Literature.

A MONSTROUS WRONG.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN THE PARK.

Fate was playing into the hands of Gifford Melcombe upon that mild and comba mild and beautiful woman, in all the splendor of Ginord Melcombe upon that inited and sunny March afternoon. Others than he had noticed that Dolores was looking ill. Mrs. Douglas, her landlady, had spoken on the subject to her first-floor lodger, Mrs. Darmont, and that lady had taken Mrs. Darmont, and that lady had taken the alarm. She was a judge of music some great personage, no doubt. This ished eating, "I am going out a little and painting, and was delighted at the could not be her mother Queenie Red- while this evening."

air, as if she were tired of everything?"

wonderful resemblance. Surely this was small feast.

that superb face, and that weary sort of the lady again. I must see her."

progress of her two daughters in these burn. accomplishments since she had placed But the lady's gaze slowly drifted to woman, as if going out in the evening

her own mother.

accomplishments since she had placed the pay of the young instruct-ress to an unprecedentedly low sum, and was congratulating herself upon her was congratulating herself upo

apperance. It was quite like the old story of the ness of expression-these were surely her would not allow her to go out in the even- and Soda, and derive great benefit from horse, who, after having been taught to mother's traits, and this was her mother. ing unattended. live upon a single straw per diem, incon. Dolores felt a strange bewilderment "Well," she said, "we will go together. quotations, and also whether you would veniently died, and so frustrated the eco- seize upon her. She was dazed and It is getting dark, and beginning to rain, be willing to give me the agency for this 1002 nomical plans of his master. She had re- startled. Her eyes roved from the beau but we won't mind that. We'll take a place, as I am confident there wauld be a duced Miss Wynn's pay to the semblance tiful lady to the gentleman sitting beside of the single straw, and now Miss Wynn her, the Marquis of Glenmorris, who had walk."

was likely to go into a decline, or do some- schooled his stern and handsome face to "But where are we going ?"

thing equally inconsiderate. "It is like the whole class of teachers," society smiles. "That is her employer !" thought the bility, Elspeth. I have a fancy that way." "To see some of the houses of the no thought the elderly widow. "They are girl. "But is it not singular that the always at war with employers. I couldn't governess should drive out with her em- her young mistress that checked further get masters to do as well as she does, no, ployer? And she looks as if she was questioning on the part of the old servant. no, not for five guineas the lesson. And mistress of all these splendors. How Elspeth hastened to eat her supper, and I save enough off her salary to keep up magnificently she is dressed !" get ready for her excursion. Dolores exmy brougham-I do, indeed. If she were These reflections, with the recognition changed her cloak for a long waterproot to become ill-but perhaps all that ails that had led to them, scarcely occupied garment, and the two presently quitted he house together.

her is a want of fresh air and recreation. an instant, I have noticed that she does work very "It's the most fortunate thing that this blockade should occur just here," said hard."

A little reflection decided the widow to offer Miss Wynn a seat in her brougham thatjafternoon. Mrs. Darmont, taking the credit of the belle of the season. Every one is raving that afternoon.

"She is a perfect lady," she thought, about her. I've read about her balls and It was dark, and the rain was falling "and no one would suspect her to be only dinners in the papers, and about her in a slow, miserable drizzle, when Dolores a visiting governess. I will take her for toilets and jewels. That's her husband and her old servant entered the street. "Her husband !" Dolores gave a queer wind played roughly with their umbrella, almost whirling it out of Elspeth's strong a ride in the park. She'll be quite over- with her." come by the honor, and the dear girls will be delighted. They really love her. I little gasp for breath. think I'll go up and call upon her and "You must be mistaken, Mrs. Dar- grasp. There were few women abroad, give her the invitation myself. There's mont," she breathed. "For whom do but men were seen hurrying homewards, nothing derogatory in my doing so. She you take that lady?" moving like shadows through the gloom. nothing derogatory in my doing so. She you take that lady ?" is evidently a reduced lady: she keeps a maid to wait upon her; and she looks like a young duchess. I'll go up to see her. She acted upon the resolve at once. She acted upon

Thoroughly selfish in the matter, thinking that I knew the nobility thoroughly? the remembrance of Dolores's pale and only of her own interests, the portly, red. That lady is the marchioness of Glen. troubled face as she had just seen it defaced widow yet managed to couch her in-vitation in agreeable terms, and Delores who had been longing for recreation and fresh air, accepted it with gratitude. At four o'clock, Mrs. Darmont's little brougham; with its groom in livery and tall cockaded hat, drew up before the gar-den-door of Primrose Villa, and Mrs. Dar-possible? Was not her mother a hard-and has taken a fancy to see their homes.

season—her first London season. Is she being mistress of that equipage and wife or blood poison that we ever heard of was not magnificent with that golden hair and of that proud lord. I wish I could see cured by Parson's Purgative Pills. These Pills make new rich blood, and taken one ir, as if she were tired of everything?" Pondering upon the question she re-Doloras looked as directed and beheld— turned to Primrose Villa. Tea was wait-blood in the entire system.

land, who is making such a sensation this if she were mamma or not-had the air of The most distressing case of scrofula

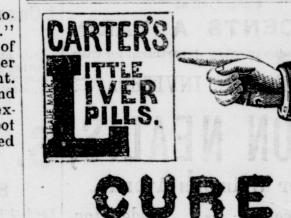
CHAPTER XLII.

GROSVENOR SQUARE.

ing for her. The little pot was singing on If er eyes dilated in amazement. She the bob, the table was spread, the muffins stebbins, as he gazed at the skeleton of a Gold, could scarcely believe their evidence. It were toasted and buttered, and a tiny jackass, "we are fearfully and wonderfully must be some marvelous coincidence-a pot of jam gave a look of festivity to the

"But you know, pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbor's son,-"you "Yes, Miss Dolly," answered the old know, pa, that ma wants me to marry a

cleverness, when Mrs. Douglass had startl-ed her with her comments upon Dolores's could be so tender at will, the pale, lovely sheltered Lady Glenmorris—but she saw rop & Lyman's valuable Emulsion of Cod face, the red mouth, the haughty sweet- that her plan was impracticable. Elspeth Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime UAO it, I take the liberty of asking you for



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dent to a bilious state of the system, such as Diz-ziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after cating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remark-



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1883

CLOCKS

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NEW GOODS



mont, stout and overdressed, glittering with jet beads, and wearing a bonnet of black velvet decorated with purple feath-ers, came down the walk leisurely and en-her mother's husband? Her brain was in belonging to the nobility, there is Lord tered the vehicle, settling herself comfort-a whirl. Everything seemed reeling St Maur's. But I don't suppose she'd go ably upon two thirds of the back seat. about her It was well that her face was there, after running away from it, and Her daughters, the Misses Mary and hidden by her vail, else its deadly pallor, Lady Victoria Lennox telling her that it Martha Darmont, large and overgrown for its ghastly whiteness, would have drawn was improper for her to stay there. This their years, with round, full faces, and attention upon her. walk is just a restless freak, poor lamb!"

dressed with an affectation of juvenility "Where does she live ?" she asked in They hurried on together, and had walk-that made them appear older than they a husky whisper. "I have a husky whisper." that made them appear older than they a husky whisper. were, came running out to the street. Mrs. Darmont barely caught the words. pied an empty cab as it rattled around They wore short dresses, their hair " bang- "At her husband's ancestral estate of the nearest corner. Elspeth hailed it, ed" over their forheads in Shetland pony style, and streaming loosely over their shoulders, and each wore a small sailor in Cornwall, and a castle in Wales, beside arrived at Oxford street and at the point hat perched upon the extreme back of a shooting box, and a mountain and moor of its intersection by North Audley street. the head. These young ladies sprang into in Scotland. He is immensely wealthy. Here they alighted, and Elspeth paid and the vehicle with childish impetuosity. Of course they are stopping at their house dismissed the cabman.

"Do you know which way to go now, They were not yet seated when Dolores in Grosvenor Square.' made her appearance. In her simple The blockade was broken. The Glen- Miss Dolly ?" asked the faithful old wo-

black dress, with a small, black round hat and a blue vail drawn over her beautiful young face, Dolores presented a striking contrast to her gayly-dressed companions. Mrs. Darmont smiled approval. The girl's modest toilet and covered face seemed to her a tacit confession of social inferiority be madness—but yet, in spite of the to the widow, and the latter, flattered at growing conviction that her mother was rain. I don't like to put up the umbrella the idea she had conceived, was unusually courteous to her guest. "Mary, Martha, sit together upon the clung to her incredulity. "Mary martha, sit together upon the site to grave a site to g

opposite seat, pets," she said. "You fid- The Darmont brougham rolled on, and to her young mistress while they slowly get me so when you sit beside me that the widow pointed out other faces and made a tour of the Square, the girl scrut-you quite drive me wild. Miss Wynn sit rehearsed other histories, but Dolores did inizing the numbers with eager eyes. here by me. James, drive to Hyde Park." not hear. She saw Melcombe in a car-Dolores had taken possession of the riage with Lady Victoria Lennox, he House, and leaned lightly upon the area very small space allowed her, and was quite smiling and attentive, she disagreeable railings.

hidden beneath the billows of Mrs. Dar-mont's voluminous flounces and volumin-ous physical proportions. The girl, how-ever, flashed a look up at the window from which old Elspeth beamed upon her and made a little gesture as the brough-am rolled away. "Were you ever out before for a drive "Were you ever out before for a drive

am rolled away. "Were you ever out before for a drive in the park, Miss Wynn?" asked Mrs. Darmont, as they proceeded. Dolores replied in the negative. "Ah! Then you have a great experi-ence before you," said the widow, in a tone of patronage. "You will see the no-bility out for an airing—one of the finest sights, 1 think, to be seen in England. I always had a passion for the nobility. I may say, indeed," and her voice took a tone of pride and superciliousness, "that I belong to the nobility. My step-mother's cousin married a gentleman who is fourth cousin to a viscount." Iord her young lover, Sir Basil Nugent. But even her lover's eyes were not keen enough to pierce the folds of her vel, and bring to light her identity. Do-lores regarded him yearningly. How pale and thin he, too, had grown! He looked anzieus and careworn. His eyes examined intently every woman seated on the benches as if in search of some small figure half hidden by the portly widow, he would never look for his little runaway in a carriage upon a fashionable drive. So they met and separated, and he

married a gentleman who is fourth cousin to a viscount." She concluded from her silence that Doiores was quite overawed by this an-nouncement. "I suppose that no one knows better than I the names and faces of the nobili-ty," Mrs. Darmont continued. "Not that I go much into society. I no not, being a widow, and poor Darmont not having been in his grave five years yet, but there's no one in England has studied Burke's Peerage more thoroughly or to better ad.

suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortu-nately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valu-able in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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cracy, I do assure you. Hush, pets! Do not be quite so giddy, dears. Here we are at the park. The eyes of the world, so to speak, as it were, are upon us."

She settled herself in an attitude in-tended to be majestic, and the brougham ly very inconsiderate." entered the park, and joined the throng Dolores paused to thank the widow for of fashionable equipages moving slowly up the avenue. There were more people in the park than upon the occasion of Elspeth was waiting for her, all smiles

Lord Glenmorris's visit to it some month's before—more carriages, more equestrians, and more onlookers, more "tashionable veil, but sat some minutes before her babies," and more white-capped nurses. hearth, answering her old servant's ques-Mrs. Darmont seemed to have reached tions patiently, and then she arose, her native element, and desired to im- saying

press her knowledge of high life upon the "I must go around to the stationer's, little instructress at her side. Elspeth, for my music lines. I have to "There is his highness the Prince of write out a little exercise for a difficult

Wales !" she exclaimed suddenly. "He pupil. I will be back by the time tea is is up from Landringham for a day or two ready." I see. The lady with him is the Princess She glided again down stairs and inte Alexandra. She's looking pale, I think. the street, the garden-door locked itself superb face had a more magnificent She is going off a little in her looks," ad- after her with a spring. The stationer's beauty and loveliness than Dotores ince before seen upon it. She knew the face carriage, the mulberry brougham, belongs distant. It was tended by a brisk young to the Duke of Hardcastle. That's the woman, who served Dolores with the duke, the man with the scowl on his fore- music lines she required, and who suphead. Something has evidently gone plied her with writing paper. wrong with him. Perhaps his boots pinch," and her tone became speculative and reflective. "Peers have corns and "Burke's or Debrett's?" tender toes, just like other people .-Strange, that even the most exalted posi-

tion in life is not free from the petty weaknesses of poor humanity." Dolores smiled under the friendly cover of her vail. Her sycophantic companion

was a revelation to her. "That," said Mrs. Darmont, as a handsome brougham appeared in the long op. lores turned over the leaves rapidly. posite line of vehicles, "is the St. Maur carriage. See the crest on the panels. The old gentleman leaning back in it, with the gray hair and the black eyes un-Dec. 1834, s. his father as 9th marques, 10 der the white thatch of eyebrows, is Lord Feb. 1870; m. 7 June, 1873, Valeria, dau. of St. Maur himself—one of the greatest noblemen in England. He is a leader of his political party, and made a great Earl of Templehurst, b. 6 Aug. 1874. speech the other day in the House of Then followed two or three pages of Peers, on the subject of the English navy. lineage, with an account of the Glenmor-He was either for or against some ques-tion or other, I don't quite know what," of its dignities, a description of its arms, she added, lucidly. "But I do know that crest, and motto, and the addresses of one set of newspapers thinks him the country seats and town residence. abuses him most shamefully, while her majesty holds him in high favor."

Dolores, in the secure retreat of her creased to positive skepticism. veil, gazed upon the grand and leonine

Peerage more thoroughly or to better ad. The Darmont brougham passed out of entered, pausing under the chandelier vantage than I; and I have friend whom the park after the usual promenade of a filled with lighted wax candles. She was

I have often taken out to drive, as I am couple of hours, and returned to Maxwell in dinner dress, a combination of cream-taking you out now, who have pointed out Road, and halted again before Primrose colored silk and garnet velvet, made low to me nearly every peer of the realm. Villa. Dolores alighted last of all, and at the neck, revealing white and sculptur-Oh, I am quite *au fait* of the tilted aristo- came slowly up the garden-walk. esque shoulders, and a slender swan-like

throat. Her arms, too, were bare and white as marble, and exquisitely rounded. She was glittering with diamonds; on brow, neck, arms and bosom they sparkled out to drive too, and when the dear girls in profusion.

> Elsueth clutched the arm of her young mistress in her amazement.

"It is Miss Earle !" she exclaimed. "Miss Earle in a gown fit for a queen. She must be governess here. But look at those jewels. What has she to do with newels? Is it, or is it not Miss Earle ?" Dolores did not answer. She did not even hear, so absorbed was she in contemplating that splendid figure and the face above it.

Lady Glenmorris had not noticed that the windows were uncurtained. She looked abstracted and deeply thoughtful. Her golden hair was fashionably arranged in crepe and coil, and one glittering curl strayed over her shoulder. Her fair, now beyond all possibility of doubt or supposition of mistake. This queenly woman was her own mother-lost Queenie

Redburn. The marchioness advanced to the "Have you a Peerage?" asked the girl hearth, her velvet train sweeping in sumptuous folds upon the carpet and touched a bell. A servant answered her summons. "Here is Burke's," answered the young She gave some order evidently, for a maid

woman, producing a large red and gilt presently appeared, bearing an armful of volume from a shelf behind her. "This wraps. wraps. year's edition, too, Miss,"

Dolores sat down upon a stool before whisper. "It is early yet. She's going the counter. The shopwoman was called out to dinner.

away to wait upon a small boy, and Do-"Glenmorris !" Here it was at last. "GLENMORRIS, MARQUIS OF (Hugh-Paget,)

Lord Glenmorris's dark eyes and hair. Dolores's heart throbbed loudly and fiercely.

What was to happen now? Was her mother governess to this baby-heir of King's Holm? Lady Glenmorris stretched out her

hands to take her boy. Her face was a revelation to the girl outside. This was These addresses Dolores carefully copied no governess, this lady with the dress and even though her incredulity in regard to even though her incredulity in regard to her identity of Lady Glenmorris had in-creased to positive skepticism. Jewels of a queen. She was not hired to take charge of this boy. That was the

true mother love that leaped from her "Lord Glenmorris married a Miss Cal- violet eyes, that irradiated her face, that features that had become so dear to her -gazed with wistful longing and sadness; then Lord St. Maur's brougham swept on in one direction and Mrs. Darmout's pro-conded in another. - direction dear to her - direction and Mrs. Darmout's pro-conded in another. - direction dear to her - di

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IS MARKED

"She is going out," said Elspeth, in a IN BRONZE LETTERS.

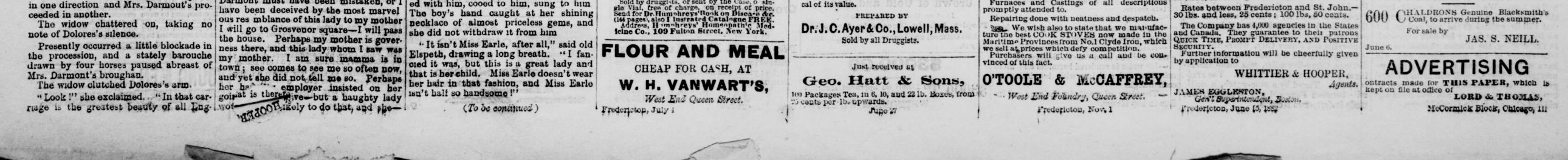
NONE OTHER GENUINE The maid retired, with fresh orders. Soon after the door opened again, and a nurse, in white cap and white apron, a -THE MILD POWER CURES .motherly-looking Englishwoman, with an Intelligent face and quiet bearing, en-

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