Literature.

The Adopted Daughter.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VALET'S PLAN.

For some days after the Hon. Blair Moreland's proposal to Amber Courtney, and her decided rejection of his suit, he absolutely haunted the corridors in the vicinity of his sisters' school room, and his persecution of the beautiful governess became so marked that his keen eyed mother finally became aware of it.

"My dear," said her ladyship to Lord Moreland, one morning, as they lingered over their chocolate and rolls in the handsome breakfast room, the servant having been dismissed, "have you noticed how our governess has altered during the past year—how beautiful and graceful she has become?"

"I have," replied his lordship, straightening up his small figure on being thus summoned to council. "She has grown remarkably lovely. She reminds me more than ever of the Marchioness of Ardencourt. I dread the effect the sight of her might have upon the marquis and his lady, should they ever chance to see her!"

"So do I," returned Lady Moreland, thoughtfully. She would remind them of ——. I have been very careful to keep her out of their way, and as they have been abroad so much, the task was easy. I only hope they will not see her on our return to town. Who would have thought a year ago, that she would ever develop into such a wonderful creature?"

"And she has been such a good companion and governess for the girls," remarked Lord Moreland. They are not so hoidenish as they were—Louisa particularly. She seems so pure—so artless.

"But it's all seeming, my lord," interrupted his wife, in a tone of vexation. She is artful, and is trying to entrap our son into a marriage.

Lord Moreland uttered an exclamation of surprise.

It is so, indeed, my lord, went on her ladyship, flirting her spoon. She keeps him dancing about the corridors, waiting until she is at liberty to bestow a smile upon him.

And very good of her not to break in upon school hours for that purpose, murmured his lordship.

My lord! cried his wife, in an awful tone, while she looked down upon her husband with an expression of mingled incredulity and horror, Do I hear aright? Are you encouraging my son to pay his addresses to an obscure governess—to marry her?

"He's my son, too!" muttered his lordship, in an aggrieved tone, yet wisely shrinking from the wrath he had aroused, Of course I don't want him to marry a poor governess, and I didn't say I did.

"Don't equivocate, my lord!" said her ladyship, severely, "As I said, the girl is artful to take advantage of Blair's coming home from a country where the women are all black, to entrap him into a *messalliance*."

"But, my dear," ventured his lordship, in a stronger tone, convinced that this time he was in the right, "the women are not all black in India. The officers there have wives, and daughters, and sisters, and there must be a plenty of widows—the country is so unhealthful—and these are all Englishwomen."

"But what frights!" declared her ladyship. "Everybody knows that as soon as they get out there they get to look as yellow as saffron. I've noticed that Blair has a yellow tinge. And knowing that he comes from such a country, our governess resolves that he shall fall in love with her. It's absurd—perfectly absurd."

His lordship echoed the last declaration.

"I shall have to part with her on our return to town, which must be this week," said her ladyship. I'll give her a recommendation to somebody without grown-up sons, When she's once gone, Blair will get over his violent fancy for her. My next governess," she added, resolutely, shall wear spectacles and a wig.

"But it's hard on the poor girl, and on our own children," meekly suggested his lordship.

Are not my feelings to be thought of, said her ladyship. Is the devoted mother to be disregarded for a governess? I do believe, Lord Moreland, that you are bewitched as well as Blair by this artful girl.

Lord Moreland eagerly disclaimed the imputation.

He loved his children—the girls especially—and had watched over their studies, thereby becoming well acquainted with their young governess, and he felt a strong interest in her, but he had too much respect for his wife's abilities and opinions, and was too much in awe of her stately displeasure to do more than express a very feeble opposition to anything she might decide upon doing.

Very well, then he said. If your ladyship decides upon dismissing the poor thing, it would be but right to find her another situation—but I'd rather send Blair away.

"Send Blair away," echoed his wife, your own son and heir, on account of a governess. Lord Moreland, I am astonished. You would separate the poor dear boy from his mother? You would spoil his chances of a great marriage by sending him where he'd die, or grow old and ugly in a short time?"

His lordship protested that he would do none of these things, that he desired her ladyship to use her own superior judgment, that the poor girl had better go, and finally that nothing could induce him to consent to his heir's departure.

Lady Moreland consented to be appeased, and they had hardly settled into an amicable sort of silence when the door of the breakfast-room opened, and Blair, resplendent in dressing gown and slippers of flaming colors, sauntered into the apartment.

He uttered a careless good-morning to his parents, and then saying he had already had his coffee in bed, took a seat at the table, and began trifling with his food.

"You seem uneasy this morning," he remarked, after a few minutes' silence, "If I can assist you in any way, command me."

"You can, Blair, you can!" said his mother. "We are annoyed at your attentions to the governess. You have robbed the conservatory of its choicest flower for a week to send up to her, and then have her give them to the children. You are descending beneath your station, and if you mean to marry her."

"Be calm, mother, be calm!" interrupted the son, cooly, as her ladyship's tone grew shriller. "Who's going to marry the governess? I am not!"

Her ladyship looked infinitely relieved, while Lord Moreland regarded his son admiringly, as if envying his courage in thus addressing the family potentate.

"But you love her!" said Lady Moreland, her fears soon recurring to her. If you don't mean to marry her, Blair, what are your intentions? I won't have her insulted by my son—remember that. She is a Courtney—a connection or relation of the late Sir John Courtney."

"Is she?" asked Blair, carelessly.

"She is. Now I want to know your intentions toward he?"

"My present intentions," rejoined the son, helping himself to some East India preserves, "are to let her alone."

Lady Moreland did not look quite satisfied, and he proceeded:

"I repeat, mother, I shall let her alone, I want nothing more to say to the girl. I've seen enough of her. She is too scornful for me."

"Scornful?" repeated her ladyship in surprise.

"Yes; I laid my heart at her feet, and she looked at me like an insulted duchess. The son of Lord Moreland—excuse me, I should have said, Lady Moreland," and he bowed to his mother—"is not good enough for her. And so I want nothing more to say to her."

Lady Moreland was atonished and somewhat indignant at this revelation. She would have looked upon any kind of connection between her son and the governess with horror, but that Amber should have the presumption to scorn her idolized son—should proudly reject his suit—struck her as incredible.

"You offered her marriage?" she exclaimed.

"Of course," answered her son, pulling his flaxen mustache, "and diamonds, and love, and so on, but she wouldn't accept me. If you'll be so kind, mother, as to pick me out some more amiable and pliant member of the aristocracy, I will hasten to marry and put myself out of harm's way."

"Yes, yes!" said her ladyship, completely restored to good humor. "Just wait a little, and I'll select a lovely bride for you. I was going to discharge the governess this very day, but now I shall keep her—the children are so attached to her, and you are not."

Blair's countenance changed a little on hearing this last remark, and he hastened to deepen the impression of indifference toward Amber.

"I'm glad it's turned out so!" muttered Lord Moreland. I didn't want the girl to go, nor believe it all necessary.

Blair smiled rather darkly, and arose, leaving the apartment, while his parents proceeded to discuss matters with renewed tranquility.

"I have been rather too devoted to the charming governess!" mused Blair, as he proceeded to his dressing room. I should have kept more quiet about it, but the truth was, my heart was all in a turmoil on account of her."

He touched his bell, and the summons was speedily answered by the appearance of his valet, a dark, saturnine-looking person, with scheming, downcast eyes that looked furtively out from under his brows.

"Shut the door, Tamley," said his master, familiarly, "I want to have a good talk with you."

The valet threw himself into an easy chair near his master, and prepared to listen.

He and his master had had many joint secrets, but however familiar he might be when they were alone, on account of them, he always made a point of being perfectly respectful to him before a third person. By his quiet reserve of manner in the presence of others, he had had the good fortune to win the hearty commendation of both Lady and Lord Moreland.

"You're in love, eh?" he said, eyeing his master furtively. "Is that what you want to see me about?"

Blair nodded and said:

"You've seen my sisters' governess? I've fallen in love with the little beauty, and want to marry her."

Marry her? repeated Tamley, opening his eyes to their fullest extent. Marry the governess?

"How stupid you are all of a sudden!" cried Blair. Do you suppose I can talk anything else to her, and that I would if I could? She's a lady of good birth. She has refused me, and I wish to show her that she committed a mistake."

"Well?" said the man, with sudden interest, as the master paused.

"To me her coyness gives her an additional charm," remarked Blair, after a short silence. "As I said, I'd like to marry her. You'd make a most excellent looking clergyman, with the proper dress, Tamley, and I shouldn't think of paying less than a twenty-guinee fee after the performance of the ceremony!"

The valet's eyes glowed with the dull fires of cupidity, and his fingers worked as if itching for the gold.

His master had skillfully touched his weak point—his love of money.

"I see, I see!" he said. "But will the young woman agree to the secret marriage?"

"Not at present," responded Blair. The fact is, she doesn't like me, and I don't have opportunities here for paying court to her. If I present her a flower, the fact is straightway known to the whole family. I can't call upon her in her school-room, and she won't look at a note. And then, on the other hand, I was obliged to listen to a lecture on the subject this very morning from her ladyship, my mother, so that I disclaimed any wish to see the girl again."

He paused, and seemed to turn over in his mind various plans and schemes, while his valet watched him with his dull eyes.

At length he broke the silence, saying:

"You've helped me in many little plans before, Tamley, and I owe you quite a debt of gratitude, which I'll pay some day. But then you have no small sum of money from me—more than any other master would give you for the same services."

The valet nodded.

"I am glad you appreciate the fact," continued Blair, in an easy tone. "The fact is, to be confidential with you, I can't win the girl here. If I could get her off by herself in a lonely house somewhere, where I could call upon her at times, and take her presents, I might succeed in making an impression upon her heart and win her consent to a private marriage."

"That's a good idea!" responded Tamley. "The question to be considered is, where can we find a suitable house?"

"You must find it. Can't you think of a secluded place?"

"I have it!" exclaimed Tamley, as his master paused. "I know of a house that would suit you exactly. It is in the country, but at some distance from here."

"So much the better."

"It is about twenty miles from here, I think—quite out into the open country, in fact. It stands alone, amid a profusion of tangled shrubbery, and there are no other dwellings near. The house or mansion itself is a grand old affair, but it is in a continual and dense shade."

"But what has such a mansion to do with the subject? The owner will not be apt to let it to us."

"It is unoccupied, sir—that is, none of the family live there. It has the reputation of being haunted, and no tenant can be found to take it, nice as the mansion is. It is said that a woman's ghost walks there."

Who does the place belong to? What is it called?"

"It is called the Haunted House. I never heard any other name for it, although I dare say it has a grand name. It belonged to a gentleman of wealth, who had a terrible temper, it is said. He married an Italian lady, and lived with her in Italy until after the birth of a son. Then he brought her to England, and they lived in great style in the Haunted House. The Italian lady proved to have a temper as bad as his, and in a quarrel he killed her. It is her ghost they say walks there."

"But what became of the husband and the son?"

"The husband fled to the Continent and died there. The son was claimed by his Italian relatives and carried back to Italy. Of course the son inherited the Haunted House with the rest of his father's property, and he has visited it once, I believe. The whole property, however, amounts to very little, and produces but a small income, so the present owner may reside in Italy from motives of economy."

"But I thought you said his father was wealthy?" remarked Blair with some interest.

So he was, but he ran through most of his wealth during his wife's lifetime. It was supposed that he carried a great deal of money with him when he fled.

You haven't told me the name of this Englishman?"

His name was Thomas Claenville. His son's name was Vilberti Claenville—Vilberti being the surname of the Italian lady. I have heard somewhere that the present Mr. Claenville sometimes calls himself a lord, but he has no more right to a title than I have!

And it is to this deserted house you propose that I shall convey Miss Courtney? asked Blair.

"It is—although the mansion is not quite deserted. The present owner, when he was there a couple of years ago, put in a housekeeper, to see that it did not fall into ruins. The housekeeper is an aunt of mine—an ancient spinster, who would do almost anything for gold. She lives there alone, for she can't find any one who would dare stay with her. She has never seen any ghost, however. I know she would gladly take charge of Miss Courtney, and would keep her in perfect security.

I think this Haunted House would be just the place for Miss Courtney, declared Moreland. "You are sure your aunt would take charge of her?

For good pay, said the valet. She would not only be glad of the money, but she would be pleased to have another human being besides herself in that grim old house.

Good! Go and see your aunt about it this very day. See that Miss Courtney will have one or two pleasant rooms, well furnished. I would wish her to be treated with the utmost respect and attention. But now having arranged about the cage, how are we to trap the bird? How can we get Miss Courtney to the Haunted House?

Tamley was thoughtful a few moments, and then said:

I have it. It must not be done in any way to throw suspicion upon us. Don't the young lady go out sometimes alone to walk?

Blair replied in the affirmative.

"Then I can manage it, replied Tamley, excitedly. Listen!

He proceeded to develop a plan, which, by its boldness, enchanted his master, who exclaimed:

I'm afraid you can't do it, Tamley, but it's capital—capital Try it, by all means! If you succeed, you shall have twenty guineas immediately, and twenty more on performing the marriage ceremony!

They conversed a little while longer, maturing their plans, and then the valet departed, to prepare for the visit to his aunt.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IMPRISONED.

For two or three days after the secret conference of Blair Moreland and his valet, the latter kept a vigilant watch upon the movements of the young governess, but without any benefit to his plans resulting therefrom.

Amber certainly took open-air exercise, but it was either in the family carriage with the children, or in the park or flower gardens, accompanied by them.

But it was decreed that the valet should soon have an opportunity of trying his scheme of abducting the maiden.

On the morning of the third or fourth day after the concoction of the plot against her, Amber received an earnest and impassioned letter from Jasper Longley, stating that he had a particular and important communication to make to her respecting Sir Ralph Courtney, and that he must see her in person. He reminded her that he had called upon her at Lord Moreland's country-seat once during the preceding winter, and that he knew the place thoroughly. He concluded by begging her to meet him the evening after the receipt of his letter by the fountain in the park, and besought her not to disappoint him.

Amber turned the dainty, perfumed missive over and over in her hands thoughtfully, and mentally reviewed Jasper's conduct toward her since she had entered upon her present life,

He had bestowed the most delicate attentions upon her whenever they had met which was seldom, the maiden generally refusing to meet him or allow him to call upon her; but he had once or twice taken her to the opera, and had come down to Moreland Park once the previous winter on purpose to see her.

Her refusals to meet him had proceeded from a natural delicacy, which did not fail to increase the love and admiration of Jasper, even while he chafed at what he termed her prudishness.

"I will meet him," she mentally resolved, putting the note in her pocket. "When my school duties are over, my time is my own, and, as he so kindly names an early hour, while it's daylight, too, I shall not fail to keep the appointment. But why does he not come to the house? I wonder what the important communication about Sir Ralph can be—dear, dear Ralph!"

Her clear cheeks were stained with a sudden scarlet flush as she murmured his name tenderly in her mind, as she might never hope to do in reality to him, and her glorious eyes beamed with a world of beauty and sweetness.

Her pupils wondered that day what great good fortune had happened to their gentle teacher, for her face was like embodied sunshine—she seemed somehow suddenly to feel so very near Ralph, for she was going to hear of him, perhaps from him, that very day.

As the hour approached, she dismissed her pupils to their nursery, and hastened to attire herself in her most becoming costume. Lady Moreland had requested her some time before to leave off her mourning garb, as it looked so gloomy to the children, and Amber had complied with her request.

She donned a pretty gray dress and jacket, and a broad-brimmed Leghorn hat, which shaded her face without concealing it, and looked even more lady-like and charming when she had finished than usual.

Casting a single glance in the mirror at the reflection of her unequaled beauty, she left her room and hastened from the house.

As she crossed the lawn, going toward the park, she was observed by the vigilant Tamley, who sauntered after her with pretended carelessness.

Entering the handsome park, Amber threaded its cool, dim aisles with familiar step, proceeding toward its center, where, in a pretty glade, played a small fountain while surrounding it were seats made of twisted grapevines.

This was Lord Moreland's favorite retreat.

On one of the seats sat Jasper Longley, awaiting her.

He was as singularly handsome as ever, his attire was faultless, and his manner expressed his genuine delight.

"Amber," he said, taking her hand, and drawing her beside him, "if you but knew the pleasure it gives me to meet you, to clasp your hand, to gaze into your lovely face! How very beautiful you have grown!"

"Do you think so?" questioned the girl eagerly, yet without a spark of vanity, her thoughts instantly demanding what would Ralph think. "I was considered very plain once, you know, Jasper," she added, apologetically.

"I never thought you plain," responded Longley, feasting his eyes and soul upon the rare beauty of her changeful countenance. "I always saw you as Sir John did—beautiful in mind and person."

The girl flushed under his ardent gaze, and both were too much occupied with each other to notice Tamley, who was peering into the glade, and looking astonished at beholding Longley. He looked at the couple only a moment, and then glided away in the direction from which he had come.

"But, Jasper," said Amber, after a brief silence, "why didn't you call upon me at the house? I do not like clandestine meetings, and if—if this one had been for any other reason, I should have been tempted to decline it. Lady Moreland would think strangely of me if she were aware of my meeting you here."

"The reason I did not go to the house, Amber, was because her ladyship caused one of her servants to intimate to me on my previous visit that she did not like her governess to receive company," said Jasper. "I fancy that her ladyship imagined that her house might be thronged with your friends if she remained silent on the subject. Her ladyship did not know my name, however. If she had she might have sent me a different message. So, you see, I had no alternative but to meet you here."

"You wished to tell me something of—of Sir Ralph?" faltered Amber.

Jasper jealously marked the trembling of her tone as she mentioned the baronet's name.

"You seem to think I bring good news," he said. "What would you like best to hear?"

"That Ralph sees how mistaken he was in his estimate of me," answered the girl, her face glowing. "That he knows that I am not designing and forward. Do you bring me such news as that, Jasper?"

"Alas, no!" sighed Jasper. "How can I tell you what I must tell you? Can you bear bad news?"

"What!" she cried, wildly. "Is he dead?"

"Dead to you, my poor child," said Jasper, soothingly. "He is engaged to be married—"

A low moan broke from Amber's lips, and a silence fell between the couple.

It was broken at length by the girl, who said, with quivering lips:

"I have long expected to hear of his marriage, and thought I had prepared myself to hear it calmly. But you see how weak and foolish, I am, Jasper. To whom is he engaged?"

"To Blanche."

"I am glad his bride is to be Blanche," said Amber, after a moment's struggle to repress her emotions; "that is, I know of no one so worthy of Ralph as Blanche."

Jasper's lip curled involuntarily, and he thought of the contrast between the pure being beside him and his sister.

"Be brave, Amber," he said. "Trials come to all. See," he added, bitterly, "how I try to bear the pangs of unrequited love—but you have no pity for me!"

Amber was touched, remembering how devoted and how constant he had been to her during the past year, and how insensible she had been of his homage.

Seeing the impression he had made, Jasper hastened to continue:

"Give me the pearl Sir Ralph flung from him, dearest. I have often thought of your lonely, hard-working life, with no one to sympathize with you, no one to whom you can unburden your heart; and if, by the sacrifice of my own life, I could have given you happiness, I would willingly have died. Let me gather you into my bosom, Amber, and shield you from all the storms of life. Let me love you and make your life happy."

"I like you, Jasper," responded the girl, gently and tearfully. "I esteem and respect you—I regard you as a brother—but I cannot give you the love you deserve. I told you long ago that with me to love once is to love forever. The heart that throbbed so wildly and foolishly for Sir Ralph Courtney a year ago, beats even more wildly and foolishly for him now. You may despise me for it—"

"Never exclaimed Jasper. "But must your life be a waste because Sir Ralph marries Blanche? Must your life and mine both be wrecked by an ill-fated love? Oh, Amber have pity upon me!"

His eyes, beaming with passionate love, his earnest manner, his trembling voice—all pleaded for him.

Could this man be the same who had pleaded one year before for Amber's love with an eye to his own ulterior benefit?

He was the same; but as none are all bad, so one redeeming passion filled his being—his love for Amber.

He was determined to win her by patient gentleness, by tenderness and pity, and whatever clew he possessed to her parentage, whatever worldly benefits he hoped to gain through a union with her, he placed above all other incentives the hope of gaining ultimately her affections.

As the girl regarded him, she realized for the first time how deep was the love he felt for her, and in her sore anguish she was almost tempted to seek refuge in his promised care.

"I would so carefully shield you," he said, softly, as if divining her thoughts. "I would guard you from every evil. I would sympathize with you in the great sorrow of your life. There are very few persons who marry their first loves, Amber. And I do not ask you to love me yet. I will win your love by loving you. But give me a husband's right to protect you. You must often feel desolate?"

Amber assented with a weary sigh.

Jasper resumed, in a low, soothing tone that fell like balm upon the girl's hearing:

"I might be able to mitigate your sorrow in time, dearest, and you would render my life an Eden. You would elevate me, purify me, redeem me from my faults and errors. Take my life in your hands!"

Jasper had no wish to undo any of his past sins, nor to forego any future ones that might be profitable to him, but he did earnestly desire to appear good and true in Amber's eyes, and to this end was anxious to lead an outwardly upright life.

"Have I so much influence over you, Jasper?" she asked.

"You have, indeed. Without you I am miserable—with you, life would be a heaven!" he cried, passionately. "Oh, Amber, give me hope!"

The girl pressed her hand upon her heart, and there was a look of anguish in her eyes as she replied:

"Although as I told you, Jasper, I have long expected to hear of Sir Ralph's marriage, I find I am weaker than I thought—so weak that I can not give you an answer to-night. Give me a week to think the matter over. In three or four days the family goes to town. It will then be easy for us to meet."

"You will send me a note, then, in a week, containing your answer to my suit?

"I will."

Jasper caught her hand and pressed it to his lips in a transport of joy. The action and the manner went to Amber's heart.

"Leave me now, Jasper," she said, gently. "I thank you for coming here from London to break the news to me yourself. But, first, let me ask you, are Blanche and Sir Ralph at Courtney Hall?"

"No, they are at the baronet's town house."

"Good-bye, Jasper. I think I'll sit here a little while. The air may do me good."

Jasper shook hands with her, bade her adieu, and hastened away in the direction of the neighboring village, whence he was to take the train for London.

"She is mine!" he muttered, as he went. "How magnificent she is! Blanche is coarse and homely compared to Amber. I'd like to see what Sir Ralph would say to her now! Now to wed her—then to announce the secret of her birth—and then—"

His eyes glittered with delight, and he hurried onward.

Meanwhile, Amber sat by the fountain absorbed in thought. She did not pray for death—she realized the beauty of grandly living too much for such weakness, but her heart ached with a keen, sharp anguish, and her brain seemed on fire.

But the mist gradually cleared from her mind, and she resumed the patient habits that she had acquired during the conflicts of the past year.

"I must not be weak and selfish," she murmured, growing calm. "As Jasper says, I must not wreck two lives. I begin to think that I have done wrong in remaining so wrapped up in my own grief and so insensible to his. I think I will devote myself to him. It will be so sweet to be loved and cared for—so sweet to make some one happy! I grieve now because Ralph is going to be married; but I must banish this foolish grief, marry Jasper, and forget what might have been."

She sighed—a sigh that was wrung with pain from her tortured heart.

At that moment Tamley again peered through the trees into the glade.

He looked flushed and warm, as if he had been hard at work.

Amber sat a few minutes longer by the fountain, and then arose to return to the house.

As she did so Tamley approached her.

"If you please, Miss," he said, bowing, "it's getting dark, and Mr. Moreland sent me to protect you home."

"I need no protection," declared the maiden, in surprise. "The distance is short. I can go alone. Don't presume to follow me!"

Before she could take a step, Tamley drew a handkerchief freshly saturated with chloroform from his pocket, and quickly applied it to her nostrils, at the same time seizing her.

The girl struggled frantically, but she could not free herself from the strong grasp of the valet.

The effect of the chloroform was soon perceptible, for her struggles ceased, she becoming unconscious.

Tamley then gathered her form in his arms, glanced around him to see that his bold operation had had no spectator, and he then glided with her swiftly through the park, and soon gained the road.

Here a horse and carriage were in waiting.

No other vehicles were in sight.

He lifted the maiden into the carriage and took a seat beside her.

The next moment they were proceeding at a rapid pace along the road, amid the gathering shadows of the night,

It was not long before Amber recovered her consciousness, the jolting of the vehicle assisting to awaken her. The chloroform had, of course, lost something of its strength before being applied.

"What does this mean?" she demanded, as soon as she realized where she was. "Where are you taking me?"

"You'll soon see for yourself, Miss," replied the valet, whipping up his horse. "You are going where you'll be well cared for. I advise you to keep still, for I have got materials here for binding and gagging you, although I don't like to do it unless it should be necessary."

His tone was more menacing than his words, and Amber realized that it would be impossible to spring from the carriage and escape.

"I don't understand the meaning of this outrage," she said, indignantly. "How dare you carry me off in this manner? You shall be punished as you deserve. I will tell Lord Moreland of—"

"Now be sensible, Miss. You've got a pretty ride before you if you've a mind to enjoy it."

The girl became silent, resolving to appeal to the occupant of the first vehicle they met for help, but when the sound of other wheels were at last heard, Tamley threatened to gag her if she did not promise to remain silent.

She gave the required promise, and watched the vehicle pass with a feeling of keen despair.

The journey of twenty miles at length drew near an end, and the valet turned into an unused lane that led away from the road, and finally terminated at the side of a grim old mansion, which was almost hidden in a mass of shrubbery.

"Here we are!" he said, springing out and assisting Amber to alight.

He led her to a door at the rear of the mansion, where he knocked loudly for admittance.

The summons was answered by an elderly woman, who opened the door, exclaiming:

"Oh, it's you, Tamley! Have you got the girl?"

"Yes, here she is," responded the valet, leading Amber into the corridor and thence into a dimly-lighted apartment. "Are you all ready for here?"

"Oh, yes. I expected you before this."

Amber looked at the woman, to see if she might hope for mercy from her, but her heart sank as she regarded her grim, stern face, with its heavy lines about the mouth, denoting a hardness of disposition.

"Come, Miss, I'll show you to your room," observed the woman, taking up a candle.

"I will not go!" responded Amber. "Tell me why I am here, and by whose orders?"

"By Mr. Blair Moreland's," said Tamley. "I wouldn't tell you before, lest I should fail to get you here. You can not get away. My aunt, Mrs. Glosson, will treat you well, and you needn't have a care or anxiety. Let us show you to your rooms."

Amber looked wildly about her for an avenue of escape, but there was none.

She then looked appealingly to Tamley and his aunt, but there was no pity in their faces.

"Let me go," she pleaded. "Take me back to Lord Moreland's, Tamley, and I won't tell of you. You shall be rewarded, if you will. I have a friend who will pay you better than Mr. Moreland, if you will only take me back to the park."

Tamley smiled as he said:

"I suppose you mean that person you met by the fountain, Miss? I regret I can't accept your offer. I've made myself liable to the law, I suppose, in carrying you off, and I'll see now that you are kept safe."

In vain Amber protested that she would not complain of him if he would let her go. Tamley and his aunt both assured her that her words and tears were useless.

Finally they compelled her to ascend a flight of stairs to the second floor and enter an apartment, in which they locked her securely.

Amber stood in the center of the room as if petrified, when the sound of their footsteps on the stairs had died away. The very boldness of her abduction made it difficult for her to realize it. But at length, as a comprehension of her situation rushed upon her mind, she beat at the massive door, begging for help.

And the only answer that came to her tortured hearing was the slamming of the outer door as the triumphant valet departed to inform his master of his grand success.

(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.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS!

—AT—

WILEY'S

DRUG STORE,

Now Ready.

1000 lbs. Turnip Seed,
400 bush. Timothy, Seed,
3000 lbs. Clover Seed,
50 lbs. True Danver's Onion,

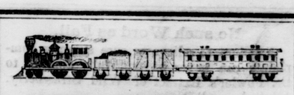
and a large and varied assortment of

Garden, Field, and Flower Seeds.

DAILY EXPECTED:

2500 lbs. Genuine Northern Clover Seed from Aroostook, of finest quality.

JOHN M. WILEY,
Druggist and Seedsman,
Opp. Normal School.



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

1884. SPRING 1884

NEW GOODS

—AT—

OWEN SHARKEYS.

Ladies' Dress Goods

—IN—

Black Cashmeres and other Stuff Goods
Fabrics, suitable for Spring wear,
Prints, Silks, Satins.

Scarfs, Corsets, Gimps, Fringes, Laces, Friling, Hose, Gloves, Gossimers, Umbrellas, Parasols, and a genuine stock of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods.

Men's Youths' and Boys'

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

a large stock equal to custom made, but much lower in price, comprising Coats, Pants, Vests, Dress Shirts and Shirts of all kinds.

☞ A great variety in Scarfs, Ties, Silk and Linen Pocket Handkerchiefs.

Underclothing and Furnishing Goods of every description at Lowest Cash Prices.

DAILY EXPECTED:

Worsted Coatings, Canadian and Scotch Tweeds and other Suitings in great variety, choice Patterns and good value. Also, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Travelling Bags, Rubber Coats and Umbrellas.

REMNANTS. REMNANTS.

Remnants of all kinds, in Tweeds, Homespuns, Ducks, Drillings, Grey and White Cottons, Tickinks, Swansdowns, Hollands, Dry Goods, Winceys, Prints, &c.

☞ Don't fail to call there is room for all at

OWEN SHARKEY'S,
Sharkey's Block,
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, March 26

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

JUST RECEIVED;
Via the Steamship "York City."

70 HALF CHESTS Congou, Oolong, Japan, Young Hyson and Orange Pekoe Teas;
5 bbls. E. Lazenby Pickels;
1 cask Harvey Sauce;
1 cask Woster Sauce; 1 cask Gelatine;
4 boxes Belmontine Candles;
5 casks Malt Vinegar;
1 case Preserved Ginger;
1 case Coleman's Mustard;
8 boxes Coleman's Starch;
1 bbl. Sago; 1 bbl. Tapioca;
1 pack Norwegian Anchoves.

☞ For Sale Low.

GEO. HATT & SONS.
May 21

LAWN MOWERS!

For Sale Low, at

JAS. S. NEILL'S,

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 we 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.

MAGNETIC MEDICINE. TRADE MARK. BEFORE BRAIN & NERVE FOOD. 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 Druggists everywhere.

May 16, 1883

WM. EWING. J. H. DAVIDSON, WM. GRAHAM.

WILLIAM EWING & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

EWING BROTHERS,

SEED MERCHANTS,

142 McGill St., Montreal.

☞ Samples and Prices on Application.

☞ A copy of our Illustrated Seed Catalogue for 1883 will be sent to any address on application.

Feb. 7, 1883

JAS. R. HOWIE

HAS RECEIVED HIS

SPRING AND SUMMER

CLOTHS,

and respectfully invites the inspection of