Poetry.

It is What You Make It.

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whateve the weather may be—
It's plaze, if ye will, an' I'll say me say—
Supposin' to day was the wintriest day,
Wnd the weather be changin' because ye cried,
Or the snow be grass were ye crucified?
The best is to make your own summer," says he,
"Whatsoever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatsoever the weather may be."

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing an' the smiles ye wear,
That's a makin' the sun shine everywhere:
An' the world of gloom is a world of glee,
Wid the bird in the bush an' the bud in the tree,
Whatever the weather may be" says he—
"Whatevar the weather may be."

"Whatever the weather may be," saye he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
Ye can bring the swring, wid its green an' gold,
An' the grass in the grove where the snow lies cold,
An' ye'l warm your back with a smilin' face,
As ye sit at your heart like an old fireplace,
Whatever the weather may be,' says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!"

Literature.

THE DOUGLAS HEIR.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE IMPENDING STORM.

For a week longer calls and invitations poured in upon the newly-wedded couple, and it seemed almost impossible to tear themselves away from London.

But at the expiration of that time Adrian thought they ought not to delay their visit to Vallingham Hall any longer, lest the marriage of Sir Charles should take place, and they be off upon the Continent before they could secure Brownie's jewels.

Besides, he had it in his power to save his friend from a life time of misery, and he felt that he would be doing him a grievous wrong did he not warn him of the precipice upon which he was standing. Neither did he think it would be right to allow him to go away without acquainting him of the fact that he had a brother living, for of course that circumstance alone would make a great difference in his future prospects, and he ought to know of it before the settlements were completed.

Accordingly, on the Monday preceding the wedding, which was to occur upon Wednesday, the 10th of June, they went down to West Malling, intending after their errand was accomplished to make Lady Ruxley their promised visit, and then repair to Dunforth Castle for a while.

Lord Dunforth had stipulated that he was to be one of the party whenever they went to Vallingham Hall, consequently they stopped and took him up on their way.

"You will need me," he had said, "to help prove your property; and since I purchased some of the jewels myself, and have seen them all, I can identify them in case they should attempt to contest your right. Besides, we may as well finish the whole business at once, and I'll call Helen to account for her part in the drama of my life.

Brownie dreaded the encounter more than she could express, and had she not prized the jewels more on account of their sacred associations than for their intrinsic value, she never would have attempted to recover them.

Besides, she disliked to do anything which would appear like revenge; and she was afraid, nay she felt very sure in her own heart, that Sir Charles would decline to go on with the marriage when he should learn of the part Isabel had taken in the matter.

They arrived at Vallingham Hall about four o'clock, and Lady Randal came to the drawing-room, all smiles, to receive them.

She had recently heard who Brownie was, and of the sudden change in her prospects, so she adopted the role of ignoring all the "scandalous circumstances" of their marriage which had so shocked her, and was exceedingly gracious to them.

It would be very unwise, she reasoned, to have any falling out with the future Lord and Lady Dunforth.

"How kind of you," she exclaimed, "to come to us; we ought to have called upon you when we were in London, but we were so hurried with preparations for the wedding that we had no time. And really we were tired out with our trip. You received our cards for the ceremony on Wednesday, I suppose?" she concluded.

"Yes, we received them," Adrian replied, then added, "but we called to-day to see Mrs. Coolridge and Miss Isabel upon a little matter of business."

"I presume they will be delighted to see you. The trousseau has just arrived, and we were examining it just as you came. It is perfectly elegant, I assure you, Mrs. Dredmond, and I presume Isabel will take you up to see it; I only hope we shall have a fine day, and that everything will pass off well. How very romantic your marriage was, my dear," she ran on, heedless of Lord Dunforth's threatening looks, "we were very much distressed about your sudden disappearance, and I must say, Adrian, you played your part that evening exceedingly well," and she laughed slyly.

"Played my part well! I do not understand you, madam," Adrian returned astonished at the accusation.

"You do not understand, indeed! when you know all the time where she was, and took her away the very next day to marry her. Really! it is quite an unparalleled case."

"Lady Randal," the young man said, sternly, as he saw Brownie's delicate face flush painfully at these insinuations, "at any other time I should deem your words and unpardonable insult, for I knew no more than yourself where Miss Douglas was at that time; but if you will have the kindness to notify your guests that we wish to see them, that matter, as well as some others, will soon be satisfactorily explained."

Lady Randal colored with displeasure at his words, but she rang the bell, and sent the servant, who appeared, to tell Isabel and her mother that there were callers for them. At Adrian's request she did not send their names, as he feared they might refuse to see them.

She saw from both his own and his grandfather's manner that a storm of some kind was impending, and she grew rather nervous trying to solve the puzzle.

The Coolridges soon presented themselves in the drawing-room, and Sir Charles came with them.

He greeted the guests somewhat coolly, for he could not forget the slight her betrothed had received that evening in London at Manchester House.

Isabel and her mother felt a sudden shock run through all their frame when they saw who was present, but the latter at once resolved to carry a high hand and fight the battle bravely to the end.

Lord Dunforth and Adrian arose and bowed coldly as they entered, while Brownie inclined her head the merest trifle in the world; but Isabel, ignoring her manner, began gushingly, thinking to take their castle by storm:

"Really, Mrs. Dredmond, you have given us all a terrible fright, but I am rejoiced to find that nothing worse than being married has happened to you. I little thought I should have to tender my congratulations first," she concluded, turning with a simper to Adrian.

"Yes," put in her mother, before any one else could speak, "I suppose we shall be obliged to pardon you for causing us so much terror, since your strange disappearance has terminated so happily."

Brownie could endure their insolence no longer.

With a haughty mien, which would have become an outraged queen, she faced her enemies.

We will waive that topic, if you please, she said, icily, "until we have settled a little matter of business. Mrs. Coolidge, I desire to relieve you of a certain casket, with its contents, which belongs to me, and which you have in your possession."

Isabel turned pale, while Sir Charles and Lady Randal listened in amazement.

Mrs. Coolidge, however, was equal to the situation. Turning to her daughter, she said:

"Oh, yes; Isabel, won't you go and get it? Of course she needs it now. If we had only known your address," she added graciously, turning to Brownie, "we might have forwarded them to you."

Isabel arose to do her mother's bidding and she whispered to her as she did so:

"You must manage some way to get Sir Charles out of the room, and keep him out."

Isabel turned to go, and got as far as the door, when she looked back at Adrian and his wife, and said with a slight blush;

"As long as this is a business call to mamma, may I beg you to excuse Sir Charles and me? I assure you we are very busy at present."

They bowed coldly, and then turning to her lover, she said:

"Sir Charles, may I speak with you privately?"

He arose and followed her from the room with a perplexed brow, He did not exactly like being called from guests in this way.

"What does all this mean?" he demanded, when they were alone in the hall.

"It means that when Miss Douglas went away from us she left a box containing some valuables with papa for safe keeping," was the glib reply.

She had been expecting some such question, and had the answer all ready.

"But I thought she was dismissed."

"So she was. She did not behave with propriety, and mamma would not keep her longer. Papa did not like it very well, for he was bewitched with her pretty face, and they were good friends, so she left the box with him until she should be settled somewhere else. You know what happened after that, and we have never had an opportunity to return her property (which papa left in our keeping) until now."

All this sounded very reasonable to Sir Charles, but still he was not quite satisfied.

"What did she do that was so very improper while she was with you?" he asked. "I have never heard."

"Really, Charles," Isabel replied, flushing and pouting in a grieved way, "I do not like to enter into particulars quite so minuteiy; but if you must know, why you must, I suppose. One day mamma and I were out on a shopping expedition, when we were obliged to return much earlier than we expected to. On entering the library, we found Miss Douglas lying in Wilbur's arms, with apparently as much composure as if she were reclining upon a couch."

"Is that so!" exclaimed Sir Charles, much shocked. "She does not seem like such a person at all."

"Oh, no; and when mamma talked with her about it, she put on that haughty queenly air which you noticed the other evening in London, and again this morning, and would listen to nothing."

"But did your father uphold her in this?" Sir Charles asked her, gravely.

"Oh, no, indeed; but she had so bewitched Wilbur that he took all the blame upon himself, and told papa something so that he excused it, and she made him think she was the injured one after all."

Isabel was almost frightened at herself as she coined these base falsehoods; but she felt that the truth must be concealed from him for the next two days at all hazards. If she could only bridge them over until the fatal vows were spoken, and she was once mistress of Vallingham Hall, all would be well.

"I never would have believed her to be guilty of such indiscretions if you had not told me," Sir Charles said, not yet wholly convinced, but greatly disturbed by the account.

"No, you would not, nor any one else, she is so demure and lady-like," Isabel hastened to say, with every appearance of fairness. "But she never met Mr. Dredmond, to my knowledge, more than three or four times in her life; and to my mind, it does not look just right for her to run away to be married to him upon so short an acquaintance."

"That is so. It does not seem just the thing, I must confess. And I am surprised at Adrian, too. I thought him a man of more depth," Sir Charles assented gravely. Then, with a fond glance into the face of his betrothed, he asked: "But what did you wish of me? Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, indeed; but you nearly made me forget, with all your catechising,' she laughed, and then went on: "I find that my dress is altogether too loose, and I must have a seamstress to fix it immediately; then I find I neglected to get a pair of pearl-colored gloves to match my traveling suit. Would you mind riding over to the village to attend to it?"

She did not need either, but she must get rid of him,

"No, indeed; but will it do as well a couple of hours hence? Our callers in yonder might think me ungracious to go away while they are here,"

Isabel's heart sank; she must get him away at once if possible; she knew that Adrian Dredmond would allow no part of their meanness to be concealed, and there would probabiy be a hot battle before they were through. But she thought if she could only get her lover away from it all, maybe they could come to some terms with Lady Randal to conceal the affair from him; for she knew she was as anxious as any one for the marriage to come off. But it would not do to let him mistrust how anxious she was, so she replied, hesitatingly:

"It might do if it were not for the dress—that must be attended to at once; and then if you do not succeed in matching my dress in gloves, I shall have to send up to town for them, and you know we have no time to spare."

"Would it not do to send a piece of the dress and let Brown do the errand? I really do not like to seem uncourteous, notwithstanding their treatment of us the other evening," he replied.

Isabel flushed angrily at the remembrance.

"No, indeed, I should not dare trust Brown; and then you forget you have not given your instructions concerning the bell, which was to be made at the village florist's as there were not japonicas enough in the greenhouse here," Isabel said, catching at this device for getting him away. "Besides," she added, "this is only a business call, you know."

He began to notice her anxiety in spite of her forced composure, and with a searching look into her face he replied, as he turned away:

"True, I had almost forgotten about that. I will attend to your commission at once."

She told him to wait one moment while she procured a piece of silk to match the gloves by; and he stood there with bent head and contracted brow until she returned with it, and then, without a word, he passed out toward the stables.

The guilty girl then sped back again to her room as if on wings to bring the casket, anxious to have everything settled, and those wretched marplots out of the way before his return.

As she re-entered the drawing room she saw at a glance that her mother was very much disconcerted about something, and she heard Adrian say, sternly:

"Then, madam, you still asert that you were very much surprised, as well as distressed, at Miss Douglas' disappearance?"

Certainly; how could it be otherwise? she demanded, haughtily, but very pale.

"Were you a man," he returned, with biting scorn in his tones, "I should not thus privately bandy words with you—you should answer publicly for what you have done: and it is time your complicity in this matter be exposed."

"I beg your pardon," she interrupted, "but Isabel has returned with the box for which you came, and as we are extremely busy, you will kindly excuse us from a longer interview."

She arose as if to leave the room, but Adrian advanced a step or two, and said, firmly:

"Not so, madam; you have done my wife altogether too much injury, and covered up your miquity too long to admit of my keeping silence now. You have sneered and tried my patience beyond endurance to-day with your insinuations concerning a 'clandestine marriage,' and it is but just and right that she should be exonerated in the presence of Lady Randal from all blame for what you, by your cruelty drove her to."

"Good heavens! Adrian, explain yourself. I am all in a maze! What do you mean by all this talk about complicity, iniquity, and cruelty?" demanded Lady Randal, looking from one to another in perplexity.

Mrs. Coolidge saw the truth would have to come now, and she sank back pale and trembling into her chair, while Isabel burst into nervous weeping.

Adrian, in the fewest words possible, told the story of the jewels, and her ladyship knew before he had finished that every word he uttered was truth.

She, too, began to grow pale and nervous, as she realized that his wife was the niece of the woman whom she had so deeply injured, and conscience stung her sharply as these memories of the past were revived.

"Mrs. Dredmond," said Lord Dunforth who had scarcely spoken yet, "will you please open that casket, and allow me to look at its contents?"

Brownie lifted the lid, for the lock had been forced after she had taken the key, and it was only fastened by the spring, and revealed the glittering treasures it contained.

Lady Randal uttered a cry, and gasped out:

"I might have known it in the first place. I thought I had seen them before, especially those corals."

"Ah! you recognize the corals, then? Possibly you remember the first and only time this lady's aunt wore them, years and years ago?" said his lordship, with bitter irony, while his own face blanched, and great drops of sweat stood upon his forehead. "Those jewels," he went on, striving for composure, "were given to Miss Mehetabel Douglas, the grand-aunt of Mrs. Dredmond, more than forty years ago. I myself presented those corals, also that tiara, with one or two other pieces. The others were given her in honor of her approaching marriage with myself."

Mrs. Coolidge nearly screamed at this announcement. Yes, she saw it all now; the mystery was all explained—the titled names upon the dancing-card, the faded flowers, and everything which had so puzzled her.

But Brownie, thinking a little more explanation was necessary, lifted the velvet bed, and taking up that dancing list, passed it to him, and asked him to unlock the secret of it, since it had greatly troubled Mrs. Coolidge and her daughter.

He took it; but his hand shook as with the ague, as he read the names upon it.

"This," he said, turning first to Mrs. Coolidge, then to Lady Randal, with stern brow, "is the order of dances as they occurred upon a certain occasion at the house of your aunt, Lady Ruxley, more than forty years ago. Do you remember, Helen?"

"Yes, I remember," her lips articulated while her eyes seemed fastened, as if by fascination, upon him.

He referred to the card again, and though his face was ghastly from the pain he was suffering, he went on

"Do you remember a certain Count de Lussan who was present that evening?"

She bowed her head. She could not have spoken at that moment to save her life, so great was the fear in her heart, while all the events of that fatal night rose up before her with a vividness which turned her sick and faint.

Good heavens! would she ever forget that gorgeous room, the brilliant lights, the enchanting music, and the perfume of flowers, which she fancied even now oppressed her?

Would she ever forget the dark, handsome, through sinister face of Count de Lussan, with its mocking smile, as he watched that bright, beautiful girl who stood hesitating between love and pride, until her own taunting laugh drove the good angel from her side, and the joy of two lives was crushed out forever?

And why should he, Royal Dunforth, come to her now, like an accusing spirit, to recall all these things of the past?

His next question told her something of his purpose.

"Do you know how it happened that a man of his character was present among respectable people?"

"Yes; he came at my brother's invitation, my lord," she said, lifting her head, and speaking defiantly.

"True; but at your instigation, and to serve a vile purpose of your own. It was through your maneuvering that he was introduced to Miss Douglas, and it was your taunts which spurred her on to disgrace herself and dance with him, in spite of her better judgment and my persuasions. I mistrusted something of it when it was too late, and you, by that last vile act, which I have only recently discovered had separated us forever."

"And pray what terrible deed have you discovered at this late day?" her ladyship demanded, sarcastically, although she was colorless as a piece of marble, and her lips twitched nervously.

"This! Do you remember ever seeing it before?"

He took from his pocket a folded paper yellow and creased with age, and advancing, gave it into her hands.

Lady Randal, never for a moment dreaming what it was, took it with a sneer for she was growing bitterly angry at his accusations, opened it, and read it.

For an instant she sat like one stunned but she was livid even to her lips, and a trembling seized her which shook her like a reed.

"Where did you get this?" she whispered, hoarsely, after a moment.

"Accident threw it into my hands—how it does not matter now; but it reveals all your vile plot to separate Meta and me, in which you succeeded only too well."

"But how do you know that I had anything to do with this note? I do not see that you have proved what you assert at all," she said, bridling.

"She gave that note to her servant to bring to me, you met her on the stairs, said you would deliver it, and then came and told me that Meta refused to see me then or at any other time; have I proved my point now?" he asked, sternly.

She saw all was discovered, and made no reply, and he went on:

"Mrs. Dredmond, as you know already, is my Meta's grandniece. At her aunt's death she found herself very unexpectedly reduced to the necessity of earning her own living. She found a place as governness in Mrs. Coolidge's family, and came abroad with them. One day when she was out she," pointing to Isabel, who sat pale and cowering, "entered her room, where she discovered this casket of jewels. She took them to her mother, and they both came to the conclusion that a poor governess had no business with such valuables—that she must have stolen them! They accused her of it upon her return, and refused to give up the jewels until she could prove them to be hers."

Why didn't she demand them, and take the law to enforce her rights then?" demanded Lady Randal, sharply. It does not sound like a very probable story to me. How do you know she is Meta Douglas' niece? I believe you've been taken in yourself.

She was determined not to believe anything against her guests if she could help it. Matters had gone so far now, that she could not have the match between Sir Charles and Isabel broken off; the scandal of it would be unbearable, to say nothing of the loss of Isabel's fortune, which she believed to be enormous. They had been expecting Mr. Coolidge for a week, and thought surely he would be there today, when the settlements were to be arranged, and there must be no trouble now.

"We have indisputable proof, Lady Randal; and as for Miss Douglas taking the law to enforce her rights, she fully intended to do so when she left Mrs. Coolidge's house; but you remember the accident which occurred, and which threw her into your family; and then before she was fully recovered Lady Ruxley brought her down here.

"The day when she so strangely disappeared she met Miss Coolidge in the upper corridor, as she was going out for her walk. She again demanded her property, and was again refused. Upon returning to the Hall, in passing Miss Isabel's room, she saw the casket upon the table, she entered and took it, and was about leaving the room when Mrs. Coolidge confronted her, demanding that she put down the casket. She refused, when the woman locked the door, putting the key in her pocket, saying she could not leave the place until she relinquished it."

"Really, Lady Randal," interrupted Mrs. Coolidge, rising, apparently in great wrath, "I cannot remain to endure further insult. It seems to me we have listened long enough to this harangue, as we have other matters of more importance on hand just now which demand our attention.

"Please be seated," she returned, "we will hear this whole story now. I must confess it does not sound very plausible to me, but we will hear their side, and then your own."

She little thought how the whole story would affect her.

"Go on," she added, to Lord Dunforth; but Adrian now took up the story.

"Miss Douglas utterly refused to give up her property again, and the two had a stormy scene, until Mrs. Coolidge finally professed to be willing to temporize with and pretending to take her into her own room, enticed her into a secret chamber which she had discovered——"

"What! the treasure chamber!" ejaculated Lady Randal, excitedly, and losing all her color again.

I do not unow what the place is called, Adrian replied, but she locked her within it, and kept there without food or light, or even a chair to sit upon until midnight, when she and her daughter sought her again, and, by stratagem and force combined, succeeded in getting possession of the jewels again. Then they brought her food and bedding, telling her she was to remain there until after the wedding, since they could not run the risk of her making them trouble and interfering with their prospects.

"'Tis false!" shrieked Isabel, nearly beside herself,

"Be quiet, my daughter," said Mrs. Coolidge, soothingly. Then turning to Lady Randal, she asked: "Can you believe such a tissue of falsehoods? No one has seen the girl from the time she parted with my children in the park that day until after her marriage. It is a preposterous story, and only fobricated to save the parties most interested from the scandal usually attending a clandestine marriage. Besides, what is all this talk about a secret chamber?" she concluded, scornfully.

Lady Randal looked at her in a dazed kind of a way, while a terrible fear was tugging at her heart.

"But how could she know there is a secret chamber unless she had seen it?—and it leads from Isabel's room. Go on, Adrian, I must hear all now," she said in a low concentrated tone.

He gave her a look of compassion, and resumed:

"Miss Douglas arranged her bed, striving to make the best of her situation, and being very weary fell into a slound slumber. She was not conscious of how long she had slept, but she was suddenly awakened by a feeling that some one was in her room, and when opening her eyes saw the strangest being she ever beheld kneeling by her side,"

"Oh, heavens!" breathed Lady Randal sinking back in her chair, and covering her face with her trembling hands.

CHAPTER XLII.

"WHERE IS MY BROTHER?"

Isabel and her mother now forgot some of their own fear when they saw Lady Randal so unnerved.

It had been a matter of great mystery to them how their prisoner escaped, and it seemed that it was about to be explained; and Mrs. Coolidge, with her ready wit, began to think that the skeleton of the house was to be revealed also.

This person," Adrian resumed, proved to be a young man by the name of——

'Oh, spare me!—in mercy, spare me, Adrian!" cried the guilty woman, springing toward him, with outstretched hands and agonized face.

"Spare you! Have you spared your own flesh and blood?" demanded Adrian sternly. "Have you ever felt an atom of mercy for your own son, whom, for over twenty years, you have doomed to almost solitary confinement, away from the sunlight and fresh air, depriving him of the simplest rights which a human being craves—liberty and his own place in the world? Oh, heartless mother that you are! it is but just and right that the world should know that Herbert Randal, your third son, because of a deformity with which God saw fit to inflict him, has been loathed by the woman who bore him, and that, to further the interests of your favorite child, you have kept him secreted for years, hoping that, in his feeble state, every year would be his last, and your guilty course never become known. But God is merciful, and the time for restitution is at hand; and, be it known to you, it was through him Miss Douglas was released from her confinement."

He then went on and explained at length how it had transpired; how he had found Brownie, cold and trembling, and exhausted from excitement and terror, in the grove in the rear of the Hall, and had persuaded her to give him the right to protect her at once.

He explained their journey to London, in company with Nurse Clum and Milly, and concluded by saying:

"We intended returning hither immediately, but unforeseen circumstances prevented; and when at length I was enabled to come, you were gone to the Continent. We should not have intruded upon you to-day had we not deemed it best to secure this casket before Sir Charles and his wife should leave again."

"Indeed I intend expressing the jewels to her just as soon as the wedding was over," sobbed Isabel, who was now completely unnerved, and believed all was over for her.

"Cease your silly crying, and wipe your tears!" commanded her mother, in a whisper. "Don't you see," she went on, hurriedly, "that we have the game all in our own hands now! It is not a pleasant pickle to be in, I admit, but Lady Randal's situation is much worse. Sir Charles knows nothing of all this, thanks to our getting him out of the room, and if we will consent to overlook his mother's very questionable conduct, of course she will be glad to keep dark about our affairs, and we will have the wedding yet, though I shall not envy you afterward if Sir Charles ever finds this out,"

During Adrian's recital Lady Randal sat cowering in her chair, in a terror-stricken condition.

That all her dark plottings and her wickedness, which she believed were so successfully concealed, should thus be brought to light, and at the very time, too, when she was most anxious that no shadow should touch her fair fame, was a most crushing blow.

When the young man concluded there was an awkward silence for a few moments, except for Mrs, Coolidge's whispering to Isabel, and then, lifting her haggard face, Lady Randal asked:

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"What are we going to do about it, madam!" exclaimed Lord Dunforth, in astonished tones. "I should ask, what are you going to do about it? Of course we all expect to see justice done at once.

"You shall!" she said, eagerly; adding: "Yes, it is all true. We were traveling that summer when he was born; we were stopping just at the time in a picturesque village in Savoy, and my husband was called away to Paris on business. He was absent a fortnight during which time Herbert was born. I can never tell you," she went on, shuddering, "what a frightful object he was. His present appearance is nothing to what he was as a baby, and I prayed the nurse to take him from my sight, and never let me look upon him again. My husband was detained long beyond the time he had anticipated, so that at the end of three weeks I was well and strong again. Then it came to me that, as he had not been with me, and fully believing that the child could not live long anyway—both the doctor and the nurse affirmed it—I deemed it would be better to keep all knowledge of its existence from him. I could not travel with it in its feeble state, and it would be exceedingly painful to do so if I could, so I made arrangements with the nurse to care for it as long as it should live and never let any one know whose child it was.

"I wrote my husband that my child had been born, telling him it was better it should die, since such a poor little cripple could not live long at the most, and said I would join him in Paris in a few days, as it was intolerable for me to remain longer where I had suffered such a severe disappointment. When I met him he seemed grieved and sorrowful, yet he never questioned, me further, and so I kept my secret until his death. After that I concluded to bring the child here, since the nurse wrote me that he was getting unmanageable, and so I fitted up those secret chambers as comfortable as I could, and have kept him there. God knows that I could not willfully have wronged the child so, but after that first concealment it seemed impossible to confess his existence, and so it has gone on until now. He has always been feeble, and I have thought, from year to year, that he could not live, and that if he did not, it would be better if his existence was never known.

"Have you never considered the sufferings and feelings of the poor boy?" demanded his lordship, wrathfully.

She shrunk as if he had struck her.

"Oh, yes," she moaned: "but I saw no way out of it without bringing disgrace upon Charles and all of us."

"Do you think he would uphold you in such a deed?"

"No, no! Oh, how you torture me. But," she said, looking up pitifully, you will not take any public action against me?"

"Public action!" he repeated, contemptuously. "Could any public action restore those twenty years of his lost life to the poor boy? No; but I want justice now."

"He shall have it. I will strive as far as I can to repair the injury I have done him, just as soon as we are through with the wedding—that is, if Isabel is willing to go on with it after this," she said, regarding the young girl somewhat doubtfully.

Mrs. Coolidge's heart leaped at this; it was just the condition of all others she most desired Lady Randal to be in. Rising, she went over to her side, and holding out her hand, said with an appearance of great magnanimity:

"I regret exceedingly that anything so very dreadful should have occurred, but we have all done wrong. I am ready to acknowledge my share regarding Mrs Dredmond. Shall we then overlook each other's faults, and still allow our children, who are not to blame, to be happy?"

The guilty mother grasped her hand eagerly.

"And you will not betray me to Charles just yet?" she gasped.

"Certainly not; you must confide in him yourself when you think proper. I think myself it would be wiser not to tell him until after his return from his tour, for it might destroy all his pleasure. When once he is settled at home again, then all these things can be explained," she said, suavely.

Nothing could exceed the expression of scorn visible upon the faces of their three noble guests at this piece of contemplated subterfuge.

Lord Dunforth, towering aloft in his indignation, advanced, and stood before the two women.

"No, madam," he said, firmly; "you may hide what else you choose from him, but Sir Charles must be acquainted this day—nay, this hour—with the fact that he has a brother."

The attention of all was at this moment attracted by a slight noise at the other end of the drawing-room.

Another instant and they were thunder-struck to behold Sir Charles himself staggering toward them like a drunken man. His face was haggard and drawn as if he had but just recovered from a convulsion; even his lips were white and rigid, while his forehead shone with the clammy moisture which a fierce agony had drawn forth.

Isabel sprang forward, with a sharp cry of pain, but he warded her off by a motion of his hand.

His mother shrieked.

"Oh, Charles, have you heard?" and Mrs, Coolidge shrank back appalled at this unexpected turn of affairs.

"Yes," he said, in a hollow voice, and casting a look of withering contempt upon Isabel. "I see now why you were so anxious to get rid of me. I mistrusted something was not right, and after sending Brown to the village to execute your commission, I came in by the lawn window, as it was nearer. I entered just as Mrs. Dredmond opened the casket of jewels, and instantly a great deal was explained to me. I was so overcome by the discovery that I dropped upon the divan behind the curtains, where I have remained, a silent witness of all that has occurred in this room.

Adrian, deepest sympathy in his face, went to him, and taking his hand, said, with emotion:

"Believe me, Charles, God knows I would have saved you from this if I could. You do not deserve it."

He groaned aloud at these words of sympathy; then wringing his hand he dropped it, and advancing to his mother demanded, in cold, hard tones:

"Madam, where is my brother?"

"Your brother—oh, my boy!" she began, between her sobs.

"Yes, my brother. I demand him at your hands, and may God forgive you for your iniquity—I am afraid I never can."

The shriek which burst from her died suddenly upon her lips, and the look of anguish in her eyes froze into one of terror, as the drawing-room door slowly swung back, revealing a strange picture within its frame—the little bent form of Lady Ruxley, her old and withered face full of a stern resolve, one hand resting upon her cane, the other upon the arm of Herbert Randal!

(To be continued)

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co. 106 Wall street, New York.

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me.
HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

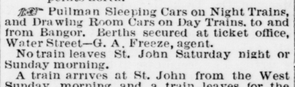
"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."
Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. H. BRAGDON."
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always cure* when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.



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 30 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 40 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

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

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

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

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

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO

LEMONT & SONS

have now on exhibition the finest collection of

Hanging Lamps and Chandeliers,

ever seen in this city.

Parlor Lamps, also, in great variety, American, Canadian and Japanese, Hand Lamps and Side Lamps at all prices.

If you want new Chandeliers for your church come to LEMONTS.
If you want an elegant Hanging Lamp for your Hall, come to LEMONTS.
If you want a Lamp of any kind, don't buy without seeing our assortment.
Constantly in stock, Chimneys, Shades and and Illuminators, Burners and Wick—in fact all kinds of Lamp Goods.

LEMONT & SONS,
Queen Steeet, Fredericton, N. B.
January 14

Team and Sleigh Bells.

Just to hand, an assortment of

TEAM and Sleigh Bells, Tool Chests with tools, also just received, 1 Case Children's Tool Chests with tools.

Z. R. EVERETT.

Fredericton, December 3, 1884

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 14 Days. No Pay until Cured. J. L. STEPHENS, M. D., Lebanon, Ohio.

EBEN MILLER & CO.,

BUILDERS OF

FINE CARRIAGES,

King Street, - - - Fredericton, N. B

Concord Wagons,	Piano Box Wagons,	Iver's Wagons,
Miller Spar Wagons,	White Chapel Wagons,	Top Phætons,
Brewster Wagons,	Cronin Wagons,	Open Phætons.

See Manufacturers of Miller's Patent Shifting Rail.

These Shifting Tops have no rival, as a glance at the cut will show for itself; it is so simple It requires only one person to take it off or put it on, and when off no one would think a Top had been on, as no unsightly ends are sticking out. When the Top is on it is as firm as a rock. It can be put on any carriage in use. Persons ordering Buggies or Canopy Top Carriages should see that they have this Rail, as it will be greatly to their interest.
These Tops were awarded a Diploma at the Provincial Exhibition in October, 1880

Particular attention given to orders. Repairing done in the best manner, and at the shortest notice

Price List.—BUGGY TOPS, $32 to $50; CANOPY, $15 to $25

Patented in Canada, March 31st, 1877, and in the United States, Dec. 10th, 1878

☞ ALL WORK WARRANTED. ☜

EBEN MILLER & CO

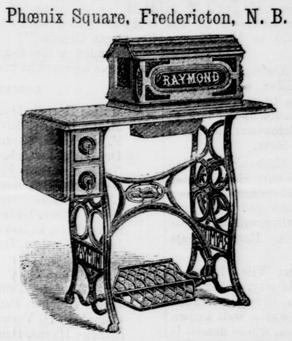
CALL AND SEE THE

NEW "RAYMOND,"

With Large Improved Arm, at

D. M'CATHERIN'S SALES ROOM.

Phœnix Square, Fredericton, N. B.



These machines can be had at the following offices, viz:—

Fredericton, N.B., Newcastle, Miramichi, N.B., Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., Bathurst Gloucester Co., N. B., Campellton, Restigouche Co., N. B., St. Stephen, N. B.

☞ *Agents wanted for P. E. Island and Nova Scota.*