

# Sweet Norine

CHAPTER VI.

Daniel Gordon, the old blacksmith, was just beginning to wonder what a little child, but the red, laughing, girlish lips somewhat lacked their usual warmth and fervency.

She came up to him and kissed him on the weather-beaten cheek, as she had been wont to do ever since she had been a little child, but the red, laughing, girlish lips somewhat lacked their usual warmth and fervency.

Norine is trying her best to look happy, she thought, but she is secretly worrying over the heavy cold poor Joe contracted on the night he brought her home, risking his own life to save her.

There was nothing to warn him that the girl by his side, whom he loved better by far than the apple of his eye, was keeping her first secret from him.

Grandpa, what can be the matter with Norine? she exclaimed, thoughtfully, as the old people sat by the kitchen fire after the girl had picked up her candle and gone to her little room under the eaves.

After knitting a few moments silently and energetically, she went on. Joe reminded me that she was quite seventeen, so you see, grandpa, she is not so much of a child as you think.

Yes, she is, answered, there's a good bit of travel over the new stage line through here to Spokane; it's crowded every night. There's some pretty rich capitalists going up to look at the new mine.

But who is the young man, and where is he stopping? asked Betsy. I don't know, said Daniel. More likely he's some wealthy man going along with the rest to invest in the mine.

the young man's devoted, patient love for her, and the hope he had long since confided in that, one day he hoped to make little Norine his bride, if he could win the treasure of her love, and they were willing that it should be so.

Each had taken one of the young man's hands and kissed it reverently, whispering to him that his desire was as well, and that they could go down to the grave, which could not wait much longer for them, all so happy, if they could but see Norine his wife.

They talked of Joe's prospects, and how hard he was striving to win a name and a position to offer their darling.

It is so hard that he has been tan with a heavy cold, keeping him to his bed at this particular time, remarked the old blacksmith, anxiously.

Joe is far from feeling well to-night, but Heaven bless the plucky lad, he is going to get up from his sickbed, and take a stage over to the Great Bear mine to-morrow night to deliver that money in safety to the miners.

The fire was growing low in the kitchen grate, and, finishing up his mug of home-made cider, while the old wife took her cup of tea, they chatted a few moments on the subject so dear to them—their beloved Norine—then took up their tallow dip and sought their rest, pausing a moment at the girl's door as they passed it.

Even as she recalled his words, and the thrilling glance that accompanied them, her cheeks burned and her heart beat tumultuously in her bosom.

How different he was from Joe—awkward, plain, plain Joe Brainerd—and she wondered how she could ever have thought Joe nice, and pleasant to talk to—even missing him if he did not come to the cottage to talk to the old folks of a winter evening.

How she wished Mr. Carlisle would soon come to the house. She was more than anxious to hear what her grandfather would say of him.

How am I to ever thank you for coming to keep the appointment, Norine? he said. I had been fearing that you regretted promising to come, and I could not bear the thought of never seeing you again.

He pretended not to notice the girl's confusion or the blush that mantled her pretty cheeks, talking on, and so gaily, that by degrees she gained her usual composure, and the power of voluble speech.

It had been known only to a few people in Hadley, and, strange to say, those few had left the village years before, or had died; there was no one save her grand parents and Joe who remembered all the old Norine.

Joe concurred in this view of the matter. Perhaps there was a fate in this, other than Norine might have confided the story to Clifford Carlisle as they talked together on this eventful afternoon.

What a dreadful future for one as young and joyous as yourself to look forward to, he murmured, compassionately. I—I cannot bear the thought.

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## Lamie Back

Just the Sort of Case That Proves to the World That The Best Liniment Ever Made Is NERVILINE

When it comes to determining the real merit of medicine, no weight of evidence is more convincing than the straightforward statement of some reliable and well known person that has been cured.

Letter No. 4769

whole bottle of NERVILINE rubbed on in one day, and by night I was well again. I know of no liniment possessing one-half the penetration and pain-subduing properties of NERVILINE.

The Pleasure of Being Young

Mr. S. offered a young colored man 15 cents to cut the hair about his head. He refused, saying he had hired lying in the shade of some trees watching another darker cut the grass.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS A LITTLE LIFE SAVER

There is no other medicine for little ones as safe as Baby's Own Tablets, or so sure, in its beneficial effects, as these.

KING, THE GLOBE TROTTER.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Following Orders.

## BRITISH FARMS.

Results of a Year's Operation of the Small Holdings Act.

It is officially declared that the small holdings act of 1908 has given a great stimulus to the provision of small holdings by private land owners.

Early Fuel Consumption.

Handling Chicago Rubbish.

70 Years Old

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes.

Provision of Providence.

FREE TO BOYS

Everybody Who Eats Bread

EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS

## SUNLIGHT SOAP



HALF THE TOIL

Early Fuel Consumption.

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Provision of Providence.

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## REAL ESTATE.

HAMILTON ONTARIO IS GROWING FAST

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHEEP FOR SALE.

Highest Golf Course in Europe.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL

That's Different.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in cows.

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## CHRISTMAS

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