

Literature.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF LADY WOODRUFF.

"Her ladyship and Miss Woodruff are out, sir. They drove to Elston House after luncheon." Moncrief's face fell. Earlier in the day he had discovered that his departure from town could be put off until a late hour; and though he had bidden his sweetheart "good bye" the night before, he could not resist the opportunity of another glance at Betty's bewildering blue eyes. He had thrown himself into a hansom with hope high in his breast, to be met with the intelligence that his Betty was off merry-making, when he had imagined her overcome with grief. The old butler stole a commiserating look at the downcast face. Moncrief's love affair was a favorite topic in the kitchen. "Oh, well, Saunders, it can't be helped," he said, at length. "I'll just see the little girls before I go. Are they in?" "Yes, sir. The little ladies are just at tea in the schoolroom. I'll tell them you are here, sir." "Never mind. I'll go to them myself. I think I know my way to the schoolroom Saunders!" "Yes, sir."

Molly said, mournfully. "I'll tell you what I think," said Sue, leaning her chin on her palm and looking across the table, solemnly. "Gran's setting her cap at old Lord Elston. Oh, you needn't laugh, Terry," she went on, with a shake of her wise young head. "I'm sure she wants to marry him." Terry stopped laughing and looked suddenly grave. Could it be that Lady Woodruff was thinking of Lord Elston as a possible husband for Betty? That old man! His heart grew cold at the very thought. He did not doubt his Betty's fidelity. But he knew only too well the ambitious views and the indomitable will of the perverse old woman in whose hands he left his treasure. But there was no time to brood over this now; he looked at his watch and started up in a hurry, and said he must be off. Molly burst into stormy tears, and Sue's face got so white that Terry felt he had been selfish to come near them again. They clung to him and followed him down to the hall for a last kiss, a last embrace. When he had broken from their clinging arms he looked back at Sue's strong young face. "Sue," he said, pleadingly, "take care of Betty."

"Yes, Terry." "Give her my love—"

Sue nodded. "And don't let her forget me, dear Sue!" "I won't, Terry—Terry darling." Sue's mouth quivered, and for the first time the tears sprang into her brilliant eyes and Terry bolted down the steps without another word, for Sue's tear-drowned eyes bore too strong a resemblance to Betty's to be contemplated calmly at such a moment. When that suspicion flashed into Terry's mind that it would not be at all improbable if Lady Woodruff with her worldly views had some idea of securing the rich old nobleman as a husband for Betty, he had been nearer the truth than he imagined. This scheme had been maturing in her ladyship's mind for some time, and no sooner was poor Terry out of the way than she set about driving him out of Betty's head. She went to work with some diplomacy. For a few days she left Betty to herself, and Betty grieved very honestly after her absent lover, and liked nothing better than to get Miss Mathews out of the way and the two little girls to herself that she might talk of Terry to such sympathetic listeners. But after that Lady Woodruff filled up Betty's days from morning until night with such brilliant gaities that the girl had no time to fret; and Betty was young and this was her first season, and her uncommon style of beauty brought her adulation that might have turned the head of a wiser and older woman. And wherever Betty went she met Lord Elston. He undoubtedly admired the pretty, fresh-matured girl, and Lady Woodruff fostered his admiration and encouraged him with diplomatic skillfulness. Betty treated the old man with a merry deference she might have accorded to a father or uncle. And when at last he made her a stately proposal of marriage the girl was dismayed, and at first proudly repulsed him. But at this period Lady Woodruff interposed, and speedily brought poor Betty to a state of subjection. The haughty old woman scolded, entreated, commanded. And finally, for very sickness of heart, Betty gave way. When the engagement was announced the little girls were thunder struck. They utterly refused to believe it. They put forward Terry's claim, they argued and expostulated—Molly tearfully, Sue with blazing eyes. And when at last they insisted that it must be Gran whom Lord Elston wanted to marry, Lady Woodruff flew into a furious passion and ordered them back to the schoolroom. But when Betty was dressing for a dinner party that evening, Sue burst into the room with a determined face. Betty was sitting before the glass, listlessly buttoning her glove. The bright color that was one of her charms had faded from her cheeks. The satin of her gown was not whiter or softer than her skin. And clasping that snowy throat and descending to her waist were pearls that a queen might have coveted—the betrothal gift of Lord Elston. Sue pointed to the pearls with a contemptuous finger. "Betty, is that why you are going to marry that old man?" "Sue!" Betty started, and the blood rushed hotly into her face. She frowned at Sue over the bent head of her maid, who was kneeling on the floor arranging her skirt. Sue shut her mouth with a snap, and waited until the woman had left the room; then she said, impetuously— "Is it because Terry can't give you those things that you have broken your word to him?" "Sue, darling, you don't know what you are saying." "I do," flashed out Sue, wrathfully. "You are behaving horribly. You are going to marry that dressed-up old Lord Elston because he is richer than Terry."

THE QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, In time for Despatch by the earliest mails of the day The Subscription price will be \$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. THE GAZETTE Job Printing Department is equipped with good press, new type and a complete stock of material. We keep on hand a large and well assorted stock of all kinds of Stationery. We are in a position to do all kinds of Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Envelopes, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Pamphlets, Dodgers, Posters, Circulars, Labels, Tickets, Tags, Books, Etc., Etc MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Address all communications to Jas. A. Stewart, Publisher, Gagetown, N. B.