Literature.

THE THREE SISTERS.

CHAPTER V.

A BELIEVER IN THE SYRIAN GOD.

This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beatious flower when next we meet.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Sir George Fabian was rather more thoughtful than usual as he drove toward London, unconscious of the trouble his attentions had brought on his shy little friend. He was very impressionable, and, like most people of that caliber, his impressions were the reverse of lasting. It might very easily have been said of him that he was "wax to receive," but I doubt if his best friends would have cared to continue the quotation, and hint anything about his being "marble to retain." Still, men and women are often inconstant and fond of change until their destiny comes to them, and then we know how they sometimes surprize their friends, and refute the prophecies they have called forth.

No one could say that when Sir George Fabian's heart was stirred by a real affection, he would not love faithfully to the end of his life.

Every year, every month, every week of the time since he had been born into the world, until now he had been spoiled consistently. Every one liked him—he possessed that nameless charm that makes some people universal favorites, and which others, far more deserving, frequently lack. It is a question worth our consideration, whether the people whom we like the best, whose society is most congenial to us, are really those whom we esteem the most, and feel the greatest respect for. I think not. To be a general favorite is almost impossible to persons who possess strong principles, a high sense of honor and real sincerity. They fail to see, or at all events to recognize as right, the tact that avoids speaking disagreeable truths and seeing unpleasant things, and the genial humor and well-bred tolerance that often spring from sheer selfishness and indifference. They cannot let a friend ruin or make himself ridiculous without an earnest protest. But that is poor policy in the world of fashion. Smile in private over the follies of your friends, and sigh if you please over their imprudence; but if you would be popular,—if you want to make friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, at all events, if you desire to be received into their houses, preserve a discreet silence, a courteous blindness to their shortcomings. It isn't Christian, perhaps, but it is so indisputably well-bred; and then these remarks are only meant for people who love the world and value society.

A train of thought is worse than Bradshaw for misleading you, and taking you to all manner of places where you don't want to go; so, ere it be too late, let me hasten back to Sir George, pursuing his meditations as he drives townward, aided by the composing influence of a fragrant Havana. No! I must go further back than that, for in these days, when it is so important to know who's who, that we carry a pocket volume to tell us, and when it is the exception to have a great-grandfather (at all events, one to be proud of), I am in duty bound to put the gentle reader in possession of a few facts, to prove that my hero was not altogether so mush-room as to be undeserving of notice or interest.

I cannot boast any great length of pedigree for him; but his family was just old enough to be thoroughly respectable. The first baronet had been created in the early part of the eighteenth century, for some service rendered to Government, and there had been three successors to the title between the first and the present Sir George. There was a handsome house and park on a moderate scale, in Blankshire, and five thousand a year to keep up a respectable position in the county with. The present baronet, who had a fair share of this world's goods, was at present very far from coming to the conclusion that "all is vanity." He could have enumerated a great many things that seemed to him very well worth living for,—sufficient wealth, a good constitution, men's friendship, women's favor, a handsome person, and a very fair position. He would have said with some of you, my readers, "People only begin to moralize when they can no longer enjoy. It is hardly fair of them to try and put one out of conceit with pleasant things, because their day has gone by, and they can't have back the cake they have eaten." And quite right too. For my part I agree with you all. Enjoy heartily and thankfully while you have the power—it will leave you soon enough, and then the chances are you will have a glimmering of the temptation one has to give the young, light-hearted folks, just setting out on their journey, the benefit of our advice and experience.

Sir George Fabian could not recollect his father, who had been killed by a fall from his horse while hunting. He remembered the pale, grief-worn face of his mother who hardly noticed him, and never smiled, and then, suddenly, as if the power of loving she had thought buried in the grave of the man she had loved so dearly, returned to her, she came to idolize her boy, adoring and spoiling him consistently until her death, three years before my story opens. He had an only sister, a cold, proud, handsome woman, whose only weak point seemed to be affection for her brother. She had recently married a man of old family and considerable wealth, a match much more *de convenance* than *de cœur*. So there was another very desirable point about Sir George Fabian for the consideration of any woman who might wish to marry him—he possessed very few relations.

He had been to Eton and Oxford, and since then had travelled moderately—that is to say, he had spent a good deal of time in St. Petersburg, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and Naples, and had visited most Continental cities of note.

He was a good linguist, had a winning manner, rode, shot, and danced well, so that on the whole he was an agreeable member of society, and a great favorite with most women. In his turn he had a very fair liking for the gentler sex—an ardent devotion indeed sometimes—but he did not care to be always with them. He would rather not see them in the hunting field or the stables, or billiard-room, or at a great many other places and times where men congregate together. He liked them to be always pretty, always feminine, always in such places and situations as they had a right to be mistress of. That at least was his theory, but whether he was always consistent in it must be doubted, since the fascinating influence that lovely Amazon Miss Beresford exercised over him all one hunting season, and his rather notorious flirtation with Mrs. Coryton Selwyn.

He was only twenty-six, but had already conjugated the verb "to love" in most of its moods—principally in the imperfect tense. His manner to women was characterized by a remarkable courtesy and deference (such as invariably charm the sex, and are ascribed by them to an inborn chivalry. They would be surprised perhaps, to find how much more real respect and belief in them often clings to the hearts of rough blunt-mannered men than to those beneath that polished courtliness they value so much.

I think for the present purpose of my story I have said enough to give the reader some definite ideas concerning the man I write of. I hate digression (at least other people's digressions,) and after all, my friend, if you were asked to sum up any of our intimate acquaintances, could you say much more about them?

The evening shadows were deepening faster and faster as Sir George neared London. It was a sultry evening; he felt it oppressive now that they had left the lanes and emerged on to the straggling commencement by which we approach our great metropolis on every side. They passed the poor, cheap, poverty-stricken streets with their small, mean shops, windowless and lighted by a flaring jet of gas, the itinerant venders hawking their stale fish and limp greens along the foul gutters, the wan, unhealthy children still lingering round, the laborers hanging about the middle of the road, shrieked at and jibed by coarse sharp-tongued viragoes; and the gin palaces—palaces, indeed, with their bright lights and enticing splendor to the poor forlorn uncomforted wretches for whose destruction they are planned. Then they came to the semi-genteel residences of brick and plaster, with little gardens in front and pretentious flights of steps to the door. It was such a hot night all the windows were open, and here and there one had a refreshing view of a cozy party at supper, or a tired clerk enjoying his penny paper after the day's labors, and now and then a lady tinkling at a cottage piano. Further on came grand houses and shops then handsome squares, and evidences of wealth and comfort. Only here, all the blinds were closely drawn, and you could not look in. Past the Park gates—past the imposing statue of our great hero, half way up Piccadilly, and then Sir George flung the reins to the groom and jumped out. A gentleman was leaning over the small balcony smoking.

"Hollo, George!" he shouted.

"How are you, old fellow?" cried the other, applying his latch-key to the door.

He dashed up stairs, and in a second was grasping his friend's hand heartily.

"Glad to see you once again, Grevil, old boy. Been here long?"

"Only half an hour. Infernal hot journey!"

"Had any dinner?"

"Yes, I got your note before starting, so I dinned at the Rag. Dull as ditch-water. Hardly a soul I knew. Only old Diddler and Tommy Banks, and they're worse than no one. Never knew town so thoroughly cleared out in July."

"No wonder either—it's been the hottest season I ever remember—everybody's done up. No one would stop in this stifling atmosphere but the poor devils who are downright obliged. I've done nothing but drink Badminton and eat ices for the last fortnight. How are Ethel and the governor?"

"All right. The governor's coming up to town on Wednesday. Ethel's got a new whim, guess what it is."

"Oh, Ethel's flights are altogether beyond me," laughed Sir George. "Wants a black boy and a monkey, perhaps!"

"Worse, my dear fellow, worse."

"A zebra out of the zoological gardens to ride."

"Worse still."

"Then I give it up."

"She has taken it into her head that she is dull and wants a companion."

Sir George whistled.

"Make the house pleasant, I should think," he remarked.

"Oh, but she's not to be old, or learned, or frumpish. Ethel does not care about her being accomplished, only tolerably young, cheerful, and amiable. Latter indispensable, you know, with Ethel's queer temper."

The baronet laughed. He and Miss Ethel Anson had been destined for each other by their families since they were children, until two years ago they had frankly and unceremoniously confessed to each other their disapprobation of the paternal views. But they were on very good terms, nevertheless, only their attachment was strictly platonic.

"I am very fond of you, George," Ethel had said demurely, "but I wouldn't marry you for all the world."

"And why, pray, *ma belle*?" he asked, laughing.

"You love yourself too much to be as devoted a slave as I should want," she answered, half serious, half laughing.—"And, my dear, you are fickle, and I am jealous. And so when I found you becoming indifferent and taking notice of other women, I should reverse the story of Othello and Desdemona and smother you. Or if I didn't do that, I should weary you to death with my suspicions and reproaches, and then go away and eat my heart out with remorse for having done it. No, George, depend upon it we shouldn't suit each other. And then I like to have lots of men to admire me, and I know I never could get out of that habit if I were married fifty times over. The moon sees many brooks—the brook sees but one moon. And I must be the moon, you know, George."

"Very well, then," Sir George had answered with mock gravity, "then I will not be like the silly child and cry for the moon. After your long and eloquent tirade I am quite convinced of the justice of your conclusions."

And happily it won't break your heart, she pouted.

"I hope to get resigned in time," he replied; and then they looked in each other's eyes and laughed, and went off amicably to eat strawberries in the garden.

"Is Ethel coming up too?" Sir George asked of Captain Grevil Anson.

"No, Ethel leaves all choice to my father's discretion. She had enough of London in May and June, and doesn't want to see its dingy old face again until another season, she says. She's going to Scotland next week, to stay a month with the Fitzallans."

"Then we shall meet," said Sir George. "I go on Friday. Shall you be there, Grevil?"

"No. It's an infernal nuisance. I had made all my arrangements, never dreaming of not getting extension of leave, and old Folthorp gets crusty all of a sudden, and writes to insist on my turning up on the twenty sixth. Lady Julia Scott is to be there. I've been getting my courage to the sticking point, and had settled everything splendidly in my own mind. The chances are some big red-haired Scotchman will walk off with my prize now!"

"The very best thing that could happen to you too," cried Sir George. "Why, Grevil, what the dence can you want to marry an heiress for with your prospects?"

"Prospects be anathematized!" reported Captain Anson. "I have nothing to look for while the governor lives, and I'm sure I don't want him to hurry on my account. It's all very fine for you, Geo. who are your own master, and have as much to spend as you want, but please to remember I'm only a poor devil with five hundred a year besides my pay, and at the beck and call of my Queen and country."

"Think of the honor and glory," laughed the baronet.

"Honor and glory be blanked," said Captain Anson again. "You see, George," he proceeded, "I have sundry debts the governor won't pay, and I don't care to *post obit* the old boy. To my mind it's a blackguard sort of thing. I want to cut the army, and keep a few racers. By the way, do you see Lampooner's scratched for the Leger?"

"Yes; lucky we did not back him. But, Grevil, Lady Julia squints."

"Oh, I grant she's ugly, but a woman can afford to be that with ten thousand a year. Besides, I should never feel jealous of her, and that's a blessing one can appreciate after seeing a little of Alick Ruthven and his pretty wife."

"What! is he jealous again?"

"Yes, I'm not surprised either this time. Old Voile has got a new curate, tremendously high church, with a Raffaelle celestial style of face; and pretty little Maud has taken to working altar-cloths and fasting on Fridays. The last thing I heard was she and Alick had a tremendous row because she wanted to confess to the good-looking curate. Old Alick threatened to kick him from the top of the stairs to the bottom if he dared to come in any other capacity than that of a morning caller, and forbade Maud to see him alone."

"Quite right, too!" said George.

"Oh! yes, quite right," agreed Captain Anson, "but there isn't a wrong thought, I don't believe, in little Maud. Only she's the most provoking, malicious little sprite that ever tormented a jealous husband. If Alick had only the sense to seem indifferent, she would leave off soon enough."

"I should not like to have such a woman for my wife," muttered Sir George emphatically.

"What sort of a woman would you like?" asked the other, leaning back in his luxurious chair, with one leg dangling at ease over the side, and puffing at a cheroot. "I never knew you have any downright opinions about the sex yet—at least, not any that you held to consistently."

"My dear Grevil, you never heard me talk about my ideas of a wife. Of course women in the abstract——"

"Are different from women in the contract," laughed Captain Anson. "Well, go on."

"I should like my wife to be very young, and never to have been in love with any one but me."

"You're modest!" laughed his friend. "At what age would you take this paragon whose first and only love you should be? At thirteen? At five? Nay, rather have her from her cradle, and shut her up until she arrives at a convenient age, as they do in the fairy tales."

"Don't scoff, Grevil, I am serious. I want a girl who doesn't know anything about the ways of the world, to whom the tricks and cajoleries of society are a blank page. A girl who is young, and fresh, and artless, who laughs when she is glad, and cries when she is sorry, who would love you with her whole heart, and show everything she thought and felt in her face."

"What Greybeard fancies are these?" mocked Grevil Anson; "what doting imaginations of a worn-out voluptuary? Come, George wait until you are forty at least to indulge in these insipid ideas Ignorance isn't innocence, you know, old fellow. The real thing that seems to me worth admiring, is a woman conversant with the ways of good society,—who can be charming, witty, gay, or serious according to the company she is in,—who has a tact and delicacy that never offends, and a quiet dignity which retains her self-respect, and the respect of others. By Jove! George, your taste has changed since you indulged such a *grande passion* for the Beresford and Laura Selwyn. I shall begin to think Ethel is right in saying you change your loves with the seasons."

"I am not in love with any one that I know of at present," returned Sir George. "I was only giving you my ideal."

"Alas, for the consistency of poor human nature!" laughed Grevil. "To think I should remember a time when your ideal was the most outrageous coquette, and one of the fastest women in London."

"*Nous avons change tout cela.* Can't you imagine it possible for one's opinions to undergo a process of reformation?"

"Certainly," returned Captain Anson. "Just like going through the bankruptcy court, and getting whitewashed."

CHAPTER VI.

A LITTLE ADVENTURESS.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind.

CHARLES LAMB.

Now, I am rather fearful of lessening the interest of my story by changing the scene too frequently; but there is a personage I have not yet introduced to the reader, who will occupy a prominent position in these pages. But for a very simple accident she would never have had anything to do with the people I have been writing of; and, ah, how much misery they might have been spared! *Allons!* it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and but for that accident my poor story would have missed its great staple of interest. But am I justified in calling it an accident? Was it not rather one of those predestined events that come to us in the guise of accidents, and change all the current of our lives? I am about to become prosy. *Revenons!*

Miss Henrietta (*nee* Harriet) French was sitting in the schoolroom at Laurel Villa, the residence of Mr. Slater, provision merchant, recently become Thomas Slater, Esq. She was the young lady spoken of by Miss Hamilton as possessing green eyes and sandy hair. To speak more accurately and with less prejudice, I should pronounce her hair to be rather of a neutral tint, and her eyes gray. An insignificant figure, carelessly attired, a sallow complexion, and an expression of intense weariness, scarcely go to make up a very charming whole, but then we must make some allowance for surrounding circumstances.

The heat was stifling, and the room in which she sat a bear-garden, a Pandemonium. Two boys, of five and seven, respectively, were disputing with much acrimony the possession of a top; a girl was riding the rocking horse violently, and a younger sister alternately whistled through one end of a whip and slashed at the wooden Pegasus with the other. Unfortunately, the lash happened to come into contact with the flesh instead of the inanimate limb, at which, with a sudden yell, the elder girl slipped from her steed and began to pinch and slap the offender in good earnest.

The turmoil having thus become quite unendurable, Miss French looked up.

"Gwendoline! Evelina! what are you doing? My head is quite distracted. Do leave off quarreling!"

"She hit me with the whip," roared Gwendoline.

"I didn't do it on purpose; and she slapped my face, and pinched me!" screamed Evelina.

It was too hot to argue or be angry, and besides, Miss French was not easily put out, so she said pleasantly:—

"There, be good children, and make it up, and we will go into the garden. Come Harold; come, Ernest."

"I shan't come!" cried Harold, sulkily, "Mamma said we wasn't to."

"I don't think your mamma would object. And, Harold, you must not say wasn't, but were not."

"I shall!" retorted the boy. "Wasn't—wasn't—wasn't!"

"Fie!" said Miss French, "that is rude."

"I don't care. You're not my governess, and I shan't stand your lecturing!"

Miss French went off quietly. It did not concern her in the least how the children behaved to her, as long as she succeeded in keeping them tolerably well-mannered before their parents.

She walked listlessly to a garden seat under one of the great oak-trees, and took up a newspaper that had been left there. She laid it down on her lap, shutting her eyes.

"What a life! what a horrible life this is!" she said to herself. "The vulgarity, the dullness, the monotony. What a fool I was ever to go out as governess! Why didn't I take to the stage, or else look for a situation as lady's maid? I had fifty times rather sit in the kitchen and hear the servants gossip over their tea, than to be stuck up to play propriety to their vulgar master and mistress, or try to hammer a few ideas into these wooden-headed wretches. I could laugh aloud sometimes to see Mrs. Slater in a perfect agony lest she has been too familiar with me, trying to counteract her vulgar condescension by an assumption of sham dignity. Never to see a man, too! Harry was soon walked off out of the schoolroom when his mother discovered what he came for. He's a vulgar little wretch, too, but he was better than nobody. I shan't be able to stand this life much longer." And then Miss French took up the paper. She was going to throw it aside when she found it was only the advertisement sheet, but a sudden thought struck her. She began to read. The various requirements of anxious parents met her view. One paragraph made her laugh outright. A lady desired to engage a governess who was competent to teach German and French thoroughly, with the rudiments of Latin. Must be a good musician, draw and sing, willing to undertake the repairing of the children's wardrobes; and the last condition was indispensable, she must belong to the Established Church. The proffered remuneration for these various subjects was not large, thirty pounds per annum.

"Pity they didn't add, she would be expected to take up the meals and wait on the lady," laughed Henrietta. "What consciences some people must have!" Then she read on until she came to a stop. "That looks rather nice," she mused, and read the advertisement again.

"A gentleman living in the country is desirous of engaging a companion for his only daughter. Nothing more will be required of her than that she shall be young, ladylike, good-tempered, and tolerably accomplished. Good reference indispensable. Apply by letter only to C. A., Claridge's Hotel, Brook Street."

Miss French fell into a train of thought that lasted a considerable time. A casual observer would perhaps have thought her very indolent and listless, leaning back with folded hands, and her eyes apparently vacant and sightless. But Henrietta was engaged on the mechanism of a lie, which absorbed her as much as the complications of machinery may have absorbed the minds of such great men as Brunel or Stephenson. A lie is a curious thing; it seems to resemble the radiated species in continually multiplying itself and branching out all over. It is almost impossible to tell a lie and have done with it—you do not know how many others will crop up out of the first to shelter and hide it. One lie is like the reflection of one face in a cut mirror. People who set to work to tell one systematically without risking detection ought to be gifted with inventive genius and imagination. Everything should fit in like a puzzle, so that no unfinished corner may be left exposed. Miss French had rather a clever head for scheming—she liked the excitement besides. It was rather perilous in her peculiar position, but that gave it zest. By the time she was summoned in to tea she had not only framed the first lie, but had woven a complete mesh-work of small ones about it, that might be necessary to its support and embellishment. Then she arose from her seat quite pleased and happy, told the children stories during teatime, and allowed them to use knives to their bread and butter (an unwonted treat), finally interceding with their mamma to let them go on the river in a boat, under her supervision of course.

"How I should enjoy the water," she thought, "if I could only lean back and think—the soft gliding motion of a boat has such a soothing influence!"

But just at this moment Master Harold pretended to fall down on the seat, which made the boat lurch violently, whereupon all the other children screamed and scolded until there was a perfect Babel of sound. Their governess was profoundly thankful when they had retired to bed that night, and she was at liberty to continue the machinery of her plot. I began my story with the full determination of going straight on, without once looking back, or indulging in the faintest suspicion of retrospect; but I find I cannot—in fact, I have come to a full stop. I labor under a difficulty that probably affects play-writers—that of trying to get over the necessary soliloquies and reminiscences without making the audience yawn. How difficult it is to pull the right strings, and to pull them at the right time! Wilhelm Meister even did not succeed with his puppets at first.

I *must* tell you a little about Henrietta French, and about her life before you found her sitting, a weary, unattractive little governess in that bear-garden of a schoolroom. She would never have told you herself—few people that I have met in my lifetime have possessed the gift of reticence in such an eminent degree; but then I happen to know all about her, and no one, I fancy will quarrel with me now, whatever I may choose to say of her. She was an orphan, not the child of reduced gentlepeople, as she pretended, but of a hard-working lawyer's clerk and a sixth-rate dressmaker. Her perents were dead. She was very thankful for that, not that she had ever in her life received anything but kindness from them, but she was ambitious, and they might have dragged her down in her struggle to rise. When a young girl, she had profited with avidity by any chance of learning that came in her way, and had pined and fretted bitterly because she could not get a better education. One day when she was about sixteen, she was sitting reading in her mother's parlor. The evening was warm, and gradually, with the heat and the hum of passing traffic in the street, she fell asleep. When she awoke it was almost dark, and she saw the glimmer of a light in the adjoining room. There were voices talking, too, at first in a subdued tone, and then louder; one she recognized as her mother's; the other belonged to Mrs. Unwin, who kept a lodging-house on the opposite side of the street.

"It would be a rare chance for your girl," Henrietta heard Mrs. Unwin say. "She's a sharp one, and there's no knowing what such a push in the world mightn't do for her. Make quite the lady of her, perhaps!"

"I don't want my girl to be a lady," said Mrs. French, quietly. "She wasn't born to it, and it's best for people to keep their own station in life. It's a thing I don't hold with, letting young people mix with their betters—they only come back and look down on their own flesh and blood. And please, Mrs. Unwin, don't speak of it to Harriet, for it might unsettle her."

"Well, well! I say no more, Mrs. French—only it does seem a sin to the girl to let such a chance go by. Here she'd got a good eddication, and board and lodging all for nothing, and learn the French tongue into the bargain. And you know Harriet's got no turn for work, and what's to become of her if anything happens to you and your husband? Why, there'd be nothin' left for her but to starve, or go wrong, perhaps. And here if she went to this French school, she could go out as governess, and make her forty pounds a year afterward, I shouldn't wonder."

"It would break her father's heart," cried poor Mrs. French; "and I've heard say girls learn a great deal more harm than good in those foreign schools. And she never could get accustomed to frogs, poor thing, I'm sure."

"Tut, tut!" interrupted Mrs. Unwin, "don't you believe such nonsense. It's my belief the French don't eat frogs no more than you or I do—indeed. I've heard tell that it's only English that ever order them, just out of curiosity like; and pretty well they have to pay for them, too. You know my daughter's been to Paris, and she says the living there is first rate. But there, it's getting late, and I must be off. Good-by to you. Mrs. French."

The moment that the door closed on Mr. Unwin, Harriet rushed out of the back parlor.

"O mother, what did she say about the French school?" she said breathlessly.

Mrs. French looked sadly troubled.

You're a naughty girl to be hiding about listening to what people say. It wasn't meant for you at all."

"O mother, I didn't mean to listen, but I just woke up and heard her. Where is it? Who wants me to go? Do tell me, there's a dear."

And she put her arms coaxingly round her mother's neck.

"Where's the use of my telling you? Your father will never let you go—and I'm sure if he would, I wouldn't," finished up Mrs. French, querulously.

But she was a weak, yielding woman, and presently moved by her daughter's importunity, she told the whole story. A French lady had come to lodge at Mrs. Unwin's. She kept a boarding-school at Boulogne, and during the holidays had come to visit London for a few days. On her return to Boulogne she wished to take with her a young English girl, who was to talk English to the young foreign ladies. In return she would receive a partial education, with board and lodging gratis. Mrs. Unwin had thought immediately of Harriet French, and had come over at once to tell her mother of this rare opportunity.

Poor Harriett never closed her eyes the whole night. Here was a fine chance come in her way; and, perhaps, after all, it would be no use if her parents opposed it. To learn French, to mix with young ladies, to become a lady herself, perhaps—what a glimpse of Paradise! With such a view on the distant horizon, the girl thought or dreamed little of the toil, the weariness, the hardships that lay between her and her goal. It did not seem very hard to leave country, home, and parents—her ambition carried her beyond those regrets that would have been so bitter to most young people.

In the morning, without telling her intention to her mother, Harriet hurried over to Mrs. Unwin. It would be needless for me to detail how she schemed and plotted, teased and implored, importuned, and coaxed her father and mother into giving their consent to her acceptance of the desired situation; suffice it to say that, after many heart-burning and misgivings, they yielded and let her go.

To most young girls the ordeal of leaving home with a complete stranger for a foreign land would have been terrible, but Harriet French had a strong will, and an ambition worthy of a statesman. Strange enough, cold, bare, desolate enough, was the life that lay before the child (she was only a child), but having set her face to the plow, she had little thought of turning back. Every scrap of information she could pick up was swallowed greedily, bnt the terms of the agreement were not very faithfully kept by Madame Lemaire. All day long Harriet was obliged to talk English to the pupils, who scarcely understood a word, and very scanty attention was paid to the education of the friendless little foreigner. One thing she must perforce have learnt—to speak French; about that she had been most anxious. In a year's time she went home for a short holiday. Her parents were astonished at her learning, her manners, her style, and confidence, and with some secret satisfaction told her not to look down on them now she had become so much the lady. She returned to Boulogne, spent another weary, monotonous year, and was again looking forward to going home. A week before the long-anticipated holiday she received a black-edged letter. Wonderingly enough she broke the seal, for the writing was unfamiliar. It was a kind, motherly letter from Mrs. Unwin, breaking as tenderly as possible the sad news it contained. Mr. and Mrs. French had died of cholera within three days of each other, and Mrs. Unwin begged of Harriet to come and stay with her until everything was settled. Her husband had undertaken the arrangement of all affairs. Harriet cried bitterly enough at the sad news, but she was not heartbroken. The long separation from her parents had softened the bitterness of the blow. She sat down and thought a long time about what she had best do, and finally decided that it would be more prudent to remain where she was. The journey would be a great expense, she wrote, and she had no spare money. Would Mr. Unwin, as he had kindly proposed, arrange everything, and let her know if her poor father and mother had anything to leave her. Meantime she thanked Mrs. Unwin with all her heart for her great kindness.

In due time the answer came. Everything had been done with the strictest regard to economy, but after all expenses were paid, only the small surplus of ten pounds remained. Mr. Unwin inclosed the first half of a bank-note, and promised the other should follow by the next post.

Harriet French began to consider her plans. She was weary of the drudgery, the monotony of the foreign boarding-school, and tried to think how she might best escape from it. Half of her money was already gone in buying mourning, and the rest was saved in case of emergency. Just at this time one of the young French girls took compassion on her, and invited her to spend part of the holidays at her home, some twenty miles distant. It was Mademoiselle Clemence de Garnier, the most aristocratic and wealthy of Madame Lemaire's pupils. She was neither pretty nor amiable, but Harriet had studiously cultivated her during the twelve months they had been together, and performed many little gratuitous services for her, with a view to ultimate beneficial results.

The visit to the Chateau Garnier was a wonderful change for the poor, forlorn girl—a glimpse of Paradise after her dull school life. M. and Madame de Garnier were well-bred, amiable people, and treated her with great kindness and consideration. At first she was terribly abashed and shy—it was the first time she had ever been under the same roof with a lady and gentleman; but by degrees their pleasant easy courtesy made her feel more at home, and at last all *mauvaise honte* was banished for good. But it was the young Baron de Garnier, the only son, who contributed most toward the happiness of her visit. He was always by her side; he flattered her, laughed with her, sat next her at dinner, and praised everything she did. The poor little ears, that had never heard the echo of a compliment before, drank in all the tender phrases with avidity, and believed them. The little friendless English girl was literally intoxicated with being made love to for the first time by a handsome young man. The bitterest tears she ever had shed in her life—more bitter by far than those which flowed for father or mother—were wrung from her in secret on the night she heard that the Baron de Garnier was betrothed to the heiress of the old Vicomte de Saint Mery.

(*To be Continued.*)

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO.,
New York City.

Internally and Externally.

TAKEN INTERNALLY it cures Dysentery, Cholera, Diarhœa, Cramp and pain in the Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Painter's Colic, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Sudden Colds, Sore Throat, Coughs, &c.

USED EXTERNALLY, it cures Boils, Felons, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Old Sores and Sprains, Swellings of the Joints, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia and Rheumatism, Chapped Hands, Frost-bitten Feet, &c.

☞ The PAIN-KILLER is sold by Medicine Dealers throughout the world. Price **25c.** and **50c.** per bottle.

Flour! Flour!

For the People, at

ELY PERKINS.

Landing this day:

Crown of Gold and Buda.

In store, the following brands:

Peoples, Labella, Tweedside, Greenlaid

Also Oatmeal and Cornmeal. For sale low.

CHEAP CASH SALE.

Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Made Clothing, and Fancy Goods,

AT

Reduced Prices.

Black and Colored Dress Goods

Ticks, Ducks,
Prints, Cambrics,
Flannels, Shirtings.

at greatly reduced prices.

Men and Boys' Clothing,

at reduced prices.

HATS for Men, Boys, and Children.
MILLINERY, Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Laces, Gloves, Hosiery, etc.
TRUNKS, Valises and Satchels very cheap.
ROOM PAPERS to be cleared out under cost

Special Bargains.

A LARGE LOT OF

Dress Goods,

Cost from twenty to thirty cents, will be cleared out at

TEN CENTS A YARD.

Great Bargains in every department for cash.

☞ INSPECTION INVITED. ☜

SIMON NEALIS,

Corner Wilmot's Avenue,

Queen Street, - - Fredericton,

Aug. 8, 1883.

FURNITURE

—AT—

JACKSON ADAMS',

County Court House Square.

Now that the time has approached, it is necessary to have your

HOUSE AND FURNITURE

put in order for the coming season.

WE HAVE FOR SALE

Bedroom Setts,

Bureaus, Sideboards, Desks, Tables, Lounges, Perforated, Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, etc.

We also Repair, Reupholster, and Repolish Furniture. Window Poles and Cornices made to Measurement.

UNDERTAKING.

We have every facility for carrying on this branch of the business.

CASKETS & COFFINS

from the plainest to the most elaborate.

Robes, Gloves, Crape & Hat Bands.

JACKSON ADAMS

County Court House Square.

Fredericton, April 18, 1883

WATCHES!

IN

Gold, Silver and Nickol.

KEY AND STEM WINDERS

$5 AND UPWARDS.

CLOCKS

From $1.25 upwards.

JAS. D. FOWLER.

Fredericton, May 30, 1883.

CHEAP! CHEAP!! CHEAP!!!

RUBBERS & OVERSHOES.

The finest and best assortment of Ladies Gents, and Misses' RUBBERS and OVERSHOES ever brought into this city.

RUBBER GOODS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

READY MADE CLOTHING.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Ulcters, Reefers, and Overcoats.

MEN and BOYS' CLOTHING.

BOOTS and SHOES.

Our stock of Boots and Shoes will be found to be complete in every department.

☞ All of the above goods will be sold at prices which defy competition. Purchasers will find this out by giving us a call and examining our prices.

FRANCIS DOHERTY

Nov. 15

ONE CASE

ELEGANT GOODS!

FROM

PARIS.

Hand Satchels, Purses, Card Cases, Work Boxes, and Companions, at

S. F. SHUTES'

Queen Street, Fredericton.

Sept. 12, 1883.

PICKLES.

"Union" Brand, 1-4 and 1-2 bbls.,

Mixed, medium and coarse.

Wholesale only.

WHITTIER & HOOPER,

York Street

Fredericton, July 11

HALLOWE'EN.

CHESTNUTS, Pecan, Castana, Almonds, Filberts, Fresh Roasted Peanuts; Florida Oranges, Lemons, Pears; Isabel, Catawba and Malagar Grapes; White's Candy fresh every week; Sweet Potatoes, Quinces; Cape Cod Cranberries.

GEO. HATT & SONS.

Oct 31.

Per Schooner "Walter Scott" from Boston:

10 BARRELS Coal Tar pure and good. Just received and for sale by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

Nov 7

Files and Rasps.

JUST Received, One case Files and Rasps. For sale low.

Z. R. EVERETT.

J. C. RISTEEN & CO.,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

DOORS, SASHES, AND BLINDS,

—ALSO—

FURNITURE.

Moulding, Jig Sawing, Planing and Turning done to order.
Dressed Clapboards, Flooring and Sheathing constantly on hand

Corner Queen and Smythe Streets Fredericton, N. B.

INSURANCE!

THE undersigned is agent for the following Insurance Companies which have Capital and assets amounting to fully **$100,000,000**, affording the most perfect security possible,

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE.
LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE.
COMMERCIAL UNION.
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SCOTTISH COMMRCIAL.
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TRAVELER'S LIFE & ACCIDENT.

INSURE AGAINST FIRE.

INSURE AGAINST Accidents

These Companies are well known for the honorable, liberal, and straight-forward manner in which their business is conducted.

All kinds of insurable property insured at moderate rates. Detached Dwelling Houses and contents insured for three years at lowest rates.

Losses promptly settled and no unnecessary trouble given.

☞ Office on Queen Street, opposite the CITY HALL, where every information can be obtained.

JULIUS. L. INCHES

FIRE INSURANCE.

Companies representing a capital of

OVER FORTY MILLION OF DOLLARS, ($40,000,000.00.)

☞ Large deposits at Ottawa for benefit of Policy Holders. ☜

All kinds of Insurance effected in any of the following Companies at best rates:—

Imperial, of London, England.
Established 1803. Capital, $8,000,000.00

Ætna, of Hartford, Conn.
Established 1819. Capital, $3,000,000.00 Assets, $7,424,073.72

Hartford, of Hartford, Conn.
Established 1809. Capital, $1,250,000.00 Assets, $3,761,379.47

Northern, of London, England.
Established 1836. Capital, $15,000,000.

Fire Association of London, England.
Capital, $5,000,000.00 Reserve Fund, $250,000.

The City of London, England.
Fire Insurance Co. Capital, $10,000,000.00

Detached Residences in town and country insured for 3 years at lowest rates.

ALL LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID.

JOHN BLACK,
Agent, Fredericton.

Office with RAINSFORD & BLACK, Barristers, Carleton Street, Fredericton.

T. G. O'CONNOR,

IMPORTER OF

British and Foreign Woollen Manufactures, &c.

Now in stock, a large and varied assortment of

GENTS' SUMMER SUITINGS, WORSTED COATINGS,
SCOTCH TWEEDS, SERGE SUITINGS, MELTONS,
CHEVIOTS, SAXONY TWEEDS, &c., &c., &c

WEST OF ENGLAND BROADS, CANADA TWEEDS,
WEST OF ENGLAND CASSIMERES, HARVEY HOMESPUNS.
WEST OF ENGLAND DOESKINS, OXFORD HOMESPUNS

Gents' Furnishings, &c.

First Class Cutter, Frist Class Suits, Lowest Hard-pan Prices.

☞ Goods sold from the Piece or Made to Order as may be desired.

T. G. O'CONNOR,

Next below Barker House, Queen St., Fredericton

FAY Currant HEAD-QUARTERS. **GRAPES** ALL BEST, NEW AND OLD.

SMALL FRUITS AND TREES. LOW TO DEALERS AND PLANTERS.
Stock First-Class. Free Catalogues. GEO. S. JOSSELYN, Fredonia, N.Y.

WILEY'S

DRUG STORE.

Opposite Normal School.

JUST RECEIVED:

ATWOOD'S BITTERS.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

JOHN M. WILEY,

Druggist, Fredericton.

July 11

MAGNETIC MEDICINE

TRADE MARK. BEFORE BRAIN & NERVE FOOD. AFTER.

Is a Sure, Prompt, and Effectual Remedy for *Nervousness in ALL its stages,