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Furnace Kettles, Power Straw Cutters, Hot Air Furnaces, Shingle Machinery, Band Saws, Emery Machines, hand or power; Cresting, Farmers' Kettles, Columns, Church Seat Ends, Bed Fasteners, Fencing, Pump-Makers' Supplies, School Desks, Fanning Mill Castings, Light Castings and Builders' Supplies, Sole Plates and points for the different ploughs in use. Casting repairs for Flour and Saw Mills.

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I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles.

CHARTER SMITH,  
DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

The Chronicle is the most wide read newspaper published in the County of Grey.

# Through Storm and Sunshine

white shoulder. As Vivien looked at her she thought of a picture of a Bacchante which she has seen in a Paris gallery—a Bacchante with just such another lovely, laughing, defiant, flushed face. Vivien would have spoken, but the first words uttered arrested her attention and seemed to strike her dumb.

It was her ladyship who spoke first, and the conversation was carried on in French. She held a jeweled fan in her hand, and waved it lightly as she spoke.

"Now, Henri, quick! Why have you brought me away from my guests? What do you want to say to me?"

"I want your answer to my question, Valerie, and I am determined to have it. You duped me years ago; you shall not, I swear, dupe me again."

"You rather enjoyed the duping," she returned, carelessly.

"I have been here now—how many months! I find it dull, this old Abbey of yours. I am tired of it. I long to be at Baden or Monaco, Homburg, Paris, anywhere where there is a semblance of life. I want your answer at once."

"And why, pray, do you want it in this hurried fashion?"

"You call it hurried, when I have been waiting for months! I will have it to night, and the reason that De Calloux returns to Paris to-morrow, and my affairs must be arranged."

"What if I do not choose to give you this promise, monsieur?"

His face grew livid with rage.

"Then," he replied, "I swear that I will betray you to the proud daughter of this house. All England shall know who my Lady Neslie is."

Vivien had recovered herself. She pushed aside the roses and the passion flowers all damp with dew. She stepped from the balcony into the room.

"Let me warn you," she said in French. "I have no wish to listen to your conversation. Permit me to pass through the room."

But Henri de Nouchet interposed.

"I am glad you are here, Miss Neslie. I make my appeal to you—you are proud and cold and hard, but you are just and honorable."

"Mistake me," he laughed mockingly.

"This promises to be interesting," she said; and the Frenchman's dark face grew darker as he heard the mocking tones.

"I appeal to you," he said passionately, "to see justice done to me. This lady promised most faithfully, when I met her in Paris, to marry me, and now she refuses to keep her word."

"That I do, most decidedly," put in Valerie, with a smile.

"Is it fair to me, Miss Neslie? Is it just—is it honorable? She promised. We arranged it all. I was to come to Lancelwood on some pretext or other, to seem to fall in love with her, and we were to be married. I should have come in the guise of a traveling artist, but that she proposed my coming as tutor. Is it fair or just that she should refuse me now?"

"I beg of you not to appeal to me in the matter. I can have nothing to say," replied Vivien.

"Most wisely answered," sneered "miladi."

"We were engaged to be married," went on M. de Nouchet, undeterred, "when Lady Neslie was only seventeen. When she broke off with me to marry your father, she promised faithfully that if she was left a widow—above all, a wealthy one—she would marry me. I met her in Paris; she renewed the promise, and now refused to fulfill it. Is that just, Miss Neslie?"

Vivien turned away with an air of proud contempt.

"It does not interest me," she said, coldly.

"Pray listen!" he continued, vehemently. "You are the only one here possessed of truth and honesty. Is it honest of miladi to deceive me again?"

Lady Neslie laughed, while the light quivered in her jewels.

"It is all wasted pathos, Henri," she said. "Miss Neslie does not like you."

"I know it; but Miss Neslie will see justice done to me," he cried.

"My dear Henri," said Lady Valerie, "I was a foolish young girl when I first fell in love with your handsome face—and a very handsome face it was in those days."

He muttered something between his closed lips; "miladi" fanned herself languidly.

"I repeat that I was a foolish young girl. I was in love with you—I promised to marry you. All that I admit. But Sir Arthur came in my way. What girl of sense would have hesitated between a handsome penniless lieutenant, and a rich, English baronet? Love—bah! It pales before money. You owned yourself that I was doing a most sensible thing when I married him."

The Frenchman's face grew paler as he listened to the light, mocking voice.

"Then I met you again in Paris, when I had been some little time a widow, and I renewed my promise to marry you. That was rash, I knew it. I determined that I would see what you were like before I married you. I have tested you, and you have failed. I thought the wisest thing that I could do would be to invite you over to Lancelwood. But this is such a curious country. I decided it was better that you should come in some business capacity. I have watched you closely since you have been here, and now I decline the alliance—I will not marry you."

"You forget," he hissed, "that you are in my power."

"I am indifferent. I will not be hard. I will give you a very handsome present and you shall return to France; but I shall not accompany you, monsieur."

"Will you at least tell me why?" he asked, with a curious whiteness coming over his face.

"Yes, I have not the least objection," replied Lady Neslie. "You were young when I first knew you. You had no decided faults. Now you are a confirmed gambler. You could no more keep from the gaming-table than you could live without air. That is why I decline to marry you, Henri de Nouchet."

"If I give my word," he began; but "miladi" interrupted him.

"There are marvels in nature," she said, "but that such a marvel as your giving up gambling could ever take place, I refuse to believe. Years ago," she continued earnestly, "I should not have thought so much of this, but I have learned the value of money. I know the value of a good home, a substantial fortune, and I shall not forfeit these things for you."

"You would not forfeit them," he said. "Miladi," waved her white hand.

"I should, if I married you to-morrow, you would spend my whole fortune, and when it was spent you would be the first to ill use me. I decline the honor of being rendered penniless, by Monsieur de Nouchet."

"I wish," said Miss Neslie, "that you would permit me to pass; with this unseemly dispute I have nothing whatever to do."

"Nay," said he. "I entreat you to remain. My lady, you have driven me to bay. You promised to marry me, and you have refused. I have you in my power. I tell you that unless you consent, I will betray you to Miss Neslie."

"A betrayer is always a coward," she observed.

"Then I will be a coward. I will tell her all. And then, presumptuous as you are, you will not dare to remain here."

"I shall remain here," said "miladi." "You betraying me is a matter of little moment now. My fortune is secure."

His face grew frightful in its livid rage.

"I will tell all I know of you," he said, "unless you consent. Think you again, Valerie—you shall have a gay, sunny, bright life in Paris. You know I love you, and will make you happy."

"Miladi" shrugged her shoulders.

"We will leave love out of the question," she said, "this is a matter of funds for gambling, and the betrayal of a friend."

"I have more patience with you," he hissed between his white lips, "than I thought I could have with any woman living."

"It is all of no use," said Lady Neslie. "Words are vain; threats, persuasions, are vain. I will not marry you. You want to marry me because you want my fortune to gamble with; you shall not have it. I would rather gamble it all away myself than give it to you."

He drew his watch from his pocket and laid it on the table between them.

"I give you just five minutes in which to reconsider your words. Lady Neslie if you promise to marry me, you shall never regret it; if you refuse, I will tell Miss Neslie your story."

"Pray give me a chair," said "miladi" laughing. "I am tired—I cannot stand for five minutes longer."

But he did not stir, and the others stood in silence, unbroken save by the faint ticking of the watch.

The scene was intensely dramatic. Outside a bright moon was shining, the dew lay on the sleeping flowers, the tall trees stood like huge sentinels; inside the soft pearly light of the lamp filled the room, with a warm glow, and shone upon the three faces. Never was there a more striking group—"miladi" lovely, laughing, mocking, her gay dress and jewels seeming to attract all the light, her mouth curled in scorn, her eyes flashing defiance, yet gay and reckless; Vivien, with her picturesque velvet dress sweeping the ground, her grandly beautiful face filled with noble disdain, tall, imperial, queenly; the Frenchman agitated, pale with white lips and burning eyes.

Never a word was spoken. "Miladi" stirred the air with her fan. Vivien's

heart beat loud and fast; it seemed to her that she stood there holding the honor of her house in her hand. How slowly the minutes passed! What had she to hear when they were over?

"Now," said M. de Nouchet, "the time is past; give me your answer, Lady Neslie."

"I refuse most absolutely to marry you," she replied.

He bowed, and Vivien thought she had never seen anything so terrible as his handsome, haggard, livid face.

"You refuse; then I will keep my word. I pray you to listen, Miss Neslie, while I tell you Lady Neslie's story."

"I would rather not hear it. It comes too late," said Vivien, earnestly.

"Lady Valerie, is one of us now; if there are any secrets in her past life, let them lie buried."

"That is the most sensible speech you have ever made, Vivien; but really I do not mind—it can make no difference to me. Before Sir Arthur's death, I persuaded, coaxed, conciliated; but now I am quite indifferent—nothing can touch my fortune. As for my position, we shall see what harm monsieur can do me."

"Valerie," he cried once more, "will you retract?"

She looked at him with burning eyes.

"After you have threatened me! Coward, betrayer, I would not marry you to save my life!"

He turned to Vivien.

"Miss Neslie," he said, "listen to me. This woman who mocks me so cruelly now was my first love. She was not Valerie D'Este, as she told your father, but Valerie Rolieux, the daughter of a grocer in Paris."

"Miladi" interrupted him with a little laugh.

"Miss Neslie will not be surprised to hear that. She never believed that I was a D'Este—did you, Vivien?"

The haughty disdain of the beautiful face was her only answer. Monsieur continued—

"Valerie was always pretty; her sister Marie, who passes here as her maid, always plain. I need not weary you, Miss Neslie, by telling you of the quiet home, where this cold, cruel woman lived, or of her vanity, greater even than her beauty. I was the son of a notary living near, and as a child I madly loved her fair, laughing face. The quiet home did not long content her; against the prayers, the wishes of her parents she left it, and when she was only fourteen she was known as the most daring rider in the most fashionable cirque in Paris. She traveled half over France with that cirque, and then returned to Paris and promised—ah, madman that I was to believe her!—to marry me. Her parents were dead then, and she had a little money. She took her only sister, Marie, as her maid, and traveled abroad. She afterward returned to a Parisian boarding-house and there met your father—Sir Arthur."

Vivien interrupted him. She did not look at the fair, false woman who had brightened her life, but the dark, earnest eyes were fixed on de Nouchet.

"If you do not mind," she said, "will you tell me, how she duped my father? I always knew that she had deceived him; I never knew how."

"Yes, I will tell you. When she found from the mistress of the house that a rich English baronet was staying there, she at once made up her mind. She caused herself to be introduced to him as Mademoiselle D'Este, a daughter of one of the younger branches of the D'Estes. She told him a sad little story about limited means, and the painful position of an orphan girl. Sir Arthur, your father, permit me to say, Miss Neslie, was not very shrewd. She was very quick, very cunning; she was very fair and very charming. She had the face of an angel, the voice of a siren; he was indolent and liked to be amused—she amused him. He did not take the trouble to inquire into her antecedents. He took all she said for granted, fell in love with and married her."

"But you, monsieur—what did you do?" asked Vivien. It annoyed her that her father should have been so easily duped—her poor, dead father!

"What did I do, Miss Neslie? I had to submit. What could I do? When she told me of her resolve to marry a rich baronet, I knew that all I could say would be vain. I will not grieve you by repeating what she promised. As to one thing she kept her word. After she was married she sent me continually handsome sums of money. She has been ungrudgingly generous to me."

"And you took it?" said Vivien.

"Yes; I took it. It was the price of 'miladi's' secret. I professed to believe her a D'Este. I said no word about her being a strolling player."

Miss Neslie held up her hands with an exclamation of horror.

"Hush!" she said. "Your words are terrible."

"They are true," he declared. "She was neither more nor less than a strolling player. I kept her secret—she paid me to do so. I read the notice of your father's death in the English papers, Miss Neslie, and then I wrote to her, reminding her of her promise. It was for that reason she

came to Paris, and no other. You know what followed. She promised to marry me as soon as etiquette would permit, and in the meantime she invited me to the Abbey. Miss Neslie, she is there—ask her whether every word I have said is not true."

"There is no need to ask," said "miladi," with careless, airy grace. "I do not deny it. Every word is true. What then?"

The proud indignation of the noble face, the measureless contempt in the dark eyes, would have silenced another—they produced no effect on Lady Neslie.

"What then?" she repeated. "I was Sir Arthur's lawful wife—legally married to him."

"You deceived him," said Vivien.

"So much the worse for him. He should have been more on the alert," she observed. "I admit it all. I do not mind in the least about the exposure. I only cared to keep my affairs secret during Sir Arthur's life. Of course an exposure then would have been very awkward for me. He might have tried for a divorce, though I cannot see on what grounds. He would certainly have altered his will and left me penniless. Now that he is dead and my fortune secure, I am indifferent. You may have the story printed, Vivien," she added, "if you like; it will be a finishing touch to the honor of the Neslies—a strolling player, a grocer's daughter, mistress of Lancelwood! It seems to me that in telling it you will bring more shame to yourself than to me." Then, turning, from Miss Neslie, she looked at Henri de Nouchet. "As for you," she said, "traitor, coward, trader on a woman's secrets, go! Never while I live will I look upon your face again never will I address another word to you. Go from my presence, and take with you my contempt. You have done your worst. Do what you will, your power over me is ended; the strolling player, the grocer's daughter, has the honor of wishing Monsieur de Nouchet a lasting adieu."

With a smile parting the crimson lips, showing the pearly teeth and the pretty dimples in the white chin, with the light gleaming in her jewels, with an easy, careless grace all her own, "miladi" swept from the room, while the Frenchman looked after her with a curse.

"She has ruined my life. I have spent it as I should never have spent it but for her," he said. And so ghastly, so terrible was the despair on his face that Vivien almost pitied him.

"What money do you want?" asked Vivien, curiously.

"Enough to take up my bills; I have some due now."

He seemed to shrink from the clear, bright glance of her dark eyes.

"Monsieur de Nouchet," said Miss Neslie. "I think you are a man utterly without principle. You have traded on a woman's secrets, you have been deceitful, mean and dishonorable. I would not condescend to ask a favor from you, but I will purchase one. Write down for me all the money you owe. I will give you the amount on condition that you tell to no other person what you have told to me, and that you never mention Lady Neslie's name again. This I do," she added, "not in the least from any motive of compassion for you, but to save the honor of the Neslies."

To Be Continued.

WHERE SUCCESS LIES.

So far as a profession for women is concerned, we come back at last to the fact that her success has been greatest along eternally feminine lines. No girl can be taught a better trade than housekeeping or sewing. Every year the price of plain sewing is higher, and dressmaking climbs up into the clouds. The world is hungry three times a day, 365 days in the year, and has to be fed. The whole human race is on a still hunt for a good cook and a good place to board. These professions, carried on intelligently, are never overcrowded.

"Oh," but you say, "look at the poor sewing women crying for work! Look at the boarding-housekeepers who fail! True, but how did they do the work? Didn't you have to take your frock back time after time to have it fixed? Didn't it rip somewhere the first time you put it on? Was it done when promised? Was there ever anything fit to eat on the table of the boarding-house keeper who failed? Was her house as neat as a new pin? Incompetent, incompetent! No wonder they failed. That was the cause of their downfall. The woman who takes pains to be particular, who is honest and conscientious in her work, succeeds. When you find a woman who is reliable, who gives you the worth of your money in her wares, no matter what they be, you will find she has more customers than she can provide for."

HORSES REQUIRE LIGHT.

To keep a horse in a dark stable is cruel to the animal and dangerous to its owner. The retina becomes deadened and more or less useless, and after a time the sight is seriously impaired. The horse starts and chases at objects it sees imperfectly.

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When Thomas drove up to deliver the usual quart of milk, the gentleman of the house kindly inquired, Thomas, how many quarts of milk do you deliver?

Ninety-one, sir.  
And how many cows have you?  
Nine, sir.

The gentleman made some remarks about an early summer and the state of the roads, and then asked, Thomas, how much milk per day do your cows average?

Seven quarts, sir.  
Ah, um! said the gentleman, as he moved off.

Thomas looked after him, scratched his head, and all at once grew pale as he pulled out a lead pencil and began to figure on the wagon cover. Nine cows is nine, and I set down seven quarts under the cows and multiply; that's sixty-three quarts of milk. I told him I sold ninety-one quarts of milk per day, sixty-three from ninety-one leaves twenty-eight, and none to carry. Now, where do I get the rest of the milk? I'll be hanged if I haven't given myself away to one of my

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# THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, 246 BAZAAR STREET DURHAM, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION The Chronicle will be sent to any address, free of postage, for \$1.00 per year. The rate for advertising is \$1.00 per line for the first insertion; 50 cents per line for each subsequent insertion—blank measure. Professional cards, not exceeding one inch, \$4.00 per annum. Advertisements without specific directions will be published till forbid and charged accordingly. Transient notices—"Lost," "Found," "For Sale," etc.—50 cents for first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements ordered by strangers must be paid for in advance. Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application to the office. All advertisements, to ensure insertion in current week, should be brought in not later than Tuesday morning.

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Its Local News is Complete and market reports accurate

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