Literature.

The Adopted Daughter.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEW GOVERNESS.

Amber rested for some time in front of her pleasant fire, and then, feeling unable to sleep, under the pressure of anxieties, she went to the window and amused herself by looking out into the street, where a few early risers were to be seen going to and fro in the now full morning light. But soon this occupation palled upon her, and she consulted her watch, counted the contents of her purse, made a mental calculation of the probable expenses per day at the hotel, by aid of a printed list of regulations upon the door, and finally rang her bell, ordering her breakfast to be served up to her without delay, and sending out for the morning papers.

The breakfast was in due course of time served up in her little sitting-room, in front of the cozy fire, and here she carefully looked over the *Times*, cutting out every advertisement calling for a governess or companion, and putting them into her purse.

This task completed, she read the news, and then, unpacking her traveling-bag, proceeded to array herself as nicely as possible for her proposed expedition. She was soon attired in a neat mourning garb, but with a Cashmere shawl, and after giving her bonnet a few touches with her skillful fingers, much to its improvement, she said:

"It is after ten o'clock now, and I shall surely find these ladies who have advertised dressed and expecting answers."

With a parting glance in the mirror, Amber turned from the room, and passed down stairs and out of the house, after a few words to the waiter; and a cab having been summoned, she proceeded to the first place upon her list, only to find that the situation had been secured by a young woman half an hour before.

There were several other advertisers, however, and to them Amber severally applied.

The first of these wanted a young person as companion to a "mental invalid," and thought that the applicant had not the requisite knowledge, especially as the "invalid" had frequent fits of "hysteria," that were described as appalling. The second and third declared that the applicant was too young to be a governess. The fourth objected to Amber's shawl, deeming it unsuitable for a young woman in her position; and the fifth declared that she looked too "uppish."

The list was finally gone through with, and nothing but discouragement resulted from it.

With a heavy heart, Amber drove back to her hotel, and again seated herself in front of the fire.

The world looked very dark to her after the rebuffs of the morning, and she reviewed the step she had taken, to reassure herself that she had done right in taking her destiny into her own hands. Her calmer thoughts approved the act, and having a hopeful and sunny temper, Amber soon looked upon her prospects in a different spirit.

"If I can't do one thing, I will another" she said to herself. "I have a heart for every fate? Perhaps to-morrow may bring me a situation. Till then, I shall remain hopeful."

In this resolve she forgot much of her troubles, and finally ordered writing materials, thinking:

"Although, I cannot trust myself yet to write to Sir Ralph, I really ought to write to Mrs. George, giving her some of my reasons for leaving the Hall, and thanking her for all her past goodness to me. I know she loves me tenderly, and I do not like to leave my fate unknown to her, or even let her hear of me through Blanche—dear as she is."

She wrote a letter, therefore, to Mrs. George, giving in part her reasons for leaving the Hall, making no mention of Blanche, and saying that in Jasper Longley she had found a true and faithful friend. In conclusion, she said that she was going to earn her living, as soon as she could get something suitable to do, but that her address had better remain unknown to her friend, as she wished to be from that moment dead to Sir Ralph.

The letter finished, she dispatched it to a post-office, and, with a sigh, resolutely dismissed all thoughts of her happy life at Courtney Hall.

The day dragged away the night passed another morning found her at her little breakfast table, conning the papers.

There were only three advertisements that seemed eligible, and these three she hastened to answer at a suitable hour, the morning being clear and pleasant.

The first wanted a nursery-maid, governess, and a needle woman combined, and this compound of situations Amber refused. The second advertiser had not yet arisen, and the padded-calved footman who answered the girl's knock, rather pompously announced that he could not tell when she would rise—the person had better call again.

"Which I shall not do," thought the maiden, re-entering her cab, and giving the order to drive to Grosvenor Square the last place on her list. "I've seen enough of that establishment. If I don't succeed at this last place, I shall advertise myself to-morrow.

Arrived at Grosvenor Square, she instantly perceived a marked difference between the mansion now before her and those at which she had called, and her heart throbbed violently as she heard the servant advancing in reply to her summons.

"I shall do nothing here," she thought. "They will want perfection in their governess. I am sorry I came here."

The door opened at this juncture, and Amber, in her well-bred, lady like manner, stated her business to the liveried footman, who ushered her into a reception-room, and took her card, with which he disappeared. He soon returned, and said:

"My mistress, lady Moreland, will see you immediately, Miss."

Amber arose and followed her up-stairs to the drawing-room, with a sinking at her heart, but her manner was self-possessed as she was ushered into the handsome apartment.

It was tenanted by two persons only—Lord and Lady Moreland.

The former was a very quiet-looking gentleman, exceedingly slender in person, and retiring in manners, presenting a marked contrast to his wife, who was large, robust, more than plump, with an exceedingly haughty and overbearing manner.

"The young person who wishes the situation as governess?" said her ladyship, inquiringly, referring to Amber's card. "Ah—Miss Courtney! Pray be seated."

Amber sank into a chair, and was silent until her ladyship's keen survey of her had been completed.

"What are your qualifications?" demanded the lady, after a pause.

Amber modestly stated her acquirements.

"Ah, very well! But you look very young for such a position. I desire a person of experience. You have never taught?"

"Never," said Amber, with a sigh.

"But, my dear," said Lord Moreland, touched by the girl's sad look, "the children are so young they couldn't know whether she had experience—"

"If you please, my lord," said her lady ship, majestically, "I think I can engage a governess suitable for my children."

His lordship retreated to his chair, so much so, that Amber began to fear that he would soon became invisible.

"Your want of experience and your youth are great objections," resumed her ladyship, "but they might possibly be got over. You have unexceptionable references, of course?"

Amber felt a sudden chill—she had no references.

Without waiting for her reply, or taking it for granted that it would have been answered in the affirmative, Lady Moreland went on:

"I am particular about my governess. She must be a gentlewoman by birth, and well-bred, for I can not have a vulgar person about my children. Early associations are everything. By whom were you educated?"

"I was the adopted daughter of Sir John and Lady Courtney," replied Amber, controlling her grief by a strong effort, "and they procured the best masters in every department for me——"

"It is possible?" interrupted Lady Moreland, with sudden interest. "Are you the child poor Lady Courtney used to dote upon so? How singular! But did not Sir John leave you provided for on his death?"

Amber replied in the negative.

"Quite a reverse for you!" commented her ladyship. "I am almost determined to take you, despite your youth and in experience, in consideration of your superior associations and advantages. As his lordship remarked, our children are young, the elder being ten and the younger eight, and, with the assistance of masters, I have no doubt you could do as well as any one. What do you think, my lord?" she added, addressing her husband.

His lordship expressed his approbation, and Lady Moreland continued:

Very well, then, Miss Courtney; consider yourself engaged for the year, and and longer, if we are mutually pleased You will have no menial duties. Your tasks will be comparatively light. You will have regular hours for instructing my daughters in the various branches, and will remain with them while they are receiving instruction from their masters. You will eat with them, and instruct them in regard to their behaviour. You will have a room to yourself, and be treated with respect by the servants; and finally, she added, with a gracious bend of her haughty head, you will receive fifty guineas a year for your services.

Amber's countenance expressed her pleasure at this result of the dreaded interview, and she said:

"I will do my best, your ladyship, to merit your approval. When shall I enter upon my duties?"

"At any time—to-morrow, if you wish." was the gracious rejoinder. "If you come then, the present governess, who is to leave this week, can initiate you into her place."

"Thank you," said Amber. "And are there only two children?"

"Only two in your care," was the response. "We have another son, now in India, who has passed his majority. We lost several children.

It was evident from her ladyships manner that the son alluded to was the idol of her heart, for her manner grew statelier as she spoke of him, and even Lord Moreland acquired a sudden air of dignity.

After a little further conversation, Amber took her leave, and on her way to the street door she saw several applicants for the situation in waiting in the reception room. Her own heart was strangely light as she re-entered the cab and returned to her hotel.

As soon as the drawing-room door had closed behind her, Lady Moreland turned to her husband, and said, with an impressive air:

"My lord, of whom does Miss Courtney remind you?"

"Of your ladyship's sister-in-law, the Marchioness of Ardencourt," was the instant response.

"Exactly so, except that the Marchioness of Ardencourt, is a remarkably beautiful woman. I remember hearing of this young girl from Lady Courtney. I don't remember what relation she was, but she is a Courtney, and doubtless a poor relation of Sir John Courtney. It is singular she should remind us both of the marchioness."

On reaching her hotel, Amber went to her room, exchanged her dress for a plainer one, and again made an examination of the contents of her purse. She saw that she would have to make some additions to her wardrobe before entering upon her engagement, and she resolved to attend to them immediately.

"It won't do for me to make my appearence there without a single box of clothing," she thought; the very servants would laugh at me. I must not dress above my station, either, but I can easily purchase a supply of plain, neat clothing suitable for a governess.

She hastened to act upon her resolve, and in a couple of hours she made all her needful purchases, and was back again in her pleasant room.

At three precisely, Jasper Longley was ushered into her sitting room, and she received him with a warmth of manner that encouraged him greatly.

"Congratulate me," she said smilingly. "I have secured a situation as governess."

Jasper looked disappointed, he having believed her want of references would prove a fatal objection, but he answered, pleasantly:

"I do congratulate you, Amber. But where is the situation?"

At Lady Moreland's, Grosvenor Square.

Jasper started at the name, and regarded his companion in astonishment.

Amber went on to give a full narrative of her adventures in seeking a situation, and detailed her interview at Grosvenor Square.

"And you are to go there to-morrow?" he said, taking her hand. "Oh, Amber, can't I disuade you from this step, even now? Won't you let me take care of you?

Amber answered him gently in the negative.

He saw that attempts at persuasion would be of no avail yet, and he whispered to himself:

"Patience! patience! She will yet be mine!"

Their interview was not long, but Jasper gave the girl a good deal of wise and brotherly counsel, that increased her newly-formed good opinion of him, and made her regard him as one whom she had hitherto wronged. In her self-condemnation she began to feel a sisterly interest in him, and promised, at parting, that she would write to him occasionally, informing him of any different step she might decide to take.

"She is sure to be mine!" Jasper thought, as he walked away from the hotel, while his heart beat exultantly. "She first hated, and now pities me. It is but a step from pity to love."

CHAPTER XV.

A HASTY SUITOR.

It was a year later.

Amber stood by a window in her pleasant chamber at Lord Moreland's beautiful country-seat in Hampshire, looking out upon a lovely flower garden.

A great change for the better had been wrought in her appearance. As Jasper Longley had prophesied in his own heart a year before, the caterpillar had emerged into a gorgeous butterfly. She had passed the previous season with the family in town, had gone with it to Brighton, had spent the winter at Lord Moreland's country seat, and expected, in the course of a few weeks, to return to his lordship's town house; and at all these places she had been so free from anxiety, and had spent so much time in the open air with her charges, that everything had encouraged her development.

Her form, once so angular, had developed and rounded into the most exquisite proportions; her every movement was full of grace. But her crowning loveliness was her face, so clear in complexion, so faultless in features, shaded by glossy, perfumed hair swept away from her temples, lit up and glorified by her brilliant eyes, so full of soul and intellect, and made tender by the sweet and winning mouth, that looked like a cleft pomegranate.

Perhaps a faint sadness lingered in the varying expressions of her countenance, but it was so faint it could only be likened to the perfume of a rose, and it gave an added charm to her beauty.

Her manner was quiet and self-assured, and the firmness and self reliance of a noble soul gave an elevated character to her loveliness, while it did not detract from its feminine sweetness and gentleness.

While she thus stood looking from her window, and feeling the softness of the balmy morning, a carriage drove up the avenue and halted in front of the dwelling, and a young gentleman sprang out, ascended the steps, and was almost immediately admitted by the footman.

A commotion followed, Amber hearing the excited shouts of her charges, the exclamations of Lady Moreland, and the hearty voice of the new-comer in chorus, and she instantly comprehended the cause.

The heir of the Morelands had come home from India.

It was the expectation of his arrival that had delayed the departure of the family to town.

"I suppose there will be no lessons today," she thought. "But I will go down to the school-room as usual."

She did so, and found her pupils awaiting her there.

"Oh, Miss Courtney!" cried the elder, in a burst of delight. "Blair's come home. Isn't it too bad that we must study as usual to day?"

Amber smiled, and proceeded to hear their lessons, soon forgetting the arrival that made such an event in the house.

The hours of study passed, and Amber gave her charges their liberty, so far as she was concerned, and soon after their departure left the school-room for her own chamber.

As she entered the corridor she encountered Blair Moreland.

"Excuse me!" he exclaimed, as he had almost fallen against her. I thought my mother said she had no visitors at present. I must have misunderstood her.

"Not at all sir," said Amber, with quiet courtesy. I am the children's governess.

As the young gentleman stood directly in her path, Amber was obliged to stand still, and she improved the opportunity by scanning the much-vaunted heir of the Morelands.

He was much like his mother in appearance, having light hair and eyes and a robust form, but there was a wild and reckless look about him that made the pure girl beside him instinctively distrust and dislike him.

"Let me pass, Mr. Moreland, if you please," she said quietly.

"You a governess!" he ejaculated, not heeding her request. "By Jove! What a pity! You are too beautiful for such drudgery!"

Sir! exclaimed Amber, her face flushing crimson and her eyes sparkling with indignation. I beg you let me pass.

He instinctively stepped aside, and the girl moved away like a queen.

Moreland glanced after her, and then hastened to his mother's room, demanding: "Mother who is that enchanting creature that acts as governess here? Where did you get her?"

"That young woman, Blair, is a Courtney—related to the late Sir John Courtney, and was adopted by him and his family," returned Lady Moreland. "I do not wish you to have anything to say to her, however. Save your admiration for one of your equals."

Blair nodded, but with no intention of acting upon his mother's advice. Fresh from India, where beautiful women are by no means plentiful, his heart was like tinder, and one look at Amber's marvelous beauty had set it on fire.

We hope, continued Lady Moreland, in her stately manner, while she bent a proud look upon her son, that you are tired of roving, Blair. Why not take a wife and settle down, assuming your place in society?

"I'll think of it," was the son's response, recalling Amber's proud gesture and movement, as she swept past him. "The fact is, I intend to. As you say, I'm tired of roving so pick me out a wife as soon as you please."

Lady Moreland looked gratified, and responded:

She must be rich and a beauty, as well as noble, although you will have the family estates, Blair, and they produce a moderate income. Then, of course, you will inherit your uncle's—the Marquis of Ardencourt's—vast property; still, it is desirable to have a wife with a large dowry. Leave the matter to me, my son. I will select one worthy of you.

Blair assented, as though indifferent to the whole matter, and strolled into the corridor again in the hope of catching a second glimpse of the lovely governess; but this hope was not gratified.

Every day, at the times when Amber usually passed to and from her school room, Blair Moreland haunted the corridors, sometimes addressing her, and sometimes contenting himself with staring earnestly at her, and calling up the rich scarlet stain to her cheeks.

A month had thus passed, and the passion he had so suddenly conceived for her grew daily and hourly in intensity, and he began to watch every opportunity for an interview.

It was not long before he found one.

One afternoon, after Amber had dismissed her charges to their nursery, she sat in front of her little desk, laying out their lessons for the morrow, when suddenly the door opened, and Blair Moreland entered.

His face glowed with joy at beholding her alone.

"Excuse the liberty I take, Miss Courtney," he said, advancing to her desk, and laying a bouquet of camellias upon her book. They are from our conservatory. I beg you to accept them.

I thank you, but I must decline them, said Amber not touching them.

And why so?

Because, declared the girl, lifting her clear blue eyes to his, it is not proper for me to receive such presents from you! Please take them away.

But why not proper? persisted Moreland, hardly crediting her refusal. Ah, Amber—I love you. From the moment I beheld you in the corridor I have thought of nothing, dreamed of nothing, but you. Will you be mine?

You forget yourself, sir, said Amber. Leave me!

But I will not, declared Moreland, passionately. I can settle a fortune upon you, Amber. I am my uncle's favorite, and shall without doubt inherit his vast wealth. I allude to the Marquis of Ardencourt. By the way, he added, with a start, how strangely you resemble the marchioness! But to return. You need have no fears of my parents. We would keep our marriage secret for the present. My love for you is perfectly honorable, dear Amber. Be my wife!

It is impossible, replied Amber. I can not marry you. Let this suffice.

But I implore you.

Amber smiled, much to his discomfiture, and said:

Your implorings are of no use, Mr. Moreland. Your fancy is only dazzled for a brief space, but I believe your heart is untouched. If my belief is wrong, I recommend you to cure yourself of a hopeless attachment. Even if I loved you, which I do not, I should not marry you.

Why not? asked her astonished companion.

Because there is a mystery in my life, said Amber, thoughtfully, referring to her unknown parentage.

A mystery? repeated Moreland, devouring her with his pale eyes. How delicious! I shall love you all the more, Amber, for having a halo of romance about you. Tell me this mystery.

My confidence I reserve for my friends, replied the girl, with chilling hauteur. I hope our acquaintance will end here, Mr. Moreland. The heir of a noble house and a poor governess have nothing in common."

"That sweet voice of yours, Amber, was never made to say cruel things," said Moreland. "It is true that you are a governess. But do you intend to remain a governess till your beauty fades and your strength departs, and then sink into some public institution to linger till death closes your cold and loveless existence? Have pity upon yourself, if not upon me."

Amber made no reply, but with a look that said more than words, glided past him into the corridor and fled to her own room.

"Rejected!" exclaimed Moreland, on finding himself alone. "It doesn't seem possible! But this affair shall not end here!"

CHAPTER XVI.

"I AM SURE TO WIN HIM."

The year that had so wonderfully developed Amber, had been passed by her false friend, Blanche Longley, in the seclusion of Courtney Hall. As Sir Ralph had announced, he was absent most of his time visiting his other estates, and time had therefore passed tediously to his guest. She had the later novels to interest her; but they were all about the gay society for which she yearned, and from which she was debarred, and only increased her discontent. She had plenty of superb musical instruments at her command, and although she was considered a brilliant player, she had no genuine love of music in her soul, and kept up her practice more as a task than a pleasure. She had a handsome wardrobe, with a skillful maid to adapt it to the latest styles, as they appeared; but custom doomed her to wear mourning for the late baronet, and if it did not, who was there to dress for except Mrs. George, the housekeeper, —an individual whom she thoroughly disliked for her constant and loving adherence to Amber.

One afternoon, about the time of Blair Moreland's proposal to our heroine, Blanche Longley sat in her boudoir, lazily grounding a pair of Berlin worked slippers.

The windows were up, but the blinds were drawn, and the light that entered the apartment was subdued and cathedral like. The fresh, sweet air, however, could not be shut out with the sunlight, and the songs of birds filled the room with melody.

How tiresome this is, yawned Blanche, permitting her work to drop from her hands, and leaning back against the cushions of her couch. One might as well be dead as shut up here. There is no use in riding or walking, for ther's no use to see and admire. It does seem to bad that Jasper's enjoying himself in London on half my allowance, while I am caged here, with no one to speak to except Loson. I shall change matters before I am much older.

She reached out her hand and touched the bell.

The next moment Loson made her appearance.

"I'll trp on my new dresses Loson," she said.

"If you please, my lady," responded the prim looking maid, "Sir Ralph has come—"

"Sir Ralph come?" repeated Blanche, with sudden vivacity. "Why didn't you tell me before stupid? Dress me immediately. The sight of anybody wonld be welcome," she added, veiling her joy, "after these weeks and months of stagnation. Hasten!"

Loson obeyed, exercising the functions of her craft, and her mistress was soon arrayed to her satisfaction.

"Where is Sir Ralph?" she then asked.

"In the library, my lady. He came straight from town, and rode over from the station on his own favorite hunter, which was a-waiting for him, in consequence of the steward having a letter yesterday, saying he was a-coming. His dinner was ready, which he took, and now he has gone to the library, my lady, a-overlookin' the steward's accounts. Shall I announce you, Miss?"

Blanche shook her head, and then surveyed her reflection in the long mirror with a look of satisfaction.

She was dressed in a style of mitigated grief, her dress being of the daintiest lavender silk, further softened by snowy lace, and her ornaments were of dead gold. Her golden curls were drawn a little away from her face, showing off her dainty beauty to perfection, and her blue eyes sparkled with gratification.

"I'll do! she said, proudly. "How much more becoming this dress is than those horrid blacks! You may have all that mourning stuff of mine, Loson."

Paying no heed to the maid's thanks, she swept from the apartment and went down to the library, where she knocked timidly.

The door was opened by Sir Ralph Courtney himself.

The year had wrought some changes in him to He was graver and sterner than of old, and the rare smile that curved his lips was fraught with a tenderer sweetness, while his manner was so gently courteous and chivalrous as ever.

"Ah, cousin Blanche," he said, extending his hand warmly, "I am glad to see you. I was just about to send you word of my presence. How charming you look!"

He led her to a seat, while she drooped her eyelids, and called up a flush to her cheeks at his compliment.

"I have just come from town," he went on seating himself beside her, and admiring the white and gold of her face and hair. "Do you know, Blanche, that it's a year to-day since poor Amber disappeared?"

"Is it? Poor girl!" returned Blanche, inwardly wondering what his reference to Amber meant, and why Sir Ralph should think of her.

"Yes," said Sir Ralph. "I have looked for her in London and elsewhere, with many an anxiety and regret. She was ill-fitted to cope with the world, with her luxurious training. Besides, she was but a child. Every time I think of her, I have a keen pang of remorse."

"But why should you?" asked Blanche, with assumed sympathy. You offered her a home and masters in every branch of knowledge, but the ungrateful girl, disappointed in her deepest schemes, preferred to creep away clandestinely. Depend upon it, Sir Ralph, she was and is utterly unworthy of your thoughts.

Sir Ralph shook his head and said:

"I did her a gross injustice, Blanche, in believing her designing and forward. I see it now, You remember that two or three days after her disappearance Mrs. George received a letter from her, dated London, and stating that she had found a true friend in Jasper, and hoped soon to get something to do to earn her living? Mrs. George brought me the letter, and wept as she told me how devoted Amber had been to my poor father, and she narrated many instances showing the girl's disinterestedness and goodness.

"Then if you could find her you'd marry her, of course?" said Blanche.

"By no means," replied Sir Ralph, gravely. "But I should be a good brother to her, I hope. I am not likely however, to find her. I went to see Jasper, but he declared that she had disappeared from his notice as from mine, and that he knew nothing of her whereabouts."

Blanche drooped her eyelids again, this time to conceal a look of satisfaction.

"I thought from your sudden interest in her," she said, demurely, "that you might mean to marry her."

"No," returned Sir Ralph, not noticing her anxiety on the subject, "I have several reasons against such a proceeding In the first place, while Amber excited in me a brotherly interest, she did not touch my heart. Secondly, she was an uninformed, homely, awkward girl to whom I could not yield the loving admiration and reverence I should wish to give my wife. Thirdly, her birth was enveloped in mystery—but this last reason is also the least, since, if I loved her, I could easily forget any drawbacks of that description. If she has turned out ill, as I have sometimes feared, the fault is mine, since I called her designing, and so agonized her sensitive spirit, and drove her forth upon the world."

"It's my opinion that she's dead," suggested Blanche, in a subdued manner "I've read so much about country people going to the overcrowded city, getting nothing to do, and either starving to death, or falling a prey to disease. Yes, she's probably dead."

This view of the case seemed to Sir Ralph as highly probable, and his look of melancholy deepened.

As he had stated to Blanche, he had felt much remorse for his accusations against Amber, especially since Mrs. George had shown him her letter, and told him of her goodness and sweetness; and though, by reason of Blanche's poisoning accusations, he still believed Amber had many serious faults, he yet felt that he had greatly wronged her. That any one besides himself had had a hand in expelling her from the Hall, he had not the faintest suspicion.

"I wish she were alive and here," sighed Blanche, shaking back her curls. "I am so unutterably lonely. I've studied and studied all your serious books, Ralph—befogged myself with your astronomy, besides freezing myself in the observatory with looking through your big telescope at the stars, but somehow I need to see people too."

Sir Ralph looked exceedingly pleased on hearing this speech. He especially admired in women a mind above the ordinary frivolities of existence, and astronomy was, as his artful guest well knew, his favorite study.

His manner, therefore, was unusually warm as he replied:

"True enough, Blanche; science is not always companionship," and he sighed. "You must see more company—throw open the Hall to visitors. The country families will soon throng about you, and Mrs. George will be your chaperon. She is a lady, you know—the widow of an officer."

"I know it," responded Blanche, not yet satisfied with her success. "But, Ralph, the country families have—the best of them—gone to London for the season. Oh!" she added, with pretended impulsiveness, looking up into his face with sparkling eyes, flushed cheeks, and dancing curls, "I wish you were my brother, Ralph."

"And why?" he asked, with a smile, twining one of her golden tendrils of hair about his fingers. "Suppose that I were your brother, Blanche, what would you do!"

"I'd ask you to open your town house and take me there, and let me see something of the world, Ralph," and she gave him a siren glance. "But what must you think of me?" she added, with mock dismay. "You will despise me for my freedom and frankness!"

"Not at all," he responded, still toying with her glittering wreath of hair. I shall think that you are an artless child, and that I am bound to gratify you."

"And will you take me to London? Will you open your town house?" cried the girl.

"Yes, you impulsive child, your wishes shall be gratified," replied Sir Ralph. "We will start to-morrow, if your maid can pack your clothes, as the house is in order, I having just come from there."

Blanche clapped her hands in genuine delight.

"Oh, you are so good!" she exclaimed. How can I ever, ever repay you?"

Sir Ralph regarded her dangerous beauty a moment, hesitated, and finally said:

"I'll tell you sometime how you may repay me, my dear Blanche. Until you have seen more of the world, I will keep silent."

The girl's beauty became fairly glittering on hearing this speech. She readily understood that Sir Ralph alluded to a possible marriage. She also saw that his manner was not lover-like, that he was not thoroughly satisfied, that his heart was not yet in her keeping, that he had dreams and hopes beyond her power to fulfill; but from that moment she took renewed courage, and inwardly resolved that she would yet be his wife and wear the Courtney jewels.

She, however, affected not to understand this allusion.

"Do not be afraid to tell me at any time, Ralph, how I can repay all your goodness to me," she exclaimed. "I would grant anything that you could ask of me."

"We will wait a while," he said, gravely. "You shall see the world before you hear my communication, Blanche. I had forgotten how dull it must be for you here, but your period of mourning having expired, you shall have the opportunity of varying your study of the stars with study of society. Would you like Jasper with you? I could not prevail upon him to adopt any profession, and he must often be in sore need—unless, as I suspect, his self-sacrificing sister yields to him her annuity."

Blanche's manner convinced him that his suspicion was founded upon truth, and he mentally added another virtue to the many graces with which he supposed her endowed.

"Dear Blanche," he said, pressing her hand, "you must not be too self-denying. I will attend to Jasper. You will need all your money for your own use."

Blanche thanked him for his advise, and promised to follow it. The truth was, she had supplied Jasper the half of her allowance, not from sisterly affection—she was too selfish for that—but because it was to her interest to do so.

"I will go now, and have Loson pack my boxes," she exclaimed, after a little further conversation. "Will you be so kind as to inform Mrs. George? Oh, Ralph, how good you are to me!"

She gave him an affectionate look, which he did not fail to notice, and left the library, tripping up to her own boudoir.

"Hurry, Loson!" she exclaimed to her maid. who had picked up her discarded wool-work, and was busy upon it. "We are going to town to-morrow. Pack my things directly."

The maid instantly shared her mistress' excitement, and silks, etc., were brought out, boxes opened, and all the hurry and bustle of packing was soon in progress.

"He might have offered me his mother's splendid jewels," muttered Blanche, as she nestled among her cushions, overseeing her maid's work. "But I suppose they will all go to the future Lady Courtney—so I shall have them anyhow by and by. He very nearly made me an offer of marriage, and her eyes sparkled; "I am sure to win him. How well I have managed, and what success I am gaining!"

The task proceeded, mistress and maid planning costumes to be worn during the coming gayeties by Blanche, and finally the boxes were locked and left to be strapped by the coachman.

During the evening Blanche sang and played for Ralph's amusement, chattered lightly, referring often to her serious studies, and deepening the good impression she had made upon her host; and after he had retired at night he pondered long and earnestly on the subject of his marriage, finally dropping to sleep without having arrived at a decision whether to propose for Blanche's hand or not.

The next day the family left for town.

(To be continued)

GOOD THE YEAR ROUND.

At all seasons, when the system is foul and the digestive powers feeble, or the liver and kidneys inactive, Burdock Blood Bitters are required.

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.

LAWN MOWERS!

For Sale Low, at

JAS. S. NEILL'S.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

(Operating 443 miles.)

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

All trains are run on Eastern standard time, which is 36 minutes slower than Saint John actual time.

COMMENCING JUNE 2nd, 1884, Trains will run as follows:

St. John Division.

DEPARTURES.

5 30 A. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Mixed accommodation for Fredericton.

6 30 A. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Boston Fast Express for points West, and for St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and all points North and South.

4 30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Express for Fredericton.

8 30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Night Express for points West, and for St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North.

1 00 P. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.

6 25 A. M.—From Fredericton, for points West, North and South, and St. John.

4 30 P. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.

7 00 A. M.—From Gibson, for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVALS.

5 30 A. M., at St. John—Fast Express Train from all points West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North

9 15 A. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from Fredericton.

4 30 P. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from points West, and from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton, Fredericton, and all points North and South.

8 00 P. M., at St. John, Water Street—Mixed accommodation from Fredericton.

4 35 P. M., at Fredericton from points West, North and South.

7 30 P. M., at Fredericton from St. John.

9 30 A. M., at Fredericton from St. John.

4 20 P. M., at Gibson, from Woodstock and points north.

☞ Pullman Sleeping Cars on Night Trains, and Dining Room Cars on Day Trains, to and from Bangor. Berths secured at ticket office, Water Street—G. A. Freeze, agent.

No train leaves St. John Saturday night or Sunday morning.

A train arrives at St. John from the West Sunday morning and a train leaves for the West Sunday night.

Through connections are made from Boston on Sunday nights.

Connexion is made at Vanceboro with trains of the Maine Central Railway to and from all points West, at Fredericton Junction for Fredericton, and at Gibson by branch line, for all points North.

Tickets for sale in Fredericton at New Brunswick Railway Ticket Office, and at Messrs. J. Richards & Son's Ticket Agency, Queen street.

E. R. BURPEE, Gen'l Manager.

N. T. GREATHEAD, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., June 2, 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

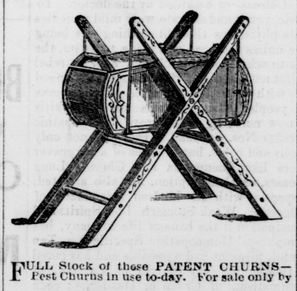
from the plainest to the most elaborate.

Robes, Gloves, Crape & Hat Bands.

JACKSON ADAMS

County Court House Square.

Fredericton, April 18, 1883



FULL Stock of these PATENT CHURNS—Best Churns in use to-day. For sale only by

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

May 21, 1884.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD,

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

Horse Pokes. Horse Pokes.

4 BDLS. Horse Pokes received and for sale Low.

Z. R. EVERETT.

May 12

JUST RECEIVED AT

GEO. HATT & SONS,

25 DOZEN Pails, 20 dozen Brooms; 3 gross Burnett's Extracts; 10 boxes Chocolate, Broma and Cocoa; 50 boxes Toilet Soap; 10 doz Wash Boards; 50 doz Shoe, Stove and Scrub Brushes.

Links, Pumps, &c.

Just received direct from the Manufacturer:

HOUSE Links and Pumps; Boring Machines, Blacksmith's Drills; Hinges, Barn Door Rollers; Jack Screws, Pulleys, Latches, &c.

Z. R. EVERETT.

APRIL 30, 1884.

Grass and Clover Seeds

FOR THE PEOPLE

AT

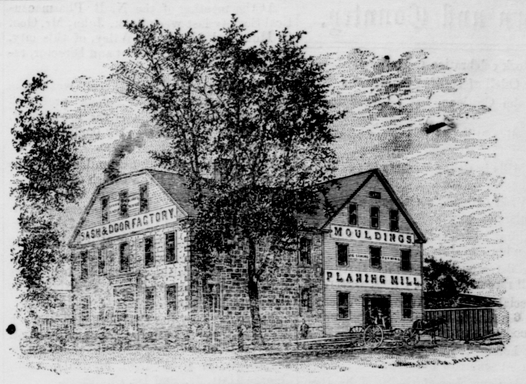
ELY PERKINS'.

Paint Oil.

JUST RECEIVED—5 Casks Raw and Boiled Oil.

Z. R. EVERETT.

May 12



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.

NEW MUSIC STORE!

WE HAVE NOW ON HAND A FINE STOCK OF

ORGANS and PIANOS!

which we will sell at low prices and easy terms.

CALL AND SEE THEM BEFORE PURCHASING, or write for PRICES.

Organs from $60 upwards.

☞ We have been appointed agents for the celebrated Chickering & Sons, and the Hallett and Cumston, and an number of other makers of Pianos, which w will sell on easy terms. Call and try them at the store.

J. F. McMURRAY.

Fire and Life Insurance.

English and American Companies, Old and Reliable.

Representing in Capital and Assets over $100,000,000.00.

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

Ætna, of Hartford, Conn. Capital, $3,000,000.00 — Established 1819.

Hartford, of Hartford, Conn. Capital, $1,250,000.00 — Established 1809.

Northern, of London, England. Capital, $15,000,000.00 — Established 1836.

Fire Ins. Association (Ltd.) of London, England. Capital, $5,000,000.00

City of London Fire Ins. Co (Ltd,) of London, Eng. Capital, $10,000,000.00

British Empire Mutual Life Assurance Co. of London, Eng. Established 1847.

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

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

FAIR RATES and PROMPT PAYMENT of LOSSES.

JOHN BLACK.

Agent for York County

Office on Queen Street, over the Telegraph Office, directly opp. the Post Office.

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.

MAGNETIC MEDICINE. TRADE MARK BRAIN & NERVE FOOD. BEFORE AFTER.

Is a Sure, Prompt, and Effectual Remedy for *Nervousness in ALL its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Sexual Prostration, Night Sweats, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness and General Loss of Power.* It repairs *Nervous Waste, Rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, Strengthens the Enfeebled Brain and Restores Surprising Tone and Vigor to the Exhausted Generative Organs.* The experience of thousands prove it an invaluable remedy. The medicine is pleasant to the taste, and each box contains sufficient for two weeks medication, and is the cheapest and best.

Full particulars in our phamplet, which we desire to mail free to any address.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by Druggists at 50 cents per box, or 12 boxes for $5, or will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of the money, by addressing

MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO., *Windsor, Ont., Canada*

SOLD IN FREDERICTON BY

GEORGE H. DAVIS,

and all Dru