The St. Cloud Journal.

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St. Cloud Journal.

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AT ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA.

Office--Corner of Washington Avenue and St. Germain Street.

W. B. MITCHELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA.
Office on Second Floor of Bell's Block.

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ATTORNEY
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ST. CLOUD, MINN.
Office in Bell's Block, over Russell's Store.

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ESTABLISHED 1867.
GENERAL BANKING.
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All kinds of County Books and Blanks.
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SKINS, GAME,
&c., &c., &c.
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Newhouse Steel Traps.
Agent for
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STEES BROTHERS,
Manufacturers of
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FURNITURE.
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GENERAL
FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS.
Sole Agents for Fisk's Patent Metallic Burial Cases and Caskets.
Corner Third and Minnesota Streets,
v17n42-1y ST. PAUL

JOHN COOPER. J. F. HINCHILWOOD
Cooper & Hinchilwood,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
Office on Washington Avenue, two Doors North of Postoffice.
ST. CLOUD, - - - MINN.

A. F. ROBERTSON,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
St. Germain Street, St. Cloud, Minn.
Particular attention given to Repairing
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MERREL RYDER,
Dealer in and manufacturer of
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ROBES,
Cash Paid For Furs.
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ST. PAUL, MINN

O. O. HINES,
"PAINTER."
Shop on Washington ave.
ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA.

C. T. & W. Powell
Dealers in all kinds of
Shelf and Heavy
HARDWARE,
Iron, Nails, Glass,
BLACKSMITHS' TOOLS,
Agricultural Implements.
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TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET-IRON WARE.
St. Germain street, St. Cloud, Minn.

ST. CLOUD
Wagon Factory.
R. L. SCOTT, - Proprietor.
Manufacturer of first-class
Farm Wagons, Light Spring Wagons and Buggies.
To all persons contemplating purchasing a FAMILY BUGGY OR A LIGHT SPRING WAGON, I would call their particular attention to a
NEW STYLE OF WORK
that we are making in that line for the spring trade, and superior to anything heretofore made in St. Cloud.
NEAT,
TASTY,
LIGHT
AND DURABLE.
Material and workmanship of the very best
AND FULLY WARRANTED.
From the abundant commendation our work has received in the past, as well as from the care and labor expended upon it we are confident of its giving
ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

CARPET HALL.
R. O. STRONG & CO.,
Are Receiving Their Spring Stock of
Carpets and Upholstery Goods,
At their New Store,
5 West Third Street, ST. PAUL

D. B. SEARLE,
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ST. CLOUD, MINN.
Office in Bell's Block.

RAYMOND & OWEN,
Manufacture of
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
MOULDINGS,
CASINGS, STORE FRONTS, BRACKETS, SCROLL WORK,
Window and Door Frames,
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Balusters & Newell Posts,
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SCROLL SAWING
AND
TURNING
Building House Materials of every kind.
CHAMFERED PICKETS ROUNDED,
of any pattern. Pickets Ornamental Split Brackets.
Orders solicited and prompt attention given. Cloth shaped to any outline.
OFFICE AND FACTORY LOWER TOWN,
v17n35-tf St. Cloud, Minn

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Cooper & Hinchilwood,
ST. CLOUD, MINN.
FOR SALE.
No. 53. Corner lot, with 1½ story house. Good well in kitchen, good barn, and good picket fences, with fruit trees, &c., in yard. Good location. Will be sold cheap for cash, or exchanged for good land.
No. 54. Lots 4, 5 and 6, in block 40, St. Cloud City. Good well and small barn on premises. Good location. Will be sold very cheap, and on terms to suit purchaser.
No. 55. A dwelling house in lower town, opposite the Normal School. Good barn, well, etc. Will be sold very cheap and on easy terms.
No. 57. Two-story house, containing 13 rooms, on lots, on which are fine fruit and shade trees; good well, cistern and barn. Very desirable neighborhood. Must be sold.
No. 58. 160 acres land in Benton county; good timber; 20 acres meadow on a nice little stream running through the place; 40 acres in crop; good log house and stable; a good well; and within half mile of school house, store and saw mill; will be sold very cheap, and on easy terms.
No. 115. A good farm of 160 acres, on Mill Creek. Fine meadow, 50 acres under cultivation and 70 acres fenced. Good frame house, good cellar, well, and stable on the premises.

Reliance Works,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Edward P. Allis & Co.,
FOUNDRYMEN,
MACHINISTS,
Mill Builders,
AND
FURNISHERS.
Manufacturers of Superior
STEAM ENGINES
French Burr Mill Stones,
CAST IRON WATER AND GAS
PIPE!
Everything in our line made and sold. Illustrated catalogue of machinery, 130 pages, sent free on application.

BARNARD & COPE,
Manufacturers of all kinds of
FURNITURE,
Special attention given to
FINE CUSTOM WORK
CHURCH LODGE & HALL
furniture made to order, on short notice.
Price Lists
to the trade sent on application. All goods delivered at the depots or within the city limits FREE OF CHARGE.
As we manufacture all our goods we
Guarantee Satisfaction.
Highest market price paid for Dry Lumber.
BARNARD & COPE.
Factory 4th street, East Side. arerooms 6 Centre Block.

ESTABLISHED IN 1856.
CITY
DRUG STORE.

S. MARLATT
Dealer in
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals
FANCY AND TOILET
ARTICLES.
SPONGES,
Brushes, Perfumery &c.,
Kerosene or Coal
OIL AND LAMPS.
Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded, and orders answered with care and dispatch.
Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine, and of the best quality.
S. MARLATT.
Washington Avenue. St. Cloud

F. H. DAM,
Manufacturer of
SASH AND DOORS
BLINDS,
Moldings, Casings,
BRACKETS
STORE FRONTS,
SCROLL WORK.
PUMP TUBING, &c.
Window & Door Frames,
INSIDE & OUTSIDE BLINDS,
CORNICE, STORE DOORS,
PRIMED & GLAZED SASH.
PLANING,
Resawing, Scroll Sawing and Job Work of every description done to order
Dressed Flooring, Siding, Pickets and Lumber ripped to bills, for sale
All Orders by Mail Promptly Filled.
A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO DEALERS.
Office and factory on Washington avenue, next door to the bridge, St. Cloud, Minnesota.

ALL ORDERS FOR JOB PRINTING
PROMPTLY FILLED AT THIS OFFICE

THAT NEVER WAS ON SEA OR LAND.

I dreamed that same old dream again last night,
You know I told you of it once, and more;
The sun had risen, and looked upon the sea,
And turned his head and looked upon the shore,
As if he never saw the world before.

What mystic, mythic season could it be?
It was October with the heart of May.
How count they time within a love's calendar?
Dreaming or waking, I can only say
It was the morning of our wedding-day.

I only know I heard your happy step,
As I sat working on my wedding-day
Within my usual place, my usual task;
You came and took the pen, and laughing, "May,"
You said, "No more this morning! Come away!"

And I, who had been doing dreamily
Within my dream some fitful thing before
(My pen and I were both too tired to stop),
Drew breath,—dropped all my work upon the floor,
And let you lead me mutely to the door,

And out into a place I never saw,
Where little waves came shyly up and curled
Themselves about our feet; and far beyond
As eye could see, a mighty ocean swirled.
"We go," you said, "alone into the world."

But yet we did not go, but sat and talked
Of usual things, and in our usual way;
And now and then I stopped myself to think,—
So hard it is for work-worn souls to play,—
Why, after all it is our wedding-day!

* * * * * * *

And there were colors cast upon the sea
Whose names I know not, and upon the land
The shapes of shadows that I never saw;
And faintly, for I felt a strange moon stand,—
Yet still we sat there, hand in clinging hand;

And talked, and talked, and talked, as if it were
Our last long chance to speak, or you to me
Or I to you, for this world or the next;
And still the fishermen busily
Passed by, and still the ships sailed to the sea.

And by and by the sea, the earth, the sky,
Took on a sudden color that I know;
And a wild wind arose and beat at them,
The fisherwomen turned a deadly hue,
And I, in terror, turned me unto you,

And wrung my wretched hands, and hid my face,
"O, now I know the reason, Love," I said,
"We've talked, and talked the livelong day;
Like strangers, on the day that we were wed;
For I remember now that you were dead!"

I wake afraid; around the half-lit room
The broken darkness seemed to stir and creep;
I thought a spirit passed before my eyes;
The night had grown a thing too dread for sleep,
And human life a lot too sad to weep.

Beneath the moon, across the silent lawn,
The garden paths gleamed white,—a mighty cross
Cut through the shadowed flowers solemnly:
Like heavenly love escaped from earthly dross,
Or heavenly peace born out of earthly loss.

And wild my uncalmed heart went questioning:
"Can that which never has been ever be?"
The solemn symbol told me not, but lay
As dumb before me as eternity,
As dumb as you are when you look at me.

ADELINE MARSDEN'S VICTORY.

CHAPTER IV.

A VISION OF SIR HUGH.

Many a man who goes on his way thinking that nothing can alter his mode of life—that he has settled down into one special groove, and no matter what happens he will still continue in it—is often surprised to find what an immense difference it makes to him when he discovers that one particular woman is beginning to enter into his calculation. He is safe from any special disturbance of mind so long as he divides his feeling and attentions among a number of women; but the moment he has the slightest *penchant* for one alone he may make up his mind that his peace is lost to him forever until he either wins her, or gives in with as much grace as he can to a successful rival. To fight against a growing partiality for a woman, always supposing it to be a genuine feeling, is, as a rule, impossible. We read occasionally of heroic young men plucking love out of their bosoms, and giving up their cherished dreams, but they are seldom to be met with in real life. "There are certain blue eyes," sings Walter Savage Landor, "which insist on your sighs, and the readiest to give them is far the most wise." It is much better to give in gracefully at the outset, and not struggle against the inevitable. If, feeling that you are taken captive, you try to delude yourself that you are free, the result will be only increased misery and discomfort, with submission as the ultimate result in the case.

And yet that was exactly what Philip Gaveston did after the interview which has just been described. He had a strong idea—fostered, no doubt, by his legal studies—that a man ought to look at both sides of the question; as if love could be discussed with the same coolness as a disputed point of law. Adeline Marsden had completely fascinated him. She had possessed a curious attraction for him, even before he knew her; and now the gray eyes had come, had seen, and had conquered; and Philip Gaveston found it in his heart to wish that she had been a fisherman's daughter instead of an heiress who had the power to give back to him the estates of his ancestors. And yet, with this feeling strong upon him, there were times when he told himself he had been tricked; that a few frank words were as nothing when opposed to what had been the set purpose of his life; and he was not going to make friends with the hereditary enemy of his house merely because she was a fascinating woman. It may be imagined that these conflicting did not make him any happier; and he grew moody and pre-occupied—so much so, indeed, that Dr. Vincent, meeting him one day, and accurately diagnosing his case, grimly recommended a foreign tour as the very thing to bring him round again. It should be said that Philip Gaveston had never scolded the Doctor for his audacious introduction of Miss Marsden; and that gentleman formed his opinion on Gaveston's forbearance. The result of this hesitating between two opinions was that Philip Gaveston did not in any perceptible way alter his relations with Adeline Marsden. He was distantly polite to her when they met; and it was strange that he did meet her much oftener than formerly; but there was no public evidence that the old feud had been patched up, and the Seaburn people were very much puzzled.

As for Adeline Marsden herself, it must be confessed she was much disappointed at the result of the interview. Her previous good impression, in spite of his enmity, had been strengthened by Philip Gaveston's honest straightforwardness; but she was sorely hurt at his refusal to visit the Court. She was a little vexed, too, at his cold and distant demeanor, and sometimes thought it would be pleasanter to pass him as of old, without a glance or bow of recognition at all, than to be treated so distantly and ceremoniously. She had built too much, perhaps, on the interview at the ball, and not considered sufficiently the strength of the bitter feeling she was endeavoring to combat. At any rate she was sadly disappointed, and Dr. Vincent, who read her like a cherished volume, every page of which one knows by heart, was angry with himself for ever making her the promise, and doubly vexed with Philip Gaveston for being so stubbornly unyielding.

Nor was Adeline Marsden without another cause of uneasiness, which, absurd as it may seem to some people, must be mentioned here as having a bearing on this story. I have spoken before of certain noises of revelry said to proceed from old Sir Hugh's room, and of the terrible sight which James Marsden saw—or, at all events, thought he saw—within it. Adeline Marsden had heard all these stories, and, being an exceedingly sensible young person, despite the romantic side of her character, had laughed at them. And at first she saw and heard nothing. But latterly and notably since her partial failure to conciliate Sir Philip, she had heard strange noises during the night, which at first she had attributed to the servants, who might, she thought, have been entertaining friends. It turned out, however, on inquiry that such was not the case; and then our heroine began to get a little uneasy, despite her common-sense and her views on women's rights. On more than one subsequent occasion she thought she heard noises, and, though she never saw anything, the knowledge that a ghostly visitant *may* be seen is well-nigh as bad as a vision itself.

She questioned Dr. Vincent on the point, who laughed and reassured her. He had never seen a ghost himself, he said, and only longed for the opportunity, and there were several curious anatomical questions concerning them which remained to be cleared up. A gentleman who was apparently solid, but who turned out on closer investigation to be a peripatetic conservatory—in more senses than one a hollow sham—demanded scientific inquiry into his structure and organization. As a rule, he had heard that phantoms, like the spirits questioned by mediums, always evaded this; and he added that he was at the service of any well-behaved ghost who desired his professional service, which, under the circumstances, should be given *gratis*. That was all very well, but it did not prevent her from feeling a little nervous; and the Doctor, although he had judged ridicule the best way to meet her fears, was not at all satisfied with her state of health, and worked himself up into a frenzy of fury against the Gavestons alive and dead.

At last Adeline Marsden had a visit, or at any rate imagined so, from the Gaveston who had lost the Court to her ancestor, and it presaged an event which changed the whole tenor of her life. What she saw may be described in a few words; what happened thereafter will need more telling.

She awoke one night with the consciousness that some one was in the room besides herself. It is a weird feeling and not a pleasant one in the dead of night if you are at all inclined to be nervous. She started up, instinctively glanced to the door, and then to the window. It looked out toward the sea, and before going to bed she had omitted to draw the curtains, so that the moonlight streamed into the room. Standing close to it, and pointing, so it seemed, to the sea, stood a tall figure. It turned to her a seamed face with a heavy moustache. It was old Sir Hugh; they had a picture of him at the Court—and three times a shadowy arm seemed to beckon her to where she could just catch sight of the silver sea-line shimmering in the distance. As she sprang up the figure disappeared; and, rushing to the window she could see in the bright moonlight a group of people evidently advancing up the valley to the house.

She threw on her clothes with all possible speed and hastened down stairs. It took her some time to unbar and unlock the front door, and by the time she had done so she heard steps approaching on the gravel. Half a dozen men were bearing something with them on a rude plank. They came nearer and nearer, and when they came close to the house Adeline saw that they carried the body of a man apparently dead. The bearers reached the door and seemed startled at seeing her. As they laid their burden down, Adeline saw drops of blood fall from it. The moonlight fell upon the face, and then, with a wild cry, she recognized it.

He had said, "I will never see the house of my fathers again;" but Sir Philip Gaveston had come to the Court.

CHAPTER V.

TRANSFUSION.

Philip Gaveston had come home. For a century no Gaveston had crossed the threshold of the Court, and now it seemed as if the only representative of the family had come there to die. For Philip Gaveston, though with the pallor of death on his face, and with his life-blood, as it appeared, fast ebbing away from him, was not dead. He lay in a stupor which was sufficiently alarming, faint from loss of blood; and Dr. Vincent's arrival was eagerly looked for. He had been sent for when Philip Gaveston had been found; but it seemed likely that he would be too late, and that the last Gaveston would die in the very room in which Sir Hugh had died a century before.

Philip Gaveston had met with an appalling accident. He had been walking along the cliff the previous evening, and had apparently fallen over a part where there had been a landslip in the morning—a fact of which he had not known. He had gone along the ordinary path, as he had often done before, unaware that there had been any alteration in it. It was late, but he was accustomed to walk late in the evening, and the friends with whom he was staying made no inquiry about him till the night was far advanced. Even then, search for him would have been vain had not some fishermen seen his body apparently hanging against the side of the cliff. He had fallen over and been caught against a projecting ledge, where he hung with a broken arm, wholly unable to make his cries for help heard. There he had laid for some hours and, even when he was seen, a considerable time had elapsed before they were able to rescue him. When, after much difficulty, he was drawn up to the top of the cliff he was nearly dead, having sustained severe internal injuries, and his rescuers took him straight up to the Court, that being the nearest house, one of them hastening off to the town for Dr. Vincent.

At last, then, a Gaveston had come again to the Court, though it seemed doubtful whether he would ever wake to consciousness; and Adeline Marsden thought as she bent over him how proudly he had said he would never enter her doors and how strangely the resolution had been overthrown. She waited anxiously for Dr. Vincent and as she watched the unconscious man a tenderer feeling for him than any she had ever know before stole over her. There is always something which appeals strongly to a woman in helplessness and illness of any kind, and it seemed to Adeline as if some special fate had brought Philip Gaveston to her doors, and very strange that he should be obliged to accept the tendance of the last person in the world from whom he would have asked any good offices.

At last Dr. Vincent arrived, not a little startled at the summons which had called him to see Sir Philip Gaveston at Gaveston Court. What strange irony of fate was it that had brought Philip Gaveston to Adeline Marsden in this way, when he had so proudly held aloof and boasted that since the days of Sir Hugh none of his name had held friendly intercourse with a Marsden? Now Adeline Marsden was to have the opportunity of making some reparation for the wrong done by her ancestor a century ago; but even Dr. Vincent, in his wildest speculations, had no idea of how fully that old debt was to be paid, or I think he might have refused to visit the patient. He made a careful examination of Sir Philip, who was lying pale, motionless, and almost pulseless; in fact, but for the revelation made by the stethescope that there was some faint action of the heart, he might have been pronounced dead.

When Dr. Vincent had finished his examination he went into the dining-room, where Adeline Marsden was waiting his verdict. In answer to her eager look of inquiry, he said,

"He is not dead, but I can give very little hope. He has suffered so severely from loss of blood while hanging on the cliff that it is very doubtful whether he will ever have strength to rally again. We had better telegraph to his relations. He has a married sister living in London."

"Oh! Dr. Vincent, can nothing be done!"

"Nothing. I have stopped the bleeding and done all I can for his arm; but I fear he will never rally."

"But surely you must be able to do something. You say exhaustion from loss of blood."

"Yes; it is only a question of time. He may lie as he is now for hours; but I am afraid it can only end in one way."

"Dr. Vincent!" said Adeline Marsden passionately, "you are a clever man. You should have all the resources of your art. Are you beaten? Is there no possibility of even attempting to save him, or has the last Gaveston come to the Court only to die?"

"If I could give him fresh 'blood'"—began Dr. Vincent.

"And why can't you?" said Adeline impetuously.

Dr. Vincent shrugged his shoulders. "There is one way by which his life might be saved. Mind you, I say *might*; I do not pledge myself to any positive statement; but I think it exceedingly likely he could be saved. Unfortunately, however, the operation I refer to is, under the circumstances, impossible."

"What is it?"

Dr. Vincent hesitated a little, and then said, "If I could inject a certain amount of fresh blood into Philip Gaveston's veins to replace in some measure what he has lost, it would be impossible to save his life. That blood would, of course, have to be taken from some other person. I am afraid, therefore, nothing can be done. Poor fellow! I wish he had been seen on the cliff earlier!"

"Yes, Dr. Vincent, something *can* be done," said Adeline. "Take what you require to save him from me! I am healthy and strong, and do not fear the consequences!"

Dr. Vincent was paralyzed with astonishment, and was about to offer an angry remonstrance. But he looked at Adeline Marsden and the light in her eyes, and the words died on his lips. Instead of endeavoring to dissuade her, he said,

"Very well! It is fitting, however, before I accept your offer, that I should tell you exactly what risks you run in doing this. I can, under Providence, save Philip Gaveston's life by this operation; but I must warn you that if, in the transfusion of the blood from your veins into his, the least particle of air enters your veins, death from collapse of the heart will be the immediate result."

Adeline Marsden heard him quietly, and said, "That I suppose is a question of medical skill. Surely I can trust yours?"

"I have never performed the operation, but I believe I am quite competent to do so."

"Very well. We are only wasting time, then, in discussing the matter any further."

"Stop a minute," said Dr. Vincent, resolved to say one word against what he looked upon as a mad and quixotic offer, "Why should you, who are no relation of Philip Gaveston's, who owe nothing to him but scarcely concealed contempt and bitter resentment, why should you—a Marsden—risk your life to save that of a Gaveston?"

"I will tell you," she said, her whole face transfigured by a noble emotion. "My ancestor wronged his. I told him I would make reparation if there were any way possible to me. Let this then, in the name of my race, be my atonement."

Dr. Vincent's eyes glistened, and he silently took her hand, bent over it, and kissed it. Then saying, "I shall be ready for you in half an hour he left the room.

As Adeline Marsden waited for his summons, various thoughts crowded into her mind. She was going to risk her life to save that of her enemy, and yet if it should be successful she could not help wondering what Philip Gaveston would say when he recovered and knew that the blood of the hated Marsdens had saved his life. Would he not rather, could the alternative have been put to him, have chosen death with the Gaveston's blood pure in his veins than life by what he would look upon as contamination? Still careful for him rather than for herself, she resolved he should never know, should the operation prove successful, by what means he had been rescued from the jaws of death; and as she came to this determination Dr. Vincent entered the room and said, "I am ready!"

His skill was equal to her heroism. Philip Gaveston was brought back from the threshold of another world, and surely Adeline Marsden had paid the debt of her family to the Gavestons, for she had saved him. Let me add that no ill-effects ensued to her; she was young and strong, and, beyond a temporary lassitude, she felt no inconvenience.

CHAPTER VI.

GAVESTON OF GAVESTON COURT.

Philip Gaveston was lying on his couch drawn close to the window which overlooked the long ravine stretching toward the sea. His illness had softened him very much, and he had been extremely touched by the care and devotion with which Adeline Marsden had nursed him. He had no thought of the old feud now, or of any other feeling towards the gentle girl who had nursed him as if he had been her brother, and but for whose care he would never have lived to see the fair landscape on which he was now gazing, again. She had tended him unwearyingly; yet now, when he was convalescent, she seemed, with a delicacy he could well understand, to withdraw herself, as if she felt that he must think that here, in the home of his ancestors, a Marsden could have no place. But such ideas had long been banished from Philip Gaveston's mind. His illness had made him think very differently, and he reproached himself bitterly now for the old angry feeling against Adeline—an animosity which she had repaid only with kindness. Remember that Philip Gaveston did not know how fully she had heaped coals of fire upon his head. At Adeline's request Dr. Vincent had kept his counsel concerning the operation, though he distinctly told her that he should enlighten Gaveston whenever he saw fit to do so. The Doctor was, indeed, well pleased with the turn affairs were taking. Given a handsome young man nursed, with the tenderest devotion, by a beautiful girl, and, according to all the laws of romance, the two must love each other in time. He could see plainly enough that Philip and Adeline were being drawn to each other, and he felt that he had only to tell Gaveston the whole extent of his debt to his hostess, and matters would be precipitated. He could see that Adeline, now she saw the best side of Philip Gaveston's character, now that he had put off his old pride, and his unreasonable hatred toward her family, had come to have a very tender feeling for his patient. There is nothing arouses love in a woman's heart more quickly and surely than an attitude of protection towards a man. It is in some measure, I believe, a kind of foreshadowing of the maternal instinct which leads a woman insensibly to love the person who has been dependent on her care and attention. A woman is more likely to love a man upon whom she has conferred a benefit than one who has served her. At any rate, Adeline Marsden was beginning to find out that the image of Philip Gaveston was constantly before her, and she felt that when he was quite recovered and left Gaveston Court there would be a great blank in her life. When once you got behind the barrier of pride and reserve there was no pleasanter companion than Philip Gaveston. He was thoroughly well read and had traveled much, and nothing pleased him better than to see Adeline's gray eyes light up as he described some of his Alpine experiences, for he was a prominent member of that eccentric club, the heroes of which conquer virgin peaks and spend their time in endeavoring to launch themselves into eternity at stated intervals during the year.

His feeling with regard to Adeline Marsden was a complex one. When first he had recovered consciousness after his accident it had been a great shock to find himself at the Court. As he gradually got over that there came, as I have said, a great change in his feelings toward Adeline, and one day he nerved himself to the task—always a distasteful one, more especially to a proud man—of apologising to her for his ancient animosity. I give some of the conversation; for when Dr. Vincent heard of it from Adeline afterwards he resolved on a vigorous line of action.

"Miss Marsden," began Philip Gaveston, slowly and formally. "do you remember our conversation at the infirmary ball?"

"Perfectly, Sir Philip," said Adeline; "and I'm afraid you must have thought me very rude and forward."

"Not in the least. You will remember that I confessed to a certain feeling towards you, or rather let me say your family. I did not add then, as I wish to do now, a formal expression of regret at the line I adopted. Since I have known you better I have come to be ashamed of my conduct in old days."

This kind of apology is very dangerous, and so Adeline felt it; for she said hastily, "Pray don't say any more about it, Sir Philip. I had no right to challenge you as I did."

"It seems difficult now," he continued, musingly, "to imagine I could ever have cherished such overstrained prejudices on account of what happened years ago. And now I am your guest here at the Court, Miss Marsden, don't think I am using the language of idle compliment; but it seems to me every day as if no occupant of this house could become it better than yourself."

"It is kind of you to say so," said Adeline rather agitated. "By-the-way, do you like the house?"

"It is a curious question to ask a Gaveston," he said smiling. "I believe my hereditary prejudice in favor of it would have disposed me to think well of it had it been a barn. As it is, I think my ancestors who look down upon us from the walls there, should be grateful to you and yours for keeping the place in such excellent repair, without losing any of its distinctive features."

"We have lived here so little," said Adeline, "that I'm afraid we can claim but little credit. You know the reason, I suppose, why my great-grandfather left the Court?"

"Yes," he said, laughing. "They said he had seen old Sir Hugh. I know it's a respectable thing to have a ghost in a house; and but for your care, Miss Marsden, the Court might have boasted another in my person. But I never believed it. May I ask, by-the-way, if *you* ever saw or heard anything? Though I'm sure Sir Hugh, with all his faults, would be too polite a gentleman to frighten a lady."

"Yes, Sir Philip," said Adeline; "I have often fancied I heard sounds from the little room in the hall, and on the night of the accident I saw Sir Hugh. I dare say you heard that I met the men at the door when they brought you up."

"Yes, I did; and thought, perhaps, you had heard the footsteps."

"I was warned by Sir Hugh. It was an odd thing, was it not, that he should appear to me, a Marsden, for such a purpose?"

With that the conversation ended. It was an odd thing, thought Philip Gaveston was startled, despite his skepticism, that a Gaveston should appear to a Marsden in any other guise than that of an angry man scowling at an intruder. And Sir Hugh had come to warn of his danger! What did it mean? Was there some affinity between Adeline Marsden and himself, which made her different from ony others of her race? Was it possible that through her the two families might be united?

Philip Gaveston pondered long over these things, and the more he thought of them the more he came to the conclusion that, unless he determined to ask Adeline Marsden to be his wife, he had better not remain any longer at the Court, for he was rapidly falling in love with her. And this was very startling to him, for he argued to himself that it was impossible for him, a Gaveston and a poor man, to ask her for her hand. It would be like begging the estate of her, and Philip Gaveston could not bear the thought of that. No; the sweet gray eyes, though he *had* thought that he, on occasion, had roused them to sympathetic glances, were not for him; the sensitive lips would never meet his, though he might, under other circumstances, have dared to woo them, simply because she was Adeline Marsden and he was of the race of Gaveston. He could never take from a woman's hand what he, as a man, ought to have had to bestow; and, having come to this highly honorable conclusion, he was profoundly miserable for the remainder of the day, and so feverish the next morning that Dr. Vincent looked sharply at him and asked him what he had been doing.

"Nothing, Doctor," he answered languidly; "but I have come to the conclusion that I ought no longer to trespass upon Miss Marsden's hospitality, and that I shall move down into Seaburn."

"Oh! that's it, is it?" said the Doctor, glancing at him sharply. "And why move down into Seaburn pray? Isn't the air here good enough for you? I should have thought it would have agreed perfectly well with a Gaveston."

"No doubt it does; but, nevertheless, I must leave."

"Something else damaged as well as your arm, eh?" said the Doctor, mischievously

Philip Gaveston flushed crimson. "As you will have it so, yes."

"Then why are you going away?"

"Simply because I am never going to ask for a hand that can bring so much with it. Had I such a place to bestow it would be a different matter. As it is, I shall leave here."

"Bless me!" said the Doctor; "how high and mighty we are! And how about the young woman?"

"I have no reason to believe that Miss Marsden regards me in any other light than as a friend," said Sir Philip with a kind of proud resignation.

"That's your belief, is it? Does a woman usually nurse a friend so devotedly and risk her life for him?"

"Miss Marsden has nursed me like an angel, and no one is more conscious of, or grateful for, her care that I am, but I was not aware that there was any risk attending it."

"I know you were not," said the Doctor. "Now listen to me. You were brought here nearly dead from exposure and exhaustion consequent upon loss of blood. I had, in fact, given you up. Did you ever hear of an operation called transfusion?"

"Yes. The transfusion of blood in certain cases," returned Philip, considerable puzzled.

"Very well; your life was saved by that, and the person who ran the fearful risks attendant upon it, and gave her blood to save you, was Adeline Marsden. Now, are you going?"

"Adeline Marsden!" he said staggering back. "Transfusion of blood! What do you mean?"

"What I say," said Dr. Vincent coolly. "Good morning." And he walked away, saying to himself, "If that doesn't bring my young gentleman to his senses I don't know what will."

Philip Gaveston sat speechless. He had been so near death then; and Adeline Marsden had given her life blood to save him! The shock of the revelation stopped that blood coursing in his veins.

Just for one instant came a flash of pride. Had he, a Gaveston then, been indebted to a Marsden for his life, and was the blood of the race he had despised mingling with his own? But it was only for an instant that so unworthy an idea possessed him, and then what were his thoughts concerning Adeline Marsden? He owed her his life; need he demur to incurring the additional obligation she would confer if she bestowed upon him her hand and the acres of

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