

Poetry

What do we Live For.
The sport of fortune's pleasure?
To launch our bark on pleasure's sea?

Literature

THE DOUGLAS HEIR.

CHAPTER XIV.

Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, was crowded to its utmost capacity when our party arrived.

Wilbur Coolidge took care, after his mother and Isabel were comfortably seated, that Miss Douglas should have a place where she could command a good view of the stage.

He was disgusted with their treatment of the lovely governess, and strove by numerous little attentions to atone in part for their rudeness.

A battery of loggnettes was immediately leveled at this brilliant company, and there were numberless surmises and questionings as to who the new-comer could be.

In a box not far from the Coolidge party there sat a royal looking couple—an old gentleman, still hale and hearty, although upward of sixty-five, and a young lady of perhaps half dozen years younger.

By the side of the latter, and assiduously attending to her wants, was a young man of about two-and-twenty.

It was no other than Adrian Dredmond. He, too, had leveled his glass as the new-comers settled themselves in their places.

After one sweeping glance, he half started from his chair, with a low exclamation of pleasure.

"Whom do you see, Adrian?" asked the lady by his side.

"Some friends who came over in the same steamer with me, I believe," he replied, taking another look, and a smile of pleasure curving his fine lips as his eyes rested upon Brownie, who seemed to him in her elegant robes like some beautiful vision from another sphere.

"Americans?" demanded his companion, preparing to adjust her own glass.

"Yes, your ladyship," was the quiet response.

"Ah!" Her ladyship, as she uttered this with a slight accent of contempt, evidently did not deem them worthy the effort of a glance, and accordingly turned her glass toward the stage, the curtain having risen for the first act.

For a time the attention of all was attracted in the same direction.

Brownie sat as one entranced, forgetting the past, and living over again the exquisite delight which she had so often experienced in by-gone days.

"You are fond of the opera, Miss Douglas?" he whispered, when the curtain length fell.

"Passionately," she replied, turning her glowing face toward him; then added, "and, Mr. Coolidge, you have given me the first bit of unalloyed pleasure I have had since great misfortune came upon me."

his hand. "We have not met often lately," he added.

"No, I have been dancing attendance upon the ladies. Will you come in and be introduced?"

"With pleasure," and his eyes lingered upon that graceful figure, and in his colored silk, seated between the two young girls.

Wilbur led him first to his mother and Isabel, then presented him to Viola and finally to Brownie, in spite of Mrs. Coolidge's warning glance, as she saw what he was about to do.

The young girl's cheeks kindled to a flame as she saw the dainty-gloved hand in his, and remembered that this handsome stranger, whose name she had not known until this moment, had held her in his arms, and kissed her, and that she had felt the beating of his great heart.

Wilbur noted her rich color, and the shy demure of her white lips; he noted, too, the young look of admiration which the ingenuous man bent upon her, and a great pain smote his heart—a fear that trouble, and disaster, as he hoped, would follow his introduction.

Mr. Dredmond was invited to a seat by Isabel, and instantly monopolized by her, while Mrs. Coolidge, much elated at the fact, then turned her eyes to the young man, and, as if by accident, she caught the young man's eye, and she saw that he was looking at her with an interest which she had never before experienced.

His face grew ghastly white, his lips twitched nervously, and he breathed as if terribly agitated.

"Brownie," he murmured, "I am so glad to see you. It seems to me as if I were looking at a ghost."

"Make way, there, a lady has fainted!" Then the crowd surged in between them; the old man was borne one way, Brownie and her companion the other, and she only caught one more glimpse of a pair of deep, fathomless eyes, filled with keenest pain, a white, set face, its lips livid and rigid.

"Then she fell herself in the fresh cool air, and Adrian Dredmond, in tones of apology:

"You will excuse him, Miss Douglas; he is an old friend of mine."

"Certainly," he murmured, "but she is a young lady, and before she could get up she fainted, and she is now lying on the ground."

"Oh, no; it has given me pleasure to attend Miss Douglas," blundered the young man, saying the very worst thing possible.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Coolidge, but the crowd prevented us, and my cloak caught upon one of the seats," explained Brownie.

"Crowd, indeed! I've seen governesses before, but I never saw one fainted," sneered the irate Isabel under her breath.

Both Mr. Dredmond and Miss Douglas caught the insolent words, and they aroused all the fire in the young girl's blood.

"With the air of a queen, she turned, as she was about entering the carriage, and looking out her little hand, she said to Mr. Dredmond:

"Thank you, Mr. Dredmond, for your kindness, and good night."

He bowed low over her hand, then assisting her into the carriage, lifted his hat to the other, and hurried away, but not before he had noted the menacing looks cast upon the poor little governess by her audacity.

"She is a plucky little thing," he said, with a smile, remembering her haughty air, as she bade him "good night," and they left their match in her.

have moved in society, equal to any to which we are received."

Doubtless Brownie's reply to Mrs. Coolidge would have been:

"Madam, I am a Douglas!" But that lady knew, as the young girl had said, that she was invited to her already her younger daughters were acquiring a fluency of speech and an elegance of manner which delighted her, and she felt that she would do well to part with her cultivated governess for any light consideration.

She knew it would be very difficult to find any one, while there were so many, who would prove so useful in the respect.

A golden pendulum and pen lay within; also an elaborate paper-knife of the same metal; a silver paper-weight of exquisite workmanship and design; a seal of onyx, in which blazed a huge ruy; besides several other things; and all these were marked with the same initials.

Isabel lifted the inner lid, and behold! she caught of ivory, inlaid with pearl, which Miss Mehetabel had given Brownie on that last day of her life, was within.

There were also several packages of letters and papers, but to these she paid no heed.

"I have found them," she cried, and was about to seize the casket, when she caught the sound of a footstep outside the door.

Her heart stood still with fear, and cold chills crept down her back.

She had not dreamed that Miss Douglas would return so soon, for she had heard her tell Alma she would be gone for an hour or more.

She would not be caught in this contemptible act for all the jewels in the queen's crown, and she began to look about for some way to escape.

A hand was laid upon the doorknob, and it was tried again—this time with more force.

Then a voice called:

"Miss Douglas, please, may I come in a moment?"

It was Viola's, and Isabel grew faint with a sense of relief, but she stood silent, scarcely daring to breathe, lest she should be heard, and her sister insist upon coming in.

"I have heard her tell Alma call out: 'Viola, Miss Douglas is not there; she has gone out for a walk.'"

Then the steps moved away, and the guilty girl was obliged to sit down to gather strength, before she could continue her investigations. Cowardice and guilt are inseparable.

She dare not wait long, however, and soon turned her attention to the ebony casket again.

She dare not wait long, however, and soon turned her attention to the ebony casket again.

As she was about turning the key she hesitated, while a feeling of her own meanness stole over her.

"If I didn't mistrust the girl, I wouldn't do this," she apologized to herself. Then she added: "If she is not here, she pretends, of course it is better for us to know it before the girls become contaminated; but if I do not discover anything why, then it is all right."

On her return, she had first removed her jewels and returned them to their casket, then replacing her dress in the trunk, just turned the key, and leaving it in the lock.

Isabel's quick eye soon caught sight of them, and with a cry of pleasure, she darted across the room to secure them, then returned to the desk, and finally succeeded in fitting the right key in its lock.

The desk, in itself, was nothing remarkable, but it had seen long usage, but its contents were rare and lovely.

A golden pendulum and pen lay within; also an elaborate paper-knife of the same metal; a silver paper-weight of exquisite workmanship and design; a seal of onyx, in which blazed a huge ruy; besides several other things; and all these were marked with the same initials.

Isabel lifted the inner lid, and behold! she caught of ivory, inlaid with pearl, which Miss Mehetabel had given Brownie on that last day of her life, was within.

There were also several packages of letters and papers, but to these she paid no heed.

"I have found them," she cried, and was about to seize the casket, when she caught the sound of a footstep outside the door.

Her heart stood still with fear, and cold chills crept down her back.

She had not dreamed that Miss Douglas would return so soon, for she had heard her tell Alma she would be gone for an hour or more.

She would not be caught in this contemptible act for all the jewels in the queen's crown, and she began to look about for some way to escape.

A hand was laid upon the doorknob, and it was tried again—this time with more force.

Then a voice called:

"Miss Douglas, please, may I come in a moment?"

It was Viola's, and Isabel grew faint with a sense of relief, but she stood silent, scarcely daring to breathe, lest she should be heard, and her sister insist upon coming in.

"I have heard her tell Alma call out: 'Viola, Miss Douglas is not there; she has gone out for a walk.'"

Then the steps moved away, and the guilty girl was obliged to sit down to gather strength, before she could continue her investigations. Cowardice and guilt are inseparable.

She dare not wait long, however, and soon turned her attention to the ebony casket again.

As she was about turning the key she hesitated, while a feeling of her own meanness stole over her.

"If I didn't mistrust the girl, I wouldn't do this," she apologized to herself. Then she added: "If she is not here, she pretends, of course it is better for us to know it before the girls become contaminated; but if I do not discover anything why, then it is all right."

With this bit of doubtful sophistry in her mind, she turned the key and lifted the lid.

The sight which greeted her dazzled her, and she did not know where she had first looked upon those treasures.

and haven't the time to wait on you, I've other fish to fry just now."

The boy went home and reported that Mrs. Murphy was too busy to attend to him, and had other fish to fry, etc.

"Go back and take another plate with you and tell Mrs. Murphy you're in no hurry, and mother'd be most obliged to her for a plate of the fried fish."

Seriously III.

A person suffering with pain and heat over the small of the back, with a weak feeling and frequent headaches is seriously ill and should look out for kidney troubles.

Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the kidneys and liver, as well as the stomach and bowels.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY '04 Summer Arrangement '04. On and after MONDAY, June 2nd, the Trains of this Railway will run daily.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY. (Operating 443 miles.) WINTER TIME TABLE. All trains are run on Eastern standard time, which is 36 minutes slower than Saint John actual time.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness.

Burdock Blood Bitters. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, SALT RHEUM, THE STOMACH, HEADACHE, OF THE SKIN, AND every species of disease arising from DISORDERED LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE. Just Received: Warner's Safe Cure. Shaker Blood Syrup. Fellow's Hypophosphites. MALTINE.

INSURANCE AGENCY! Fire, Life and Accident Insurance Companies. THE NORWICH UNION, THE ROYAL CANADIAN, Travellers Life and Accident.

BARAINS! GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. THE BALANCE OF HIS SUMMER STOCK OF CLOTHING, &c.

New Goods! I have just received a specially selected stock of BEAVERS AND MELTONS, in Plush and Fancy Colors.

HATS. HATS. Just received, a good stock of Men's and Boy's Hats, for sale cheap.

JAS. D. FOWLER'S Gold and Silver Watches. CEM RINGS, SICNET RINGS, SCARF PINS.

J. C. RISTEEN & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF DOORS, SASHES, AND BLINDS, FURNITURE.

NEW MUSIC STORE! WE HAVE NOW ON HAND A FINE STOCK OF ORGANS and PIANOS!

FAY CURRANT HEAD CRAPES. FALL and Winter Goods. JAS. R. HOWIE, The Fashionable Tailor and Clothier.

HARVEY'S STUDIO. Is the place to get your PICTURES TAKEN. Nothing but First-Class Work!

GENTLEMEN'S Wedding and Mourning Outfits. OWEN SHARKEY'S. Ladies' Dress Goods.

NEW GOODS OWEN SHARKEY'S. Ladies' Dress Goods. Black Cashmeres and other Spring Goods.

NEUROUS DEBILITY HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS.

MONUMENTAL WORK! Plain and Ornamental MONUMENTS, TABLETS, FENCE STONES & POSTS.

COFFEE! CHASE & SANBORN'S STANDARD JAVA! JAS. G. McNALLY.

WHITTIER & HOOPER, FREDERICTON, N. B.