Literature.

## LEONIE.

## "Miss Cameron."

Leonie Cameron, lazily looking out of a bay-window upon a garden flaming with autumn tints and sunset glow, lifted a pair of soft dark eyes to Mrs. Tollman's face. It was an anxious face just at that moment, and, being usually full of placid content, the anxiety was very apparent to Leonie. So after her first careless glance she straightened herse f in her low chair, and said quietly, yet with every appearance of interest-

"What is the matter ? An awkward pause followed the ques-

tion.

Mrs. Tollman figeted under the inquiring glance of the dark eyes, cleared her throat twice, and finally said with nervous emphasis\_

"John Furbur."

Miss Camerons face seemed to freeze. It was a beautiful face, with pride for a leading expression. Sweetness lurks in the mouth, intellect beamed from the radiant dark eyes, but pride shadowed all. It carried the small head gracefully erect it swept the fo'ds of the rich dresses with a regal motion. It touched the small patrician hands, and was evident in the well modulated tones of the refined voice.

"There," Mrs. Tollman said, despairingly, "I've made you mad and haven't said anything."

"I am not mad," Leonie answered, and there certainly lurked a smile in her mouth at the good woman's consternation: "But you have not to'd me what troub'es you."

"Its-its-John, Miss Cameron, andthen rapidly, as if the words were forced by a fear of her own inability to finish her self-appointed task, she hurried on. "He's my nephew miss, as you know, though his father is a rich man, very rich. and John is above his mother's place in her life. She's dead, and John was spoiled somewhere between the year she died and two years ago. I dont know where he took to bad ways. He was brought up an idler on his father's money and from idleness to drinking, gambling and bad

have thought you asleep." "Your powers of observation are marvelous," she answered lightly. I was dreaming." "Of what? "The world in general, my world in

Only that your eyes were open. I should

particular. It is almost time I returned there. She was prepared for some polite show

of regret, but not for the ghastly change in his face. She shuddered, remembering his aunt's

words "Going! Why, of course you would be soon," he said carelessly, while his eyes hungrily devoured her face, and his white, parched lips were drawn as if in physical

"I have been here three months," she sail, feeling her own heart ache at his misery.

"Yes, yes! You will go, certainly." "And you," she said, very gently, ' you

will be in the city, I presume. I should be glad to welcome you to my house." "No, he said, harshly : " I will not take such advantage of your kindness. I am a man your friends would tell you to shun, Miss Cameron-a man who has wasted life till it is too late to take up the threads again. You do not know perhaps that my aunt keeps me from charity." "I know you have offended your father she answered; "but you are a man, scarcely thirty, and it is cowardly to talk

of despair at your age." Her words cut him like a whip-lash, The dark blood mounted to his face as he repeated

"Coward ! I might fight the world yet, but," and here the tone was bitter, and yet strangely pathetic, "the battle is scarcely worth winning. What wou'd gain?' Money? I do not value it. Position? I have thrown it behind me. have played the fool, and I must take a fool's wages." " I will not say so, ' she said, roused by

the earnestness she never had intended to betray. "You shall not uselessly throw away your life." A new hope sprang to his eyes, lightning them to dazzling radiance. "Leonie," he cried, " were there a prize o win, were one's heart's hope centered

BEAUTY .- When the Countess Castigli. ment, the man answered, "Tell him I'll one visited England twenty years ago, pay him when I meet him, but not in Lord Palmerston gave a memorable cash." The country around Ardon is in land's greatest beauties to meet that of was nearly seventy-was universally rethe Castiglione. They were all assembled spected. His unceasing benevolence when she entered, crushing and over- knew no distinction of creed or politics. whelming as the statue of Venus Anadyo- He had inherited two or three small formene among those of lesser divinities, tunes, and was always, soon after, as poor and all the criticisms of her coiffure, as ever, for he gave with a generous hand English toilette, haughty, imperions air, were set and a feeling heart to all who stood in at naught by the fact that every line was need of his assistance. I have just heard perfect. I can quite believe the state- that Pillois, the presumed murderer, is in ment, for a friend of ours in Paris owns custody, and that a hatchet, which can be

Castiglione is said to have posed, and it is with blood, and having some of the gray beautiful. Our Admirable Crichton hairs of the venerable victim attached. wonders that beauty should long be able to endure the corrosive effects of modern

fashionable life. Being so great a power, When a woman has a new pair of shoes it is worth preserving by more attention sent home, she performs altogether difto hygienic principles. "Why are Aspasia, ferently from a man. She never shoves Lais, and later Ninon de l'Enclos beautiful her toes into them and yanks until she is to the end? Because they cared for and red in the face and all out of breath, and nursed their health, their intellect, and then goes stamping and kicking around. all the accessories necessary for beauty to but carefully pulls them on part way, reign and to command. They ignored twitches them off again to take a last look the benefits of progress and civilization, and see if she has got the right one, pulls caloriferes, tight-lacing, truffles, foie gras, them on again, looks at them dreamily, -at midnight and a 'B. and S.' at 3 a. m. says they are just right, then takes -all meaning poverty of blood and another look, stoops suddenly to smooth nervous exhaustion. We should never out a wrinkle, twists around and surveys have met them at St. Moritz." Tais is them sideways, exclaims, "Mercy, how one view of the matter, but it seems to me loose they are !' looks at them again that if Aspasia & Co, never grew old, it square in front, works her foot around so was not only because they had no heart. they won t hurt her quite so much, takes Beauty possessed of heart must suffer, no them off, looks at the heel, the toe, the matter how sound the body, and suffer- bottom, and the inside, puts them on youth. The noblest beauty after all is or twice, remarks to her better half that that of expression, and what face can ex- she won't have them at any price, tilts ress varying emotions that has felt none? down the mirror so she can see how they summer resort is the very last place look, turns in every possible direction, one seeks for intelligence, yet even here and nearly dislocates her neck trying to the most beautiful women are not the see how they look from that way, backs most attractive. The woman who looks off, steps up again, takes thirty or forty equally well morning, noon and night, farewell looks, says they make her feet whose face never changes, whose brow is look awful big, and never will do in the always serene, is simply a being whose world, puts them off and on three or four blood never rises above 60 degrees times more, asks her husband what he Fahrenheit. She may be a beauty, but thinks about it, and then pays no attenfor all that she is a monstrosity. As well tion to what he says, goes over it all again have an iceberg for a mother, wife, sister and finally says she will take them. It is or friend. Give me heart, though it means a very simple matter, indeed. -Bridgeport.

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ways is an easy road. His father is a hard man and he thrust him out nearly a year ago and disinherited him. He came here for I loved him. I've nothing else to love; husband and children in the graveyard, so I love John."

There was a piteous pleading in the woman's face, but Leonie's was blank save for an air of polite interest.

"He was more desperate since he came here, and I have coaxed him up a little. -But-but-O, Mjss Came.on, you know I want to say. You are beautiful, richa lady far above me in education and position, and only staying here for country quiet. I've no right to find fault, butbut don't flirt with John. He is in trouble despondant, disinherited, and he's faling in love with you as fast as he can. I be lieve if you play with him, he will kill himself body and soul."

Fairly out of breath with her own ear nest ulterance, Mrs. Tollman paused looking pleadingly in Leonie Cameron's face. The expression of polite interest never wavered, as that young lady said ; "If I understand you aright, you wish

me to ignore your nephew. It is not so easy, as he is in your house, so I had better leave it."

"Goodness!" cried the widow, aghast at this interpretation of her words. " never meant that. Where can you find another boarding-place near here?' "I can return to London."

'I've put my foot in it. John wil never forgive m ,' said Mrs. Tollman, disconsolately.

And there was no sympathy in Leonie' face, and she turned away at last, perplexed and more anxious than ever

And Leonie, sinking back in her chair again, looked at the sun et clouds and variegated foliage, and thought perhaps it was time to return to London.

She had come to S\_, weary with round of fashionable life, tired of flattery, dancing, flirting, and she had found rest and quiet under Mrs. Tollman's care. She was rich, richer than the landlady had any idea of; but she had no near relatives, only a second cousin to keep her lonely home, and play propriety.

Society constituted itself her amateur guardian, and lying back in her cushioned chair, in the sunset glow, she wondered indolently what society would say about John Furber, It would grant him a rare perfection of manly beauty of face and form, and torgive the evident traces of dissipation, and it was only known that he was the son of a rich man and had been educated an idler by profession. Yes. Mrs. Tollman, I do remember But in what holy horror it would turn John. away with uplifted hands when it knew that he was disinherited with no home but a room in the house with a widowed announced. aunt ekeing out her narrow income by taking boarders. It would smile his bit ting sarcasms, his brilliant conversation. his cynical sneers, if he was reinstated in his father's favor, but how rude these would be in a poor man. Leonie, from thinking of society's opinion, quite uncon-ciously glided into considering her own. This dark-browed man and made a fair portion of her summer pleasure for three months, had been her cavalier in many country walks, drives and sails and quoted poetry under trees. sang in a superb baritone upon murmur ing waters, looked into her eye on a moonlit porch, and whispered delicatelyworded flattery. "No more than many other men had done. A beauty and rich. ty, as she came across the wide drawing-Miss Cameron had looked upon more than one languishing suit r, and forgotten him when her amusement wearied her Scarcely a firt-for she encouraged no downright love making, but a beautiful. face. fascinating women who had wounded hearts with merely a careless grace. Musing in the sunset it was impressed upon the proud heart that unconsciously said she had poisoned a life that was already sinking. There were capabilities for better things than dissipation suicide in John Furber, and she shivered as she thought he might be upon some dangerous precipice, waiting for the clasp of the hand to draw him back, or its repulse to thrust me-" him over. She passed in review her host of male friends, and found none who awakened her heart to hours of such keen pleasure as John Fuber had given her. She tried to recall one mind whose grasp of intellect had dwarfed her down as he had done, who had met her fairly in so many arguments and worsted her, and she could only remember soft flattery of her "wonderful mind."

upon me, 1 would trample down these demons of temptation. I would prove myself a man if I had any motives." There was no mistaking the prayer in his eyes, the pleading in his voice. Only for one moment, close now to the

low window, before a hand like a snow flake fell upon his shoulders, a voice low and sweet, murmured low in his ear. "Be a man for my sake."

her eccentric.

ly unaproachable.

The sight of their neighbour's prosperity She was gone before he spoke again. makes them sick. They covet his wife, and he wandered off to the woods to muse his ox, and his ass. They are sure the upon a possibility of this new life. world is all topsy turvey, or they would The next day Mrs. Tollman lost her be higher than they are. They not only boarder. Society, contemplating Miss envy, but they growl ann they depreciate. Cameron for the next three months found

They have nesty disparaging stories to She was gay and grave by flashes, fasci- tell about everybody they know. Their noses have got into the condition of a nating in either mood, she was mysterousperpetual snarl. They show their teeth as if they were ravening wolves. They The bravest suitor found himself met at

cannot finish a sentence without a " but." the point where friendly attentions merge into lover's devotion by a wall of icy re. Their very praises are like the saliva of the boa constrictor, only preparatory to serve that was impassable. She never wholesale swallowing. If a man has ever flirted but had the name of one, because had a black mark against him, they are she was admired, and remained single sure to know it. If a woman has ever until she was twenty seven. She was made a wrong step, let her look out for known to be truthful, and she had told squalls.

several lady friends she was not engaged,

so there was not even the spice of roexperience can testify, there is another mance in the gossip. pretty numerous class who have a diseas-S-knew her not in those three years, ed and withal an offensive amount of selfbut Mrs. Tollman was the recipiant of satisfaction about them. In the language various city delicacies from her, and of rural life, all their eggs have two yolks. would acknowledge the same by a letter. All their belongings are wonderful. All One of these, dated three years after the beautifel Miss Cameron left S-, after

thanking the young lady for the danties. added "Do you remember my nephew, John

Furber? He left me the day after you did, and I fretted more than a little-But with the first personal pronoun, and all took a turn for good, heaven be thanked tend to show how cool and quick they He worked himself up, and to-day he have been in all their movements. There writes me has mide friends with his never was an incident in which they did father again, and is to be taken partner not play first fiddle ; never a conversain a commercial house. His father is to tion in which they did not bear the chief buy it, but John's earned a place, too part; never a project which they did not by hard honest werk. O, my dear, I'm carry successfully through; never a withappier than I ever thought to be

Perhaps you've heard of the touse in London that John is in. But I'll tire most monstrously improbable things they you, writing about my own affairs. wouldn't, only I thought you'd perhaps remember John.

had more than a parallel in their eventful "In Londan," Leonie murmured : so histories. Pity their poor wives, who have near me all these three years, and yet to listen to all their egotistical talk from never seeking me. Was I too bold ?year's to year's end, and not merely to Did I drive him away by showing my listen, but for peace sake, to appear to adheart too plainly? Well, even so, I am glad. I gave him the first start towards women heard at least five hundred times an honorable manhood. Remember him all about that clever trick played on the

share of the good things of this life, is not being used as a rudder. at all in accordance with their merits

their sayings are clever. All their children are prodigies, and all their plans succeed. Somehow or other they dge in in the most serene, matter-of-fact fashion that they and theirs are superior people-All their stories are plentifully sprinkled

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she saw him leaning against a tree oppo- for Leonie's sake. site the low window, looking at her. A vivid flush stained her cheeks as she said :

The letter "O" is called the most chari- heard yesterday that the abbe had ad-"What have you been thinking of? table of all the alphabet, because it is vanced money to bury a near relative of

You have not stirred for a half an hour. found oftener than any in "doing good." Pillois, and when he sent to ask repay- Fton, Sept. 28,

ed, amplified, and recast, as that narra-She had folded the letter and was tion about what was said and done when dressing for the opera, when a visitor was their hero fell among some sharpers un. doubtedly has been, yet the great central "What a barbarous hour." she mur.

facts are oh ! how familiar, and all tendmured, not looking at the card. "In : ing to show what smart fellows those husfew moments. Jane."

bands of theirs were long, long ago. The She was robed in her fleecy dress whole tone, the every look of such people or white lace, over pale blue silk ; she seems to say, "You're all well enough, had clasped diamonds on throat and but dear have pity, you're nothing like wrists, and in the little ears, when as she us." The very children catch the infectook the opera cloak from the maid's tion and improve on it. I's awful. Self hands, she looked at the carddepreciation is bad, simply abominably, a " Jonn Furbur."

barefaced fishing for a compliment. Envy-A great heart throb sent the blood over ing and grumbling are quite as detestable her brow and neck : then it faded, leavbut of all the horrors in this weary world ing only a soft tint upon the fair cheeks. save us from those awful self-satisfied peoand in the dark eyes a light of happiness ple, who themselves had never a taint of harmonizing well with the smiling lips. original sin, and never possessed either a She looked like some visitant from anring or a relative that was not perfect. other world, in the radiance of her beau-

+.....

room to the window where he stood. He had not heard her light step, but Abbe Lerredde, rector of Ardon, in the he turned when she was near, showing department of the Aisne, and previously the stamp of his better life in his noble vicar of St. Ambroise, in Paris, was most brutally murdered one Sunday lately. His

He held out his hand looking earnest. body was found at 8 o'clock in the mornly into her face, and seeing she only ing on the high road, which he had been spoke a happy truth as, taking it, she passing to say mass at Leuilly, a village a little remote from the principal church.

I, am glad to see you."

"Leonie," he said, "you gave me a witness the deed of horror, and describes hope, three years ago, that has borne me a man armed with a large hatchet as sudabove temptation and suffering to a po- denly rushing on the venerable priest sition where I am not ashamed to look and striking him several times on the any man in the face. Leonie, you hade head with the weapon, until he fell heavily on the road upon his face. His skull was

"To be a man, John, for my sake." broken in, but the assassin again and " And I obeyed you, my love, my dar- again struck him when on the ground ling. I have come for my reward, Leonie. and apparently insensible. The wretch

loving you with all my heart, daring now then coolly shouldered his hatchet, took to ask for your love in return."

So society had a ripple of sensation in and walked quietly away. The assassin is a fashionable wedding, when John Furber believed to be a man named Alexander married Miss Leonie Cameron. Pillois, aged forty, who had just come out But only you and I, reader, know the of prison and was begging his way to a

romance of that summer in S\_\_\_\_, or distant part of the country. No motive has heretetore enland Finally, lifting her eyes with a soft sigh, how John Furber redeemed his manhood beyond a general hatred of the priests,

claiming, is as yet ascertained. But I

schoolmaster forty years ago? Embellish-

a path at right angles to the main road. THE Subscriber Jegs to return thanks to the Citizens of Fredericton and the public genrally, for the liberal patronage extended to him since commencing business, and would espectfully inform them that he has purchase t the Stbck-in-Trade, and leased the premises o Joseph Myshrali, Esq. where with imploved facilities for carrying on his business, he hopes to merit a continuance of the favor which he the public generally that he has again com-

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