Face to Face

00000000

OR, GERVASE RICKMAN'S AMBITION.

C. TER III.

Rickman looked expectantly at Edward, thinking he would follow them, which he did not. Mr. Rickman had long since vanished into the charmed privacy of his study, and Mrs. Rickman had gone in to avoid the dew, but sat at work in a window looking out on the garden.

"I must go to the shearers' supper," Gervase said at last. "Perhaps, Annesley, you would not care to look in as well. You would find the humors of a shear-feast stale?"

"Of course he would," Sibyl replied for him. "But I shall go and have my health drunk. Nonsense, Gervase, I shall go. You know I always do look in for a minwie. Come at once."

She took her brother's arm and bore him off, prolesting, laughingly, it is true. yel seriously annoyed with Sibyl for coming with him, and angry at Annes-

kitchen, a long, low, dark room with black oaken beams, filled now with the rest; she rose in the mornings bur- been clasping in the growing intensity passion and bitter with mockery, floated odor of hot food, the clatter of knives and dened by the weight of another's guilt, of his words, and stood a little further before him ghost-like, and took the etherforks and human voices, and the Rembrandt shadows caused by the fire-light playing on the mingled dusk and steam.

Good ale and good beef had by this time brought the slow-working heavy machinery of rustic speech into full play. Raysh Squire was telling his best story; that of the smugglers hidden in a tomb, Lowlands Low," or "A Gentle Maiden, singing of

"Here's a health unto our Measter, the vounder of the veast,"

Gervase insisted on her going. She went out slowly, and leaving the fore she was aware of it. garden, passed round by the barns, and strolled away in the balmy June gloaming, until she reached the belt of firs, the, moaning music of which was now still first pale stars transpic into the

Rensparent lemon-tinted sky.

She turned her face to the beautiful leaned her arms upon the rail Mace, beyond which the shorn sheep were browsing with plaintive bleating and mellow bell-tinkling, and watched familiar miracle of the star-rising strated, recovering from the first shock with all the enthusiasm of romantic of surprise. "Any and every question youth; her ardert imagination sugges. you care to ask can be but an honor to not trust me. And if you trusted me, mag thoughts and aspirations, and con- me.' juring up visions hidden from others; bad enough.

A nightingale's song, mellow, rich and sclely for your own sake."

more?

Then she fell into a train of thought, | mands are." to find out and give expression | Alice still looked down upon the to the broad, general meaning of those closed heads of the daisies, her hands omiused and conflicting currents which nervously locked together before her, The best thing in youth, next to its un- of feeling and purpose. The setting sun he turned to gaze in the pale twilight. spoiled capacity for enjoyment, is the threw a glory upon her; swallows which its dim future offers. Sibyl stood sheep-bells, farm-yard sounds, birds' portion of it, trying to picture what the roses, meadow clover, lily scents, and follure might bring her, with an ardent the vague perfume of the young foliage. mreatened to consume her, and estab. find words to express her burning terrible. ushing a subtle sympathy between her- thoughts. self and thousands of unknown souls. "You suffer," she said, at last, "under who does not trust me." But one side of life might never fully be an imputation-that is all the more terrevealed to her, a whole sequence of joys | rinte because it is so vague." reflected, she might get a truer was gray, and the air lost its balm. image of the whole than if her vision | "Yes," he replied. Me necessary to Sibyl.

Magored beneath the firs, her bright face | tated-"Alice; I can not." Rated to the sky and irradiated by its

sed to be uttered.

was stirred by the thought that a crisis strife. since the day when first he eaw it. If the boom of a funeral knell.

the face had been dear then, it was ten-The Merions left carly, and Gervase fold dearer now, though the first glory of youth was gone and its early lustre dimmed. During the past months Alice had suffered a wearing, wasting pain, touched him. which he was far from divining, and the perpetual conflict while marring the beauty of her face, had left its stamp in an ethereal charm only seen in those who, like Jacob, have wrestled spiritual- that day. I have not spoken to you of ly and prevailed. The patriarch halted my feelings since, because I respected silence, and thought it all over with a on his thigh after that night's wrestling. your grief. But what is past is past, heavy heart in which there glowed No one may issue alive unscarred from and can not be changed, and you are scarcely a spark of hope. Over the such conflict, and Alice never regained young and without near ties. And I ghostly downs in the faint dusk and in her youthful bloom. Her face was thin, have loved you, faithfully and truly, the rising moonlight he rode, up and her eyes were too bright. And though ever since that day when I first saw down and across for miles and miles this suffering was, as he thought, for another, it endeared her to the man who -not to be my wife-it is oversoon for rode was his own. He looked sadly at loved her so truly.

she saw Edward she could not accept my whole heart is bound up in you, neath; he would have given half his ley's bad taste in remaining with Alice. the verdict her own reason forced upon will you not try to take me for your life to be free of it, for the price he had lopular favor. The shearers' supper was spread in the her. So it came to pass that her thoughts | husband?' continually buffeted her and gave her no Alice disengaged the hands he had Paul, as he had last seen it, dark with and struggled mentally all the day, till from him, pausing before she replied, at night she lay down with the hope with a strong resolve to put away feel- dimmed the glory of the calm infinite that some misconception existed, and ing and listen only to duty. that a straightforward recital of all that | "Do you know what you are asking, and renew the conflict on the morrow. | tion." was the vile fruit of a light and passing these rumors have not been heard. Fair and Young," he would sing. Sibyl fancy. His very silence, as they paced know that this is a disadvantage, but loved him in return.

After a'l she was the first to speak; the pent-up resolve to question him at all hazards breaking forth almost be-

"Mr. Annesley," she said, gently and calmly, in spite of the thick heart-beats which threatened to choke her, "I am have overheard his compact with Ger- thing. for awhile; there she stopped and saw glad to be alone with you for a moment. I wish to ask you a very serious question." She stopped, facing him, and looked down on the grass at their feet, where the closed daisies really looked like pearls, margaritae. "You will perhaps think it impertment."

"How is that possible?" he remon- from her conscience.

"You have asked me more than once for Sibyl had the subline misfortune to to be your friend," she continued, "and his face. "Why do you attribute a se- fully, "and who would believe it?". be a poet, as if being a woman were not in that name I venture to ask this, not cret to me? I see that I can never win from curiosity or any mean motive, but your love, since I have not won your he could not now clear himself; that the

tucbulent, poured from a copse hard by, "Dearest Miss Lingard, this is too good and the tears sprung to Siby!'s eyes. 'of you," he replied, when she paused at "When the world is so beautiful," she a loss for further speech. "I, too, have to Alice's heart. "Let me trust you," she a public trial, with its formal charges mused, "and there is the hope of one something to ask and something to say, besought him, "tell me what foundation and formal refutation of them, ending in more beautiful, what can we want but I will hear first," he smiled, half in there is for these dark surmises. Be- an acquittal, could efface the stain upon pleasant mockery, "what your com- lieve me, Mr. Annesley, I should like to him. If a man is said to be an untrust-

and sorrows must be denied her, she | Edward started as if a hand of ice had could be only the speciator of the lead- been laid upon his heart; the whole the flowers poised their heads in a country, was a mystery that Edward ing events in the drama of life. Thus, world changed for him, the sunlight dreamy stillness that seemed to yearn Annesley and his friends vainly at-

were distorted by the storm and stress of "I have thought," she went on, her personal experience. For some deep heart beating still more rapidly, "much Sibyl was standing unseen, to the mea- advised her not to repeat that observaistinct made a fair unbroken view of upon it. And I have thought that you dows where the sheep were gazing tranmight remove this-this repreach."

lastre; these, and others too deep or too words she had heard in the pine wood.

"Promise that you vill never tell. All faint stars. In the meantime Edward found the need never be known. Above all she

more by the fear that she might be too "Surely, surely you should tell all that when you want a friend." weak to pass triumphantly through it. happened on that day. Perhaps, after Cary strolled sciently between the tall all, you have told all?" she pleaded, white sentinel lilies, the dazzling petals wringing her hands in the intensity of of which shone in glorious purity against her hope. "Oh! you have told all, and this. green of the espaliers. Edward was what is rumored of something concealed overcharged with feeling to speak, is only scandal," she urged, though his and spoke without reserve wild words of portioned story. A savage performs and his heart misgave him when he per- own words about conceaknent sounded passion. enved how changed Alice's face was in her memory, even as she spoke, like

He turned away, and then he turned again and looked in her agitated face.

"You mean well, dearest Miss Lingard," he said, "but this discussion is as useless as it is painful. I can bear the of the turf walk made them start asun burden, such as it is. I shall live it der, and they went to meet him, the agi down. After all, what is the opinion of tation in their faces hidden by the friendothers?"

"Is my opinion nothing?" she asked. "It is everything. Alice, Alice, think as kindly of me as you can. I love you. Alice, I loved you the first moment I saw you; do not mistrust me."

He has now taken her hands and obliged her to look at him, which she did through tears.

"Tel me the whole truth," she said. "No, Alice; believe me, but do not ask me this," he replied. "Of all people hour.

"Would it not ease your mind to speak light stroll, Alice?" freely to one who-who-who is your friend?" sne continued in a way that tired." And when they reached the gar

be. I must ask you to bury this subject in your memory forever. Dearest Alice, head to Edward's murmured injunction I know what sorrow fell upon you on you. And I came here to-day to ask you and every rood of land over which he you to think of that, but to begin a new his fair inheritance sleeping tranquilly Of late she had fought hard against life and think of my need of you, and in the magical moonlight, woodland, the conclusion which had forced itself let me see you from time to time and farm and field spread over the undulatupon her by the river-side. Whenever try to win you. When you know that ing down-land, and in the plain be-

occurred on that most unhappy after- Mr. Annesley ;" she asked at last; "you neon would remove the stigma from come to me with a stain upon you, and Edward Annesley's name, only to rise you refuse to remove it by an explana- must ever keep them apart; since she

whose morning uprising from their hid. And when he uttered those few words at | "Time will efface that stain," he re- win her love. ing-place made some early laborers go- the tea-table to-day, his voice, the silent plied, shrinking slightly beneath her ing forth to work think the last day was devotion in his manner, and the light in words, which cut him to the heart: "And come. John Nobbs had just brought his eyes, stirred a new feeling in her, though I am not stout enough to face forth a new and powerful joke, at the which should have been hope, but was the world's scorn and bear the burden remembrance of which his waistcoat fear. Till now she had not thought that myself, I should never ask a wife to knocked at Alice's door and entered her still heaved spasmodically. He was con- he loved her; she had accepted Gervase's share it. I would ask her to leave this sidering which of his songs, "In the theory that his jealousy, unlike Paul's, place and let me find her a home where

would fain have lingered at this scene, the turf walk in the balmy evening, told if love can atone for anything, my love the unsophisticated humors of which her more eloquently of his love than any is strong enough to atone for this. If pleased her lively fancy, but after the speech; and the wild flutter of pulses you could once learn to love me, Alice, you anything to confess?" within her told her too truly that she and you might in time, the world's opinion would weigh lightly with you."

> man who stood before her, exalted by Alice, have you sent him away?" honest feeling, his face earnest, and his voice elequent with passion, could not be guilty of what was imputed to him, tinued Sibyl; "you should stand by his she longed for mental blindness, she side." would have given half her life not to vase, or Gervase's subsequent hints. If she could but wipe that hour from her ful scandals?" Sibyl went on. "Surely memory and trust him, as he expected you can not think there is any truth in her to trust him, then she could give them?" herself to him with perfect unreserve so heavily upon him, with no reproach | clear himself."

"Mr. Annesley," she at last replied, coldly, "you can not love me if you-do you would confide your secret to me."

trust.

| chill twilight, and the misery in it went | they, would take; that nothing short of trust you," she added, with a pathos worthy man, it is impossible to diswhich moved and yet gladdened him. prove the charge; if he is accused of Surely there was a little love in that be- forgery, he can not be held guilty until seeching voice, he thought, and he the charge is supported by reliable evimake up the full stream of human life. her lips compressed, and her face full seemed to see it in the face upon which dence. No special accusation could be

"Trust me," he said, his voice vibrat- worst that was urged against him was limitless field of vision and conjecture wheeled in the pure pale sky overhead; ing with strong feeling, "trust me per- matter of surmise at the most. The case feetly with a large, unquestioning trust. | stood thus; the cousins had quarreled. calitary and pensive in the summer twi- songs, and the voices of village children Remember, once for all, I can not clear and it was known that they had been Light, and mused upon the mighty cur- at play, came borne in softered tones up this mystery. You do not know what near each other, if not together, within reat of human life, and her own little upon" the still evening air; opening you ask, or you would never ask it. a few minutes of the violent death of Trust me."

face and infinite depths of thought in her | breathed a charm of fragrance about the | clasped her hands together with a silent | dent, the fatal termination of which only dark eyes. She saw her parents bending two lovers, to whom the whole earth prayer for guidance. It would be so was witnessed by a third person. The wider the burden of years, and clinging seemed charged with the meaning and sweet to say "I trust you;" but, know- death was of great advantage to the surto her for support; she saw herself ex- melody of etherealized passion. Her ing what she knew, so wrong; the vivor, the motive for crime was present. pressing thoughts which sometimes heart was overfull, she could scarcely thing she was asked to condone was too The fact that the dead man's mother re-

more he turned aside and gazed blank- foundation of facts known only to a few for speech, and a brown mystery of tempted to solve. shadow was being woven about he trees, away to the firs, beneath which Sibyl had said once, whereupon Gervase quilly in the mystic gloaming, to the So these thoughts came to her as she "I can not," he replied, pale and agi- coppice from the green heart of which a Alice's memory vibrated with the against the sky which was bright with against him, and get it well taked in his own case that a man could live the after-glow and pierced by a few pale, about."

esportunity he had so carefully sought, must never know." She knew now that shall never love again," he said, after a magnitude, accompanied by a certain He was alone with Alice, whose spirit she was the Helen of that fratricidal brief, sharp spasm of pain, "but it is all bias, when passed through the minds over now. Only think as kindly as you and mouths of numerous narrators, de- that I accept it as demonstrated. What her life was approaching, and still "Oh, do not say that I" she eried. can of me, Alice, and remember me velops to enormous and unexpected pro- is the use of my continuing the experi-

> He was going, but an overwhelming impulse moved her to delay him.

He came back quickly, took her hands,

shat," and he was silent.

"Think it over," he said, presently, "I can wait. Say that I may come again

The apparition of Gervase at the end ly dusk. Gervase appeared surprised to see them. "I thought you had gone long ago, Annesley," he said, apparently untroubled by the thought that his company was superfluous. "What a charming night! Somebody said Sibyl was ou hera; have you seen her, Alice?"

"It is later than I thought," said Ed ward; "these long days deceive one There is no real night at all."

"The moon will rise soon," returned Gervase; "you had better wait for her I can never tell you the story of that I envy you your ride over the downs When are you and I to have our moon

"Not to-night," she replied, "I an der door she vanished into the shadowed "No," he answered; "no. It can not house with a brief "good-night," re sponding by a slight inclination of the

> Then he rode away in the dew paid for it was too heavy. The face of eai sweetness from the moonlight, and night. He saw well that the dead Paul was as serious a barrier as the living one had been. Even if Alice recovered from her sorrow, this silence between them did not trust him, he could never hope to

While he rode away thus in the dim summer night, the tranquil household at Arden quieted down, and when the family had retired for the night, Sibyl

"Have you anything to say to me tonight?,' she asked.

"Nothing," replied Alice, who was accustomed to this little formula, the prelude to some sisterly confidence; "have "My sins have not been very black to-

day," replied Sibyl, kissing her with un-She was dumb with amazement. The wonted tenderness, "but I thought-Alice silently kissed her forehead.

"All the world is against him," con-

Alice burst into tears, and said no-

"Is it because you believe these hate-

"I think," said Alice, lifting her head and share the burden that was pressing from Sibyl's shoulder, "that he ought to

"How could he?"

"He should make a full and clear statement of all that he d'd that afternoon. "Yes. And publish it in the papers, and make the town-crier proclaim it in "My secret!" a red flush rushed over | Medington streets," retorted Sibyl, scorn-

It had not occurred to Alice before that more he noticed the vague accusations He turned away, his face dark in the lodged against him, the more substance brought against Edward Annesley; the one; it was not known where the sur-Alice began to tremble again, and she vivor was at the moment of the accifused to meet his heir and her nearest "No," she replied, "I can not trust one kinsman was impressive. How all this was known, and how all these surmises He was silent and hear'-struck. Once and conjectures had been built upon the

"He must have some deadly enemy,"

"If you wish to ruin a person's repu- good out of it," tation," he added, "the best way is to

"True," replied Mr. Rickman, who was one thousand dollars a year?" "I do trust you, and I love you as I present, "a germ of fact infinitesimal in pertions. Each narrator adds from a ment?" defective or careless memory; hearsays are reported as witnessed facts; imagi-"Stay," she cried; "do not go like nation supplies gaps and enhances details, because the innate artistic feeling of mankind demands a properly prosome isolated feat of endurance, he de-"Hush!" she cried; "do not speak like velops into a hero; the deeds of several such heroes are in the course of time pean settlers living out of Europe.

The Federal Life Assurance Company Of Canada

The statement of the Federal Life preenled to the shareholders at the 25th mnual meeting, Tuesday 19th inst., ndicates a condition of prosperity highly gratifying to the shareholders and riends of this progressive Canadian uslitution. The Company has now at isk insurance to the amount of \$17,884,-73.61, of which \$2,868,624.33 was writa during the year just closed. Ils asels are \$2,710,702.62, and guarantee apital \$870,000. The receipts of the year were \$725.581.27, of which \$604,359.61 was premium and annuity income. The surplus to policyholders at the close of the year, exclusive of uncalled guarantee apital, was \$224,573.32. The report shows that the ratio of expenses to prenium income has decreased nearly 3 per cent, as compared with the preceding year. The Company has good reason to feel pleased with the progress made and o look forward to a continuation of

The magnificent new home of the ompany, corner of James and Main streets, Hamilton, is one of the finest nsurance headquarters in the Dominion, and is a credit to the management and an ornament to the city. It is well worth any citizen's time to drop in and take a look through this fine steel structure, litted with all the modern conveniences, and finished in the style of the up-to-date New York office buildings. Nothing has been neglected which could add to the comfort of those doing business in it. It is a work at once solid and artistic. I' speaks of prosperity, confidence in the future, and that enterprise which commands respect and success. That it will prove as profitable as an investment as it is elegant and imposing architecturally, we confidently believe. The future looks rosy for the Federal Life, which under the management of Mr. David Dexter has attained to such prominence among the successful insurance companies of the Dominion.

attributed to one, whose actions gradually become miraculous, until in the course of ages the brave savage is a god. Such are myths, such is the legendary dawn of history."

These words Alice remembered now. acknowledging their justice, and bitterly regretting and censuring the concealment, which she thought the cause of the whole embroglio.

Better, far better for Edward, she thought, it would have been, had he given himself up to the Cantonal authorities as having been the accidental cause I his cousin's death, if, as she supposed, that death had occurred in the course of a quarrel or struggle in which both had forgotten the dangerous nature of the ground on which they stood. It. as she had often hoped, Edward had merely witnessed the accident, why did he not report what he saw? why was there any concealment? was he afraid of attaching suspicion or blame to himself? Was he, in short, a coward?

"After all," said Sibyl, at the end of their conference in Alice's chamber that summer night, "what do these calumnies matter? They pain him naturally. But he will soon live them down." Which was but an echo of Edward's words in the garden that night, Alice reflected, as the doors closed upon Sibyl, and left her to the unwelcome companionship of her own thoughts.

(To be continued).

ALREADY PROVED.

A young man who had inherited a large fortune from a rich but very economical relative decided to live on a scale commensurate with his greatly increased income, and was making arrangements to build a fine mansion, buy an automobile, and invest in other expensive luxuries, when an elderly ly away over the balmy garden, where persons, and occurring in a foreign friend who had always been one of his advisers undertook to remonstrate with

"What's this I hear about your squandering the money your uncle left you, Harry?" said the elderly friend.

"I am not going to squander it," he answered, "but I'm going to get some

"It's enough to make him turn overnightingale was singing, to the hill dark lay some charge that admits no disproof in his grave. Didn't your uncle prove on a personal expenditure of less than-

> "Yes." "Well?"

"Well, he proved it so thoroughly

By the treaty of 1817 Great Britain and the United States bound themselves. not to keep more than one war vessel apiece upon Lake Ontario.

There are at present 16,000,000 Euros