	6	8	10	11	6	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, Tuesday 12th June, and 11th December, at 10 a.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 3rd April, and 2nd October, at 10 a. m.

County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 2nd January, 2nd April, 2nd July, and 1st October at 10 a.m.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts—Tuesday, 3rd January, 3rd April, 3rd July & 2nd October.

By order, T. G. MATHESON, Clerk of the Peace.

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Ezard & Appleby,

BUILDERS & MANUFACTURERS,

Having rebuilt and furnished with an entire outfit of new machinery, are now prepared to fill orders in all kinds of Building Material, such as

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, DOORS WINDOW FRAMES, BALUSTRS and NEWELLS, also all kinds of SCROLL SAWING.

Planing and Matching done to Order,

LUMBER, FLOORING, LATH AND SHINGLES,

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Also Builders and Contractors. We are prepared to contract for the erection of all kinds of building either in part or whole. PRICES MODERATE. Factory—Mill Street, Milton. 16-1yr.

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For Groceries, confectionery, Plants, Flowers, etc.

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has a splendid assortment of Canadian and Imported Tweeds, Worsteds, Meltons, &c., &c., and can supply his patrons with clothing inferior in material and finish to none. His prices too, will be found to be remarkably low considering the quality of the goods he sells.

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Parties requiring my services as auctioneer will please call at the "CHAMPION office," Milton, where all particulars as to dates of sales, &c., can be given. E. CHAPMAN, Licensed Auctioneer for Halton, Wentworth, and Wellington. tf.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS. For the benefit of those looking for new locations or investments, semi-monthly excursions have been arranged, at one fare for the round trip, to all points in Dakota and Minnesota. Tickets first class and good for 30 days. For maps and further particulars address G. H. Wannan, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn. MINNEAPOLIS MANITOBA RAILWAY.

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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

DR. HODDER'S BURDOCK AND SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND

CURES Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, and all Impurities of the Blood from whatever cause arising.

THE GREAT SPRING MEDICINE

Price 75c (with Pills $1.)

TRY DR. HODDER'S Little Liver Pills,

(very small and easy to take.)

NO GRIPING. NO NAUSEA.

Sold everywhere; price 25 cents.

UNION MEDICINE CO., PROPRIETORS, TORONTO, CAN.

CARRIAGE & BLACKSMITH WORKS,

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In returning thanks for the patronage bestowed upon the late firm of Hustler & McKenzie, I beg to announce that I will continue the business as before, and trust that by using first-class material and the best skilled labor will continue to give the same satisfaction to customers as did the late firm.

Call and examine my NEW STOCK.

Milton, Dec. 5th, 1887.

BUGGIES, CUTTERS, SLEIGHS, Waggons,

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Always on hand and made to order.

All kinds of JOB WORK promptly attended to.

A first-class Horse-Shoer will always be engaged.

No Factory Work. All material made up on the premises.

Wm. McKENZIE.

W. C. ADAIR,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

wishes to thank the people of Milton and surrounding country for their very liberal patronage during the past year. He also wishes to inform them and the public generally that he is now turning out more artistic and finer finished work than heretofore. All who desire a real life-like and "almost speaking"

PICTURE

taken in the very *latest style* of the art, should not fail to

GIVE HIM A CALL

at their earliest opportunity.

No pains nor expense spared to suit each and every customer who may favor him with their order.

None but first-class material and the purest chemicals used, consequently the work is more permanent and will retain its original brilliancy much longer than the work turned out of those cheap city galleries where only the poorest material is used.

Prices lower than any other gallery in the country for same quality of work.

Gallery open every day (except Sunday) from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m.

Subscribe for the CHAMPION.

Now is the Time for the People of Milton to get Bargains!

IMMENSE STOCK OF PARLOR SUITS

Covered in Figured and Crushed Plush, Silk, Peps. and Bracatells.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

Also a very fine line of Walnut, Ash and Antique Oak Bedroom Suits. We charge nothing to see them. Also a large selection of Sideboards, entre and Extension Tables, Cane and Perforated Chairs. A splendid line of Ladies' Sewing Baskets, Rattan and Reed Rocking Chairs, and Mantle Mirrors. All guaranteed to give entile satisfaction. Remember we do the leading trade of the city. We sell for cash ONLY, and therefore have no losses. Our prices are lower than any other first-class house in the city. Our show-rooms are two blocks from the N. & N. W. R. station, light by the electric light, and open till 8 p. m. Favor us with a call.

DOMINION FURNITURE CO.

N. B.—All goods packed free of charge.

120 and 122 King Street East, Hamilton.

DICK'S SWEETHEART.

By the Author of "MILDRED TREVANION," "LOVE, LORD BERRESFORD," "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," ETC.

"Do not listen to her, Dolores—do not listen!" exclaims Miss Maturin vehemently, who seems to have lost all self-control. As she speaks, she steps between Dolores and Lady Bouverie with her arms extended towards the former, as though she would protect her from all evil.

"She shall listen!" says Lady Bouverie imperiously—"she shall listen to my command you to leave the room."

"And I command you to stay," retorts Lady Bouverie, fixing her gaze upon the poor pale child standing before them with trembling lips and large bewildered eyes. "You have been too long kept in ignorance of the truth. It is time you should know that you are no fit wife for any well-born man!"

"Madam," says Dolores, drawing up her slender figure with a slow haughtiness that becomes her, and turning cold offended eyes upon Lady Bouverie, "I can say nothing to such a charge as that. I have only to wait and hear what wretched mistake has induced you to utter such cruel insolence, to—to so far forget yourself!"

Her smile has long since faded, and her colour has followed it. All the fresh sweet flush of youth has died away into that grasping grey thing that is so soon to swallow every other touch of gladness that she knows. Her parted lips are pale as death itself. All the frail scented wildings of the wood she so cherished on her homeward way now fall from her nerveless grasp—as all her fondest earthly hopes are falling—to lie crushed and dying at her feet. Yet even at this very last moment she rallies a little, and some thought of angry pride flings a crimson tint into her pallid cheeks.

Miss Maturin, marking this sign of emotion and mistaking it, lays her hand upon the girl's arm.

"Go," she says, with deepest entreaty.

"It is too late," returns Dolores, with a curious smile, never removing her gaze from Lady Bouverie.

"Hear the truth then," says Dick's mother, in a quick tone; "and let any—with a slow triumphant glance at Miss Maturin—"deny it if they dare."

And then, all at once, coldly, with no attempt at palliation, the terrible truth is laid bare to one who up to this has been almost ignorant that such sad dishonours might exist; and now—her own mother!

Whose love is the crimson blush, the sweet haughty glance? Alas for the happy childish soul that shall know the riches of its first unhurt youth never again!

A sickly pallor overspreads her cheeks, her eyes dilate. Ah, how true had been those sad forebodings—those warnings they might be called—that had haunted her as she sat a while agone beside her lover, watching the incoming of the sad sea-waves! At last the indefinite shadow, the intangible cloud, that had lain so long and in such a vague fashion upon her young life has been lifted only to lay bare to her shrinking soul the hideousness of the secret it has covered.

She still stands motionless before them, making no effort to hide her blanched face; but all her gracious brightness seems killed. She looks tired and worn and broken. Making a violent effort, she removes her shocked gaze from Lady Bouverie and turns desperately to Miss Maturin.

"It is not true, auntie—not true!" she gasps, in a choked voice, holding out her little hands in a forlorn fashion to her. "Oh, speak—speak—speak!"

But no comfort comes to her; Miss Maturin's lips part indeed, but only a groan issues from them. She tries to form a sentence—a word even—but power is denied her. Seeing her agitation, Dolores knows that hope indeed is at an end. But even at this supreme moment love sways her; noting the agony in her aunt's face, a divine pity fills her breast.

"Ah," she cries, with sharp but sweet haste, "do not say it! I know all."

"This explanation so iniquitously withheld from you for so long a time is necessarily very painful," says Lady Bouverie nervously.

For once her self-possession seems to utterly desert her. She appears absolutely afraid to raise her eyes and mark the result of her day's work. As she so stands with downcast lids, battling indignantly with this absurd new nervousness, she and Dolores seem to exchange places. She is the culprit, the pale stricken girl before her the accuser.

"I should not," she goes on in a stammering fashion, "have felt it my duty to be the one to waken you to so sad a fact in your life's history but that—that——" She pauses, at a loss for words to complete her cruel task.

"You have something to say to me—say it," says the girl coldly. Even to herself her voice sounds strange, far off, strained. It is as entirely without passion however as it is without hope.

"It is about Richard," replies Lady Bouverie, growing more and more confused beneath the steady gaze of those lustrous melancholy eyes. "The relations existing between you and him—of which however"—hastily—"I know nothing, not being taken into your confidence, though I am his mother——" She breaks off suddenly here, and beats her foot angrily against the floor. The anger is self-directed. How is it that she finds herself in her hour of need so utterly devoid of the cold smooth eloquence that has undone so many a foe?

"You allude to our engagement," says Dolores very calmly though her heart seems to have been caught in a sudden cold grasp. "Yes—go on."

"If it was an engagement," says Lady Bouverie sharply—"as I have said, I know nothing—it must now come to an end. It must be an engagement no longer."

Dolores, lifting her hand to her head with a sudden passionate movement, runs her fingers through her soft hair, as though action of some sort is forced upon her. This little gesture is full of the keenest despair. Her lips are steady, but her eyes grow large and wild. It is all so difficult to realize. Is it true—true? A sharp sigh breaks from her. Is everything to go from her—name, hope, honour, and now her lover?

"I have spoken to Richard," says Lady Bouverie, in her usual chilling tone—like all mean natures, she has acquired strength from the sight of another's weakness. "But he only gave me to understand that he could do nothing. As an honourable man, he persists in considering himself bound to you still. He cannot of course be the first to speak of dissolving the tie that connects you with him, however willing he may be to be released."

"He is not willing," says the girl, interrupting her quietly—"that I know. I entreat you not to wrong him. Let me help you, madam, to a more honest solution of your trouble. You wish me to be the one to break all ties between us, as he will not. Is not that so? You dread a marriage that must necessarily drag him down to the sad, and level of the women he loves?" No words can describe the despair of her calm voice as she says this. "Disgrace is part of me; you fear hissharing it. I too would prevent it. You love him, no doubt—he is your son. I too love him; he is my all!"

At this a low cry breaks from Miss Maturin, and she turns in a breathless fashion to Lady Bouverie; surely she will have mercy now!

"Her all!" she echoes passionately; but Dolores by a glance hushes her once more into silence.

"Not a word, auntie," she says gently. "This matter must now be arranged between me and Lady Bouverie finally, and to my hurt."

"You mean?" questions Lady Bouverie, eagerly, bending forward—common decency is forgotten in the desire to know of her son's emancipation.

"That I shall never marry—your son," says the poor child bravely.

"I have your word?" says Lady Bouverie, pressing the matter to its final tension.

"Would you have me swear?" cries Dolores, turning upon her with a miserable vehemence. "Hear me, then! He is dearer to me than to you; yet I swear to you he shall be nothing to me—nothing—for ever!" Her head droops; her hands, clasped before her, are tightly clasped.

"That is an oath," says Lady Bouverie, regarding her fixedly—"and oaths are sacred."

"You fear my strength!" exclaims Dolores once more, raising her head. "Fear your own rather, for mine is greater than yours. For his sake I give up hope and love and all that makes life precious, for his sake"—her voice sinks to a whisper—"I cast myself willingly adrift!" A sob bursts from her overwrought heart, and she flings out her arms, as though in renunciation of happiness.

"To-day you feel like this; but to-morrow——"

Lady Bouverie pauses. She has altogether failed to fathom the intensity of the other's meaning.

"To-morrow shall be as to-day," says Dolores firmly. And now will you go?"

There is no discourtesy in her tone—only a weariness that makes itself felt. Lady Bouverie, glad of her dismissal, knowing that she bears victory with her, rises to her feet and rustles towards the doorway, but the *frou-frou* of her silken skirts breaks the spell that has held Miss Maturin.

"Stay," she cries, advancing a step or two towards Lady Bouverie, as though she would forcibly detain her—but indeed her voice alone would have stopped her—"stay and rejoice in your work! Look at her—look!" repeats she fiercely, pointing to the stricken girl, who with pale face but unlowered head is still gazing at them. "See what a wreck you have made!"

And in truth it is a wreck. Even as she speaks, Dolore's head sinks upon her breast, and a terrible expression, born of fear and undeserved shame, covers her. Scarcely to be recognized is the happy blithesome child of yesterday in the forlorn despairing girl of to-day.

"Ay, look and gloat upon her!" goes on Miss Maturin, smiting her thin hands together. A frenzy of rage and grief lights up her sombre eyes. "You have killed her," she cries—"you have slain the best of her! Oh, where shall recompense be found?" She pauses, and glances eagerly at the girl who is no longer with them, but lost in the sad imagining of a parting scene—that must be irrevocable—with her lover. "Dolores," she calls gently, my darling—my little one!"

But no answer comes to her. For once the girl is dead to her voice—dead to all but her misery. Miss Maturin divines this, and then all her passion blazes forth.

"Oh, just God," cries she, directing a baleful glance at Lady Bouverie, "is there no help from Thee? How long—how long will it be before Thy vengeance falls upon this woman? Do not hold Thine hand, I beseech Thee! Let me live to see Thy justice!"

She seems to have grown gaunter and grayer. Going up to Lady Bouverie, she lays her hand upon her arm, and shakes some sudden fear into that soft fish breast.

"You shall look at her!" she says, turning her unwilling visitor in the direction of Dolores. "On your death-bed think of this hour, and of how you deliberately ruined one human life! All my days I have spent in shielding her, in protecting her, in loving her for you at last to destroy! She was my child, my own—my very soul! Go, woman, before I do you some injury!"

She has her large powerful white hand upon Lady Bouverie's arm still, and again she shakes her. In vain Lady Bouverie seeks to free herself—the grasp only tightens. There is indeed a growing light in Miss Maturin's eyes that might be well termed dangerous, and that creates a wild fear in her visitor's craven breast. Silently they gaze upon each other. Lady Bouverie trembles shrinks. Suddenly a soft broken voice, scarcely audible, reaches Miss Maturin's ears.

"Lallie, come to me!"

Her grasp relaxes. When indeed has she ever been indifferent to that sweet voice? She turns away from Lady Bouverie, as though almost forgetful of her presence, and, falling upon her knees before Dolores, encircles her with her arms.

* * * * * *

Upon the sullen day a sullen twilight has fallen. Within the deep recesses of the leafy wood it is now almost dark. Thick shadows lie among the branches. There is no song of birds in all the air to break the unearthly stillness that reigns around. A sense of impending storm weighs down everything. For one and mind there vies with this a sense of misery completed, of a sorrow too heavy for assuagement.

Already a sickly moon has climbed the heavens, a dull thing, poor and faint, a tearful Dian, in harmony with the lifeless evening. Pale discs of light lie upon tree and herb; yet

"There is tempest in yon horned moon
And lightning in yon cloud."

To this dim lonely spot in the dark wood Dolores has hastened—as might some wounded creature—on that first awful awakening to the fatal truth. Here she has come to mourn in silence and secrecy over her wrecked life, over that greatest of all losses—loss of hope.

Flinging herself face downwards upon the grassy sward, with her sad arms outstretched and her little delicate fingers clutching convulsively at the long tangles of the rank verdure, as though in a perfect agony of shame and grief, she gives herself up to the bitterest despair. One intangible watery moonbeam is lying, as though touched by her grief, upon her half-bared arms, another as if in benison upon her forlorn little head. But life's moons or suns, its warmths, its chill, can be nothing to her again for ever. The vague, wild simple joy of living is gone from her. There is only the bitterness of death remaining, and desire to escape and cover her face and hide from all her kind.

"Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight.
Fresh spring and summer and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
No more—oh, never more!"

Thus woe-begone she rests at full length upon the ground, her little shapely head wind-tossed and roughened, lowered to the earth—the pretty proud head that only yesterday carried itself so sweetly and with such a natural dignity! Now and then a moan breaks from her, a shattered prayer, a dry sob of keenest anguish.

"Oh, kind Father—Father of us all—have mercy—have pity! Must everything be given up? This thing perhaps, sweet Lord? But yet not this! Oh, leave me something! Thou, who art all love, leave me my little share of worldly affection! Surely I need not surrender all, name and fame and lover too!"

Is her prayer answered?

There is a sound of hurrying footsteps on the cool sweet grass, a smothered exclamation; then two strong arms, mighty with this love she has been imploring, stoop to her, weave themselves round her; and Bouverie, lifting her bodily from the ground, turns her face to his. Seeing her lying so, all sad and disconsolate, the mournful certainty has been borne in upon him that she has been lying thus because her heart is broken.

CHAPTER XXII.

As Dick lifts his sweetheart in his arms, her expression changes. She shrinks from him, and makes a vain effort to release herself from the loving bondage of his embrace.

"Oh, not you," she says, in a little panting whisper—"not you, of all people! I had made up my mind that it should never be you again."

"To comfort you?" asks he, terminating her sentence. "If you are in trouble, who would be there but me to help you? Your trouble must always be mine, my own sweetheart!"

He tightens his clasp round her; but she, pushing him from her, lays her hands outspread upon his breast, and in her lovely eyes there grows a very agony of protest. Seeing her so persistent, he releases her gently, and lets her stand back from him a step or two.

"It is useless; it must all end now," she says faintly, and again hides her face within her hands.

"Death alone can end some things," returns he slowly; "but Time is more merciful. It can put a finish even to such grief as yours, my own; but, as for our love, neither Time nor Death can put an end to that! It will go with us through life, and to the grave, and thence to the world beyond."

When lying in passionate pain upon the fresh sward, she had closed her fingers on some tender grasses. Now she turns them listlessly in her cold hand, and gazes at them as one might when considering some question far remote from them.

"She was right," she says at last—"your mother, I mean. For all the days of your life you must speak to me never again. It was terrible—all that she said; she called me baseborn—a cruel word!" She shivers as though with intense cold, and clasps her fingers tightly together. "Baseborn!" she repeats, almost inquiringly. "Yes—yes, it was a cruel word."

"Curse her!" says the young man, with sudden fierce passion, gazing at the pale face before him, the stricken glance, the drooping hopeless figure.

"Oh, no, no," cries she piteously; "she is your mother! Even as to mine, were she alive, I would not speak; and mine——. She pauses abruptly. "But to the dead there is only forgiveness," she says brokenly; and then—"You know all? You have heard?"

"Yes, all! That you should have heard it and from such a source is what I shall never forgive! I have told her so."

"Your mother?"—in a little thrilling whisper.

"The relationship has ceased to exist for me," returns he, with a curious laugh. "But of course I understand sufficiently to be able to give you an answer. Yes; I have told Lady Bouverie that I shall never forgive her conduct to you."

"I am twice unfortunate," says Dolores mournfully. "Besides my own intolerable load, must I also bear the knowledge that I have created discord between a mother and her son?"

"Nothing matters," answers the young man, steadily pressing her fingers to his lips, "except what personally concerns you. Forget the rest, and be assured that Lady Bouverie can manage excellently without either you or me. My beloved, how you must have suffered!"

His tone has changed. Now there is thrown into it a great wave of the most tender sympathy; before it had been hard and somewhat cynical.

"There is no need to talk of that," says she, with a passionate attempt at calm; "do not talk of it. There is only one thing now for me to say to you; I say it—"I give you back your troth!" She turns to him, pale and rigid, and compels herself to meet his eyes.

"You give me what I will not accept—a poor gift!" returns he, as pale as herself. "Well, what else?"

"All is over between us," says the poor child sadly, her sweet face looking worn and changed in the dull moonlight. "Oh, do not make things harder to me than they are. You will give me up?"

"Never!" answers Bouverie coldly. "Let that be perfectly understood between us. Never! I have your promise to be my wife; I shall hold you to it till the last day of my life."

"Then you will leave all the pain, the trouble to me?" says Dolores reproachfully. "Oh, how unkind that is! Well, I give you up, at least."

"That you cannot do," returns he quickly. "What, do you think I am not stronger than you?" He lays his hands lightly on her tender shoulders, as though to prove to her the difference between them. "Dolores, do you think you could live without me?" he asks softly; and, with the knowledge full upon her that she lies beyond redemption in her answer, she murmurs "Yes," her eyes on his.

"Say that again," says Bouverie, holding her a little way from him that he may the better mark the changing of her eyes. "Say it now."

"Yes—yes—yes!" cries she sharply; but the tension is too great for her. She falls forward upon his breast and bursts into tears.

"Well, I couldn't without you, you cruel child," returns he, caressing her with a careful love; "and, after all, I don't believe a word of it." He says this last softly, pressing her little silken head against his breast.

But her despair is too strong to admit of comfort, even from the one beloved—nay, the very sweetness of the comfort offered seems only to add to the poignancy of her grief.

"Oh that we two were dead!" she cries, her pent-up sobs breaking forth. "Now—together!"

There is a sudden trembling of the slight limbs; instinctively she clings to him. To be buried, lost, forgotten beyond the ken of all humanity is the one sweet longing that remains to her and with him. If they might only be permitted to share this everlasting exile—to go together, with her no man may follow, past fear and anguish and despair and all desire!

"I wish we were dead together to-day,
Lost sight of, hidden away out of sight,
Clasped and clothed in the cloven clay,
Out of the world's way, out of the light
Out of the ages of worldly weather;
Forgotten of all man altogether;
As the world's first dead taken wholly away,
Made one with death, filled full of the night."

"There is something as good as death before us," says Bouverie steadily; "there is life—a long life of