## Literature.



A RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

The duchess having left her, Valentine sure of the necessity for speaking as I tried in vain to explain, or even to put away from her, the all-absorbing subject, 'You ask me to forget you, Valentine, which threatened, with its torturing sughe said, speaking as calmly as he could. gestions, to drive her into insanity. Conand controlling his emotions. 'Could vinced, now, of her father's guilt, she at the same time felt her utter mability to sary to do so?' act with decision against him. Again, was it her duty to do it?

' she said in still calmer tones.

'Then why do you require an impossi-

'You! Oh' no!

esteem, your love ?'

this trouble, and you must remain so.'

'This secret, then, is your father's.'

made no effort to answer him. She

forget you-never?' The opportunity to vindicate Jean Renaud had been given her, and she had bility from me?' shrunk from doing it at the expense of her own father's life. She had been so terrified at the mere contemplation of the deed, that she had completely put herself in her father's power.

Valentine did not know where a parent's authority ended. Her father had her completely at his mercy. Knowing her suspicions, aware that she held what she considered a sufficient proof of his Henri! Only this morning I was so happy, when I accused him! guilt, he had not hesitated to explain her and now-now I know that I shall never condition as the result of an attack of debe happy again !' lirium, and attribute it to her anxiety for Adrienne. If she could not induce him to leave France, what would become of her? Once having proved to him her weakness, had she not lost all hope of attaining her end?

She was fast in the toils. She could fancy the wretched future stretching before her, a period of dread and remorse. grief ?' Thoughts of Adrienne assailed her weakened senses; of Jean Renaud as she had last beheld him, tenderly unclasping Adrienne's hands from around his neck, and going away to his weary, endless toil. The recollection was maddening. The

man's sad, earnest face rose before her. pleading for justice, for mercy. She thought of her father's-its expression as he had caught at her throat a few hours before, and she shuddered at her own sudden conviction. 'I do not love him! It is not affection that is controlling

that you tell me we must part ?' me; it is a dread of the awful consequences; of the obloquy that such an action would cast on the sacred name of daughter. Oh, why did I find this necklace? Why has this terrible question been given to me to deal with? I, who have nothing to guide me but my conscience, and that I cannot obey? If I only loved him, then I could willingly sacrifice all for his sake ! Sacrifice Adrienne? Leave her father to his fate? Is there a love strong enough to make such an evil thing possible? Could I do it? Never! He must do as I have said, or I will, I must speak ?'

The marquis looked at Valentine with telling me the secret of this spring. Do I can reach the Chateau d'Aubretot in a a searching puzzled expression in his face. you wonder now that I am nearly wild?' few minutes, if it should be necessary. Could it be possible that some sudden 'You have not told me where you If we hope to succeed in this we" must shock had affected the girl's reason? found it. use caution. Any sign of fear on my Something in her steady eyes and in the The marquis now spoke slowly and part would excite suspicion. I have only strong, firm mouth contradicted this cooly. Here was something real to grap- to carry out the part he assigned me; I ple with and explain, not a mental phan- can be delirious for a few days, and reexplanation of her words. tom that he could neither grasp nor com- fuse to see him, or any one else. Will Valentine read his thoughts 'I am perfectly sane, perfectly conscious prehend. His sudden return to his usual you see the duke ?' of the meaning of my words, and quite

quiet decision of manner had the effect Better not; to proclaim suspicions that of quieting Valentine. She brought him we could not prove without the chanointhe jewel-casket, and showed him where esse to confirm them, would only be to field, O. the necklace had lain with the other defeat our own ends. Let ns act with gems, which the marquis examined with prudence and despatch, and all will yet curiosity. be well. And now, my darling, you will Their resemblance to those described be brave and hopeful, no more gloomy you forget me if I told you it was necesby Jean Renaud at once set him thinking. reflections or horrible fancies, but only

'No Henri, I could not. I never will 'I cannot see any proof of what your trust in the might of truth to conquer at fears suggested, Valentine,' he said, after last.' some moments. . This necklace has come 'I have prayed along for the power to

into your father's possession since that help Adrienne; now that the possibility 'Because it is for your happiness. My awful murder. It no doubt attracted seems so near, I shall not fail to grasp at misfortunes must not affect you. You him for it is very beautiful, and he has the means. You can trust me, Henri. will in time love another; you will be added it to his collection.' I will be as sensible as even you could happy, as you deserve. Later when you Valentine shook her head. desire Make no effort to see me until

can think of me calmly, try and do it 'I thought of that explanation, but he you bring the chanoinesse. I will underkindly. If you could only know how insisted that it was my mother's, that she stand your absence. Marie is devoted to miserable I am, the horror and suspense wore it on her wedding-day. Oh, no! me, so have no misgivings on my account.

> The marquis gazed proudly at Valentine's glowing features; she was again mistress of herself, and he knew that he

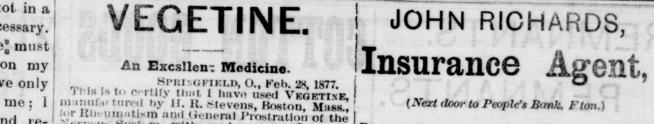
> > PALICY

'Yes, I appealed to his better feelings, could trust her. Adrienne's fate was in 'Valentine, will you not try for one I begged of him to have mercy on this safe keeping.

moment to put yourself in my place? poor soldier who once aided him; on my (To be continued.) You are generally cool, logical, willing to poor Adrienne. When he refused, I listen to reason. I do not comprehend threatened to use the proof in my posthis rapid alteration in you. I have no session against him Then he asked for FULLY clew to this change in your sentiments, it, and when I would not give it to him. in your intentions. Answer me this, have he was going to choke me; but the duke

in any way caused you this sudden and duchess arrived in time to save me; then he declared that I was mad. 'You say that he insisted that this necklace was your mother's: he saw

looked up his face startled Valentine, it was so bright and almost smiling. He took her hands in his, speaking calmly,



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## H. RUTTER, VECETINE. ADDLER and HARNESS MAKER. The following letter from Rev. G. W. Mansd, formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal DEALER IN Church, Hyde Park, and at present s ttled in WHIPS, Lowell, must convince everyone who reads his

letter of the wonderful curative qualities of Vege-tine as a thorough cleanser and purifier of the CURRY COBS. HYDE PARK, Mass., Jan. 15, 1876. MR. H. R. STEVENS. Dear Sir-About ten years ago my health failed the depleting effects of dyspensia; near-arriater I was attacked by typhoid-fever Repairing done with neatness and despatch. worst form. It settled in my back, and bok the form of a large deep-seated abscess. two surgical operations by the best skill in the Gueen Street, Fton., N. B. tate, but received no permanent cure. I sufered great pain at times, and was consta tly ikened by a profuse discharge. I also lost

nall pieces of bone at different times. rs ran on thus about seven years, til ay, 1874, when a friend recommended me to go your office, and talk with you o the virtue of ine. 1 did so, and by your kindness passed rough your manufactory, noting the ingredi nts, &c., by which your remedy is produced. By what I saw and heard I gained some confi

nce in Vegetine. I commenced taking it soon after, but felt vorse from its effects; still I persevered, and on felt it was benefiting me in other respects. t I did not see the results I desired till I had n it faithfully for a little more than a year.

FFICE up-stairs in Wiley's Building, next he difficulty in the back was cured; and

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them up.

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Farming Property FOR SALE.

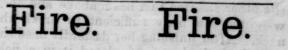
A LL that Valuable Landed Estate, being the land situate in the Parish of Studholm, King unty, with the several farm houses and build ings thereon, belonging to John Sau Jders, Esq., and comprising part of what is generally known as the Studville property.

L oughly PRACTICAL PLUMBERS and GAS FIT-TERS in their employ, are prepared to attend to acres, a considerable portion of which is inter The above property, containing about 1100 all work entrusted to them in a thorough vale, is situated on the River Kennebeccasis and close to Apohaqui Station, on the Intercolonia Railway, and about three miles from Susses Parties desiring to have their houses fitted Station. It comprises several farms and will b with all the modern improvements in the sold all together, or in lots to suit purchasers. Most or the land is in a high state of cultivat above business, would do well to apply to us

and is admirably adapted for farming, and espe sially for grazing purposes Terms of sale reasonable and will be made

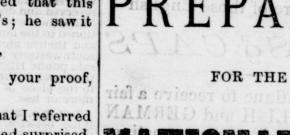
al-MORE MORTON, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Sussex Klogs County; or to W. Z. EARLE, Esq., Civil Engineer, Union street, St. John, or to the Subscriber at Fredericto

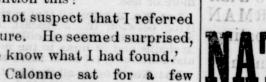
Tinsmiths Work of every discription, and the best material manufactured to order on J. SAUNDERS. F'ton, Sept. 28, 1878.-3ins

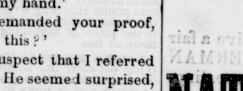


and shown.

THE Subscriber, thankful for past favors, beg to announce that he will now be found in the store under the "Barker House," formerly occupied by Spafford Barker, Esq. where will





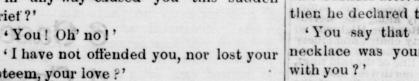


and wanted to know what I had found.' Henri de Calonne sat for a few minutes in profound thought. When he

cheeks verified his surmise. Valentine

'You accused him !

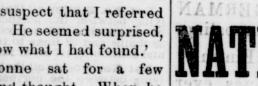
notionless, dreading his next words. 'Has he bound you by any promise keep it to yourself? Is it by his advice 'Oh. no. no! he does not know-he ha

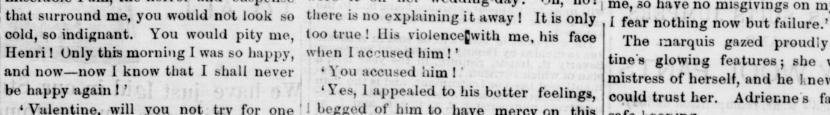


'Yes I had it in my hand.' 'No, you are wholly unconnected with

'And when he demanded your proof did he not mention this ? ' The vivid color that dyed Valentine

'No, he did not suspect that I referred to this, I am sure. He seemed surprised,





Unable to be quiet, Valentine rose dismissed Marie, and again slowly looked over the necklace. It held a magician's power; for as she gazed at it, every incident of the strange story connected with it seemed to be re-enacted before her eyes.

The twelve years that, with their stirring events and crowding incidents, had forced poor Renaud and the story of his sad face into dark oblivion, seemed to fade away, and the soldier's cottage rose before Valentine's excited imagination.

She saw, as in a vivid dream, the inc dents narrated by the soldier, and added to them the one terrible deed enacted by a figure which resembled her father, and which pursued and struggled with another that took the form of Adrienne.

Wild with griet, rent by conflicting emotions, Valentine placed the necklace in a safe corner of a cabinet, and went into another room.

No sooner had she relinquished the tell-tale trinket, than she began to tremble lest it should again disappear She went back, took it from the corner. and replaced it in her pocket.

'It must be my charge everywhere and forever, she said to herself. 'It wil always keep me miserable, and accus me of not doing my duty.'

Marie interrupted her despairing reflection.

The Marquis de Calonne was in th crimson drawing room, and would like ; few moments' conversation with her. Valentine shivered and turned pale a

the words. Then the hot blood rushed to her cheeks and set her heart beating as if it would break its bounds

Her first impulse was to refuse to see him. Then it seemed to her best to meet him for the last time.

An insane idea of forcing her father to leave La Grange that very night was now uppermost in her thoughts. It kept recurring to her mind as the only resource now left him. It influenced her when

least he should excite her by his words. not told me what to do. 'Valentine, had you been a looker-on "Then, Valentine, you have surprised to day, instead of the most interested some secret of his, and you voluntarily accept the weight and the misery that person in this affair, you would have at once perceived what is now so clear to me the knowledge of it entails upon you. This is not just! It is an outrage to thus This man's utter ignorance of an imporinjure an iunocent girl! I will see your tant fact was my clew to the whole father without delay \_\_\_\_' mystery.

"What can you mean? Oh, Henri, you 'No! no! you must not ; you shall not go to him! That would ruin everything are holding out some hope! you think alone must deal with him. You forget there is a solution of this mystery that I have overlooked ! ' he is my father.'

'Yes, Valentine; listen to me. The 'And for that reason you are to be Count de Mornasse, a gentleman, the resacrificed. You forget, Valentine, that presentative of a proud name and several before the count returned you became large estates, would scarcely deign to my promised wife ; until 1 release you claim as a family jewel an ornament which from that promise I claim the right to could only come to him by right of purwatch over your welfare. Suppose that chase. A wretched robber and murderer you were my wife now, would you not oming into possession of the box which let me share this grief, and help you to Jean Renaud described, would be likely keep this secret? In that case you would to suppose that all the ornaments it connot leave me, and it would be my duty to tained belonged to the same person. Do assist your father in every way that a son you begin to see my reasoning? can prove his devotion and fidelity. Let

'Not yet, tell me ?' me do it now, Valentine. I swear to you

'The man who murdered Adrienne.s to keep your secret, and to do my utmost mother was ignorant of the fact that she to aid him. He has long been an exile. a wanderer, poor, perhaps has had ter rible temptations to resist. I care not what this thing is; confide it to me and I will help you to bear the sorrow, shame disgrace, infamy, or whatever it may be. Valentine, act as my betrothed wife prove your trust in my love, in my

'You do not know what you are asking me to do. You cannot imagine such infamy, such a fearful sin! Oh, if the chanoinesse were here?'

'Why the chanoinesse, Valentine, and not the man who has sworn to protect bold impostor.

'Oh, 1 do not know. Something seems to tell me that she could help me. This secret may drive me mad. I do not know how to live through the long night with it pressing on my brain. Henri, do mad

and defend you?'

people tell their secrets ?' She caught his arm, starting at him with dismay in every feature. 'Valentine, I do not know, but if you are suffering thus, would it not be better relieve your mind by confiding it to me, than to risk telling it aloud to those who could not aid you after hearing it ?' 'You would not betray him ; you would give him an opportunity to repair the wrong. Think, Henri, my own father !'

'My darling, are not our interests the ame? How could I injure your father 'I tell you that is over ! If I confide in you, it is because I can trust to you to right a terrible wrong, should anything

owned such a jewel as this. He thought then as he thinks now, that this necklace belonged to the Countess de Morasse ?' 'Valentine, how could a man lest in a dying condition, as jean Renaud believed. ecover sufficiently within a few hours to walk some distance and commit a brutal murder? and why should a man commit such a deed for the sake of taking back

his own property? Besides what would prompt a gentleman to such an act? You see, in your excitement you lost sight of these strong proofs that the man who has

come here as the Count de Mornasse is a 'And my father.'

'I deny it. You owe to Jean Renaud heavy debt of gratitude as the man who tried to succor your dying father. Perhaps in making you instrumental in proving his innocence, you were designed by Heaven to repay the debt. You are not convinced that this man is not your father? Think of the agitation that the chanoinesse displayed when she heard the soldier's story; think of your own ecollection of this very building, of your mothers picture. There can be no doubt but you are the daughter of the last Count de Mornasse. In claiming you, this man could recover all these estates, which would otherwise revert to your mother's family. The facts of your existence and your residence at Hyeres, he undoubtedly learned from the papers





she sent her lover a message that she would join him in a few minutes

She waited, trying to regain something of her natural appearance and usual manner, but without success. father.'

He was standing near the table, on which the jewel casket still lay, when she entered noiselessly and then stopped, unable to speak or approach him.

Her quickened pulses warned her that with horror at what her own tongue was she could not control herself; but it was about to put into words. She shrank too late, he turned and saw her.

If she had been a ghost, he could not have looked more startled. She was white and haggard, and the color of her long draperies added to the illusion.

'I cannot understand this, Valentine he cried, taking her cold hands in his and kissing them. 'What has happened?'

Valentine shrank from his eager eyes. She tried to speak, but no sound came from her parted lips. The rigid features did not relax; the girl was stunned with the horror of her situation, which her lover's presence only made clear to her senses.

She shook her head and tried to with draw her hands, but Henri de Calonne not notice her gestures.

'Tell me Valentine,' he said, gently, 'Perhaps I can help you.'

effort. 'No one, Valentine? Something very

strange must have occurred since this morning. are you going to suffer this way without an effort to sprae yourself?" enough; but it does not make tangible 'I must--I must bear it alone !' proofs.

"What! have a secret grief that I cannot share ?' His voice was full of sad reproach.

Valentine looked at him; utter despair was in every feature, in her voice and gestures.

'Do not upraid me. I thought I was He looked at her, then at it, as if doubt strong enough to see you once more: it ing the evidence of his senses. was so hard to part without a word of 'You are sure that this is the one he explanation or farewellmeant?'

'To part, Valentine?' 'Yes, do not ask the cause. We must described it, declared it had no dublicate. part. You must forget me, Henri."

happen to prevent me doing my duty lear, my conclusions correct, Valentine ?' He must leave France, and I shall go with 'I am only too willing to accept your him if-if I do not die! But if I should. explanation of this awful discovery, but Henri, or if, as I fear, my reason should until the chanoinesse returns and sees give way, promise me to save Adrienne's this ----'

Her eyes filled with tears. 'Adrienne's father? The convict !' 'I understand you, Valentine. You 'Yes; but an innocent man suffering were rejoicing in the thought that you in another's place-and that other is had a fither-it seemed almost a miracu-The girl's own face grew convulsed lous blesssing that after all those years of weary waiting, I have rudely destroyed your cherished hopes; but, Valentine, away from the shocked surprise of her which is preferable, the thought of your lovers face, and put her shaking hands noble father dying on that lonely battleover her own. The hot blood mounting ield, or the contemplation of this uneasy, to her temples, her drooping eyes, her desperate stranger, who would impose whole expression of shame and anguish.

nimself upon you and deprive you of all could have but one meaning; but even peace and comfort?' while comprehending it, Henri de Calon-'How can you ask? One is a sagred ne utterly rejected such an idea He grief that I do not shrink from bearing; even tried to smile as he answered her. the other a nameless horror.' She shud-'Valentine, you must be under the indered and drew closer to his side. 'You fluence of a terrible delusion, What! cannot imagine what I have suffered accuse your own father, the Count de since this morning. Heaven must have Mornasse? What could possibly put such sent you to me, for I had lost the power a wild fancy into your sensible brain ?' of reasoning sensibly. Now I shall be 'Then you think that I may be wrong able to wait patiently for the chanoinesse. -mistaken? Oh! I wish I could think 'Yes, she alone can decide this ques-

so; but no, I am right, and my promise tion whether my Valentine is the Count was partly prepared for this, and he would to Adrienne must be kept. I say must de Mornasse, or the daughter of a namebe, no matter at what haz urd. The sad- less adventurer. How happy her arrival dest part of it all is this, that nothing can will make us all! Renaud proved innonow atone to her father for his twelve cent, Adrienne will be restored to her old,

. No one can,' she murmured, with an long years of unjust shame and suffering; merry self.' nothing that we can do-nothing." 'And if you should be mistaken.

'Valentine, your imagination is driving Henri; if I should prove to be the child of this nameles adventurer-this desyou crazy on this horrible subject. 'Oh, no; imagination is powerful perate stranger?'

'You will be none the less my own dear love, Valentine. We shall work to-'Proofs! One was to be your father's gether to be just and yet merciful.' corroboration of the convict's statement. 'I wish that I could feel as hopeful as that was shown to be false. The othervou do. When-when do you suppose

'Is here, in my hand.'

the chanomesse will return? These days Valentine drew the necklace from her of suspense, these nights of horror, and then Adrienne -----, pocket, and put it in Henri's hand.

'You are right. There is no time to lose. I shall ride to night to Hyeres, and see the directress; she maa know more about the movements of the chanoinesse 'Perfectly sure. See, even the duchess than we do here. I dread to leave yon,

Valentine. and showed her certainty of the fact by 'Do not think of me. I am safe here,

