

# THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

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her I am— He could not say "I am willing." Few husbands could have done so then, and he was not an exception. Wholly exhausted, he lay quiet for a moment, and when he spoke again, it was of Geneva. Even here he did not try to screen himself. He was the one to blame, he said, Geneva was true, was innocent, as he ascertained too late.

"Would you like to see her, if she was living?" came to Bell's lips; but the fear that it would be too great a shock, prevented their utterance. He had no suspicion of her presence; and it was best he should not. Katy was the one uppermost in his mind; and in the letter Bell sent to her next day, he tried to write, "Good-bye, my darling," but the words were scarcely legible, and his nerveless hand fell helpless at his side as he said: "She will never know the effort it cost me, nor hear me say that I hope I am forgiven. It came to me last night; and now the way it is not so dark, but Katy will not know."

### CHAPTER XLIV.

Katy would know; for she was coming at last. A telegram had announced that she was on the road; and with nervous restlessness Wilford asked repeatedly what time it was reducing the hours to minutes, and counting his own pulses to see if he could last so long.

"Save me, Doctor," he whispered to Morris, "keep me alive till Katy comes. I must see Katy again." And Morris, tenderer than a brother, did all he could to keep the feeble breath from going out ere Katy came. The train was due at five; but it was dark in the hospital, and from every window a light was shining, when Morris carried, rather than led, a quivering figure up the stairs and through the hall to the room where the Camerons were, the father standing at the foot of Wilford's bed, and Bell bending over his pillow, administering the stimulants which kept her brother alive. When Katy came in, she moved away, as did her father, while Morris too stepped back into the hall; and thus the husband and wife were left alone.

"Katy, precious Katy, you have forgiven me?" Wilford whispered, and the rain of tears and kisses on his face was Katy's answer as she hung over him. She had forgiven him, and she told him so when she found voice to talk, wondering to find him so changed from the proud, exacting, self-worshipping man to the humble repentant and self-accusing person, who took all blame of the past to himself, and exonerated her from every fault. But when he drew her close to him, and whispered something in her ear, she knew whence came the change, and a reverent "Thank the good father," dropped from her lips.

"The way was dark and thorny," Wilford said, making her sit down where he could see her as he talked, "and only for God's goodness I should have lost the path. But he sent Morris Grant to point the road, and I trust I am in it now. I wanted to tell you with my own lips how sorry I am for what I have made you suffer; but sorriest of all for sending Baby away. Oh, Katy, you do not know how that rested upon my conscience. Forgive me, Katy, that I robbed you of your child." He was growing very weak, and he looked so white and ghastly that Katy called for Bell, who came with her father, and the three stood together around the bedside of the dying.

"You will remember me, Katy," he said, "but you cannot mourn for me always, and sometime in the future you will cease to be my widow, and, Katy, I am willing. I wanted to tell you this, so that no thought of me should keep you from a life where you will be happier than I have made you."

Wholly bewildered, Katy made no reply, and Wilford was silent for a few moments, in which he seemed partially asleep. Then rousing up, he said: "You said once that Geneva was not dead. Did you mean it, Katy?" Frightened and bewildered, Katy turned appealingly to her father-in-law, who answered for her. "She meant it—Geneva is not dead," while a blood-red flush stained Wilford's face, and his fingers beat the bed-spread thoughtfully.

"I fancied once that she was here—that she was the nurse the boys praise so much. But that was a delusion," he said, and without a thought of the result, Katy asked impetuously: "If she were here would you care to see her?" There was a startled look on Wilford's face, and he grasped Katy's hand nervously, his frame trembling with a dread of the great shock which he felt impending over him.

"Is she here? Was the nurse Geneva?" he asked. Then, as his mind went back to the past, he answered his own questions by asserting "Marian Hazelton is Geneva." They did not contradict him, nor did he ask to see her. With Katy there he felt he had better not; but after a moment he continued: "It is all so strange. I thought her dead. I do not comprehend how it can be. She has been kind to me. Tell her I thank her for it. I was unjust to her. I have much to answer for." Between each word he uttered there was a gasp for breath, and father Cameron opened the window to admit the cool night air. But nothing had power to revive him. He was going very fast, Morris said, as he took his stand by the bedside and watched the approach of death. There were no convulsive struggles, only heavy breathings, which grew farther and farther apart, until at last Wilford drew Katy close to him, and winding his arm around her neck, whispered: "I am almost home, my darling, and all is well. Be kind to Geneva for my sake. I loved her once, but not as I love you." He never spoke again, and a few minutes later Morris led Katy from the room, and then went out to give orders for the embalming.

In the little room she called her own, Marian Hazelton sat, her beautiful hair disordered, and her eyes dim with the tears she shed. She knew that Wilford was dead, and as if his dying had wrought back to her the olden love she brought bitterly for the man who had so darkened her life. She had not expected to see him with Katy present; but now that it was over she might go to him. There could be no harm in that. No one but Morris would know who she was, she thought, when there came a timid knock upon her door, and Katy entered, her face very pale, and her manner very calm, as she came to Marian, and kneeling down beside her laid her head in her lap with the air of a weary child who has sought its mother for rest.

"Poor little Katy!" Marian said: "your husband, they tell me, is dead." "Yes," and Katy lifted up her head, and fixing her eyes earnestly upon Marian, continued: "Wilford is dead, but before he died he left a message for Geneva Lambert. Will she hear it now?" With a sudden start Marian sprang to her feet, and demanded: "Who told you of Geneva Lambert?" "Wilford told me months ago, showing me her picture, which I readily recognized, and I have pitied you so much, knowing you were innocent. Wilford thought you were dead," Katy said, flinching a little before Marian's burning gaze, which fascinated even while it startled her.

It is not often that two women meet bearing to each other the relations these two bore, and it is not strange that both felt constrained and embarrassed as they stood looking at each other. As Marian's was the stronger, so she was the first to rally, and with the tears swimming in her eyes she drew Katy closely to her, and said: "Now that he is gone I am glad you know it. Mine has been a sad life, but God has helped me to bear it. You say he believed me dead. Some time I will tell you how that came about; but now, his message—he left one, you say?"

Carefully Katy repeated every word Wilford had said, and with a gasping cry Marian wound her arms around her neck, exclaiming: "And you will love me, because I have suffered so much. You will let me call you Katy when we are alone. It brings you nearer to me." Marian was now the weaker of the two, and it was Katy's task to comfort her, as sinking back in her chair she sobbed: "He did love me once. He acknowledged it at the last, before them all, his wife, his father and his sister. Do they know?" she suddenly asked, and when assured that they did, she relapsed into a silent mood, while Katy stole quietly out and left her there alone.

Half an hour later and a female form passed hurriedly through the hall and across the threshold into the chamber where the dead man lay. There was no one with him now, and Marian was free to weep out the pent-up sorrow of her life, which she did with choking sobs and passionate words poured into the ear, deaf to every human sound. A step upon the floor startled her, and turning round she stood face to face with Wilford's father, who was regarding her with a look which she mistook for one of reproof and displeasure that she should be there.

"Forgive me," she said; "he was my husband once, and surely now that he is dead you will not begrudge me a few last moments with him for the sake of the days when he loved me." There were many tender chords in the heart of father Cameron, and offering Marian his hand, he said: "Far be it from me to refuse you this privilege. I pity you, Geneva; I believe he dealt unjustly by you; but I will not censure him now that he is gone. He was my only boy. Oh, Wilford, Wilford! you have left me very lonely."

He released her hand, and Marian fled away, meeting next with Bell, who felt that she must speak to her, but was puzzled what to say. Bell could not define her feelings towards Marian, or why she shrank from approaching her. It was not pride, but rather a feeling of prejudice, as if Marian were in some way to blame for all the trouble which had come to them, while her peculiar position as the divorced wife of her brother made it the more embarrassing. But she could not resist the mute pleading of the eyes lifted so tearfully to her, as if asking for a nod of recognition, and stepping before her she said softly: "Geneva."

That was all, but it made Geneva's tears flow in torrents, and she involuntarily held her hand out to Bell, who took it, and holding it between her own, said: "You were very kind to my brother. I thank you for it, and will tell my mother, who will feel so grateful to you." This was a good deal for Bell to say, and after it was said, she hastened away while Marian went on her daily round of duties, speaking softer if possible to her patients that day, and causing them to wonder what had come over that sweet face to make it so white and tear-stained. That night in Marian's room Katy sat and listened to what she did not before know of the strange story kept from her so long. Marian confirmed all Wilford had told, breathing no word of blame against him now that he was dead, only stating facts, and leaving Katy to draw her own conclusions.

"I knew that I was handsome," she said, "and I liked to test my power; but for that weakness I have been sorely punished. I had not at first any intention of making him believe that I was dead, and when I saw the paper containing the announcement of father's death, I was not aware that it also contained the death of my cousin, a beautiful girl just my own age, who bore our grandmother's name of Geneva, and about whom and a young English lord, who had hunted one season in her father's neighborhood, there were some scandalous reports. Afterwards it occurred to me that Wilford would refer to me, inasmuch as he

knew nothing of my cousin Geneva. "It was just as well," I said—"I was dead to him, and I took a strange satisfaction in wondering if he would care. Incidentally I heard that the postmaster at Alnwick had been written to by an American gentleman, who asked if such a person as Geneva Lambert was buried at St. Mary's, and then I knew he believed me dead, even though the name appended to the letter was not Wilford Cameron, nor was the writing his, for, as the cousin of the dead Geneva, I asked to see the letter, and my request was granted. It was Mrs. Cameron who wrote it, I am sure, signing a feigned name and bidding the postmaster answer to that address. He did so, assuring the inquirer that Geneva Lambert was buried there, and wondering to me if the young American who seemed interested in her could have been a lover of the unfortunate girl."

"I was now alone in the world, for the aunt with whom my childhood was passed died soon after my father, and so I went at last to learn a trade on the Isle of Wight, emigrating from thence to New York, with the determination in my rebellious heart that some time when it cut the deepest, I would show myself to the proud Camerons, whom I so cordially hated. This was before God had helped me, or rather before I had listened to the still, small voice which took the hard, vindictive feelings away, and made me feel kindly towards the mother and sisters when I saw them, as I often used to do, driving gaily by. Wilford was sometimes with them, and the sight of him always sent the hot blood surging through my heart. But the greatest shock I ever had came to me when I heard from your sister of his approaching marriage with you. Those were terrible days that I passed at the farm-house, working on your bridal trousseau; and sometimes I thought it more than I could bear. Had you been other than the little, loving, confiding, trustful girl you were, I must have disclosed the whole, and told that you would not be the first who had stood at the altar with Wilford. But pity for you kept me silent, and you became his wife."

"I loved your baby almost as much as if it had been my own, and when it died there was nothing to bind me to the North, and so I came here, where I hope I have done some good; at least I was here to care for Wilford, and that is a sufficient reward for all the toil which falls to the lot of a hospital nurse. I shall stay until the war is ended, and then go I know not where. It will not be best for us to meet very often, for though we respect each other, neither can forget the past, nor that one was the lawful, the other the divorced wife of the same man. I have loved you, Katy Cameron, for your uniform kindness shown to the poor dressmaker. I shall always love you, but our paths lie widely apart. Your future I can predict, but mine God only knows."

Marian had said all she meant to say, and all Katy came to hear. The latter was to leave in the morning, and when they would meet again neither could tell. Few were the parting words they spoke, for the great common sorrow welling up from both their hearts; but when at last they said good-bye, the bond of friendship between them was more strongly cemented than ever, and Katy long remembered Marian's parting words: "God bless you Katy Cameron! You have been a bright sun-spot in my existence since I first knew you, even though you have stirred some of the worst impulses of my nature. I am a better woman for having known you. God bless you, Katy Cameron!"

**[TO BE CONTINUED.]**  
**Royalty and Profanity.** William the Conqueror did not introduce swearing into England, but he brought with him a very forcible oath. William was accustomed to swear "by the splendor of God," and on such occasions he combined with it the "terrible aspect of the eyes," which always took the place of swearing in the case of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. After William's time the rulers of England, with possibly here and there an exception, swore with great frequency and vigor. It is related that even Queen Bess, whose auburn locks did not belie a fiery temper, would break into a string of expletives that would rattle the royal windows and frighten the household and royal attendants from all sense of diplomatic recourse.—London Tatler.

**The First Quarrel.** After the explosion the following were found to be injured: The Groom.—Slightly scratched about the face, force of character and self esteem somewhat shattered; will hereafter show timidity under like circumstances. The Bride.—Dignity hurt, but not broken; showed unexpected courage; will recover slowly. Cupid.—Badly shocked; will recover.—Life.

**Pleasing Him.** Mrs. Gay—Yes, I know my husband can't afford all these things, but I'm buying them to please him. Mrs. Schoppen—To please him? Mrs. Gay—Yes; there's nothing that pleases him more than a chance to tell his people what a martyr he is.

**A Fair Offer.** Tim Tuff—Aw, I cud lick youse wid both me hands tied behind me. Swipsey Mulligan—Will yer let me tie 'em?

Self love is at once the most delicate and the most vigorous of our defects; a nothing wounds it, but nothing kills it.

**Fish Blowing Bait Up the Line.** How on earth or in the water fish contrive to blow large baits three or four yards up the line has yet to be explained. It is a common thing to find large slabs of pilchard bait used for pollack blown right up the line by large fish. This happens only when the pollack is itself hooked. I have recently found that large bass serve one the same trick, writes a correspondent, but in this case the bass, which is a more cunning fish than the pollack, sometimes gets away. To realize the immense difficulty of such a feat let any one put even a piece of paper on a hook and endeavor the blow it up the line with a bellows. Much more difficult it must be with the resistance of the water, and by what muscular action the fish contrives it I know not. I have searched the textbooks in vain for some hint on the subject.—London Opinion.

**The Word "Picnic."** Few people know the original meaning of the word "picnic." It is to be found set out in the London Times of a hundred years ago. "A picnic supper consists of a variety of dishes. The subscribers to this entertainment have a bill of fare presented to them, with a number against each dish. The lot which he draws obliges him to furnish the dish marked against it, which he either takes with him in his carriage or sends by a servant. The proper variety is preserved by the talents of the maitre d'hotel, who forms the bill of fare. As the cookery is furnished by so many people of fashion each strives to excel, and thus a picnic supper not only gives rise to much pleasant mirth, but generally can boast of the refinement of the art."

**Where He Rode.** A schoolboy who was going to a party was cautioned by his father not to walk home if it rained and was given money for cab hire. It rained, heavily, and great was the father's surprise when his son, in spite of the instructions he had received, arrived home drenched to the skin. "Did you not take a cab as I ordered you, Alfred?" the parent asked sternly. "Oh, yes; but when I ride with you you always make me ride inside. This time I rode on top with the driver. Say, dad, it was grand!"

**A Wonderful Echo.** At a watering place in the Pyrenees the conversation at table turned upon a wonderful echo to be heard some distance off on the Franco-Spanish frontier. "It is astonishing," said an inhabitant of the Garonne. "As soon as you have spoken you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier the echo assumes the Spanish accent."

**In His Dreams.** Hewitt—When I was on the boat the other night, I had a lower berth, but I dreamed I was sleeping in the upper berth. Jewett—Sort of overslept yourself, eh? Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

## Consumption

Salt pork is a famous old-fashioned remedy for consumption. "Eat plenty of pork," was the advice to the consumptive 50 and 100 years ago. Salt pork is good if a man can stomach it. The idea behind it is that fat is the food the consumptive needs most.

Scott's Emulsion is the modern method of feeding fat to the consumptive. Pork is too rough for sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion is the most refined of fats, especially prepared for easy digestion.

Feeding him fat in this way, which is often the only way, is half the battle, but Scott's Emulsion does more than that. There is something about the combination of cod liver oil and hypophosphites in Scott's Emulsion that puts new life into the weak parts and has a special action on the diseased lungs.

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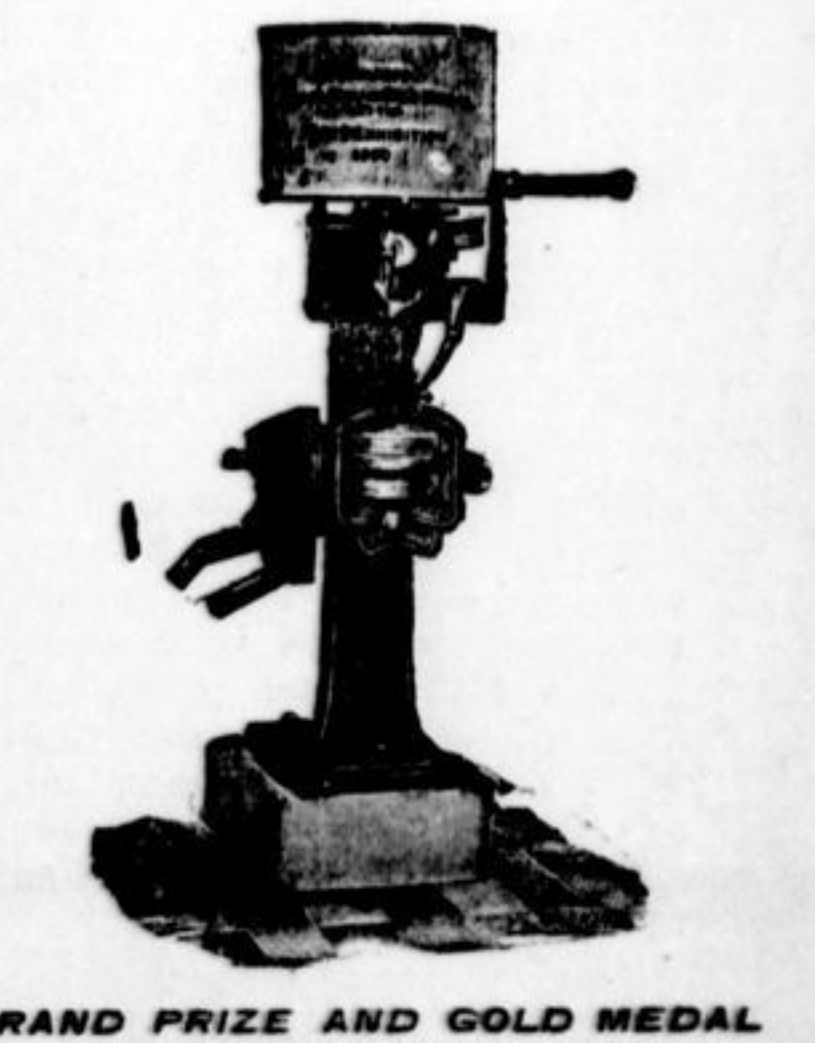
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