

Literature.

THE VINE WITH THE PINK FLOWERS.

"Uncle Pardon shall never leave his money out of the family," said Miss Millie Dean.

She said it half a dozen times a day on an average, in the hearing of Emma Rane, who had never yet seemed to take in the hidden meaning.

Emma had a delicate, reserved face of great sweetness, yet having a certain power of hiding any strong emotion of which the tender heart was capable. And they were not Dean features—those exquisite lines and curves. The Dean features were strong and aggressive. From a child Emma had secretly experienced a feeling of dread when viewing Miss Millie's nose in profile.

She had come to the Willows, Pardon Dean's fine farm, when but nine years old. A younger sister of his—a sweet childless woman—had adopted the girl when an infant, and had loved and cherished Emma as long as she had a husband and a home.

Losing both in a terrible conflagration, she returned to the farm where she had passed her youth, and, dying soon after, left this little daughter of her adoption to the tender mercies of her brother and sister.

Pardon Dean was an eccentric man, far advanced in years. Millie was a hard, unloving woman, between forty and fifty, stiff in her notions, immovable in her prejudices. From the time Millie was brought to the Willows, she had looked upon the girl as an interloper. Yet, when Lucy died, Millie promised that she would take care of the child until old enough to take care of herself.

More than a decent living she never meant Emma to have. As she said: "Uncle Pardon's money shall never go out of the family."

For there were children of another brother to inherit the patrimony—a family of five, all Deans to the backbone.

As for Uncle Pardon, as he was called, he made no demonstration regarding Emma until the child had lived with him a year. Always quiet and sensitive, she grieved long for her adopted mother, and under the rule of Miss Millie she grew quiet and sad. The cold, harsh woman never found opportunity to punish her with blows, but frowned so ominously on the slightest mishap that the whole existence of the child was cruelly darkened.

When about ten years old Emma accidentally terribly scalded her little hands with a pail of boiling water; and Miss Millie was about to rush upon the poor child and punish her for her irrepressible screams when Uncle Pardon caught Emma up, and murmuring: "Poor little dove—poor little dove!" plunged her hands into a bowl of sweet oil, thus relieving her anguish.

Miss Millie stood aghast. Not but what she would have applied means of alleviation if the child had patiently awaited her leisure, but she instinctively resisted any demand made upon her by the little alien; and when her brother showed not only solicitude, but tenderness, she was astounded and enraged. The next morning when he asked how the child was, she retorted:

"She is well enough. So you have adopted her, too, have you? You will be leaving her your money next."

"I shall do as I please about that," he replied, slowly adding, as he rose from the breakfast table, "I think it is likely I shall leave her a pot of gold."

Miss Millie was uncertain how much of earnest there was in this, but she feared—she very much feared—that the eccentric old man as self-willed as herself, had found a soft spot in his heart for the little white face and blue eyes. Do as she would, she could not help Emma growing up pretty and a lady. The beauty was irrepressible, the refinement innate. Clad in the coarsest homespun, the slender feet disguised in coarse, ill-fitting shoes, the sweet voice and fair face would yet attract a beholder; and in cautious crumbs and snatches old Pardon gave her his heart.

Emma soon learned that he loved her, and she loved him warmly in return; but both dreading domestic storms they never demonstrated affection in Miss Millie's presence.

But while Emma's life was sweetened by the feeling that she had one friend, the woman's was embittered by the fear that her favorite nephews—all Deans, would lose a penny of the Dean fortune.

When Emma was sixteen she would have been driven from the house to earn her own living, but that Linley Lane came to the Willows, and there and then fell in love with her, so that Miss Millie said in her heart:

"It is well. Let him marry her and take her out of the way. That will save all gossip and notoriety."

For she knew the neighbors whispered among themselves:

"She is hard on Emma Lane!"

As for Linley Lane, he was just such a hearty, generous, handsome fellow as gentle, loving girls adore; and it seemed to Emma that a whole, joyous spring, full of sunshine, flowers and bird song, had suddenly come into her life, when he

her that he loved her; but they were r than any pair of robins in the or for they had nothing to build the r

nest on. "If you want her," said Miss Millie, grimly, "take her."

"But I have no practice yet, and no home," said young Dr. Lane. "If Mr. Dean would like to help us a little, however, I would gladly make a beginning, and have no doubt but that we shall succeed finely."

"Uncle Pardon's money shall never go out of the family!" snapped Miss Millie.

Seeing how matters lay in this direction, Dr. Lane simply replied:

"Then I cannot marry at present!"

He was satisfied, however, that Uncle Pardon had warmer feelings for Emma, and believed that a more generous response could be elicited from the old man.

As for Emma, he knew that he had so brightened her life that she was now comparatively content, and he prepared to commence his practice hopefully.

But there were two older and well-established physicians in the town, and at first it was up-hill work.

And at this time Miss Millie showed a spirit utterly venomous.

"That fellow isn't going to marry you, Emma Rane, and you had better go somewhere and earn your living, instead of waiting here for Uncle Pardon's money," she said.

"I am not waiting for Uncle Pardon's money," answered Emma, her gentle eyes flashing with indignation. "I do not want his money. I am willing to go away, and prefer earning my own living."

As for Dr. Lane, we—we shall be married some day, when he is a little better off," with a maidenly blush on her pure cheek.

"Umph! You had better talk to somebody who can't see. You can't cheat me about what's going on before my eyes every day. You and Uncle Pardon are as thick as can be behind my back; but you need not think to wean him from his own flesh and blood!"

"Hold your tongue!" harshly interrupted another voice. "Let the girl alone! As for you, Emma, if you want to marry young Lane, tell him that when I die I will leave you a pot of gold; for you deserve it, if ever a girl did."

"You shall not," screamed Miss Millie. "I will!" shouted Uncle Pardon.

That night the old man was stricken with paralysis. It was the third time he had been thus attacked, and the doctor said he could not recover from it; but he partially recovered, and lingered some weeks.

"Don't you dare send Emma away," he muttered, thickly, to Miss Millie. "Let her come in here every day and water the plants. I want to see her."

Miss Millie could have killed her brother, but she dared not refuse him. In vain Miss Millie frowned. At last she said:

"I will find his will, and see what he has left her."

"So she commenced a furtive search. In desks and drawers, in cupboards, trunks, and boxes she carefully searched, and at last discovered, in a partition of her eccentric brother's tool box, the important document.

It was eminently satisfactory—house, lands and money he had left to the Deans.

She put the paper back carefully. "It's all right. He has left her nothing!" she cried, triumphantly.

As for Uncle Pardon, he had seemed to care for nothing but to be undisturbed among his plants. One, a beautiful foreign vine, with pink blossoms, he had suspended close to his bed—so near that Emma was obliged to water it very carefully, lest the moisture should drip upon the sheets.

Her heart ached in these last days on earth of her kind, old friend. How many a dark hour his smiles of indulgence had brightened! What a power, not to be overthrown, was he in that austere household! And now he was slowly fading out of it.

Almost helpless, and half insensible, he lay among the pillows, and his hours were numbered.

Dr. Lane was far from her, too. An epidemic had appeared in an adjoining town, and he had been sent for three weeks previously, and he had not returned.

One night old Pardon grew restless. A doctor was at his bedside. Miss Millie bent over him and there were servants in the room.

"I am going. I give Emma the vine with the pink flowers. Transplant it in the spring, child. Good bye—good bye!"

And the ebbing tide of life failing suddenly, Uncle Pardon was dead.

While he lay composed in his grave-clothes, Emma, after pressing a caressing hand on the cold brow, which she could hardly see for her blinding tears, reached up and took down the pot of pink blossoms.

Turning, she met Miss Millie's triumphant smile.

"I wish you joy of your inheritance," the woman said.

"I am glad to have it; I want nothing more," sobbed Emma.

Perhaps the hard woman was rebuked by the young girl's sincere grief, for she uttered no more taunts for days.

On the day of the funeral Dr. Lane hurried to the Willows.

"I could not come before," he said to Emma. "What did Uncle Pardon leave you, Emma?"

"You, too?" she asked, reproachfully. "He left me the memory of much kindness, and a pot of pink-blossomed vines which was long in his room."

"It is well," was Lane's only answer.

His prospects had brightened. He had won friends in the adjoining town where he had labored faithfully among the sick and dying, and had been invited to settle among them. So he took Emma from her lonely home at the Willows, and they commenced their married life in the prettiest of little cottages.

In a sunny bay window the pink flowered vine was hung, but it gradually lost its rosy blossoms and drooped.

"Uncle Pardon told me to transplant it in the spring," said Emma, one fine March day. "I must do so, or it will die."

She carefully removed the root and turned out the earth, and then, wonderful to see, the pot was lined with gold, so that in a short time she had counted out a thousand five-dollar gold pieces.

"I knew it was so, or I guessed at it," said her husband. "I was sure he would outwit that woman."

But Emma had no feeling of triumph. She only sobbed gratefully.

"Dear Uncle Pardon. He meant to take care of me after all, although I was not one of the family."

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MONCTON, N. B., Aug. 15.—A complaint was made to the police today that about \$100 worth of jewelry had been stolen from the residence of J. R. Bleakney, caretaker of the Moncton athletic grounds, yesterday. The thief is believed to be a young man named Jean Bleakney a nephew of the man whose house was robbed, the young man having been missing since yesterday. He boarded with his uncle and worked at the blacksmith trade. He belongs to Hillsboro, and told his companions he was going to Cape Breton, and as two gold watches and chains and two rings belonging to Bleakney's daughters are missing, he is suspected of having stolen them and skipped. Young Bleakney was also two months behind in his board account.

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