

Consent Guardian
DERWENT VALLEY ADVERTISER
AND NORTH-WEST DURHAM GAZETTE.
FRIDAY EVENING, May 17th, 1895.
PRICE (WITH SUPPLEMENTARY POSTAGE) ONE PENNY.

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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and dark smudges, particularly along the right edge where a vertical crease or fold is visible. There is no text or other markings on the page.

THE
BOLTON SQUARE
By JOHN
"Author of 'The London
' 'A True Life'
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CHAFFIN
Everett's first care was to
liberty was to search the
order to make sure that
After making several, un-
policeman, who assured
very pale and hardy
little lad, who went off
heard this, Captain Ever-
hailing a hansom, and set
hurry Crescent.

several times he was in the vehicle, thinking that he could carry him out of the car. But he was not the first to try. Spence, who was the first to try, was soon as Harry had deposited Fairfield, he drove back to charge the rab, and hung to be the first to carry the crowd and the bustle did not force an entrance into the spaces were crammed as fast. But Harry was the first to act for himself as the (except the Americans) he went back to the main entrance engaged a hansom; and that if he were inside the car possible to get out for some was given on ground of the worded would be readily outside, he sat down on the doors, and patiently waited.

Before half an hour, he

heard inside; and, as Harry was passed out—"Not so," he darted into the cab just as the reporter from appropriate Shrewsbury Crescent as he came to Harry's rescue. "You are dead, and weary smile," Mrs. Fairweather with her in the drawing room astonished. She had expected to find a transport of delight—into ecstasy of joy. But Dorcas, the letter to Mr. Payne, of her lover would be acquainted with the fact. "Why, my dear, you don't know," explained the lady. "It is I am glad—but you are applied Dorcas; and though you were coherent, Mrs. Fairweather's thing of her meaning."

Harry, a look of deep mystery mounted on his face, went down the man; and soon after he left the

The noise suddenly ceased;
crying out—
"Don't let him in! Dear
him come upstairs! I can't
—I daren't see him!"
"Who, my dear child?"
over to the excited girl, and
answered:
"Dora did not answer, but
and covered her face with
"Do you mean Captain Keble?"
"Yes," whispered Dora.
"Why should you not see
"I can't explain just now."
A hard look came into
Dora's eyes, and something
her that her lover was guilty
the only solution the eyes

account for the girl's conduct that she was anxious to avoid for the present; and Mrs. Fairbank prevented her coming in.

But she was too late. Caught on the landing; and rushing in as though thinking who she was, Mrs. Fairfield heard her saying to herself, "Most likely fairy or scruple on Dora's part alone," she went down to follow her as she went.

Meantime Dora had looked afterwards found herself far from happy. She struggled to be free that he did not even know; passionately kissed her sweet. For one brief moment she yielded to the sweetness of this, the first she had chosen, overpowered and

"What is it, Anne? What is it?" she asked, her voice trembling. "What is it, darling? What can there be so terrible about it? It is not that you think my reputation is ruined—that you would not believe me innocent, when I am guilty. What is it, my own?"

"Set down there, and I will tell you," she said, gently forcing him to take a seat on the sofa.

"I thought I could not bear to tell you," she said, "I wished you to stay away from me, and I was glad now that we have met."

it was. I hope it was not a sin.
 "Dora! What do you mean?"
 "It is our first meeting since it
 that one in the prison, the
 been engaged. My love, it is
 "No! By Heaven!" cried
 feet. "Nothing—no one else
 And he tried again to embrace
 But she shrunk away from him.
 "No, no, Edward; it cannot
 to you."
 "Not belong to me?" repeated
 quite bewildered. For a moment
 anxiety which the poor girl
 injured her brain.
 "Alas! I do not. That letter
 to Mr. Payne—"
 "Yes. It was my salvation."
 "I bought it. Edward; and
 I am engaged—I have engaged

"You are engaged—to me?"
He repeated slowly. "Do you mean
better on condition that you would
"No, it was not forged; but I
It, and refused to produce it.
I shall never be his wife even
wished to separate us; and alas—
"Not yet," said Everett throug
tell me the whole story. I don't
In broken and sometimes inco
unfolded the plot and its result.
When she had finished, her lov
"And you think that each
from you by a threat to murder
to nothing less—could be blind
on your conscience for a moment
Dora shook her head sadly.
"I swore to it."
"The oath is worthless."

"No; I promised--of my own
your life."
"My sweetest darling! You
yourself. But the law will not
promise cannot bind you."
"I knew you would say that,"
thought it all over--oh! so often--
my word. It was given freely,
and left him to do as he chose, but
be able to carry out his threat.
letter. And I promised. I was
was groundless. I was cut up
back from my word and my call
Edward."
"Then another way of settling
found."
Dora looked keenly in her
she sprang towards him and
his neck.

[illegible]

