

Poetry.

BEYOND.

It seems such a little way to me
Across that strange country, the Beyond,
And yet strange—for it has grown to be
The home of those whom I am fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear
As journeying friends bring distant counsels near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear,
I think I see the gleaming strand;
I know I feel that those who've gone from
here
Come near enough to touch my hand.

I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right about us
lies.
I cannot make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey
out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones so long dreamed
about.

I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me,
I know.
I never stand alone a lonesome
The real death seems to some well-loved
face,
But that I think, "One more to welcome me
Between this land and that one over there
One more to make the stage beyond seem
fair."

And so to me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with abated breath,
And white, set face, a little strip of sea;
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More faithful, more precious than before.

Literature.

THE DOUGLAS HEIR.

CHAPTER XIII.

The day of sailing came at last.
A good deal of confusion in getting the
family, with their endless supply of luggage,
from the Coolidge mansion to the
steamer; and in the midst of it all, Wilbur
managed several times to escape the
argus eyes of his watchful mother and
jealous sister, and get a word with Brownie.
He would know if all her trunks and
boxes had been attended to; if she had
forgotten anything, and if she was sure
she had made all needful provision for
herself against sea-sickness, and a number
of other useless questions.

Every hour in her presence only served
to enthrall him more hopelessly. He
never wearied of looking into her bright
face, nor of listening to the sweet tones
of her voice. She wore a sweet spell
about him.

Miss Douglas, however, responded very
quietly, and with some dignity, whenever
he addressed her.
She was observing enough to perceive that
his attentions to her were anything but
acceptable to the Coolidge family, so
without appearing to do so, she avoided
him, and devoted herself to her young
charges, Viola and Alma.

A little incident occurred, just as
they were going aboard the steamer,
which was to influence the young girl's
whole after life.
Brownie was the last to step aboard, ex-
cepting Wilbur, and not paying strict
heed to her steps, she caught her foot in
a coil of rope, stumbled, and would have
fallen had she not been quickly caught
and upheld by a strong arm. The shock
was so severe that, overcome with dizziness,
she lay almost unconscious for a moment
in the arms of her rescuer.

"Has she fainted?" asked Wilbur Coolidge,
in anxious tones, as he sprang for-
ward, too late to render service.
"I think not," replied the young girl;
she will rally in a moment," were the
words which Brownie, on coming to herself,
heard in such deep, rich tones, that she
was conscious of a thrill running
through her whole frame.

She opened her eyes, and found herself
looking up into a face that was strange,
yet familiar. A man, a stranger, yet
met his, and their souls met through that
glance. Then, with a vivid blush of shame
staining her fair cheek, as she realized
she was being looked at in the arms of a
stranger, Brownie gently disengaged her-
self, and tried to stand alone.

"Brownie Douglas!" the stranger murmured,
in wondering surprise, and as if
the words were forced from him by some
previous memory.
As she caught them the color again flew
to her face, and, he seeing her embarrassment,
bent down to say a word.

"I beg your pardon, but my surprise
made me forget myself. Will you take
my arm and allow me to conduct you to
your cabin? I fear you are a trifle
tired." "Thank you," Brownie began,
when Coolidge suddenly interfered.
"I will attend to the lady, sir, thanking
you kindly for your offer, but she has al-
ready rendered her," he said, somewhat
haughtily, and offering Miss Douglas his
own arm.

She took it, and with a grateful little
bow to the stranger gentleman, and one
more rapid glance into his fine eyes, she
allowed Mr. Coolidge to lead her away.
All this had not occupied more than
two minutes, and during those two
minutes three hearts received a shock
from which they never recovered.

"Who was that gentleman, Miss Douglas?" Wilbur Coolidge demanded with a
grave face, when they had left him, and
he was carefully conducting her down the
companionway.
"I do not know; I have never met him
before, and yet—" Brownie's hesitating
reply, while her face wore a puzzled look.

"And yet what?" asked the young man,
tried to speak earnestly, yet with the
vestige of a frown.
"It seems to me as if I have seen his
face at some time, but where, I do not
remember." And the perplexed look
still remained upon his countenance.

"He seemed to know you," he called
"Brownie Douglas," she replied, and
the color flamed again into her cheeks
at the question. She had noticed the
stranger's involuntary utterance of her
name, and had been strangely moved by it.

It used to be when I had dear friends.
She grew sad and pale again at the
memories which came flooding upon
her at the sound of the dear old name.

and its stoppel was curiously formed and
set with pearls.
She prized it, and loved to use it, be-
cause it had been one of the things which
had been used last by Miss Mehetabel.
"Do look, mamma! Wherever did she
get it?" whispered Isabel.
"I'm sure I don't know," said Brownie;
she belonged to a different sphere in
life before she came to us. I only wish
your grandfather had been at the poles
that night she went to the library to be-
guile him with her pretty face," returned
the maternal Coolidge, impatiently.
"Oh, you begin to think she is pretty,
do you?" sneered her dutiful daughter.
"Wilbur would think so, if I do not,"
was the moody reply.

Brownie's quick ears had caught every
word, and she very coolly refused the
glass of ice-water which the young man
in question at that moment brought her.
She then settled herself upon the couch
and closed her eyes, thus intimating her
desire to be left alone.

Upon the deck above them there paced
a young man with bent head and thought-
ful brow.
He was tall and exceedingly well formed,
his broad, full chest and square shoulders
giving him the impression of great
strength and power of endurance.
He looked the English type of every inch,
and a very noble one without.

He had a stately way with him that im-
pressed one at first sight as if he were of
"manner born."
He was not handsome, like Wilbur
Coolidge, but he possessed a face of de-
cision and truth.

He had deep, thoughtful gray eyes, a
good mouth with kindly lines about it,
and an expression of great firmness and
character withal. It was a true, good
face, a face to be trusted under any cir-
cumstances.

"How does she happen to be here, I
wonder?" he muttered, with a far-away
look over the waters. "I know she
left Philadelphia soon after her aunt's
death," he continued, "and though Gor-
don tried hard to find where she had gone,
he could not. She faded out of the fash-
ionable world in which she used to move
as completely and suddenly as a fallen
star drops out of existence. I'm glad now
I did not leave the button with him, as he
wished me to do; no I'll give it to her with
my own hands, and I will keep it forever."

He walked absently to the side of the
steamer, and stood looking into the tur-
bulent waves which she tossed about her
two ladies drew near, and he overheard
the following conversation:
"Mamma, I tell you we shall have trou-
ble with that governess as sure as the
world."

"I hope not," replied the elder lady,
with a troubled look.
"I don't know," said Wilbur, and ears in
love with her already, and it will be just
like her to lead him on for the sake of gain-
ing a good position in the world," and the
young lady's tone was exceedingly dis-
agreeable.

"Well, it cannot be helped now; you
must make yourself so interesting and
agreeable that she will prefer your society
to that of any other person," said the
elder lady, who was very quiet, and does
not appear to be seeking his attentions;
but, as I said before, we cannot help it
now; all we can do is to watch them
closely."

"Never fear but that we can do that
with our sharp eyes; and with you and I
both on the lookout, I reckon we can
keep them from doing anything but what
we wish." "Yes; and if we find any indications
of anything serious upon Wilbur's part, I
will find some excuse for shipping her off
overboard as soon as we have time," said
the young man, who was very quiet, and
does not appear to be seeking his attentions;
but, as I said before, we cannot help it
now; all we can do is to watch them
closely."

"I took it from the pocket of his vest
as he spoke—that beautiful little trifle
of black enamel and gold, with its sparkling
initial in the center, inclosed in its
initial circle.
He turned it over, and read the tiny let-
ters engraved on the back.
"Brownie!" he murmured, "I could not
help speaking her name as I held her
in my arms; and how beautiful she looked
when the lovely color leaped into her
face as she heard his name! Wilbur
put it into his own little hands, I will
explain it all."

He replaced the button in his pocket,
with a sigh, and then turned his attention
to the steamer, as she cast off her moor-
ings and began to move out into the
mighty deep.
The reader has doubtless recognized in
the stranger the person of Adrian Dred-
mond, one of the young men who stood in
the vestibule of the Art Gallery at Phila-
delphia, and who had been the recipient
of such a series of artistic studies as to
his elaborate toilet.

He had come from the old country to
attend the most wonderful exhibition
and was now returning—but more of him
hereafter.

CHAPTER XIII.

DRESSING FOR THE OPERA.

The passage proved to be an exceed-
ingly rough one.
The Coolidge family were all confined
to their state rooms by that much-
dreaded enemy, sea-sickness, excepting
Mr. Coolidge, Wilbur, and Viola.
Upon their return to the hotel, the wants
of the wife and sisters, while Viola de-
bated herself faithfully to Miss Douglas.
Viola Coolidge was at heart a gentle
and kind heart, resembling her brother
somewhat in looks, and possessing his
sunny, good natured temperament.

During her attendance upon Brownie,
she was patient and grateful for every
little service, she became deeply attached
to her, and henceforth the young gover-
ness had a brave little champion in all
her trials and difficulties which beset her
path.

Brownie suffered more than any of the
party, not being able to leave her state
room during all the voyage.
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and kind heart, resembling her brother
somewhat in looks, and possessing his
sunny, good natured temperament.

They lifted her into the carriage, shut
the door, and drove away.
"Brownie Douglas—the name is as
sweet as the looks—she is the daughter
we shall meet again," he murmured, and
with a deep tenderness in his heart for
Adrian Dredmond went his way.
From Liverpool, and the roiled arms
were only half concealed by the fall of
delicate lace from her sleeves.
The dress was cut in train, making
her slight figure look taller, and, with
a proud poise of her head, almost regal.
She wore a finely-wrought chain of
gold about her neck, from which was
suspended the beautiful coral cross, set
with brilliant, which her aunt had
given her at the same time she gave her
the other contents of the casket.

The butterfly hair ornament to match
she had fastened in her glossy hair, and
it sparkled and gleamed with her every
movement.
Her lip had quivered, and the tears
had started to her eyes when she took
them from their velvet bed, for that
last interview with her aunt.

"Auntie," she said, as she softly
touched her lips to them, "you told me
to wear them; I have nothing that will
so well with this dress, and my heart is
half of love for you to-night."
She surely was lovely, as Viola said,
"I'm afraid your mamma will think me
too fine," she said, half regretfully,
and struck by the young girl's words.

"But," she added, this is the simplest
thing I have, unless I wear white, and
your mamma said Alma was to dress
in white."
Miss Douglas, who—what are you?
Viola asked, an expression of perplexity
on her young face.

"My dear, must I repeat my dread-
ful name? I am Mehetabel Douglas,
and a poor governess," Brownie said,
giving a little start.
"I know that of course, but haven't
you been a fine lady at some time in
your life? demanded the young girl, im-
patiently.

That depends altogether upon what
you mean by the term fine lady, Viola.
Why, one who has everything rich
and elegant, and who goes among
fashionable people.
Brownie smiled at this definition of
the term, but she replied, gravely, and a
little sadly:

"My dear, you have been so kind to
me, I will gratify you in this, only
please remember that I do not care to
have it spoken of again. A year ago,
yes, and much less—my prospects in
life were as bright as your own are now.
But death and misfortune took every-
thing from me, and I was obliged to do
something for my own support."

"Did you live in an elegant house,
and have servants, horses, and carriage?"
"Yes."
"Have you always had these things
until now?"
"Yes, dear."

"Then you are every bit as good as
we are, and it's a shame that you are
not treated as an equal," burst from
Viola's lips, indignantly, as she remem-
bered all Isabel's sneers about "the
governess," and her mother's scathing
remarks regarding "that person, Miss
Douglas."

"Hush, Viola!" Brownie said, quietly,
yet again smiling at the child's naive
remonstrance. "Shall I tell you what my
idea of a fine lady is?"
"Yes, do," Viola said, eagerly.

"In the first place, it is to be always
kind and courteous to every one; to
respect one's self, so that one would
never do a mean or cruel act; and never
to triumph over or hold one's self above
others who may be less fortunate in life."

"That's it! that's it! I only wish
mamma and Isabel could hear you.
They think they are fine ladies, but
dear Miss Douglas, I'd rather be one
after your standard, and I will!" and
the impulsive girl threw her arms
around Brownie's neck and kissed her
cheek.

Brownie was afraid she had made a
mistake in speaking thus.
She had not the least thought of cast-
ing any reflections when she spoke.
She thought it wise now to change
the subject, and asked:

"Where did you get such lovely
flowers, dear?"
"I nearly forgot! Wilbur sent them
to you, with his compliments,"
Viola said, apologetically, as she gave
them to her.

Miss Douglas colored a vivid crimson.
She did not like to take gifts from
him, knowing the feelings of Mrs. Coolidge
and Isabel; and, at the same time,
she did not like to wound him by refus-
ing them.
So she compromised the matter by
dividing them.
"They are very beautiful, dear, and it
is very kind of your brother to remem-
ber me. But there are so many of
them, let me fasten this spray in your
hair."

grew suddenly conscious, and blushed
with a sense of her own beauty.
Her hair was drawn away from her
broad, low forehead, and knotted grace-
fully at the back of her small head.
Her beautiful neck gleamed through
the delicate lace, and her roiled arms
were only half concealed by the fall of
delicate lace from her sleeves.
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her slight figure look taller, and, with
a proud poise of her head, almost regal.
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"They are very beautiful, dear, and it
is very kind of your brother to remem-
ber me. But there are so many of
them, let me fasten this spray in your
hair."

"No one need know but that she is a
guest."
"It's fine, isn't it, to have your gover-
ness outshine your own daughter! I do
hope this night's experience will teach
you wisdom," grumbled the envious girl.
(To be continued)

DANGEROUS.—If you have diarrhea
or dysentery check it at once. Use
Minard's Lintiment freely on the bowels,
spread on brown paper and take it in
internally according to directions. It will
cure the worst case in a few hours.

In Germany, tests have been made in
the use of dynamite for pile-driving,
with promising results. An iron plate
five inches thick was placed upon the
top of the pile, and upon it a pound
and a half charge of dynamite was ex-
ploded by electricity. It was driven
into the mud as far as it would have
been by a weight of 3,200 pounds fall-
ing upon it five times from a height of
10 feet.

Seriously Ill.
A person suffering with pain and heat
over the small of the back, with a weak
nervous feeling and frequent headache,
is seriously ill, and should look out for
kidney disease. Burdock Blood Bitters
regulate the kidneys, blood and liver,
as well as the stomach and bowels.

ROYAL
MAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of
strength and whiteness. More economi-
cal than the ordinary kinds, and giving the
best results. It is made of the finest
short weight cotton and purest chemicals.
Sold by all dealers. ROYAL MAKING POWDER CO.,
WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
DYSPEPSIA,
DIZZINESS,
DROPSY,
INDIGESTION,
JAUNDICE,
ERYSIPELAS,
SALT RHEUM,
HAEMORRHOIDS,
HEADACHE,
AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN,
AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN,
AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN.

T. MILBURN & CO., PROPRIETORS,
TORONTO.

WILEY'S
DRUG STORE.

Just Received:
Warner's Safe Cure.
Shaker Blood Syrup,
Fellow's Hypophosphites
MALTINE.

John M. Wiley,
Opp. Normal School.
Oct 15.

That Old, Reliable Bitter of Pain.
Doan's Backache Kidney and Bladder
Bottle. Doan's Backache Kidney and
Bladder Bottle. Doan's Backache Kidney
and Bladder Bottle. Doan's Backache
Kidney and Bladder Bottle. Doan's
Backache Kidney and Bladder Bottle.

Are your kidneys disordered?
"Kidney trouble is the most common of all
diseases, and it is the most dangerous."
Doan's Backache Kidney and Bladder
Bottle. Doan's Backache Kidney and
Bladder Bottle. Doan's Backache Kidney
and Bladder Bottle. Doan's Backache
Kidney and Bladder Bottle. Doan's
Backache Kidney and Bladder Bottle.

Are you nervous weak?
"Nervous weakness is the most common
of all diseases, and it is the most dan-
gerous." Doan's Backache Kidney and
Bladder Bottle. Doan's Backache Kidney
and Bladder Bottle. Doan's Backache
Kidney and Bladder Bottle. Doan's
Backache Kidney and Bladder Bottle.

Are you suffering from Diabetes?
"Diabetes is the most common of all
diseases, and it is the most dangerous."
Doan's Backache Kidney and Bladder
Bottle. Doan's Backache Kidney and
Bladder Bottle. Doan's Backache Kidney
and Bladder Bottle. Doan's Backache
Kidney and Bladder Bottle. Doan's
Backache Kidney and Bladder Bottle.

Are you Rheumatized?
"Rheumatism is the most common of all
diseases, and it is the most dangerous."
Doan's Backache Kidney and Bladder
Bottle. Doan's Backache Kidney and
Bladder Bottle. Doan's Backache Kidney
and Bladder Bottle. Doan's Backache
Kidney and Bladder Bottle. Doan's
Backache Kidney and Bladder Bottle.

Are you suffering from Kidney Disease?
"Kidney disease is the most common of
all diseases, and it is the most dan-
gerous." Doan's Backache Kidney and
Bladder Bottle. Doan's Backache Kidney
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Kidney and Bladder Bottle. Doan's
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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
'84 Summer Arrangement '84
On and after MONDAY, June 2nd,
Trains of this Railway will run daily,
(Sunday excepted) as follows:
Trains will leave St. John.
Day Express, 7.25 a.m.
Accommodation, 11.00 a.m.
Express for Sussex, 4.35 p.m.
Express for Halifax & Quebec, 10.15 p.m.
A Pullman Car runs daily on the 10.15 p.m.
train to Halifax.
Trains will arrive in St. John.
Express from Halifax & Quebec, 5.30 p.m.
Express from Sussex, 8.30 a.m.
Accommodation, 12.45 p.m.
Day Express, 6.45 p.m.
All Trains are run by Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., May 25, 1884.

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.
(COMMENCING OCTOBER 18th, 1884, Trains
run daily as follows.)
St. John Division.

DEPARTURES.
8.10 a.m. From Water Street, St. John—Ex-
press for points West, and for Frederic-
ton, Woodstock, and all points North and
South.
9.30 a.m. From Water Street, St. John—Ex-
press for Fredericton.
9.30 p.m. From Water Street, St. John—Night
Express for points West, and for St. John's,
St. Stephen, Woodstock, and all points
North and South.
10.10 p.m. From Fredericton for St. John.
10.25 a.m. From Fredericton for St. John.
10.40 a.m. From Fredericton for points West,
North and South.
7.20 a.m. From Gibson, for Woodstock and
points north.

ARRIVALS.
6.50 a.m. At St. John—Express Train from
all points West, and for St. John's,
Woodstock, and all points North and South.
10.10 a.m. At St. John, Water Street—Express
from Fredericton.
9.30 p.m. At St. John, Water Street—Express
from points West, and for Fredericton, St.
John's, Woodstock, and all points North
and South.
7.00 p.m. At Fredericton from St. John.
11.30 a.m. At Fredericton from St. John.
5.35 p.m. At Gibson, from Woodstock and
points north.

Trains leaving at St. John from the West
morning and a train leaves for the
West morning.
Through connections are made from Boston
morning and a train leaves for the
West morning.
Connections are made at Vancouver with
trains of the Main Central Railway to and from
all points West of Fredericton, and from
Fredericton, and at Gibson by branch line, for
all points north.

Tickets for sale in Fredericton at New Brun-
swick Railway Ticket Office.
Passengers for points north of Grand Falls
will have to remain over at Grand Falls until
next morning.
E. B. BULLER,
N. T. GREATHAM, Gen'l Manager,
St. John, N. B., October 18, 1884.

NEW
INSURANCE AGENCY!
Fire, Life and Accident Insur-
ance Companies.

THE NORWICH UNION,
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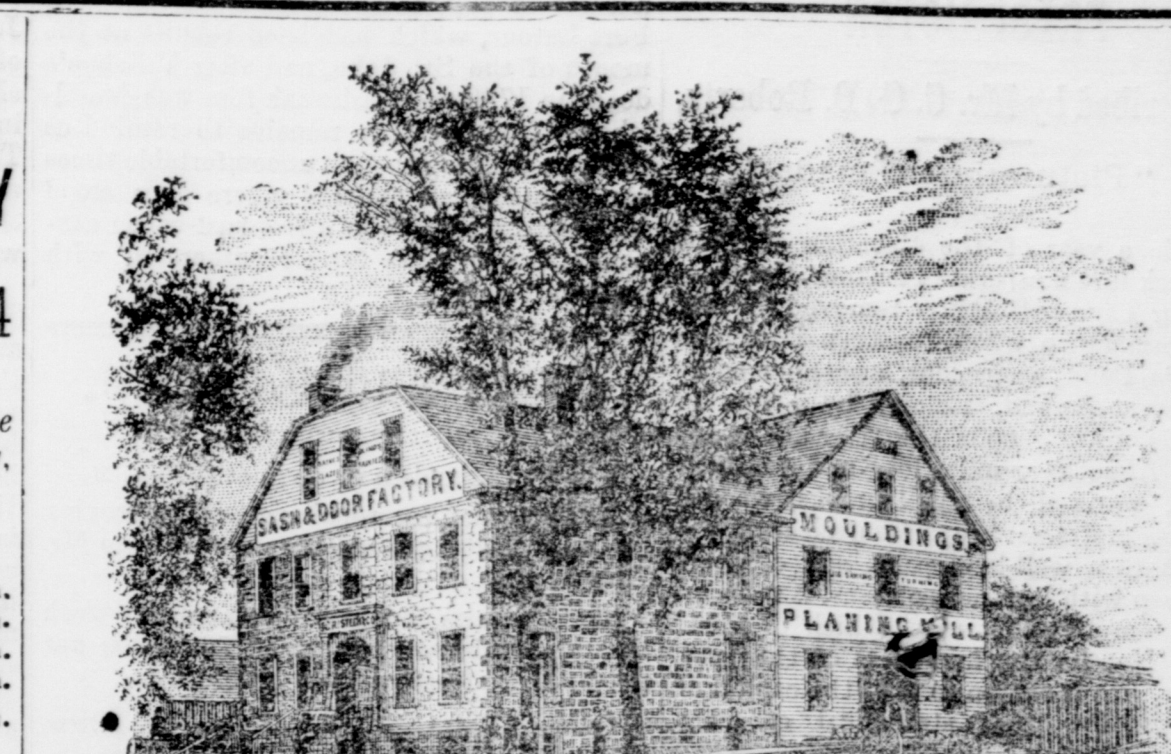
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