Literature.

THE DOUGLAS HEIR.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TAKEN BY STORM.

Adrian had been obliged to exert the sternest self control in order to keep back the wild words which were burning upon his lips fer utterance after saving Brownie.

He loved her, he knew he loved her, and he longed to pour out the fullness of his heart to her.

But how could he presume to do so, when she was comparatively a stranger to him?

Only twice before had he met her, and he reasoned that it could not be possible that she had any thonght of love for him, although he had worshiped her from afar for the last six months.

He felt that he must tell her ere long. He had almost betrayed it to night, and the hot blood surged into his face as he thought of it, and he wondered how she regarded him.

Would she not feel that he was presuming upon the service which he had just rendered her if he should confess it? And yet, in his heart, he exulted over the event, even while he trembled and grew faint as he realized how near he had come to losing her forever.

The danger and the escape from it had brought them nearer to each other than ever before. She had trusted him, leaned upon him, and even allowed his arm to clasp her unshrinkingly when she could not stand alone.

And now she was under the same roof with him, and would remain several days, she said.

It seemed too much happiness, after all his discouragements and disappointments in seeking her.

Of course he would not return to London now; of what use would it be, when the object of his search there was found? No, he would stay here and win her if he could, and when she was his wife, how proud he would be to introduce her to Isabel Coolidge and her mother as the future Lady of Dunforth.

And Brownie. Who shall describe the tumult that was in her heart, as she sought Lady Ruxley's apartments?

She could not misinterpret Adrian's manner toward her. Had not he almost called her darling? Had not his every tone and look been fraught with that magnetic influence which could not be mistaken?

Did not his horror, when he had found it was she who had been in such peril, bespeak a deeper interest than that of a mere friend?

Ah, yes! and her hands burned with his passionate kisses even now.

How precious—how doubly precious the boon of life would seem to her hereafte, since it had been bestowed upon her by him.

She entered Lady Ruxley's room to bid her "good night," and see if the maid had done everything to make her comfortable; and the old woman marveled at the wondrous beauty which had suddenly crept into her heretofore sad companion's face.

The soft cheeks were flushed with a lovely color, her eyes sparkled with the light of a new dawn in her life, while her scarlet lips were just parted in a tremulous, happy smile, which she had never seen there before.

"You have been out," she said bluntly, though kindly, and eying her keenly.

She never spoke to her gentle companion sharply, as she did to the other members of the family.

"Yes, your ladyship; it was so lovely that I could not stay within, and I knew you would not need me."

"No, the air has done you good, and there is much of beauty around Dunforth Castle. Go as often as you like, if you will only bring me back such a bright face every time." And again those sharp eyes searched the beautiful countenance.

Brownie colored vividly as she turned away, and a little bird was singing merrily in her heart, and

"As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute!"

The dinner-party had not been very satisfactory either to Lady Randal or Isabel. Both felt exceedingly uncomfortable all the evening.

The one on account of the wrongs done in the past, memories of which had been so suddenly and rudely aroused, the other, conscious of a wicked sin persisted in, and ever fearful lest it should become known to others and ruin her prospects in life.

Isabel heaved a sigh of thankfulness when at length she was safe in her own room again, the beautiful blue velvet dress laid aside, and the stolen jewels shut out of sight.

"What a horrid creature that old woman, Lady Ruxley, is," she said, in tones of disgust, to her mother.

"Don't for the world breathe it outside these walls, or it will be the worse for you Isabel. I can see that she distrusts you now, and if you offend her, she will cut Sir Charles off with a shilling," Mrs. Coolidge returned in alarm.

"Never fear, mamma, I'll play the game out to the end now. But were you not surprised to discover that Sir Charles and Mr. Dredmond are relatives?"

"Yes, indeed, and not very well pleased, either I had no idea that Lord Dunforth was his grandfather. It is evident that he knows more about that miserable affair with Miss Douglas than is at all desirable. I am afraid Wilbur let it out to him, he was so angry, and they have been so intimate since. I hope, though, he will hold his tongue, and not tell Sir Charles. I'd give a good deal to know where the girl is now," said Mrs. Coolidge somewhat anxiously.

* * * * * * *

"I will know my fate this day," said Adrian, the next morning, as he arose from his almost sleepless couch and descended to the breakfast parlor.

For the past six months Brownie had been so continually in his thoughts that she had grown to seem almost a part of himself, and now it seemed to him as if, in the great horror of the night previous, when they had stood so near to death, and together had caught a glimpse, so to speak, of the darkness and gloom of mysterious eternity, it seemed, I say, as if they had tacitly acknowledged and felt that they belonged to each other.

"How now," said his grandfather, as he entered the room; "must you be off today? I was hoping that you would spend several weeks with us."

"I'm sure I cannot see what there is so important to call you back to London," put in Lady Dunforth, reproachfully.

"Do you take it so much to heart? Well, then, suppose I compromise the matter, and say that I will remain a few days," Adrian replied, laughingly, though he colored a conscious crimson as he altered his plans.

His lordship gave him a searching glance, as if he did not exactly understand this change; he had been so positive last night about returning.

Lady Dunforth, however, was delighted, and other guests entering at that moment she imparted the good news, and then all sat down to breakfast.

Adrian was on the watch all day for Brownie, but late hours did not agree with Lady Ruxley, and she did not rise until very late. Then being in rather a more exacting mood than usual, she kept her companion in constant attendance upon her all day.

It was not until late in the afternoon that Brownie was free to take a stroll by herself; then, her ladyship having fallen into a dose, she donned her hat and shawl and stole out.

She had a strange desire to visit again the spot where she had so nearly lost her life, and view by daylight the havoc which had been wrought.

She felt that the sweetest, and yet the most dreadful associations, would ever be connected with the place.

Walking rapidly, she soon gained the top of the hill, and turning from the narrow path, she ere long stood upon the precipice where the great shelf of earth had crumbled away.

She could see where the old crack had been, and where the earth had newly broken away; and as she looked down into the abyss below, where the trees, rocks, and earth were fast being swallowed up and borne away by the fierce action of the waters, cold chills crept over her whole frame, while she silently lifted her heart in thankfulness to Him who had sent that brave deliverer to her rescue. Strange that he should be here! Strange that he should have saved me a second time," she murmured to herself, and the rosy color flashed over her beautiful face, as she recalled that scene upon the boat in connection with the events of the night previous.

She could not forget the clinging clasp of his arms; she could not forget his upturned, anxious face, as he dropped upon his knees, nor the burning, passionate kisses which he had pressed upon her hands; the horror in his voice when he realized that it was she who had been in such danger; the intense thankfulness which quivered in his tones at her deliverance, and the pathos with which he had said it would have been better for them both to have perished beneath that falling mass than that he had not come to save her

He had told her, too, of his long and anxious search for her in London; and now she lived over again, every moment, and recalled it all, with that beautiful color deepening upon her cheek, and those lovely eyes glowing with a deep tenderness and joy.

She knew it could only be accounted for in one way; he loved her. Her whole being thrilled with the thought.

A strange, rapturous joy surged through her heart, for she knew, despite the difference in their position—for she had heard that he would one day inherit a title, although she had no idea that he was connected with Lord Dunforth—that it was an honorable and deathless love which he bore her.

She would as soon have doubted her own purity as his manliness and truth. And she? Did she love him in return?

Before she had time to analyze her own fellings, she became conscious of a presence near her, though she had heard no step, and looking up, she beheld the object of her thoughts at her side, regarding her with grave, earnest eyes.

"Are you fascinated by the horror of this place, Miss Douglas?" Adrian asked, holding out his hand to her.

"I came to see by daylight from what I had been saved," she replied, coloring vividly as she laid her own within it.

"It is even more dreadful than it seemed in the night," he said, shuddering, as he looked below and took in the dizzy depth, while his clasp grew stronger over the little hand, as if he feared to let it go

"This place," he resumed after a moment, "has been regarded with dread for years. I can remember when I was a little boy of seeing the smallest crack in the earth here, and I was told never to step near it. Every year, as the trees and shrubs growing upon it have become larger, the seam has widened and deepened, until the crash has been expected for a long time. I suppose our extra weight upon it last night was all that was needed to complete the dreadful work I am glad, though, that it is over with, for every body has been in suspense about it for so long; but—but do you know, darling, that if it had buried you beneath its cruel weight that the world would have been a blank to me to-day?"

He paused a moment, just glancing at her, his face growing pale and anxious with his emotion; then he went on, rapidly:

"You know now, dear, what I want to say to you. I love you—I love you, my darling, and I want you for my own, my cherished wife.

"I fear you will think me presuming," he hastened to say, as he saw the rich color flash over cheek, neck, and even to the tips of her delicate fingers, "for you have only met me two or three times; but you cannot know how, for the last six months, I have sought you continually, this love growing in my heart all the while.

"Yes," he added, as she gave a slight start of surprise, "I met you first last September, though you were not conscious of the fact, and I meant then to make your acquaintance. But your aunt died, and you went away somewhere, and I deeply disappointed, lost sight of you entirely. You can judge of my surprise and pleasure when you came aboard the steamer at New York, although you cannot judge of my feelings when you stumbled, and I caught and held you, just a moment, in my arms. I had been thinking of you continually since; your bright face dwelt in my heart like a picture, but at that moment I became conscious that you, and you alone, could make life worth the living to me.

"I resolved then that I would know you before the voyage was finished; but you were sick all the time, and I only caught glimpses of you when they bore you from your state-room to the coach. Then I saw you in London at the opera, and the long-desired introduction took place. I resolved to cultivate the acquaintance, and called at Mr. Coolidge's the day you—you went away."

Adrian hesitated as he said this: he could not forget the dreadful things Isabel had told him, although he knew they were every word untrue.

And she, in the midst of her confusion at his avowal, could not repress a smile at the thought of his calling upon her at the Coolidge's, and wondered how the fact had been received by the haughty Isabel.

"They told me you had gone," he resumed, "though they could not or would not tell where. Afterward young Coolidge said that I would find you at the Washington. I haunted the hotel for a week, and I have searched the city over and over for you since. But, dearest," he said, clasping the little hand closer, "I have found you now, and can you give me the one precious boon I crave—your priceless love?"

He bent eagerly toward her, his noble, handsome face flushed and hopeful, for her attitude was one of sweet and modest confusion, and she had not even sought to withdraw the hand he was holding.

Will you, Brownie? he pleaded softly.

She flashed one quick look at him from her beautiful eyes as he called her that, and he saw in her clear depths all that he wished or hoped.

She loved him. Her soul answered to his, and clasping her close to his heart, he murmured:

"You are mine darling—I have won you by the mighty power of my silent, magnetic love, and you will be my wife?"

She lifted her head, which had been resting against his bosom, quickly at these last words, and said, with drooping lashes and quivering lips:

"Mr. Dredmond, you have taken me by storm."

"Yes, and I mean to hold you," he interrupted, gayly, as he noticed her excessive embarrassment; then added, more earnestly: "Brownie, do you, can you love me?"

She smiled faintly at his first words, then with modest frankness gave him the honest answer which she knew was his due.

"If I am truthful, I must confess that my heart does respond to yours; but knowing so little of you, I should have deemed it unmaidenly to have confessed it, even to myself."

"But you do confess it now—you do love me?" he interrupted again eagerly, and impatient for a more definite reply.

"Yes," she whispered.

"And you will be my wife?" he asked, as his lips met hers.

"Yes, God willing," in tones of solemn sweetness.

"Darling, God has given you to me; I acknowledge the giver as I take the gift. From the first moment when I met you in the Art Gallery in Philadelphia until now this mighty love has been growing within me."

"In the Art Gallery?" questioned Brownie, with a puzzled look.

"Yes, when your friend, Miss Huntington, met with such a series of accidents."

"Oh, was that you with Mr. Gordon?" she demanded, her face dimpling at the remembrrnce, and she eagerly searched his face. "I remember now; it has haunted me like a strange dream ever since I met you on the boat, where I had seen you before. Now it all came back to me," she said.

"I found something that day which belongs to you, but not in season to return it to you then," Adrian said.

He took from his pocket as he spoke the elegant sleeve-button, which he had always carried with him since.

Brownie exclaimed, joyously, as she saw it:

"Oh, how glad I am to get it—I never thought to see it again; and you have had it all this time?"

"Yes, darling—my Brownie—how I have longed to say it—and I vowed then that I would only yield it up into your own little hands."

"It belonged to auntie once," she explained, "and there are associations connected wito it which make it very dear to me."

"And now come to yonder rock and sit down. I want to know all that has happened to you since you left the Coolidges, there has been some mystery connected with it which I could never understand," Adrian said, leading her to a sheltered sea, and sitting down beside her.

And Brownie, feeling that she was no longer alone, but that instead she had a host in him to battle for her, poured forth all the story of her wrongs about the jewels, and the abuse and insult which she had received from Isabel ahd her mother.

That story, however, we must leave for another chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

RETROSPECTIVE,

The reader has doubtless surmised before this, that it was Brownie's voice that had so startled Isabel Coolidge, and that it was she whom she had seen assisting Lady Ruxley into the house, as she and her lover passed the villa on their way back to Vallingham Hall.

Isabel had asked Lady Randal, on her return, what the name of Lady Ruxley's companion was: but upon being told that it was Mabel Dundas, her fears were quieted, and she thought no more of the matter at that time.

We must now go back to that day when Brownie, in her despair and desolation, bade farewell to Wilbur and drove away from the Coolidge mansion.

It was her intention to go directly to the Washington, and there await, for a few days at last, whatever destiny might send her. But this plan was overruled in a way she had not thought of.

The man who drove the cab was more than half intoxicated, although he had managed to conceal the fact from Wilbur, who, had he not been so bound up in his own misery, and filled with indigation against his mother, would have noticed it immediately.

As it was, the poor girl rode away, all unconscious of approaching danger, and of the suffering and bright through which she was about to pass.

The man drove very carelessly, and upon suddenly and heedlessly turning a corner, he ran into a heavily-loaded team before he could check the speed of his horse. More by hit than by any good wit, he turned them quickly aside, and the cab was almost miraculously disengaged from the other vehicle; but the animals had now become unmanageable from excessive fright. They gave a sudden leap into the air, then bounden forward in a mad and furious race.

The cabby was thrown from his seat into the gutter, and in turning another corner the carriage was upset. Now, wholly beside themselves, the horses kicked themselves free from the debris, and plunged out of sight, leaving poor Brownie in a state of insensibility, buried beneath the ruins.

The accident happened in a quiet aristocratic street of ahe city, consequently there were few to witness it, and the young girl escaped the gaze of the crowd which always gather about any such event in the more frequented portions.

The massive door of a grond house soon swung open, and an old lady of over eighty, very peculiar in appearance (for she was bent nearly double, and walked with a cane,) appeared, attended by the gray-haired butler of the heuse.

"Go and bring her in instantly, James," she was saying, when another woman came forward and seemed to protest against the order in a very emphatic manner.

"I tell you it's inhuman to let her lie there, to be carried off to some hospital by the police," cried the old woman in shrill, almost angry, tones.

"But, aunt, the house is full now; and if she is badly injured it will not do to move her from here after she has been once attended to."

"I don't care if there are five hundred in the house; that girl shall not be left there to be carried off by the police, I tell you. James, go bring her this instant! Get some one to help you, and take her up to my bedroom."

"But, aunt——"

"Hold your tongue, Helen. You were always hard-hearted as adamant. Go along, I say!" And she flourished her cane about the grave butler's ears in a way to make him move more quickly to execute her orders than was his wont.

He beckoned to two under servants, and together they proceeded to the overturned carriage, where Brownie could be seen lying prone against the window, her white face upturned and motionless.

They extricated her, and bore her into an upper room, where, in the presence of the brusque and energetic old woman, she was kindly ministered unto, while awaiting the arrival of the family physician.

It was a long time before she came to herself, and then only to relapse into repeated faintings, which alarmed them greatly.

The physician, after a thorough examination, could discover no serious injuries, excepting that her left arm was broken below the elbow. She had also several severe bruises, and the physician feared there might be some internal injuries which caused the faintings.

He set the bones, and did what he could for her, and then waited for time to do the rest.

For three days she continued very ill, being feverish and somewhat delirious, but after that she began to mend radidly, and the doctor concluded that there were no internal injuries, and that the fainting had been caused by the fright and general shock to the system, and said if inflammation did not set into her arm she would now do nicely.

At the end of a week she was able to sit up, and began to wonder where she was, and what would happen to her next.

Evidently she could not have fallen into better hands, for she was surrounded by every luxury imaginable, and upon questioning the servant who attended her, she was told that she was in the house of Lady Randal.

She wondered why her ladyship did not come in to see her, and then sighed to think that she was only a poor, friendless waif, who had been picked out of the streets and ministered unto for charity's sake.

But one day upon awaking from a long and refreshing sleep, she found the queerest looking old lady bending over her and scrutinizing her closely. She was nearly bent double, and held a cane in her hand. She uttered a low grunt as Brownie opened her large brown eyes, giving her a surprised look, and then asked, in a sharp, though not unkindly, tone:

"Who are you? What's your name?"

"My name is Douglas," replied Brownie quietly, her pale face flushing slightly at the blunt question.

"Eh? What? Oh! Dundas," returned the deformed creature, twisting her neck to get a better view of the delicate face. She was evidently hard of hearing, and did not catch the name correctly; but she continued:

"And what's your other name?"

"Mehetabel," the young girl said, with her usual quiet smile whenever she pronounced the obnoxious cognomen.

"Ah! Mabel," replied the old woman, only seeing the motion of her lips, and catching the last syllables. Mabel Dundas! That is a good sounding name Now, how old are you?"

Brownie was upon the point of correcting the mistake regarding her name, when she checked herself.

"What matters it," she bre[illegible]ed, with a sad sigh, "whether I am [illegible]hetabel Douglas or Mabel Dundas? It will be all the same to her, and perhaps help to shield me from my enemies."

"I am nearly nineteen," she replied to the question

"What? I'm not always so hard of hearing, but I've got a cold to-day. How old did you say you are?"

"Nearly nineteen," Brownie repeated, speaking louder.

"Do you suffer much?"

"Not very much."

"Where are your friends?"

"I have none,"; and the sad, sweet eyes filled with tears.

"Humph! that's bad for a pretty face like yours. What do you do for a living?"

"Teach."

"Teach what?"

Almost anything, excepting the higher classics.

"Ah, indeed! and only nineteen. Perhaps you are one of those reduced gentlewomen, who go out governessing, and pretend to know everything!" snapped the old woman, with a sneer.

Probably she had been taken in sometime during her life by some such person as she described, which accounted for her scorn.

"No, madam: I pretend to nothing. I have a good education, therefore teach for a living, and am only a poor girl without home or friends."

Brownie's cheaks were very red now, but her dignity would have done credit to the highest lady in the land.

The strange woman chuckled audibly, nodded her head two or three times, as if much amused, and then went on with her catechising:

"Do you read French?"

"Yes, madam," replied the young girl, inwardly resenting the woman's brusque manner, yet feeling bound to reverence her gray head,

"And German?"

"Yes, madam."

"Can you play the piano, and sing?"

"I can."

"Have you an engagement now?"

"No, madam."

"Are you desirous of obtaining a situation?"

"I am."

"Can you produce the best of references?" This question was also accompanied by a sneer.

"I cannot, madam. I have only my qualifications and my own word to recommend me," Brownie answered, with a good deal of spirit.

Again the old woman chuckled, and distorted her neck to look at her, in a way which made Brownie fear she would not have assumed this manner toward her. She was very richly dressed, too, and despite her deformity, had the appearance of nobility about her.

Brownie tried to hide her indignation at being so persistently questioned, for she had been kindly treated, having received every care and kindness, although as yet she was unconscious how much of it was due her present tormentor.

"I taught in an American family," she at last replied.

"Ah! Came over with them, didn't you? And you are an American, too, aren't you?" she asked, with a searching look.

Brownie nodded her head wearily; she was becoming very nervous.

"What was the name of the family, and what did they dismiss you for?"

This was going a little to far, and assuming to much,

"Pardon me, madam," Brownie answered, with proud dignity. "I do not understand your motive in interrogating me thus, and prefer not to reply to any more questions. I will simply say, however, that I was not dismissed from my position, but being unkindly treated, I came away of my own accord."

"Good! good! I like that! Nobody can set their heel upon your neck! You are not fond of the inquisition either, nor afraid to say so. You've got pluck, and I like it; but I'm an old woman, and always have my own way wherever I am. I'll go now, though, for you look tired; but I shall come to see you again." And the strange character, after twisting her neck to get another view of Brownie's fair face, hobbled from the room, striking her cane upon the floor with a vigorous thump at every step, and nodding her head and muttering to herself all the way out.

Brownie fell to weeping passionately as soon as she was gone. Her sharp, blunt questions had brought back so forcibly the stern realities of life, and she felt so frendless and forlorn, not knowing which way to turn next.

But she felt better after the shower, and began to lay plans for the future.

The next day she was awakened from her nap the same as on the previous day, and was greeted by the same low grunt as she opened her eyes.

She had no idea how long the woman had been gazing at her, nor how she had entered the room, for she had heard neither the opening or shutting of a door, nor the the thumping of that cane across the floor.

She held in her left hand to-day a delicate vase of fretted silver, in which there was a single stock of hyacinths, with a few sprays of feathery heath.

"Better to-day?" she questioned, briefly.

Brownie smiled a lttle, as she answered in the affirmative. She saw that the keen grey eyes had a softer, kindlier gleam in them than they had yesterday.

"Arm pain you much?"

"No, madam, thank you; it is very comfortable to-day."

"Do you like flowers?" and she held out the vase to her.

Brownie sat up, he lovely face flushing all over with delight, and put her hand out to receive it.

"Your are very kind. They seem like a ray of sunshine after a cold and dismal storm," she said, bending over them to inhale their fragrance.

"Humph! it takes mighty little to make some people chipper," the old woman returned, bluntly; yet there was a note of satisfaction in her shrill voice, as if Brownie's appreciation pleased her.

Then she asked:

"Are you getting stronger? Are you able to able about the room?"

"Oh, yes; I am quite strong to-day, and have been thinking I must go away soon."

"What for? Aren't you comfortable?" and the old lady spoke more sharply than usual.

"Yes, indeed; too comfortable, I'm afraid. But them I am depending on strangers, and I ought to be looking out for myself," Brownie said, her cheeks crimsoning with embarrassment.

"What could you do with your arm in a sling, I should like to know?" her visitor said, contemptuourly.

"That would not hinder my teaching, and I ought to be at work."

"Ahem! you'd like me to think you are one of the industrious kind, would not you?" the old woman said, grimly.

Evidently she did not like anything which seemed like self-praise,

"Oh, no," Brownie answered, with a mischievous smile; "I assure you I do not love drudgery a bit better than other people; but when one has not a penny excepting what one earns, it is necessary to bestir one's self.

She began to understand this strange, antiquated being, and to see that beneath her rough, blunt exterior, there lay a kindly although somewhat eccentric nature.

The little vase of hyacinths and heath had revealed a great deal; it was a delicate attention, which only a kind heart would have prompted.

Again she chuckled, bobbed her head, and peered into the young, sweet face, which had grown so much brighter since she came in this time.

"Well, if you want to work, and can walk a few steps come with me. I'll take you at your word, and set you at a task right away."

Much amused, and wondering what was coming next, Brownie arose with alacrity, for she had grown weary of being shut up in one room, and longed for a change.

The old woman led the way half across the room, then stopping short and turning suddenly around she said:

"Perhaps you'd like to know who I am, since I've managed to find out so much about you and your affcirs. I'm Lady Ruxley, and I'm aunt to Lady Randal, in whose house you are, She's a hard-hearted creature—Helen is, but sha can't come it over me; no, no, not until I lose more of my wits than I have yet," she concluded, with a triumphant chuckle.

Lady Ruxley! Lady Ruxley! Where had she heard that named before? Brownie wondered.

It sounded familiar, and her thoughts went leaping back into the past.

Then all at once it came to her with a force which made her feel faint and sick, and she caught her breath with almost a sob.

Lady Ruxley was that woman at whose ball in London, more than forty years ago, that tragedy in her aunt's life had occured, and Lady Randal was without a doubt, the hard-hearted Helen, and that same Helen Capel whose cruel plotting and intrigue had ruined the life of Miss Mehetabel Douglas.

And she had been receiving, and was still receiving, such heavy obligations from the hand of that wicked womrn!

(To be continued)

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They Kissed Him.

W. H. Gillette, who appears in "The Secretary" at Library Hill next week, tells a funny story about himself, in which he explains why he knew he would take in his new part. It should be understood that "The Secretary" is the story of the tutor's trials. "I knew the play would suit me," said Mr. Gillette, in speaking of it, "for I had been a private tutor myself once and got into just such a scrape. It was in 1876, right after I graduated from Harvard. I was employed in Philadelphia to act as a tutor to a gentleman's son in New York. When I got there the first persons I met in the house was a couple of handsome young girls. They had been expecting a cousin and at once mistook me for the gentleman. They fell upon my neck and gave me the warmest kind of a greeting. Talk about kissing. I got kisses red-hot from the mill. The old story about a cow pulling her hoof out of the mud was nowhere. They kised me forty times if they kissed me once, and then gave me a chance to explain. When they discovered that I wasn't their cousin they collapsed. I told them not to blush, that kissing wasn't injurious to my health, and if they were not hurt I felt all right. I explained that I had been shaved that morning and my beard couldn't have scraped them. It was funny, but kind of embarrassing to the girls. I became tutor to the family, however, and myself and the girls seldom afterwards spoke. I have often felt sorry that I wasn't born a coachman. The incidents in the 'The Secretary' are somewhat like this, only funnier, and that is why I took such a liking to the play."—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

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"Kidney Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Devereaux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live." Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. *Christian Monitor* Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood." Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief." Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Diseases after I prayed to die." Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?
"Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed." C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Is worth $10 a box." Saml Hodges, Williamstown, Jack Vt.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 15 years use of other medicines." Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice." Dr. H. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken." Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort *permanently cured* me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me." Geo. H. Horst, Cashier N. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years." Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it." Mrs. H. Lemoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

KIDNEY-WORT
THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

NOVEMBER, 5, 1884.

FEED, FEED.

Just Received at

W. E. MILLER & CO.'S,
SHORTS,
BRAN AND OATS,
Extra No. 1
GREENHEAD LIME.

W. E. MILLER & CO'S.
Feed and Seed House, opposite People's Bank, Queen St.
Fredericton, Nov. 5

WARREN LELAND,

whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the

Largest Hotel Enterprises

of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

Some years ago one of Mr. LELAND'S farm laborers bruised his leg. Owing to the bad state of his blood, an ugly scrofulous swelling or lump appeared on the injured limb. Horrible itching of the skin, with burning and darting pains through the lump, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running ulcers formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND'S direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which allayed the pain and irritation, healed the sores, removed the swelling, and completely restored the limb to use.

Mr. LELAND has personally used

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

for Rheumatism, with entire success, and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of **Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Sores, Eruptions, and all the various forms of blood diseases.**

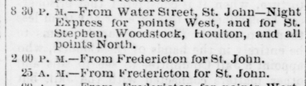
We have Mr. LELAND'S permission to invite all who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to see him personally either at his mammoth Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 27th and 28th Streets, New York.

Mr. LELAND'S extensive knowledge of the good done by this **unequalled eradicator of blood poisons** enables him to give inquirers much valuable information.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'84 Winter Arrangement '85

On and after MONDAY, December 1st, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will Leave St. John.

Day Express	7.30 a. m.
Accommodation	11.20 a. m.
Express for Sussex	4.35 p. m.
Quebec Express	7.20 p. m.

ON TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, a Pullman Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will arrive in St. John.

Express from Quebec	7.00 a. m.
Express from Sussex	8.35 a. m.
Accommodation	1.30 p. m.
Day Express	7.20 p. m.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE.
Moncton, N. B., Nov. 27, 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 as follows:

St. John Division.

DEPARTURES.

8 10 A. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Express for points West, and for Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and all points North and South.

3 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.

2 00 P. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.

25 A. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.

00 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 from St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North

10 10 A. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from Fredericton.

5 10 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.

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

7 00 P. M., at Fredericton from St. John.

11 50 A. M., at Fredericton from St. John.

5 35 P. M., at Gibson, from Woodstock and points north.

Pullman Sleeping Cars on Night Trains, and Drawing 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.

Passengers for points north of Grand Falls will have to remain over at Grand Falls until next morning.

E. R. BURPEE,
Gen'l Manager.

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

St. John, N. B., October 18, 1884

'84 FALL & WINTER '85

New Goods!

I have just received a specially selected stock of

BEAVERS AND MELTONS,

In Plain and Fancy Colors.

Pilots, Black and Fancy Naps
Scotch Suitings,
Coatings, West-of-England Trouserings.

And a Fine Selection of

Canadian TWEEDS.

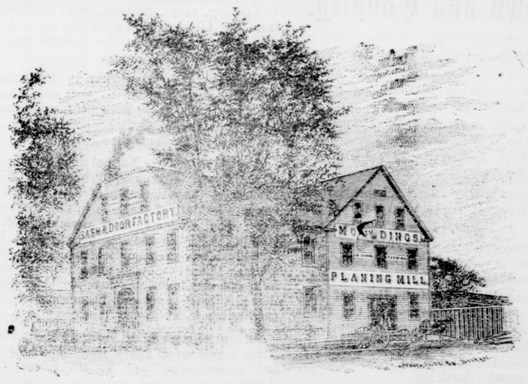
WM. JENNINGS,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley.
Fton, Aug. 13, 1884

Elegant New Lamps.

I HAVE just received a fine assortment of **New Library Lamps**, some of them ornamented with Decorated Shades and Cut Glass Prisms. Fourteen different styles, suitable for Parlor, Hall or Dining Room. Prices moderate.

JAS. G. McNALLY.

November 12, 1884



J. C. R[illegible]HEN & CO.,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
DOORS, SASHES, AND BLINDS,
—ALSO—
FURNITURE.

Moulding, [illegible]ig Sawing, Planing and Turning done to order.
Dressed Clapboards, Flooring and Sheathing constantly on hand
Corner Queen and Smythe Streets, Fredericton, N. B.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

Guarantoed Capital, - - - - - - - $1,000,000
Head Office, Toronto.

A HOME COMPANY.

PRESIDENT—SIR W. P. HOWLAND, C. B., K. C. M. G.
VICE PRESIDENTS—HON. WM. McMASTER, WM. ELLIOTT, ESQ
MANAGING DIRECTOR—J. K. MACDONALD.

This Association merits the confidence that the public is reposing in it, from the following facts:—

The Security offered to policy holders is unsurpassed by any Company doing business in the Dominion. Its progress has been unexampled in the history of Insurance in Canada.

Its Policies are indisputable after three years, and non-forfeitable after two years. The Cash Profit results paid to policy-holders have not been equalled by any Company in Canada.

The following are examples of actual Reduction of Premiums by application of profits:—

Robert Taylor, Halifax, insured for $10,000 in 1872, premuim $317,70; in 1882, $160.10.
John Willis, Halifax, insured for $1,000 in 1871, premuim $1.77; in 1882, $14.20.
John S. McLean, Halifax, insured for $4,000 in 1872, premuim $137.76; in 1882 $70.06.
Mayor Jones, St. John, insured for $5,000 in 1871, premium $172.20; in 1882, $77.20.

The fullest information will be given on application.

J. W. FITZPATRICK, General Agent.
H. C. WINTER, Agent, Fredericton

FAY'S CURRANT GRAPES
HEAD-QUARTERS.
BEST STOCK IN THE WORLD
SMALL FRUITS AND TREES. LOW TO DEALERS AND PLANTERS. EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS. FREE CATALOGUES. GEO. S. JOSELYN, FREDONIA, N. Y.

CARRIAGE and SLEIGH
FACTORY!
King St., - - Fredericton, N. B.
R. COLWELL, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS
SLEIGHS and P[illegible]
Built to order in the latest and most durable styles.
MATERIAL and WORKMANSHIP of the BEST
PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO
Painting, Trimming and Repairing Carriages, etc
ON HAND:
FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE
A LARGE LOT OF
IVERS,
PIANO BOX,
T