

# ABYSMAL DEPTHS

OR BLINDFOLD ON THE BRINK  
OF PRECIPICES

## CHAPTER XII.

I was strong in brave resolves when I knocked at the door of the little house. But they were sadly shaken the moment it was opened by Clara herself. The sight of her sweet face, smiling upon me, cowed my bravery. "Have I come here to look upon her for the last time; to bid adieu to that smile forever?" I asked myself; and my heart sank, but it gave no response.

"We are all alone," she said, as we went into the parlor. "Mary" (the servant) "is out; and so is Mrs. Wilson, wonderful to say."

What an exceptional opportunity for what I had to say! But I could not begin it; I must collect my thoughts—look at my words before I spoke them.

She was working hard at her painting, as usual. I sat down upon a footstool at her feet, and gazed furtively up at her face. Never, I thought, had she looked so lovely as she did that morning, in the soft, hazy autumn sunlight. And I was, perhaps, looking upon her for the last time!

Half an hour passed away, and we had not exchanged half a dozen words; but that was not at all uncommon, for I loved better to gaze and dream than to talk, and when at her work she spoke but little. She dropped one of her brushes, and as I gave it to her I held her hand for a moment fast locked in mine. As I have said before, our intercourse was free and unrestrained as that of brother and sister, and the action excited no surprise in her.

But when she looked down at me smilingly, and saw me in tears, a look of concern came across her countenance.

"Would it make you very unhappy if I were to tell you that you might never see me again after this day?" I spoke in a low, choked voice, and the gathering tears burst forth from my eyelids and fell upon her hand.

She did not appear to comprehend my words, as she asked, in a tone of troubled wonder, "What do you mean?" I repeated my question in a yet more trembling tone.

I felt her hand more passive in mine, and her eyes drooped, and the carnation tinge deepened in her cheeks as she answered, softly: "It would make me very unhappy to think so."

Oh, how my heart bounded into my throat at those words, and was quickly hurled back, quivering and trembling, by the thought of another! She loved me—she was mine—she whom I worshiped, adored; and I dared not take her! Oh, agony beyond endurance! My beautiful—my beloved! And I must renounce her! A delirium of passion seized upon my brain. I would probe her heart to its inmost recesses. I would gauge her love for me. I would know all I was about to lose, and then—

"Listen to me!" I cried, kneeling at her feet, and clasping both her hands in mine. "From the time of our meeting, five years ago, I have loved you; from the time of our meeting, a few weeks back, I have adored you with more than human love. Oh, tell me, do you love me? Answer me but one word, my darling, my love!" I cried again.

She raised her eyes for a moment to mine, and then dropped them, with her cheek as crimson as my own. "I do love you, dearest, very much," she answered, in her low, soft voice.

I took her in my arms and kissed her fervently; and her sweet, blushing face nestled upon my bosom, like a bird seeking for shelter.

Where were my resolutions now?—my heroic self-sacrifice—my stoicism? Melted—gone—disappeared like snow before a fire, in the fervid ecstasy of that moment. I had come to pronounce an eternal farewell; I stayed to pronounce an inward oath that I would sweep away every obstacle, and win her yet for my own

undisputed prize in the face of the whole world.

After a time we sat together near the window—I with my arm around her waist, and her hand clasped in mine. And thus we sat, silent—she, in one of her dreamy reveries; I, filled with gloomy forebodings. For, now that the first ecstasy was passed—now I knew that her love was mine—the unnatural excitement of my brain subsided, the tension of my nerves relaxed, and the miserable rashness of what I had done was revealed to me in the gloomiest colors. I had sealed her misery, and increased my own tenfold.

"Do you not think," she said suddenly, "that we are very strange people—you and I? I mean, that we are very unlike other people?"

"I have often thought so," I said. "Do you not fancy the rest of the world would think us very silly people?"

"Is it silly to love one another?" I asked.

"Oh, no; I don't mean that. But do not people usually know all about one another before they fall in love? Now, you do not even know my name."

"But do I not know you yourself? Could there be aught in a name to make me love you more?"

"Oh, no; but then it is so odd—so unlike anything I have ever heard or read about."

"But you know nothing of me, so we are well paired. I know but little myself, but that you shall know."

"Not now, please, dear. Some day when I am very brave I will tell you all about myself."

Then, after another pause, she said suddenly, "But what will Mrs. Wilson say to all this?"

Another cause for uneasiness which had quite slipped my memory. I had everything to dread from her prying curiosity, to which I felt assured she would give rein as soon as she knew my position toward her charge.

"Suppose you do not tell her for a little time?" I said, hesitatingly.

"Oh, but that would not be right; and I am sure it would vex her very much if she knew that I concealed anything from her."

"But you do conceal all your past life from her?"

"Only because I have not the courage to speak of it. But I have never hidden anything from her since I came into the house."

With a little coaxing, however, I obtained a week's respite.

Immediately afterward Mrs. Wilson returned, looking very cross. "I never did know such a gossiping creature as that servant next door—always talking to men, too. I don't

## Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

## Dr. Chase's Ointment

know. I am sure, what her mistress is about to keep her—brazen hussy!" (The servant next door was the old lady's peculiar abomination.)

"There she is, talking now to some strange, queer-looking man; and I am sure she is talking about us, for I saw him point to this house, and then he said something, and she laughed; she had better not laugh at my house; I won't put up with her impudence."

A strange man pointing to the house! What was there in such a commonplace circumstance to trouble me? But it did. I went to the window, but he was not visible from there. I went to the door; both he and the servant had disappeared. I came in again and asked what the man was like.

"Oh, I don't know. I never notice such people. A foreign-looking fel-

low, with long hair," she answered huffily.

Foreign-looking, with long hair! Such a description would apply to Mr. Montgomery. Could he have followed me? And if he had, why should that disconcert me? He could not possibly have any motive beyond idle curiosity. Nevertheless, I could not reason myself out of a certain uneasiness respecting this strange man.

Mrs. Wilson did not recover the serenity of her temper until after tea; perhaps a somewhat favorable circumstance for us, as it prevented her observing anything unusual in our manner toward each other, which her sharp eyes might have detected.

In the course of conversation, I mentioned that I had visited a theatre on the previous night. They did not know of my connection with the stage.

"I have never been to a theatre but twice in my life, and then only when I was a little child, to see the pantomimes," said Clara. "I thought it, then, the most glorious place I had ever seen. I wonder what I should think of it now? Oh, I should so much like to go; should not you, Mrs. Wilson?"

"I used to go a great deal in my poor, dear husband's time," replied the old lady. "He was a regular theatre-goer. Never was a new piece brought out, or a new performer appeared, but he was there. But theatres are not what they used to be, my dear. I can remember Macready, and Charles Kemble, and Elliston, and Liston. Those were the actors, Mr. Carston. We shall never see anything like them again."

But Clara had taken it into her head that she would go to the theatre; and, once bent upon anything, she would have her own way. So it was arranged that we should go on Monday night—it was then Friday.

"But what theatre are we going to?" asked Mrs. Wilson. "I say, Drury Lane; that is the house for me."

So it was arranged that we should go to Drury Lane Theatre Monday night. Clara was quite delighted at the thought, and talked of nothing else, and Mrs. Wilson entertained us with her theatrical experiences; and so the evening glided pleasantly along until it was time for me to go.

Clara came to the door with me, and we stood for a few minutes upon the step, looking at the clear, frosty sky, glittering with stars. Neither spoke; and I know not how long we might have stood there, had we not heard Mrs. Wilson's voice from the breakfast parlor below, warning Clara that she would take cold standing so long in the night air.

Then I took her in my arms, kissed her, and wished her good-night. I lingered for a few minutes after she had closed the door, as though loath to quit the spot. I gazed at the house, and thought of the many happy days I had spent in it—of the one that had just passed—the happiest, and yet the most miserable of all.

Was there no presentiment mingled with this melancholy, that the end of all this had come?

Darker and darker, closer and closer, gathered the shadows around me. I must linger no longer upon the road. Events are hastening thick and fast; and I have much to tell ere I shall leave them behind, and reach the end.

On the Saturday morning following, as the church clock was striking twelve, Mr. Montgomery, brushed up and cleaned up with unusual care, might have been seen ascending the dingy staircase that led to the offices of Messrs. Fogle & Quick, Gray's Inn.

Presenting himself in the clerk's office, he inquired if either of the principals were disengaged. As it happened, both were disengaged. His name was taken in, and immediately afterwards the messenger came back to announce that Messrs. Fogle & Quick would see him. He was ushered into an inner room, where he found himself in the presence of two dry, taciturn-looking gentlemen of some fifty or sixty years of age. The dull, foggy light of that dim region was still further deadened in its transit through the begrimed windows, darkened by the dirt of scores of years; nevertheless, Mr. Montgomery placed himself in such a position that no ray of it should fall upon his face. His voice, too, would have sounded strange, feigned, in the ears of those familiar with its usual tones.

and direct action on the kidneys, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have time and again proven their superiority as a preventive and cure for Bright's disease.

While toning and invigorating the kidneys, and making them active in removing uric acid from the blood, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills also regulate the action of the liver and bowels, and encourage the digestive organs to properly perform their duties. Their use will quickly stop the dreadful wasting process, which accompanies Bright's disease, and restore the deranged organs to health and activity. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Mr. Fogle demanded his business in the tone of a man whose time is money, while Mr. Quick continued his examination of a box of deeds, after casting one rapid glance at the visitor.

Mr. Montgomery's answer was to produce a copy of the previous day's Telegraph from his pocket, and point to an advertisement which has been already copied into these pages. He was polite in his manner, although very sparing of his speech.

"But you are not Silas Carston," said Mr. Fogle, sharply.

"I am not, but I am his representative," mumbled Mr. Montgomery, with a bow.

"Have you his written authority to represent him?"

There was the slightest shadow of hesitation in Mr. Montgomery's manner as he produced from his pocketbook a paper purporting to be written by Silas Carston, giving him, the bearer, full power to act as his, the said Silas Carston's, representative in respect to any communication that Messrs. Fogle & Quick may have to make.

The lawyer minutely scrutinized the document, and then the bearer. Neither seemed to inspire him with profound confidence.

"How do we know that Silas Carston has written this?" he asked, suspiciously.

Mr. Montgomery bowed, smiled, shrugged his shoulders and murmured something about the honor of a gentleman.

"We do not take gentlemen's honor as evidence," dryly replied Mr. Fogle. "But why does not Silas Carston come here himself? Where is he now?"

"He cannot come himself. Your second question, I profoundly regret to say, I cannot answer. I have promised my friend Carston not to do so."

Mr. Fogle passed the paper to Mr. Quick, who also minutely examined it, shook his head, and turned again to his document-box without uttering a word.

"We are not satisfied with your authority, and decline giving you any information. Mr. Carston must come himself," said Mr. Fogle, curtly.

"Then I presume you will return me that paper?"

"Certainly not; we shall retain it, and hand it over to Mr. Carston when we see him."

The professor was posed; but he was too practiced a dissembler to betray it by any outward sign, for the lawyer's eye was upon him.

There was a whispered conference for a moment between the two partners. Then Mr. Fogle said, "Stay! We will give you our client's address, under whose instructions we are acting. She can use her own discretion as to whether she pleases to transact business with you. We thus relieve ourselves of all responsibility either way."

While he spoke, he was writing on a slip of paper, which he folded and handed to the visitor.

"Shall I not require the document I gave you as an introduction to the party?" insinuated the gentleman.

"Not at all. The paper you have in your hand will be sufficient introduction. Good-morning!"

(To Be Continued.)

## PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Sometimes melancholy is greater than it would otherwise be through selfishness—through not rejoicing with them that do rejoice.—William Mountford.

The real blessing, mercy, satisfaction, is not in the having or the lack of merely outward things, but in the consciousness that the true sources of life and happiness are deeper than all these.—John White Chadwick.

Honor to the strong man, in these ages, who has shaken himself loose of shams, and is something. For in the way of being worthy, the first condition surely is that one be. Let cant cease at all risks, and at all costs; till Cant cease, nothing else can begin.—Carlyle.

Nature has her own purposes to work out, which in a sense have nothing to do with the individual—her racial purposes. But she acts in the rough, with tremendous sweep and power, and with little adjustment or consideration for the later developed and more conscious and intelligent ideals of humanity.—Carpenter.

The society exists for the benefit of its members; not its members for the benefit of society. It has ever to be remembered that great as may be the efforts made for the prosperity of the body politic, yet the claims of the body politic are nothing in themselves, and become something only in so far as they embody the claims of its component individuals.—Spencer.

## ELECTRIC WINDMILLS.

In Germany electricity, among other curious results, has rehabilitated the discarded windmill. At Neresheim a windmill supplies power for 36 incandescent lamps, that light a large paint factory. Another in Schleswig Holstein keeps up a steady current of 30 volts. At Dusseldorf a windmill winds up a heavy weight, of which the descent works a powerful dynamo.

"She refused him, as she thought that he would propose again." "And did he?" "Oh, yes; but it was to another girl."

## THE MOVING OF ROYALTIES

HOW KINGS CHANGE THEIR PLACE OF ABOVE.

King Edward Superintends the Packing—Czar Is Hard to Move.

Kings, like their humbler subjects, frequently have occasion to change their place of abode, even though it may only be to one of the other royal palaces already furnished with every comfort a monarch can desire. Nevertheless there are a hundred and one articles required for daily use which the King takes with him wherever he goes, and consequently moving is always a function of considerable importance in the eyes of the officials at Windsor.

It is not generally known that an inventory consisting of sixty volumes contains a full description of every article at Windsor, from the solid gold dinner service, valued at £800,000, down to the smallest hearth-rug. It was compiled at Queen Victoria's behest some years ago, and is always called into requisition on these occasions.

In the castle workshop the packing cases have been made by a staff of carpenters, and under the supervision of an inspector, who is directly responsible to the Master of the Household for their safety, the articles are packed by the royal servants, and not by outside workmen. In the inventory every article has a number, so each case as it is packed is sealed and ticketed with the numbers of the items it contains before being placed in the vans. In this way it is impossible for any one to detect which cases

## CONTAIN VALUABLES.

King Edward is very methodical, and not infrequently superintends the packing in person. Whenever he goes into residence elsewhere he insists on taking several small chests of drawers, tables, desks, etc., containing his private papers, besides favorite inkstands, pen trays, and other knickknacks which he likes to see about him. In addition several thousand pounds' worth of plate and china have to be taken for dinner parties, all of which must be most carefully packed, especially as among the crockery plates valued at £50 apiece are numbered, and it says much for the abilities of the royal packers that a breakage is very seldom recorded. Each case is checked three times during the journey—on being placed in the van, when transferred to the train, and on arrival at its destination. A servant who acts as a detective is sent by the train as an ordinary passenger.

The King admits a fad for collecting walking-sticks, and his collection numbers over a thousand specimens, at least a score of which he will want to take with him. It is not often that he uses the same stick on two consecutive days, and he makes a point of personally selecting the sticks he wishes to be packed. Yet no great amount of preparation is necessary for the royal fitting; indeed, the packing is rarely done till two days beforehand.

## SOME SOVEREIGNS

are very particular as to their moving and cannot bear strange surroundings. The Kaiser is one of these, and when he goes into residence elsewhere every article in his study at Potsdam—even to the pictures and knickknacks with which his eye is familiar—goes with him, and is so expeditiously packed and unpacked that his room is never long in a state of chaos. Other monarchs have similar whims, as, for instance, the King of the Belgians, who cannot sleep in a strange bed, and the Emperor of Austria, who insists on dining at the same table wherever he may be, but as he strongly objects to using a tablecloth, this is, perhaps, excusable.

The most difficult monarch to "move" is undoubtedly the Czar, and the transfer of his fittings from the winter palace to Livadia is always a matter of enormous preparation, and in consequence is not often undertaken. All the furniture in every room, with very few exceptions, is moved bodily, even down to the carpets, and the greater part of his library, consisting of 80,000 volumes, makes the journey also. The comfort of the royal children, too, is very carefully studied, the toys and entire contents of the nursery being moved en masse to the new residence, if only for a stay covering a few weeks.—Tit-Bits.

## MAD CASHIER'S GENEROSITY.

A lady, on walking up to the cashier's desk in one of the big drapery establishments in Paris the other day to pay for her purchases, was astounded to hear that the proprietor of the establishment had decided to make her a present of everything she had bought, and also a bundle of bank notes. The manager hurriedly intervened, whereupon the cashier began to smash everything within his reach. It was found that he had suddenly become insane.

## HARD ON THE LECTURER.

A Lyons surgeon, lecturing on the horrors of tight lacing, said that he forbade his wife and daughters to wear corsets. Suddenly a lady fainted in the audience. Her corsets were removed, and she at once obtained relief. It turned out to be the lecturer's own wife.

# Bright's Disease of the Kidneys

Symptoms That Warn You of the Approach of This Malady so Dreadfully Painful and Fatal in Its Results. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Bright's disease is in reality a chronic inflammation of the kidneys, and is the natural consequence of neglecting ordinary kidney derangements.

At first you may notice a slight swelling of the feet after the day's work is over, slow but unmistakable failure of health, pallor of face, and loss of flesh, shortness of breath when going upstairs rapidly, and dizziness of sight.

Soon the digestive system becomes deranged, the appetite impaired, and in many there is a tendency to diarrhoea and formation of gas in the intestines. There are frequently recurring headaches, attacks of dizzy-

ness, and severe pains in the back and limbs.

The accumulation of watery fluid—dropsy—continues in the cavity of the chest, and may at any time cause death from heart failure or dropsy of the lungs. Sometimes uraemia, stupor, convulsions and death occur suddenly, before the other symptoms have become prominent and while the dropsy is still slight in quantity.

As Bright's disease causes a wasting away of the cells and tissues of the kidneys themselves, as well as of the whole body, it can only be perfectly cured if treatment is begun in its early stages, when the first symptoms become noticeable. Because of their remarkably prompt

and direct action on the kidneys, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have time and again proven their superiority as a preventive and cure for Bright's disease.

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