

that he has had 15 years' experience in Dentists' work. SQUIRE ALLEN (the celebrated American Dentist) has the experience necessary for the skilful performance of any work and can confidently rely on receiving First-Class Workman's Certificate.

WEDNESDAY. 11th SEPTEMBER.

MEETINGS AND STOPPING. CHARGES STRICTLY MODERATE.

FROM 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. (At Mrs. WHEELAN'S, 10, Park Road.)

FROM 11 a.m. TO 5 p.m. At Mr WHITFIELD'S, Furniture Dealer, Front Street, Stanley.

At Mrs Fairless, Colwood House, High Spn.

SECRET TORTURE

On, OTTILIE ASTER'S SILENCE
Translated from the German by
MRS. D. M. LOWREY

MRS. D. M. LOWREY

CHAPTER II,
THE LETTER.

or desiring her husband
to the window to

Then, as she stood there, her thoughts were thrust back to the painful subject this morning had brought to mind. She saw into the clear, blue spring sky; her eyes mechanically the green feathery fern leaves in the window box; and scarcely was she aware of her slowness of movement as she saw the figure upon the inn steps. The air was bright with the fragrance of the free-tree warmth which enriched the room with odor of the forest. A rustling sound started the dreamer to every-day life. A large camellia blossom of blooming, had fallen to the ground, and she saw the leaves carried back to the inn and the duties of the morning.

"Mary!" she called.

why are you so fat?

"Am I not always so?" answered her
"Yes; but there seems a strange
your face, as if you had grown older;
evening, at Aunt Abigail's, you looked so
lovelier, even, and much more fascina
Aunt Abigail herself. Everything was
last night. I suppose one's first ball
delightful," gasped Mary, while she bus

remain your first ball

"Ah! mamma," answered the girl, with a face as she stood behind the pyramid of saucers which she had built, "there is Commissioner Werther, and Lawyer and Lieutenant Schlegel, yes, and the A. K. Klauswitz and Count von Esterhazy."

Ottile understood well enough that names had been given only to introduce the Count von Esterhazy.

"For example, here is this Count von

The young girl stood hesitatingly, debating a wish to say a word of defence.

her and kissing her

Then Outlie was alone again and her work. She sat down at the table and leaned her head heavily on it. She seemed thoroughly exhausted and in thought. A great longing came over her for some distant corner of the earth, some nook where she could be at rest. Out-

ould never come later
invisible power wi

overward. The spring sunshine was
Ottile had no time to enjoy it. She
the day. She was so busy that she
could not escape it. The winter brought
its social life; it was up and at the
work, and miss many a night's rest
ending stitching. Her head would be
the day. She was so busy that she
sometimes and lie away her time but
but to a always onward, over the candle
following the plough; but, God be praised
furrow spring up the seeds of blessing.
Ottile was a woman of a strong
obedience, and the benefits of domestic
affection seemed to her far more pre-
cious than the wealth of the world.
Wealth can bring The education, the
and the pleasures which she was able to
children would be a happy youth; as
prize of a memory of a happy youth; as
that one day they would comprehend
mother had been the dream of all her
prize of a memory of a happy youth; as
would call her beloved. For years
of had given her daily expression
the children, and the children, each
and inventive brain contrived each day
together the sum of money which
the children, and the children, each
of earning this money by her own

age; her husband had been some caught.

[illegible]

and mercy. Approach her seeking
she will grant it, beg of her breast and
it, ask of her forgetfulness and it is
sue of her for rest for your weary
answers, sternly: "No, whosoever be
knowers shall enjoy no rest." Defiant
from her, the inexorable one, and
dispatches the luxury of her avenging
your wake. Come closer, and sorrow
and drag you back to the feet of the
queen, and you follow in her tri-
breathless, till the knees break, the h
the aching brain throes, and the fall
out; no grace, no mercy. Upon you
has set the mark which binds you a
of labour, and she laughs

the long years, until you sink down
the edge of the tomb. Oh, how peace
must be!

He sighed aloud; those were
the years for which he had waited
calmly and without illusion the martyr
nearest to hand, and that was her
death.

With iron resolution Ottile con-
sidered her weariness and her pained
limb and wrote:

MY DEAR MOTHER: OTHERS I
learn my miserableness has awakened
peace which I have felt for eighteen
years. But it seems to me a duty to answer
you. I have been thinking of you
your life succeeded under a like un-
happy shadow. I have wept in
have wept in righting mine again.
I have married to Bertrand Astier
and I have married to Bertrand Astier
and a happy life with my dear be-

love reigns in our hearts. My husband was in the Civil Service, and has for the past few years been a secret government counsel and the right hand of the Minister of Justice.

"At the time of my marriage, my mother was an invalid mother was still living. She had been in a second marriage with an English man, and had two children, one of whom, the son Francis, is now in a secret and educational institution."

and his
decide to
of whose
through a
his pride
the hidden
relations
I readily
for my
struggle,
possible,
entirely

that I
life is or is
not. If you
your door,
and a warm
to come to
an oppor-

others cordial words, we see the light
from your eyes."

A quieter race through Albright's
darkness and shadow shone in her eyes.

"Yes, yes, let me say it this
time, and once day I shall tell it to
my living, dear one. Then, I will love
him. I will love him. I will love him."
"Albright! Albright! how can
you forget yourself! You are
a woman, a woman, a woman, a woman,
law's enemy had long frightened her
"Nothing and everything, a
reflex, cool and collected again."

"If that has been his only
did it with your unobscured
"Influenced!" "Influenced!"
with a woman's heart, the
of the table. "Was it his
prevented me from being happy
love? It was beautiful, for my heart
to love him."

The sequel showed that it
Four months later, when Elsie

[illegible]

He made
whether it
ways to be
would
earned for
object.
the hands of
the doors, the
warm and
would do
come by the
the English
children, her
of a door
darkened
second later
man stood
Ottillie and
to had fol-
spine, and
it gave, it
and it was
old. My

[illegible]

they all become hateful and soon as I catch a glimpse of beneath the society mask wildness seems to be dwelling there. I must seek somehow I know that one gets near them."

"God watch over you and guard you," said O'Leary, as he left.

In a moment every trace of the apparition of Abigail's beautiful, pained, earnest, gray-eyed, rapid, and brilliant face had disappeared.

"Well, my dear, you have not the result is satisfactory, however," said the old woman. "It is very stylish, obviously chic."

"The dress made it, but I believe Mary, proudly, 'I should have but Minna went out on so elegant a door.'"

"My dear, you live in a house where you are not allowed to allow your common servant. Abigail is not young with me for steady your precious time."

and looked at her with eyes
cerned at his obliivions of the fact
was a confession of deep and

[illegible]

Abigail shook her head as the carriage had passed in the back involuntarily, and saw standing in the carriage-ways under a weeping-willow, branches seemed to be coming and going. He looked so handsome and smiled so strangely

season," continued in the same manner as counting on his fingers. "Yes," answered Mary, "but I don't see any exception in favour of me. I'm not so much more impressive, as if I were, to him."

"No," said Mary, "I don't think so. I don't think either word would sound like it would come to her, as it would to me. I don't think it would be so painful, and so I don't think it would be so much more of course, thought-out, as it would be to the child the little Mary."

"Fortunately for me," continued the priest, "I don't think Sharply, almost as much as I think you do, that a woman who is so much more impressive, as if I were, to him, would not conceal her love."

"Her address were as to time to extend her pitying."

"Mary moved on, but her awkward

black and black but com-
ing back once again,
carriage near the
ground the broad,
sandy,
clouds, smiling young
in polite, conven-
recovered from their

etting anyone's? he
can cause stony read-
as was his custom
it was a
young, embarrassed,
e, peculiar look.
conversation with Fran-
novelty, a Russian
had been looking up
that morning, he
s this evening? I
anner the poet will

"I shall tell some one who
knows," she turned to see
him.

"Tomorrow," said Heim-
ann, as he herself felt,
well trained, to know
under all circum-
stances, reliance on herself
stood fast with the world.
He made in bowing so
much of her frightful howl,
direction to look.
And himself to Aljaghi,
cousin, leaving Mary and
the children. Father's hand
firmly faced the ques-
tion.

This evening,
afternoon, the Russian
came rattled on until
she was Contented with
her own life.

Mary might before
her:

"If you can, can per-
formance begins
over to-day."
Mary found them
The Astors dined
custom.

The pretty council
man, that day,
of timidity about a
request; but to do
She was neither em-
ployed nor de-
scribed as accom-
panying him.

Her father held his
mission.

(On, hope, place)
"My dear, has been
times in her life."

Despite his many
the "Mouse," he was
what he thought the
"We have had her
thoughtfully.

"But, mamma, a play must be a pro-
posal of conversation for a long time with Her
her place in a glow."
"Well, we'll see."
And immediately
"If Abigail is in
Count Esterhazy's
catharsis, feels she would
interrupt the *Ute* a-
bathary, and direct the
self."
She could hardly
be terrible to this
tag, by, like a rude thing,
was spoiled, but she
was not for her depression,
just what it was.
—so it seemed to

"I'll take all the rest
in above all things me
impose upon my Ma-
" "And we—we were
table as we used to
happiness," said As-
wife to him.
"A young girl, who
(To

Had they, getting
that?" Good boy,
expression "No, To
because I promised
playmate, but (kick
the man, said the
"No," said the
to a man when I
front steps to see
gets drenched. I've
nothing—nothing
satisfy him."
A HUSBAND WHO

[illegible]

“Walk,” “are you not
audience of music upon
people is not to be mis-
understood. The
one musical feeling ex-
trick-bearded fellow,
with the music, as
his beer-glass,” inter-
posed from his subject
and deep thought. He
new and interesting
thing between morality
and beauty, again.
“That beautiful song,” I
replied, “as he had now
was walking by Abigail’s
black-looking companion
The latter was now
his side, whispering a
thing his voice a little to

city. The balls in this are always particularly

