Literature.

TEMPTATION:
OR
The Lady of Ashurst.

CHAPTER XII.

TEMPTATION TRIUMPHANT.

Six weeks passed away before Hunter heard anything directly from Judge Ashley, though the lawyer to whom the latter had written concerning the child had sought him out, and made such arrangements for sending Evelyn to Maryland as were possible, till he heard from the old man again, and received more explicit directions as to what was to be done.

His letter ran thus:

ASHURST, August 2, 18—.

MR. HUNTER:—*Sir*,—I have been very ill—ill almost unto death, and your letter lay unopened for many weeks after its arrival.

This is the first day I have felt able to wield a pen, and I have undertaken the task of replying to you. Alas! the evil wrought by you is now irreparable, for my unhappy son can no longer avail himself of the chance of safety afforded him by the news your letter contains.

With this I send you a newspaper, in which you will find a notice of the tragic events which followed your abrupt appearance on that fatal night. I do not blame you for asserting the rights of your cousin, but if you had been more considerate for others, less cruel in publishing the disgrace of him who had once been your friend, we might have been spared the wretched tragedy which has filled my days with gloom and bitterness, and wrecked the life of the bride on whom you hurled such an avalanche of woe upon that wretched bridal night.

I am a broken, miserable old man, with the pride of my life low, and my heart and home left desolate by the cruel results of the unsuitable alliance made by my unfortunate Leon.

Alas! his name has perished from the earth, and I have now no son to sustain the honorable name which has been borne by so many good and true men. It is a bitter thought to me that it was reserved for my son to bring disgrace upon the house from which he sprang: at times I feel as if it is very hard to pardon him, although the fiat has gone forth which forever severs us.

With such feelings you may imagine that the child of this fatal union can never be very welcome to me, but she is of my blood; I have plighted my word to her lost father that she shall be received under my roof, and I must redeem my promise, however, distasteful her presence may be.

I have written to Messrs. Holden & Co. of New York, to confer with you, and repay you for such expense as you may have incurred on my grand-daughter's account; and also to make arrangements to send her hither at once. The doubts I require to have settled are set at rest by the confession of her father, that he had been legally married to Miss Weston.

I wish a competent person to be sent with the infant, who can take the entire charge of her; as I do not propose to have anything further to do with her than to provide liberally for her wants.

A suite of apartments in a distant wing of the house are fitting up for herself and her attendant, and I wish the latter to understand that the child is never to be obtruded on my notice. Neither can I bear the presence of more than one crying infant in the house; and it the nurse who is with my grand-daughter at this time refuses to leave her own child behind, another must be found who will be more accommodating.

I need not trouble you, however, to attend to all these details, as I have fully empowered the lawyers to act for me, and they will take such further steps as are necessary in this business.

Respectfully,
RUPERT ASHLEY.

Hunter was glad to receive this letter, for he was becoming impatient to flit from New York, and join some friends at Newport, in the hope that the sadness which had of late preyed upon his mind would be dissipated by change of scene.

He had frequently visited the cottage of Mrs. Sims, and saw with satisfaction that Evelyn was rapidly improving in health and good looks; the emaciated frame grew plump and round, and the pinched and faded lips were now rosy and smiling, and all this was due to the tender, motherly care of the fair and fresh-looking nurse.

With every interview with Mrs. Wilde, Hunter became more interested in her, and more convinced that she would be the most suitable person to accompany the little girl to her new home. From her manners and language he saw that she was superior to her present position; that she possessed sufficient culture to fill the place of nursery governess to her young charge for many years to come, and he felt so deep an interest in her that he was anxious to secure the position for her.

When Judge Ashley's letter arrived, he went over to Hoboken to make such final arrangements as were necessary, as it was his intention to set out for Newport the following morning, leaving the lawyer to transfer the infant and her nurse to the steamer which was to take her to Baltimore.

He found Mrs. Wilde sitting in front of the cottage, engaged with her needle, the children being both asleep. She no longer looked shabby, for her plain black dress, linen collar, and silk apron, all seemed as if they had been made for her peculiar self; for she was one of those women who impart a grace to everything they wear.

Her dark brown hair was put up in shining bands; and her large hazel eyes looked up from her work with an expression that Hunter thought very charming, for there was an apparent simplicity and artless candor in this woman which was very captivating to him.

He sat down on a rustic bench beneath one of the trees that shaded the yard, and then smilingly inquired:

"How are your twins Mrs. Wild? They must be doing as well as usual, or you would not be sitting here so quietly at work."

"Oh, they are a couple of angels, sir; the best and sweetest little creatures in the world. They are sleeping together now like babes in the wood; and it has come to that, that I hardly know which I love best. It will be a sad thing for me, sir, if I do not succeed in obtaining the situation of nurse to little Evelyn; every time I see you coming my heart gives a great bound, for I am afraid you are about to tell me that she is to be taken from me."

"You need have little fear on that score, Mrs. Wilde, unless it is your own choice to give up your nurseling; but I am afraid it will be necessary for you to part either from her or from you own child."

She became very pale and almost gasped for breath.

"You have heard from Judge Ashley, then; and Evelyn has been sent for. Oh! sir, pray tell me what I had best do, and if there is a chance that I may get this place. You see it is almost life or death with me, Mr. Hunter."

"Calm your agitation, Mrs. Wilde, and listen to what I have to tell you. I have a letter from Judge Ashley, in which he says he will receive the child in his house with a competent attendant; but the two are to occupy a portion of the building far distant from the rooms he lives in himself; and neither nurse nor child must appear before him unless sent for. He furthermore prohibits another infant from being brought to Ashurst, and expressly says that if you refuse to leave your daughter behind you, some more accommodating person must be found in your place. I do not suppose that you will ever consent to such terms; but it is a pity you cannot secure this place, for it would be a very good one for you."

Mrs. Wilde sat very still and white, while Hunter thus spoke. After a struggle, she said:

"If I'd give up my own baby I could go, then? But how can I—how can I? I should die away from my darling, and nobody would care for her as I do."

"I supposed that would be your feeling, and I am very sorry for it, for I do not think as suitable a person can be found to go with Evelyn; besides it is my only chance to serve you. If you do not go, it will put me to some inconvenience, as I had arranged to leave for Newport tomorrow, in case you would accompany her. With the certainty that a friend like you would take charge of the child, I should delegate all further trouble in the affair to Judge Ashley's lawyer. Since you decline, I must remain until another nurse is found. I should not like to trust poor Eva's child to the tender mercies of a person entirely unknown to me."

When he finished speaking, but one thing was very clear to Mrs. Wilde, and that was, that if she accompanied the infant on its southern journey, Hunter would not remain to see them set out. Again the temptation she had struggled against through all these weeks assailed her. Now, it stood face to face with her, easy of accomplishment since Evelyn Ashley's only friend was about to leave her.

It was her only chance to save her own darling from the grinding poverty which threatened to be her lot; to rescue herself from what she shrank from with all the repulsion felt by an imaginative, sensuous temperament, for that which is mean and hard.

The other child would not suffer by the exchange; whereas, if she did not make it, she must sink back into her old life of wretched privation, destitute even of the means of providing for the few wants of her child.

Unable to control her emotions, Mrs. Wilde burst in tears, and wept long and bitterly before she regained sufficient calmness to resume the conversation. Disconcerted and uneasy at this result to his mission, feeling the deepest compassion for her friendless condition, yet powerless himself to assist her in any way, Hunter strolled toward the gate and took a survey of the road till he supposed she had recovered composure.

When he returned he found Mrs. Wilde sitting where he had left her, with an expression of hard decision around her mouth, and in her eyes, which almost prepared him for what she was about to say.

"Excuse me, Mr. Hunter, but I am a little hysterical, I believe, and I could not help the burst of feeling which I see has annoyed you. I have now made up my mind to the hard necessity that rules me; and I can speak of what must be done in the cruel dilemma in which I am placed.

Hunter protested that he was not annoyed in the least, and begged her to favor him with her views without delay. She sadly said:

"I am, as you know, steeped to the lips in poverty; I have not been reared to drudgery, and I have not the physical strength to bear it. The life you offer me will at least save me from that; and it seems wrong to refuse to go with this motherless babe, especially as, by giving my own infant up to the protection of adopted parents, I can secure not only comfort but future fortune for her.

"Before Maggie was a week old, a rich New York lady, who has no children, sent an agent to me to purchase my child, on the condition that I was never to approach or claim her as mine again. I refused, for my baby is as dear to me as that of any other mother can be; but this strange child has crept into my heart and shares it almost equally with my own. Do you think it will be too unnatural if I give up my own darling, and console myself for parting from her by taking little Evelyn to my heart? little Evelyn, who can give me the home I so much need, and who will console me for the loss of my own."

Her large eyes were fixed on him with an eager, imploring expression, which deeply touched Hunter. He gently said:

"If you can bear the separation, Mrs. Wilde, it will be the best thing you can do. For the sake of you own child, you should not permit your great affection for her to stand in the way of her advancement. You are but a delicate woman, scarcely able to labor for your own bread; and burdened with a young child, I frankly tell you that I cannot see what is to become of you in the future, if you refuse this chance of independence. You can remain with Evelyn as her teacher till she is old enough to be sent from home to a boarding-school. After so many years of care and kindness, of course your grateful pupil would see that you were comfortably provided for. She will be rich, for I have every reason to believe that she will be sole heiress to a very large estate. If you can only make up your mind to part from your own child, all will be well with you I am quite sure."

She sighed, shook her head, and seemed occupied by troubled thoughts. She at length said:

"I have no other alternative. God forgive me if it is a sin, but I must do it.—You can go upon your journey to morrow Mr. Hunter, after telling the lawyer that I will go to Maryland as nurse to Judge Ashley's granddaughter. Hard as it will be to leave my darling, I see that there is no other course for me."

"I am glad that you have decided so rationally, Mrs. Wilde. It relieves me of a heavy responsibility; for I could not bear to think of placing the poor baby in the care of an utter stranger. I know that you will be a mother to her, and I am satisfied to trust her to you."

Mrs. Wilde's lips grew white, as she faintly replied:

"Thank you for your good opinion, sir; I promise you that she shall have the very best of care, and want for nothing."

"I am satisfied of that; and now I must bid you good bye, perhaps forever, for I shall return here no more. I shall arrange with Mr. Holden that you shall go to the city to-morrow afternoon, so as to enable you to transfer your own child to her new protectors before you leave. A comfortable room at the Astor House shall be secured for you, and a carriage will be sent here to take yourself and your young charges over to New York. I have already settled with Mrs. Sims, and I will now pay you the amount due you over last month's wages."

Mrs. Wilde drew back:

"You owe me nothing, Mr. Hunter. You gave me twenty dollars, which should pay me for six-week's service, since I have no board to pay. Since you have settled for that, I have no further claim on you."

"I am not paying you, Mrs. Wilde, but Judge Ashley. He has sent orders that all sums disbursed by me for his grandchild are to be refunded. Take the money that fairly belongs to you, and I shall stipulate that the thirty dollars a month I intended to allow you, shall be increased to fifty when Evelyn is old enough to learn her A, B, C. In your new home you will need many things that you have not hitherto been able to get, and I insist that you shall take your first quarter's salary from me at once."

He offered her a roll of banknotes, and after a considerable show of reluctance she accepted them, feeling grateful for his thoughtfulness, but at the same time oppressed with the thought that she was receiving money for betraying the trust reposed in her.

"I certainly need it," she at length said—"for it will be better to supply my wardrobe with indispensable articles before I go away to a country place where it may be difficult to get them. You will go in and see the little girl before you leave, sir?"

"I may as well, I suppose; but all the babies look pretty much alike to me."

Mrs. Wilde had now quite recovered her usual equanimity, and with her enchanting smile she led the way to the room in which the two children were sleeping. They were lying side by side in the profound slumber of infancy, and after a glance at them Hunter said:

"They are really a pair of cherubs, and I do not wonder that you should shrink from parting from either of them. My waif has improved so much since you took charge of her, that I should scarcely know the difference between them but for the dainty clothing of Evelyn."

He bent down over the tiny image and kissed the rounded arm that was thrown upward, partly concealing the infant's face. As he did so he noticed a large brown mole on the under part of the arm near the elbow, and with a feeling almost of repulsion he drew back, for he had seen a similar mark on the arm of Leon Ashley, and he bitterly muttered:

"That is the Ashley, I suppose, of which I have heard Leon boast. I trust in God that this poor child does not resemble him in other respects, as in this."

He drew away from the cradle and offered his hand to Mrs. Wilde, and wishing her success and happiness in the career that opened before her, Hunter took his leave.

The nurse sat down in the darkening room, and tried to still the tremulous pulsation of her heart. The way was now clear before her to commit the fraud she had meditated from the first sight of her introduction to her present position; in fact, she could not now retract, she had pledged herself to go to Maryland, and to leave her own child with strangers was, to her, simply impossible.

There would be no difficulty about disposing of the heiress, for a messenger from Mrs. Alien had reached her since her residence at the cottage, renewing the offer to adopt her own child, and the sum of money offered herself was doubled provided she would relinquish her daughter altogether.

She at length arose, muttering:

"It is the will of God, or the way would never have been made so plain before me.'

Trying to stifle the voice of conscience by such sophistry as this, she proceeded to busy herself in packing for the removal which was to take place on the following day.

The expensive wardrobe prepared by poor Eva for her infant was put up with her own clothing, while the plain, though neat garments she had managed to procure for little Maggie were separately packed. While thus employed, she scarcely ventured to look toward the poor child she was preparing to defraud of her birth right, for her mind was now irrevocably made up to the necessity of sacrificing her charge to the future interests of her own daughter. She had cast away all doubts and fears, and was now ready for prompt action.

On the next day she awaited the arrival of the carriage with painful solicitude, but she never once wavered in carrying out the fraud she had resolved on; when it came she calmly took leave of Mrs. Sims and set out for New York, determined to play the part before her with nerve and coolness.

The children were both dressed very plainly, as she did not wish that any marked difference should appear between them At the ferry landing the clerk of Mr. Holden met the carriage, and to Mrs. Wilde's tremulous inquiry for Hunter he replied that he had left for Newport that morning.

Her heart gave a great bound, the fluctuating color came back steadily to her cheeks, and her eyes ceased to wander furtively around. The way to the consummation of her crime was made easy before her, and she thought she would be silly to hesitate in her onward course.

The clerk asked:

"Which of these children is Miss Ashley? She will be of some consequence by and by and by, for the Ashleys are grand people and rich—rich as California.

Satisfied with the magnificence of his comparison, the young man was in the best of humors, and when Mrs. Wilde lifted the veil from the face of her own child, he went into ecstacies over her beauty, predicting all manner of conquests for her in the future.

Gratified by his encomiums, the fond mother almost smothered the child with caresses, and the astonished clerk said:

"You must love your nurse child better than your own. It's lucky that you do, since you mean to leave the other little kid behind you."

Thus recalled to the necessity of keeping up appearances, Mrs. Wilde snatched up the neglected infant, and pressing her to her breast, burst into hysterical tears, which so much discomposed her companion that he spoke not another word till the carriage drew up in front of the Astor House.

The nurse was soon comfortably established in an airy apartment, and after informing Mrs. Wilde that he had ordered her meals to be sent up to her, the clerk took his leave.

He was no sooner gone than she rang for a waiter and sent for a city directory. She knew on what square Mr. Allen lived but not the precise number of the house; this obtained, she could complete the fraud to which she now felt herself in a manner pledged.

The desired number was found, and then the struggle between good and evil in the heart of the nurse was curiously illustrated. She took up the heiress, laid her upon her lap, and shed such a torrent of tears over her as would have convinced a looker-on that she was really taking a final leave of her own child. The baby was just beginning to notice a little, and she put up her dimpled hands and cooed as if trying to console the deeply moved woman. Mrs. Wilde snatched her to her heart with passionate eagerness, and cried out:

"Oh! forgive me—forgive me, you little angel, for the wrong I am about to commit against you. But I do not give you up to hardships or evil; I give you to a motherly heart that will cherish you as tenderly as if you were her own. Oh! I cannot see, that the wrong against you will be so very great, and my child will gain so much—oh, so much—by the exchange!"

Thus reasoning in a circle; listening alone to the voice of interest, and to the passionate desire to lift her daughter to the position her beauty seemed to fit her for, Mrs. Wilde succeeded in stifling the voice of conscience, and replacing the child upon the bed, she completed her preparations for what lay before her.

She administered a narcotic to her own infant, which would keep her asleep till she had performed her errand, and then made up a bundle of Maggie's clothing to take with the other child. The supper was brought up, and after swallowing a few morsels, she examined the condition of Maggie, and saw that the heavy sleep into which she had sunk would last several hours.

Then, with a calm, set face, she lifted Evelyn Ashley in her arms, wrapped a light shawl over her, locked the door of her chamber, and passed down the stairs leading to the private entrance. A heavy green veil screened her own face from observation, for she kept it carefully drawn, although twilight was beginning to gather.

After gaining Broadway, she got into the first omnibus passing up town, and with outward composure, but inward perturbation, she was borne toward Fifth avenue.

Mrs. Wilde was well acquainted with that part of the city, and she got out near Washington Square, crossed it, and entered the avenue. A few squares beyond she turned into a street pleasantly shaded by large trees, and by the aid of the gas-light, discovered the number she sought.

All hesitation was now at an end. It was to late to recede, even if she had wished to do so, and the wrong she had undertaken to commit must be consummated without delay.

She firmly ascended the steps, and rang a clear peal on the bell, which was immediately responded to by the appearance of a black servant in livery. The negro seemed much surprised to see a woman bearing a child in her arms, and he superciliously said:

"You've made a mistake, mum. You ought to have knocked at the rear door, and not rung here."

Mrs. Wilde looked at him calmly, and replied:

"I rang here because I have called to see the mistress of this house. Is she at home?"

"Well—yes, she's at home. She's always here, 'cause she's an invalid, an' don't go nowheres else."

"Then I must see her immediately. Go in and tell her that Mrs. Wilde is here with her baby, and wishes to speak with her a few moments."

The man glanced around the hall, saw that there was nothing which could be conveniently removed by a woman burdened with a child, and he left her alone a few moments, while he went to deliver her message to his mistress.

The time seeemed long to her before he came back, but he presently returned, and more respectfully ushered her into a spacious apartment dimly lighted by the lowered gas.

A large bow window opened upon a green yard filled with flowering plants, whose odor penetrated the room, and near it sat a delicate looking woman, dressed in a loose, flowing robe of white muslin.

Near her, lounging on a sofa, was a small, active looking man, with light hair and sandy whiskers. He seemed to be suffering from intense ennui, and when the stranger came came in, he was ready to welcome the interruption as something to divert the weary current of his own thoughts.

He sat up, brushed up his stiff-looking hair, and said:

"Eh? what's this, my dear? Baby made sure of at last! Well, that beats all! Hillo! young woman, I thought that you wouldn't be prevailed on to part from that picaninny by any manner of means. I must say that I never expected you to bring her here yourself."

"Sit down, Mrs Wilde," said the soft voice of his wife. "Do not mind what Mr. Allen says, for he must always have his joke. He does not mean to be unkind, for he is as anxious about the child as I am."

"Well, yes—perhaps I am, but it wasn't that I wanted a mewling baby in the house, but because you seemed to pine for something to amuse yourself with when I am away attending to my business affairs. So, as you set your heart on the child, I could not say no; that's the whole of it, Anna."

Mr. Wilde looked from one to the other, and with her native acuteness made up her mind that the husband was willing to furnish his wife with a plaything, that he might enjoy increased opportunities to amuse himself in his own way. In a tremulous voice she said:

"I am compelled, through neccessity to part from this child, for I am too, poor to retain her with me. A situation has been offered me to go South as nurse to an infant that has lately lost its mother; I accepted it, but I am not permitted to take my own baby, so I have brought her to you, Mrs. Allen, in the belief that she will be as tenderly cared for by you as by myself."

The lady warmly replied:

"That you may be sure of, Mrs. Wilde. Give me the little creature; let me look at her pretty face. Oh, I love children so much, and this one will be such a comfort to me."

She eagerly held out her arms, and tenderly kissing the sleeping babe, Mrs. Wilde laid her in them.

"What a sweet little darling," exclaimed Mrs. Allen; "look at her waxen hands, George, with their taper fingers; are they not lovely? and the little coral lips, and long silken lashes? I declare the baby is as pretty as a wax cherub."

"Pretty is as pretty does, Mrs. Allen," replied her husband, sententiously; "she's quiet enough now, because she's asleep, but wait till her peepers are open, and she begins to squall. Then will come the tug of war, to my thinking; but it's your fancy to take the child and I'll not balk you. Since it will make you happy to have her, she may stay, and I'll endure all the squalls I anticipate in consequence."

"Thank you, George; you are always considerate, but I promise that she shall not trouble you much. My seamstress has a young child, and she can take care of this one, too. As I have little sewing to do now, she can manage very well."

"Do as you choose, my dear. The child is a good-looking chap enough as babies go, but it isn't in my way to make a fuss over such articles of merchandise, so I'll leave you to settle the terms with her mother."

Mr. Allen threw a well-filled purse in his wife's lap, took up his hat, and frisked out of the room, kissing his hand to her as he disappeared. When she could no longer hear his steps, Mrs. Wilde spoke with some earnestness:

"Mr. Allen does not seem anxious to take my baby, madam; your health seems to be feeble, and—and—pray excuse me, but I must speak out. I may be giving up the child to be pampered a few years, and then to be cast back into as bitter poverty as it has been my lot to bear of late."

The invalid eagerly replied:

"Have no such fear as that, for I have money of my own, which I can dispose of as I please, and I promise to settle enough on this child to render her independent. I shall not die before this little creature is grown; my mother was an invalid for thirty years; she was affected just as I am, and it was the conviction that I shall have long and lonely years to pass in a sick room which led me to adopt a daughter who will grow up to be a companion for me—and a nurse for me when I become more feeble than I am now. My husband will, in time, attach himself to her, for he is warm-hearted, though eccentric. The chances are that your little girl will eventually inherit all our wealth."

"That thought must reconcile me to parting from her," replied Mrs, Wilde. "It is for the child's good that I have brought myself to give her to you. Henceforth she is yours, Mrs, Allen, and I feel that you will fill a mother's place to the poor little darling."

"Yes—you may rest assured of that, but what is her name? you have not told me."

"Call her what you will, madam. She has borne my name so short a time that it can scarcely be said to belong to her yet. It matters not what you call her; since all things will be changed with her, the change of name will be a mere trifle. What do you wish to call her."

"I don't know.—I haven't made up my mind yet, but I will write and let you know what I have named her. To what part of the South are you going?"

"I—I am going to Louisiana. I shall go far into the interior of the state, and Opelousas will be the nearest post office to the plantation on which I expect to live. You can direct to me there, to the care of Louis Leblanc."

"Very well. And now all that remains for us to do is to settle the money question. I sent you word that I would pay you three hundred dollars to relinquish all claim upon your infant, and give her to me to raise as my own. This purse, which Mr. Allen just gave me, contains more than that sum; but I am so charmed with my new acquisition, that I gladly give you the whole of it in exchange for her."

She held out the purse, through the netting of which the glitter of gold was seen, but Mrs. Wilde pushed it almost fiercely from her, and abruptly said:

"No, madam, I will not sell the child. I can live now without your money, and I should almost feel as if I had acted the part of Judas if I received gold for the poor little creature. There—there—say no more about it. I will not take it, and that is enough. Let me clasp my nurseling to my heart once more, and then leave her forever. Oh! madam, as you perform a loving mother's part toward this poor little waif, will God judge you when you appear before him. What He will say to me I dare not think—dare not imagine!"

She wildly snatched the infant to her breast, who awoke in a fright, and cried out; but the well-known face of her nurse reassured her, and she submitted to the impassioned caresses of the guilty woman as to something to which she was accustomed.

Mrs. Wilde suddenly threw her back into the arms of her new protectress, almost fiercely, saying:

"There—she is yours, madam; keep her forever, for I claim no further property in her."

Before Mrs. Allen could ring for a servant, she rushed from the room, and the house, leaving the heiress of Ashurst in her new home among utter aliens to her blood.

On the following morning Mrs. Wilde embarked for Baltimore, where an agent was to meet her and forward herself and the supposed child of Leon Ashley to his father's house. The voyage was safe and prosperous, and at the close of the week she was safely established in her new home.

(To be continued)

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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.

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"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. E. 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.

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(ARRIVING DAILY,)

Consisting of all the Staple makes of

English, Scotch and Canadian

WOOLLENS,

And many Spring Novelties.

A FULL LINE OF

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS

Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.

A very large and varied stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

which will be sold low for Cash.

March 18, 1885.

Never varies, does not contain one particle of the adulterations used to reduce the cost of

PURE GOODS

But DOES possess the FULL VALUE of every Legitimate Washing Quality, which gives it every advantage over Soaps of doubtful character; practically recommended by other manufacturers in imitating it. None should be deceived, however, as the word WELCOME and the Clasped Hands are stamped on every bar.

'85 Spring and Summer, '85

WM. JENNINGS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

has now received his SPRING AND SUMMER stock consisting of

Cloths, Doeskins,

ENGLISH,

SCOTCH AND CANADIAN

TWEEDS,

Diagonal and Corkscrew Coatings, in Plain and Fancy Colors.

Also a beautiful assortment of SPRING and SUMMER OVERCOATINGS. Likewise Scotch and English TROWSERINGS in Woollens and Worsteds, making the most complete Stock ever opened in the city. Please call and examine.

WM. JENNINGS.

Fredericton, March 18, 1885

HATS AND CAPS.

Spring and Summer.

FRANCIS DOHERTY

HAS NOW IN STOCK THE

Finest Assortment

—OF—

HATS and CAPS

ever seen in the City.

CALL AND EXAMINE

Pices to suit the times.

Fredericton, April 7, 1885

HELP WANTED. 1 Agent wanted in every place to sell our new goods. Big pay 40 samples only 10c. None Free. Cut this out. ACME NOVELTY CO., Clintonville, Conn

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 actua 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.
7 25 A. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.
9 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 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 55 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

NEW GOODS

AT

T. W. SMITH'S,

Edgecombe's Building,

Queen Street, - - - - Fredericton.

LATEST STYLES OF

German Coatings and Suitings,

English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds,

of the latest styles and finest textures, which will be made up to order in the Latest Styles, and EVERY SUIT warranted TO FIT, at PRICES that will

DEFY COMPETITION!

THE LATEST STYLES OF

Fine Fur, Hard and Soft Hats,

Gent's Furnishing Goods of every description in all the novelties of the season.

Boots, Shoes, Trunks and Valises, selling at cost to clear them out.

Call and examine Stock, and ascertain prices.

THOS. W. SMITH.

March 25

ENGLISH BOOTS

Just Received:

Gent's hand made Calf Congress;
Gent's do. Balmorals;
Ladies' Glove Kid Congress;
Do. do. Balmorals;

and a large variety of

CHILDREN'S BOOTS and SLIPPERS.

These are Genuine English Goods, are very fine in quality and will wear A 1.

J. B. McAlpine,

NEXT ABOVE C. H. THOMAS & CO.,

Queen Street, Fredericton.

March 18, 1885.

That Old, Reliable Killer of Pain,

Whether Internal or External, Perry Davis' Pain Killer should have a place in every Factory, Machine Shop and Mill, on every Farm, and in every Household, ready for immediate use, not only for Accidents, Cuts, Bruises, etc., but for Bowel Complaints, such as Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, sudden Colds, Chills, Neuralgia, etc., etc. Sold everywhere. Price, 20c, 25c and 50c per Bottle.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. Limited.
Wholesale Agents, Montreal.

PRACTICAL PLUMBING. AND GAS FITTING!

ESTABLISHMENT.

THIS establishment now having two thoroughly PRACTICAL PLUMBERS and GAS FITTERS in their employ are prepared to attend to all work entrusted to them in a thorough workmanlike manner.

Parties desiring to have their houses fitted with all the modern improvements in the above business would do well to apply to us for estimates before going elsewhere.

A variety of GLOBES and PATENT GAS BURNERS for sale cheap.

GAS STEAM and HOT WATER FITTINGS, always in stock.

Orders for Tin Roofing promptly attended to. Tinsmiths Work of every discription and of the best material manufactured to order the premises at shortest notice

Prices to suit the times

J. & J. O'BRIEN,

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B

Paints and Oils.

IN Stock, all grades and qualities. Call and get figures before purchasing elsewhere.

JAS. S. NEILL.

May 20

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

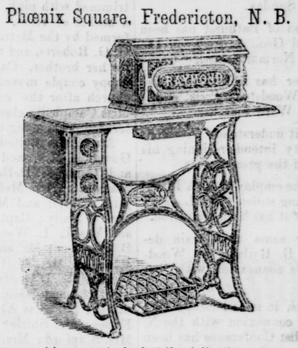
CALL AND SEE THE

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.

D. McCATHERIN,
Manager for Maritime Provinces

Address all communications P. O. Box 162, Fredericton, N. B.

Fredericton, May 18, 1883

CARRIAGE and SLEIGH FACTORY!

King St., - - Fredericton, N. B.

R COLWELL, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES, WAGGONS

SLEIGHS and PUNGS

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,
TOP PHÆTONS,
WAGON CONCORDS,
GENERAL GRANDS

AND A LARGE LOT OF

SLEIGHS AND PUNGS

TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

Terms to give satisfaction.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

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

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

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

1884 Christmas-New Year 1885

AT THE

NEW BOOK STORE.

JUST OPENED:

A fine assortment of

Christmas and New Year CARDS,

FROM

English, German, American, and Canadian Manufacturers,

AND MARKED AT THE

VERY LOWEST PRICES!!

Also a very large stock of

HOLIDAY BOOKS,

SUCH AS

Boy's Own Annual,
Girl's Own Annual,
Child's Own Magazine
Chatterbox,
Little Wide Awake,
Sunday at Home,
Leisure Hours,
Children's Friend,
Wood's Natural History,

and a variety of Miscellaneous Books.

**FANCY GOODS, TOYS and GAMES.