

SUBSTITUTION.

(Continued.)

But when her visitor was gone, she paced up and down in the old fashion, in an agony of doubt and apprehension. "Crash!" she murmured over and over again, as if the low sound were a relief. "If he has really grown tired of me, why, why does he not come and tell me so at once, instead of leaving me to find it out in this torturing way? But no—it can't be, it can't be!"

So, struggling between hope and fear, she passed the long, weary day. Even the dull eyes of her grandfather, accustomed as it was to be fixed fastener than to care for others, noticed a change in her looks.

"What's the matter with my Queen Rose to-night?" she asked tenderly. "A terrible headache, grandpa," said she, speaking the truth, though only a part of it.

"Poor darling! I don't remember your ever having headache before. You must have taken cold or over-exerted yourself!" And he proposed a host of useless remedies, which the young girl perished as well as she could, and with him until he retired for the night, and just as she left him Mr. Rainsford was announced. A full hour later than his usual time.

Her heart thrilled in a rare tumult. Now, at least she should learn her fate, whether for good or evil. Rainsford met her as usual—put his arm around her and kissed her. Her tenderness for him all came back in a moment, and she was ready to forget and forgive everything.

"What a long, long time it is since I have seen you!" said she, with moist eyes and cheeks glowing with pleasure. "Why, yes," he replied in a careless way. "I have been a good deal engaged lately. What have you been doing with yourself all this time?"

An involuntary shiver ran through her frame at this tone. Was this then what she was waiting for? Was this the meeting she had been looking forward to? She felt that the time had come when she must say to him, "What's the matter?"

"What's the matter?" asked Rainsford, seeing her shiver, and attempting to take her hand. "You're not cold are you? I should say that the thermometer here stood at ninety-eight degrees, or thereabouts."

"She withdrew her hand gently. 'I want to ask you something, St. Clair. Perhaps it is only my fancy, but—do you ever feel that you love me?' " "Fancy!" he exclaimed, somewhat impatiently. "Who's been putting such nonsense into your head? Are you jealous because I talk to other girls sometimes when you're not by?"

"No, indeed!" she answered vehemently. "You know I'm not jealous. If you can say that to me, I mean of all in the world, and that you don't feel the least interest in any other woman, except in the way of friendship, I'm perfectly satisfied. I will never ask you to love me, or what you do, if I am sure you love me!"

St. Clair was visibly embarrassed by this straightforward appeal. He would have liked to go on for a while flirting with both girls at once, and then to marry whichever one he liked most; but he was not a villain, and could not make the statement she craved, when he felt he was yielding her half his allegiance. "He knew she was a very fine girl, but she was almost too intense for him, and he found it a relief to idle away his time and give about half his heart to a business partner."

"Of course, Lottie," said he, after a short pause, "if you wish to break it off, it must be just as you say. 'I wish to break it off, St. Clair!' she exclaimed, almost maddened by her emotion. 'I love you with my whole heart. There is not a thought or a wish I have in the world that is unconnected with you. I live and breathe and move on the thought of you that there is hardly room for anything else in my mind. I dream of you by day and night. It is only on your account I speak. If you love me as I love you, I ask nothing more.'"

Rainsford remained silent, with his eyes fixed unseeingly on the boot with which he was tapping the carpet. He was utterly at a loss how to answer, so much on the thought of you that there is hardly room for anything else in my mind. I dream of you by day and night. It is only on your account I speak. If you love me as I love you, I ask nothing more."

"Tell me truly, dearest," said Charlotte, who had not taken her eyes off him for a moment, "would you rather be free?"

"Perhaps it would be as well, if you think so, Lottie," he answered, still looking down.

"That settles the question, then," said the younger girl with dignity. "I only wish you had told me so, instead of leaving me to find it out for myself. Good-night, St. Clair!" and before he could frame words for a protest, she was gone.

She waited till she heard the outer door shut, and then descended once more to the drawing room, the scene of so many happy meetings, to throw herself on the sofa and weep at her lot, which had no parallel in her experience.

"Is this the end of the old and the new?" she asked herself. "God! if I could only see clearly! I only wish you had told me so, instead of leaving me to find it out for myself. Good-night, St. Clair!" and before he could frame words for a protest, she was gone.

She waited till she heard the outer door shut, and then descended once more to the drawing room, the scene of so many happy meetings, to throw herself on the sofa and weep at her lot, which had no parallel in her experience.

"Is this the end of the old and the new?" she asked herself. "God! if I could only see clearly! I only wish you had told me so, instead of leaving me to find it out for myself. Good-night, St. Clair!" and before he could frame words for a protest, she was gone.

She waited till she heard the outer door shut, and then descended once more to the drawing room, the scene of so many happy meetings, to throw herself on the sofa and weep at her lot, which had no parallel in her experience.

"Is this the end of the old and the new?" she asked herself. "God! if I could only see clearly! I only wish you had told me so, instead of leaving me to find it out for myself. Good-night, St. Clair!" and before he could frame words for a protest, she was gone.

She waited till she heard the outer door shut, and then descended once more to the drawing room, the scene of so many happy meetings, to throw herself on the sofa and weep at her lot, which had no parallel in her experience.

"Is this the end of the old and the new?" she asked herself. "God! if I could only see clearly! I only wish you had told me so, instead of leaving me to find it out for myself. Good-night, St. Clair!" and before he could frame words for a protest, she was gone.

She waited till she heard the outer door shut, and then descended once more to the drawing room, the scene of so many happy meetings, to throw herself on the sofa and weep at her lot, which had no parallel in her experience.

"Is this the end of the old and the new?" she asked herself. "God! if I could only see clearly! I only wish you had told me so, instead of leaving me to find it out for myself. Good-night, St. Clair!" and before he could frame words for a protest, she was gone.

She waited till she heard the outer door shut, and then descended once more to the drawing room, the scene of so many happy meetings, to throw herself on the sofa and weep at her lot, which had no parallel in her experience.

"Is this the end of the old and the new?" she asked herself. "God! if I could only see clearly! I only wish you had told me so, instead of leaving me to find it out for myself. Good-night, St. Clair!" and before he could frame words for a protest, she was gone.

She waited till she heard the outer door shut, and then descended once more to the drawing room, the scene of so many happy meetings, to throw herself on the sofa and weep at her lot, which had no parallel in her experience.

"Is this the end of the old and the new?" she asked herself. "God! if I could only see clearly! I only wish you had told me so, instead of leaving me to find it out for myself. Good-night, St. Clair!" and before he could frame words for a protest, she was gone.

She waited till she heard the outer door shut, and then descended once more to the drawing room, the scene of so many happy meetings, to throw herself on the sofa and weep at her lot, which had no parallel in her experience.

STAR BAKERY

And PROVISION STORE.

At Reasonable Rates!

Grain, Feed and Flour bought and sold.

First Floor West of National Hotel, near Post Office.

WOODS & KEATON.

NEW YORK TRADE

WILKINSON BROS. & CO.

PAPER & TWINE

NEWS TO HOUSEKEEPERS!

SEA FOAM POWDER!!

THE FINEST DISPLAY

Assortment of Goods!

LOCKWOOD & HANNINGTON

LOOKING-GLASSES

RUSSELL & ERWIN

HARDWARE

EDWARD TODD & CO.

GOLD PENS

HERIDEN CUTLERY CO.

TABLE CUTLERY

Benedict, Hall & Co.

BOOTS AND SHOES

BURTIS & FRENCH

CROCKERY

RANDALL & WILLIAMS

TRUNKS

COMMISSION HAT HOUSE

MEN'S BOYS AND CHILDREN'S

FUR AND WOOL HATS

BUFFALO, WOLF AND ALASKA ROBES

W. H. Schieffelin & Co.

DRUGS

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES

JOHN R. HOOLE & SON

BOOKBINDER'S STOCK

MACHINERY

RUSSIA LEATHER

BOOK LEATHERS

WOLLEN FACTORY

COLORED

WOLLEN FACTORY

COLORED

WOLLEN FACTORY

COLORED

WOLLEN FACTORY

COLORED

WOLLEN FACTORY

COLORED

Z.C.M.I.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS

DEPARTMENT

Up Stairs, Emporium Buildings.

A FULL FIRST-CLASS STOCK OF

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

AT LOW PRICES.

Wholesale Buyers and Co-operative Dealers, please inspect.

RETAIL

DEPARTMENT

The FINEST DISPLAY

Assortment of Goods!

LOCKWOOD & HANNINGTON

LOOKING-GLASSES

RUSSELL & ERWIN

HARDWARE

EDWARD TODD & CO.

GOLD PENS

HERIDEN CUTLERY CO.

TABLE CUTLERY

Benedict, Hall & Co.

BOOTS AND SHOES

BURTIS & FRENCH

CROCKERY

RANDALL & WILLIAMS

TRUNKS

COMMISSION HAT HOUSE

MEN'S BOYS AND CHILDREN'S

FUR AND WOOL HATS

BUFFALO, WOLF AND ALASKA ROBES

W. H. Schieffelin & Co.

DRUGS

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES

JOHN R. HOOLE & SON

BOOKBINDER'S STOCK

MACHINERY

RUSSIA LEATHER

BOOK LEATHERS

WOLLEN FACTORY

COLORED

WOLLEN FACTORY

COLORED

WOLLEN FACTORY

COLORED

WOLLEN FACTORY

COLORED

WOLLEN FACTORY

CHICAGO TRADE.

DOGGETT, BASSETT & HILLS

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

Boots & Shoes

CHICAGO

The Oldest and Leading House in the West.

Van Schaack,

Stevenson & Reid,

Wholesale

DRUGGISTS,

PAINT AND OIL DEALERS,

CHICAGO.

AMERICAN

Iron Works.

JONES & LAUGHLINS

CHICAGO.

American & Clair

MERCHANT, BAR, PLATE

SHEET IRON,

PATENT SHAPING AND

PATENT TIRE,

Carriage Hardware,

Wood-work for Wagons, Carriages and

Cutters, Springs, Axles, Vises,

Anvils, Blacksmiths' Bellows, Blow Steel, Cast

and Spring Steel, Hubs and Washers, Car-

riage Bolts, Oil Chains, Conch Screws,

Horse Shoes, Horse Nails, Maltese

Iron, Stock and Dies, Chainable

Staples, Wagon Box Straps,

Reaps, Piles, Steel Bolts,

Boiler Plates, Taper

Iron, Tire Senders,

Tire Drills, etc., etc.

Special attention given to Mail orders.

Yard

Opposite Salt Lake House.

TEASDEL & COMPANY'S

AND NOTIONS in Endless Variety at

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

AND CHOICE ASSORTMENT

OF

TEASDEL & COMPANY'S

AND NOTIONS in Endless Variety at

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

AND CHOICE ASSORTMENT

OF

TEASDEL & COMPANY'S

AND NOTIONS in Endless Variety at

CHICAGO TRADE.

HALL, KIRKHAM & CO.

Importers and Dealers in

IRON, STEEL, NAILS

CHICAGO

CHASE, HANFORD & CO.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Agents

STANDARD ILLUMINATING AND LUBRICATING

OILS.

WHITE LEAD, VARNISHES, GLASS, AXLE

GREASE, FINE TAR, ETC.,

CHICAGO.

GROCERIES

DAY, ALLEN & CO.

CHICAGO.

Hardware and Cutlery,

IMPORTERS

DeGolyer & Brother,

Manufacturers of

Varnishes and Japans,

CHICAGO, ILL.

ESTABLISHED IN 1858.

BURLEY & TYRRELL,

Importers and Jobbers of

CROCKERY, CHINA, LAMPS,

GLASSWARE AND FANCY GOODS.

CHICAGO.

Goods by the Package or Repacked.

JAMES S. KIRK & CO'S

Standard

SOAPS,

White Russian, Savon, Imperial, German

Mottled, Chemical, Olive, North-west,

Golden Laundry, Extra Family, Brown

Windsor, Palm, etc., etc.

CHICAGO.

Sold by the Trade everywhere.

CHICAGO

LEAD AND OIL WORKS

E. W. BLATCHFORD & CO.

Proprietors,

MANUFACTURERS OF

LEAD PIPE, SHEET LEAD,

BAR AND PIG LEAD,

RAW AND BOILED LINSEED OIL.

We guarantee our oil perfectly pure.

Office of the

CHICAGO SHOT TOWER CO.,

Manufacturers of

BOSTON TRADE.

Dresser, Parsons, Bradt & Co

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

WOOLEN GOODS.

BOSTON

EBEN'S NICKERSON & CO.

Wholesale Dealers in

DRY AND PICKLED FISH

BOSTON

MINER, BEAL & HACKETT

Manufacturers and Jobbers of

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING

BOSTON

DAMON, THOMAS & LEWIS,

Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS & SHOES.

BOSTON.

MOORE, SMITH & CO.