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The undersigned having taken possession of a Bill of Sale, from the McKay Woolen Company to them of all the tweeds, ready-made clothing goods and all general merchandise of the said Company contained in its store on the corner of Queen and Grafton Streets, in Charlottetown, and in the mill of the said company on the Malpeque Road, hereby give notice that they will receive sealed tenders for the purchase of the whole of the said goods and merchandise, up to Monday, twenty-eighth day of February, instant, at the hour of two o'clock, p. m.

Lists of stock to be tendered for can be seen on application to Mr. Daniel Gordon, at the store of Messrs. Gordon & McLellan, Queen Street. The goods can be examined any day on application to Mr. Gordon.

Tenders marked "McKay Woolen Co. Tender," can be addressed and handed in or mailed to Mr. Daniel Gordon, Charlottetown.

On the acceptance of any tender, cash for the full amount tendered will be required.

The undersigned do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any tender.

JAMES A. LEAMAN,  
ROBERT H. EDWARDS,  
By W. S. Stewart, their Solicitor.  
Ch'town, Feb 14—

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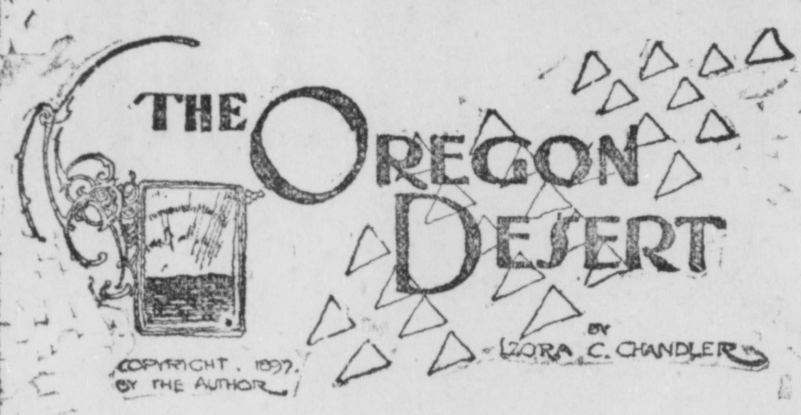
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**CHAPTER VI.**  
When Craymer left her, on the day before the ladies came to the rancheira, Laurel went with him to the edge of the little cleared spot from which she could watch him all the way down the hill and into the trail that led through bunch grass across the arm of the great desert.

Few birds are found in this desolate region, but one was calling to its mate from a near tree and the cry throbbed passionately through all the air. She watched until he had waved a last adieu and ridden swiftly into the encircling shadows. Then she turned her eyes upward. The sky was cloudless save a few fleecy lines that stretched out toward her beloved mountain. She reached out her arms and a look of trust like a divine radiance came upon her face.

"Take care of him," she said. "Keep both on us—him 'n me."  
She had not been prepared for this new experience. No girl friend had made her a confidant; no book had come in her way which gave the modern keen analysis of a maiden's heart when first it feels the emotion of love. If such a one had fallen into her hands, it would not have enlightened her. She could not read the simplest words. The few rude folk in her home had never coupled her name with that of any of the swarthy hunters who, at intervals of many weeks, had climbed the mountain path. How desolate she had been without knowing it!

The child came seeking her. It put up its arms and cried piteously. She clasped it to her heart and turned to ascend the path.

The next morning she said to her heart, "He meant comin' today." But as the time came when she used to hear his step, she stole to the spot under the blasted pine whence she could see out over the level waste beyond.

"He meant that," she said, but she smiled over at the mountain and up at the soft, bright sky.

The next morning it was the same, and the next, and so on for many days. Longing gains strength by delay. The days could not come fast enough. She looked eagerly across the lowlands, for her heart had gone that way, and her



She could watch him all the way down the hill.

eyes must of necessity follow. But as yet no shadow touched her. She went about in her life of toil and privation while her heart was filled with a sacred quiet.

Once could not pity her even when knowing the untruth in the object of her thought. It was not possible. To trust as she did was to walk the borders of limitless bliss. It could hardly occur to her to question. Every morning and every evening she smiled as she sent a greeting over to old Mount Hood and up toward the high, serene sky.

The weeks dragged by. A new, strange tremor possessed her heart. A pathetic, far-reaching look went out from her eyes. The good night to the clouds and to the mountain began to lose its joyous ring.

One morning she went much earlier to the cleared space and waited longer. Even then the sigh that she gave was not for herself. Something was holding him; he could not come. It did not enter her thought that he might not come even if the something had broken its grasp. Her nature was one of trust. All this waiting did not help her to learn one letter of doubt.

"He be sick," she asserted with sad conviction. "Th' long heat, it be allers bringin' fevers." Then she stretched out her hands, and, though she did not know that bending the knee meant anything, she knelt. Her eyes covered themselves with a mist of tears and refused to see even her beloved mountain.

The next day passed without his coming. Her thoughts grew sadder. Her bright manner intermitted. In the late afternoon she called the youth to her.

"I be goin' 't see him," she said.

He was filled with an undefined sense

of terror and tried to dissuade her. She only insisted the more strenuously that she must go. At last, grown prematurely old already, he grew prematurely wise because he saw that Laurel was in trouble. He went to the grandfather and wheedled him into letting them take the beasts and go for a long ride over the old desert trail.

They rode swiftly into the "scabby desert," with its alternations of clayey and sandy soil. On through the gray sagebrush and the greasewood—hypocrite of another and better shrub. The rocky hollows were dry and empty as if winter snows had never melted in them to serve as drink for thousands of cattle which the herder turns in winter upon the desert to crop the bunch grass that lives for a few short months.

The gray and dismal ride was in harmony with the thoughts of both. Laurel was impelled by a new feeling in which no thought of herself stirred, and which grew into a terrible certainty that some unknown evil encompassed her beloved, holding him in thrall.

When they reached McAlford's fertile land, they rode more slowly until they came upon a stream. Here they dismounted, and the youth staid to water the beasts and to tether them behind a clump of bushes, where they could browse the juicy grass upon the borders of the stream.

Laurel went swiftly forward along the shaded drive. The sun was gone, but the afterglow spread its radiance over the earth. As she neared the rancheira the sound of happy voices greeted her. She stopped suddenly as if deterred from her purpose, bent her head and peered between the branches of a thick shrub.

So fair a vision of life had never before greeted her eyes, nor had it entered her happiest dreams. She caught her breath as she looked at the long veranda, gay with fringed hammocks and great lounging chairs and dainty willow rockers. Bright rugs were strewn over the floor. Baskets of flowers depended from the outer roof line. Long vines swung slowly in the evening air.

Human forms were the jewels in this enchanting scene—strong men and graceful women. Her swift glance found the one she sought. "Th' tall un" was not there to divert her attention.

She read with anxious eyes, but saw no line of care or illness upon the gay features she had learned so well. He was the center of the group and leaned lazily back in a great armchair, looking up with a smile into the face of a girl who stood beside him and who wore a gown as soft and white as the one worn by the snow mountain.

He seemed to assent to something this one asked of him, for she went through a doorway, upon either side of which hung fleecy curtains, and returned with a strange something in her hand—something that she held out to him and that he took with another smile into her face and a few words which Laurel could not hear, they were so low.

The one she had come to see loved carefully with the strange instrument and, moving his fingers across it, drew forth a tender sound such as had never before been heard of the unseen listener. It was not like a bird's voice, nor a choir of birds. It was not like the sighing of the wind through the firs. It was better and sweeter, for it seemed the spirit of each blending and interchanging and softened until fitted to minister to that fair company.

He began to sing some words in an unknown tongue which thrilled her through and through. Something that, because of the lock upon the face of that other girl, Laurel knew he was singing to her out of all that happy group.

And this was a girl young like herself, tall and slight, with proudly carried head, but fair instead of dark—heavenly fair, with hair that gleamed like "a bit o' wheatfield when th' sun be shinin'," poor Laurel said to herself.

She had never before seen any one with golden hair. That of the child was flaxen, but dim of color like the fog that sometimes lay dank and cold about the mountains in winter, while this was gloriously warm like the sunlight and strayed over the fair forehead in little waving lines.

There must be something to make a heart stand still at the first sight of a face crowned so shinningly. One may love the dusky masses better, but he is sure to be arrested at sight of the other. If the English really received the compliment of which they are so proud when, in the slave market of ancient Rome, the good St. Gregory was so stirred at sight of a fair northman as to call him "not Angle, but an angel," then what must have thrilled the innocent being whose heart was so in sympathy with all beauty, whether of earth or sky?

The locks and the dress of this girl were like those from another world than Laurel's—a world to which the heart out in the shadow must own that he, too, belonged. Herself was the alien one.

As she looked and as she listened to the tender music she began to understand.

The afterglow died suddenly. Tinted lights shone out from an inner fair scene. One by one the others went within, but those two remained. The music ceased. He laid the instrument upon the rug beside him and held out his hands.

The bright one arose and sat upon the broad arm of his chair and laid her arm about his neck. He lifted her other hand to his lips. His head was against her shoulder. His words were low, but Laurel's heart interpreted the tone. Her innocent soul was stung. A sense of cruelty shortened her breath. God be merciful to a young heart when it learns its first lesson in the untruth of life!

She sank upon her knees and with a faint cry would have fallen but that the youth caught her about the waist and dragged her along the turf beside the drive, so that their footsteps made no sound.

He untethered the horses and lifted Laurel upon her own. They were soon in the edge of the desert, where he drew freer breath. But when her beast paused, unheeded by her, to browse a bit of chemise wood he dismounted and pulled it hastily forward. Then he tied the two tethering ropes together and led the animal upon which the young girl sat in almost utter unconsciousness.

The desert solitude upon one hand and the deep, mysterious mountain sol-

aced from this evil thing. Dizzy and panting though she was, it still lay upon her heart. She opened her mouth and gave a prolonged cry. Again and again the piteous wail rang out until she grew hoarse and could no longer cry. But the evil would not be driven away. It clutched at her fiercely. All her thoughts grew cramped into one sad, mad thought that reached as high as the sky and that laid hold of the silence below.

This strain was too much for even her vigorous organism. A gurgle came in her throat, and a stream of warm blood rushed through her lips. She saw it with unstartled eyes. She was going to die, then, as the deer died that came panting into the mountain path with blood on its delicate lips. Everything faded from her sight. The light went out. Was it like this to the pretty deer?

After a time the light came back. A little later she could lift her head and look about her. She was not dead, then, like the deer. It was not so well with her as that. Nothing was left to her but to go back into her old, poor life, older and poorer than ever since she knew that it was so. Nothing but to go on bearing the common fretting of the meager days without faltering. A thousand pitiful woes were wrung from her soul. Such silly demands as were made upon her! Such foolish, fitful, peevish words as her poor ears had often to hear! Her spirit shrank from the dreary outlook.

The dusk came on. The outline of trees and rocks grew sharper at the summit and became an indistinct mass below. But she was not afraid. She had often shivered at imagined hearing of the bears' slow tread and the stealthy spring of the panther. But they had no terror for one in her mood. Death in any form would be easier tonight than the life which stretched so blankly beyond.

She must go back. They surely would be calling her. She arose and began the descent, but her knees were weak and her feet slipped. It was a difficult thing when one was strong and well, but since she had almost died how strengthless she was and how short her breath. She clutched at the branches as she went, and she who had hardly known fatigue must now rest often.

There was no danger of losing the way, for as she came into each clear spot she looked for the snow mountain and guided her steps as the mariner looks at his star and makes sure of his watery path.

"Laurel!" she heard. "Laurel!" It was the youth. He was seeking her. She who had called gayly morning and evening to the clouds and to the mountain could hardly find voice to let him know where to find her.

He came at last, and when he took her hands they were so cold that they chilled him. Leaping upon his shoulder, she reached the hut and sank upon her bed and laid the whole night through without even trying to lift her head.

(To be Continued.)

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