

Poetry.

COWSLIPS.

Young Spring has daisied all the meads,
And flecked the rustling river reeds
With dancing daffodils;
The bluebells carpet every dale,
And primrose blossoms, sweet and pale,
Peep out beneath the rills.

On hillside meadows in the sun,
The little children leap and run,
Or chase from flower to flower,
The frail white-winged butterflies;
That underneath Spring's sunny skies,
Enjoy their little hour.

And over all the meadows green,
The yellow cowslip blooms are seen,
And children part in bands;
With eager glees and laughing loins,
They rush to grasp the golden spoils,
Meet wealth for children's hands.

Their pearls of silver laughter float
Towards me, mingled with the note
Of thrushes' thrilling song.
I listen in my shady nook,
I sigh, upholding my poor loach,
For memories gather strong.

I carried once a heart as light
As they who are in the height
Of childhood's matchless glees,
For me were meadows gold and green,
The thrushes' song, and daisies serene,
And cowslips bloomed for me.

For me, too, loving hands entwined
The cowslips in a wreath to bind
My childish, tender words;
For me, too, fender hands broke forth,
And voices silent now on earth,
Once whispered I was fair.

Ah, my lost childhood! Never more,
Until I gain that farther shore,
Will thou come back to me!
But then my mother's voice and hand
May welcome me to that fair land,
A child once more to be.

And while it is my lot to wait,
Let me not murmur at my fate,
Nor grudge the children's play;
I will go forth among the band,
And pluck with cheerful heart and hand,
The cowslips-blooms to-day.

Literature.

TEMPTATION:

OR

The Lady of Ashurst.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN INJUNCTIVE ENGAGEMENT.

On the morning after seeing the face of Leon Ashley looking toward her window, Miss Arden awoke from the effects of the narcotic administered to her, in a calmer frame of mind than she had experienced since the night of her marriage.

There was a vague feeling of expectation that something was about to happen to change the dreary tenor of her life, for which she could not account. A sudden sense of peace seemed to have fallen on her perturbed feelings, and the magnetic consciousness that presence was approaching that affected her whole being made itself vaguely felt.

She thought of the stranger, and yearned again to behold the lineaments which so strongly resembled those she believed had forever passed from her sight. Even the passing glance she had obtained of him showed her that he was many shades darker than her betrothed, and the identity of the two never once occurred to her.

How was it possible that it should, when she believed Leon Ashley to be in his grave?

The day was passed quietly, but in the evening she made a careful toilette and surprised Mrs. Maitland and her daughter by declaring her intention to join them in their promenade upon the beach.

It was the first time Grace had expressed the slightest willingness to appear in public, if walking with them in the gathering twilight could be considered in that light. But Augusta knew that from the window of her room Miss Arden could see that Ashley joined herself and her mother every evening soon after they left the house, and she cast a sharp glance at the colorless face of the invalid to see if she could divine her motive for wishing to walk with them.

The pallor of her complexion was less deathlike and a faint gleam of hope seemed to have been lighted in the dimmed eyes of the mourner. She half smiled as she caught the expression of Augusta's face, and softly said:

"It seems strange that I should care to go out; but I do, Augusta. I will be candid with you, and tell you that I have the greatest desire to see this Mr. Larnie more nearly, and I have observed that he always walks with you on the sands. I have a fancy that the face which so greatly startled me last evening was his; he was looking for you then, I suppose. Oh! you don't know what a comfort it would be to me to see one so strikingly resembles my poor Leon."

"Grace, love, if you will the suave voice of Mrs. Maitland, 'if you will only strive to forget all about young Ashley, it will be far better for you than to cherish his memory in this fanatical manner. His conduct toward you should destroy every feeling of respect or affection for him. It should indeed, my love.'"

"So you may think," replied Miss Arden, in an irritated manner; "but I do not happen to agree with you in opinion. Love such as I felt for Leon Ashley can forgive a much greater wrong than he was guilty of toward me. He never could have believed that he was legally bound to that woman who thrust herself forward as my rival. She was far beneath him in social position, and she involved him in committing himself to her in some unfortunate manner. But that she really loved him and myself as a bar to our legal union, I do not believe. I am Leon Ashley's lawfully wedded wife, though you may still persist in calling me Miss Arden, as if I had never been married."

Grace had become quite oblivious of the conviction which came to her mind on the night of her ill-omened nuptials: in those long weeks of delirium she had forgotten much she had once known, and the poor overworked brain had received a shock from which it was destined never to recover.

But one impression was deathless as the spirit within her, and that was her adoring love for the unprincipled man who had won her affections.

Mrs. Maitland looked at the face of the excited speaker, and saw that a red spot glowed in the lately colorless cheeks, that her eyes were shining with some new emotion, and she soothingly said:

"Come and walk in the evening air with us, if you choose, my dear. If it is your wish, we will introduce you as Mrs. Ashley to any one that may join us; and it will be awkward to do so, as we have spoken of you as Miss Arden, and your said wife is little known here."

"Oh, well—I don't care. Let it be Miss Arden then," she suddenly replied. But let us start, if we mean to go out at all.

Larnie was nowhere in sight, and she began to chatter gaily to her companions. Grace, who did not listen to her, in every sense seemed to be wrapped in some ideal vision which was absorbing her whole being. Suddenly a voice spoke behind them, and she started.

"Good evening, ladies. The sea breeze is charming tonight; and I am glad to see, Miss Augusta, that you have induced your friend to enjoy the evening features."

"At the sound of his voice, Miss Arden started as if she had received an electric shock. She passed her hand over her eyes, as if to clear her vision, and then gazed searchingly upon the features, which were clearly visible in the moonlight. A tremulous shiver passed through her frame, and she muttered:

"So like—so like, and yet not the same! His voice, too, seems but an echo of his that is gone—gone forever!"

Suddenly turning toward Ashley, before Mrs. Maitland could perform the ceremony of introduction, Miss Arden abruptly asked:

"Are you a relation of the Ashley of March 1881? You know, if such a resemblance can never be accidental."

"He courteously replied:

"I am happy to inform you, Miss Arden, that I am a nephew of Judge Ashley, and I fully comprehend what so deeply moves you. I have often been mistaken for my cousin Leon, though you may observe that I am far darker than he was. Allow me to express my pleasure in making the acquaintance of one who was selected by my uncle as the bride of his only son."

"No, no," she vehemently replied—"I do not choose to be mistaken for my cousin Leon. He loved me—I know he did—I am sure he did—or he would never have braved disgrace to make me his wife. Men only do such things as they are guilty of at the instigation of intense and passionate love. Don't you agree with me, sir?"

"Fully," entirely, Miss Arden. And now, as a near connection of those you have so long known, will you permit me to claim the privilege of a friend to visit you in your seclusion?"

"Yes—pray come and talk to me of Leon. I think of him always, but every one seems afraid to mention his name in my presence. It is a great mistake, for it seems my full right to speak of him. Those who know anything at all of me are aware of my history, so why should I care to ignore it? No—I shall carry my memory to my grave, and I wish I was lying there now with my poor, darling Leon!"

Grace spoke in a rapid and excited manner, and ended by bursting into a flood of hysterical tears. Shocked by her want of reticence, Mrs. Maitland turned homeward, and hurried the agitated girl to her own apartment, where she remained until the morning, when she returned to the entrance, however, and went forth to Ashley, to visit her every day during his stay at Cape May.

He turned away from her, satisfied that his mind was fearfully warped, yet strange to see, exulting in the certainty that this half-demented woman was his lawful wife, and as such he would find means to claim her, and secure to himself the estates she possessed in her own right.

But these ulterior intentions did not prevent him from carrying on a lively flirtation with Augusta Maitland throughout the remainder of the evening, and she retired at a late hour, with the conviction in her mind that the game was in her own hands, and she could easily secure this desirable man to do as she wished to do.

Just before they separated for the night, Augusta asked:

"Will you accept the invitation to visit her given by that poor, half-crazed girl? It is a pity such a magnificent fortune should be wasted on a person so incapable of enjoying it."

"Of course I shall accept an invitation which was pressed on me with so much earnestness to flatter my self-love. Miss Arden will yet get over her grief, and enfold some clever young man with her thousands who will know how to spend them."

"Umph! If a spendthrift ventured to take her for the sake of her fortune, he would have to put her in a lunatic asylum in less than a year after their marriage. Grace Arden is unsound in mind now, and unless she is looked after, and humored as a child, she will lose the little sense she now has. Mark my words, Mr. Larnie: in less than three years from this night she will be the inmate of the mad-house."

There was a strange expression in his eyes, as he replied:

"You make a true prophet, Miss Maitland; but in that event the husband would soon be free to make another choice. A divorce could be easily obtained under such circumstances, for it would be a great outrage to lay such a lunatic to a senseless clod of clay such as a lunatic undoubtedly becomes when the light of reason is withdrawn. Tell me, fair Augusta, are you willing to wed a divorced man?"

As he asked this question Larnie searchedly regarded her.

"That is a strange question to put to me. Pray are you thinking of taking unto yourself such an incubus as a mad wife, and when you have succeeded in ridding yourself of her, will you be willing to do so?"

Augusta spoke lightly, as if supposing his question had no significance, but he again persistently asked:

"Pray are you thinking of taking unto yourself such an incubus as a mad wife, and when you have succeeded in ridding yourself of her, will you be willing to do so?"

Larnie was nowhere in sight, and she began to chatter gaily to her companions. Grace, who did not listen to her, in every sense seemed to be wrapped in some ideal vision which was absorbing her whole being. Suddenly a voice spoke behind them, and she started.

"Good evening, ladies. The sea breeze is charming tonight; and I am glad to see, Miss Augusta, that you have induced your friend to enjoy the evening features."

"At the sound of his voice, Miss Arden started as if she had received an electric shock. She passed her hand over her eyes, as if to clear her vision, and then gazed searchingly upon the features, which were clearly visible in the moonlight. A tremulous shiver passed through her frame, and she muttered:

"So like—so like, and yet not the same! His voice, too, seems but an echo of his that is gone—gone forever!"

Suddenly turning toward Ashley, before Mrs. Maitland could perform the ceremony of introduction, Miss Arden abruptly asked:

"Are you a relation of the Ashley of March 1881? You know, if such a resemblance can never be accidental."

"He courteously replied:

"I am happy to inform you, Miss Arden, that I am a nephew of Judge Ashley, and I fully comprehend what so deeply moves you. I have often been mistaken for my cousin Leon, though you may observe that I am far darker than he was. Allow me to express my pleasure in making the acquaintance of one who was selected by my uncle as the bride of his only son."

"No, no," she vehemently replied—"I do not choose to be mistaken for my cousin Leon. He loved me—I know he did—I am sure he did—or he would never have braved disgrace to make me his wife. Men only do such things as they are guilty of at the instigation of intense and passionate love. Don't you agree with me, sir?"

"Fully," entirely, Miss Arden. And now, as a near connection of those you have so long known, will you permit me to claim the privilege of a friend to visit you in your seclusion?"

"Yes—pray come and talk to me of Leon. I think of him always, but every one seems afraid to mention his name in my presence. It is a great mistake, for it seems my full right to speak of him. Those who know anything at all of me are aware of my history, so why should I care to ignore it? No—I shall carry my memory to my grave, and I wish I was lying there now with my poor, darling Leon!"

Grace spoke in a rapid and excited manner, and ended by bursting into a flood of hysterical tears. Shocked by her want of reticence, Mrs. Maitland turned homeward, and hurried the agitated girl to her own apartment, where she remained until the morning, when she returned to the entrance, however, and went forth to Ashley, to visit her every day during his stay at Cape May.

He turned away from her, satisfied that his mind was fearfully warped, yet strange to see, exulting in the certainty that this half-demented woman was his lawful wife, and as such he would find means to claim her, and secure to himself the estates she possessed in her own right.

But these ulterior intentions did not prevent him from carrying on a lively flirtation with Augusta Maitland throughout the remainder of the evening, and she retired at a late hour, with the conviction in her mind that the game was in her own hands, and she could easily secure this desirable man to do as she wished to do.

Just before they separated for the night, Augusta asked:

"Will you accept the invitation to visit her given by that poor, half-crazed girl? It is a pity such a magnificent fortune should be wasted on a person so incapable of enjoying it."

"Of course I shall accept an invitation which was pressed on me with so much earnestness to flatter my self-love. Miss Arden will yet get over her grief, and enfold some clever young man with her thousands who will know how to spend them."

"Umph! If a spendthrift ventured to take her for the sake of her fortune, he would have to put her in a lunatic asylum in less than a year after their marriage. Grace Arden is unsound in mind now, and unless she is looked after, and humored as a child, she will lose the little sense she now has. Mark my words, Mr. Larnie: in less than three years from this night she will be the inmate of the mad-house."

There was a strange expression in his eyes, as he replied:

"You make a true prophet, Miss Maitland; but in that event the husband would soon be free to make another choice. A divorce could be easily obtained under such circumstances, for it would be a great outrage to lay such a lunatic to a senseless clod of clay such as a lunatic undoubtedly becomes when the light of reason is withdrawn. Tell me, fair Augusta, are you willing to wed a divorced man?"

As he asked this question Larnie searchedly regarded her.

"That is a strange question to put to me. Pray are you thinking of taking unto yourself such an incubus as a mad wife, and when you have succeeded in ridding yourself of her, will you be willing to do so?"

Augusta spoke lightly, as if supposing his question had no significance, but he again persistently asked:

"Pray are you thinking of taking unto yourself such an incubus as a mad wife, and when you have succeeded in ridding yourself of her, will you be willing to do so?"

Larnie was nowhere in sight, and she began to chatter gaily to her companions. Grace, who did not listen to her, in every sense seemed to be wrapped in some ideal vision which was absorbing her whole being. Suddenly a voice spoke behind them, and she started.

"Good evening, ladies. The sea breeze is charming tonight; and I am glad to see, Miss Augusta, that you have induced your friend to enjoy the evening features."

"At the sound of his voice, Miss Arden started as if she had received an electric shock. She passed her hand over her eyes, as if to clear her vision, and then gazed searchingly upon the features, which were clearly visible in the moonlight. A tremulous shiver passed through her frame, and she muttered:

"So like—so like, and yet not the same! His voice, too, seems but an echo of his that is gone—gone forever!"

Suddenly turning toward Ashley, before Mrs. Maitland could perform the ceremony of introduction, Miss Arden abruptly asked:

"Are you a relation of the Ashley of March 1881? You know, if such a resemblance can never be accidental."

"He courteously replied:

"I am happy to inform you, Miss Arden, that I am a nephew of Judge Ashley, and I fully comprehend what so deeply moves you. I have often been mistaken for my cousin Leon, though you may observe that I am far darker than he was. Allow me to express my pleasure in making the acquaintance of one who was selected by my uncle as the bride of his only son."

"No, no," she vehemently replied—"I do not choose to be mistaken for my cousin Leon. He loved me—I know he did—I am sure he did—or he would never have braved disgrace to make me his wife. Men only do such things as they are guilty of at the instigation of intense and passionate love. Don't you agree with me, sir?"

"Fully," entirely, Miss Arden. And now, as a near connection of those you have so long known, will you permit me to claim the privilege of a friend to visit you in your seclusion?"

"Yes—pray come and talk to me of Leon. I think of him always, but every one seems afraid to mention his name in my presence. It is a great mistake, for it seems my full right to speak of him. Those who know anything at all of me are aware of my history, so why should I care to ignore it? No—I shall carry my memory to my grave, and I wish I was lying there now with my poor, darling Leon!"

Grace spoke in a rapid and excited manner, and ended by bursting into a flood of hysterical tears. Shocked by her want of reticence, Mrs. Maitland turned homeward, and hurried the agitated girl to her own apartment, where she remained until the morning, when she returned to the entrance, however, and went forth to Ashley, to visit her every day during his stay at Cape May.

He turned away from her, satisfied that his mind was fearfully warped, yet strange to see, exulting in the certainty that this half-demented woman was his lawful wife, and as such he would find means to claim her, and secure to himself the estates she possessed in her own right.

But these ulterior intentions did not prevent him from carrying on a lively flirtation with Augusta Maitland throughout the remainder of the evening, and she retired at a late hour, with the conviction in her mind that the game was in her own hands, and she could easily secure this desirable man to do as she wished to do.

Just before they separated for the night, Augusta asked:

"Will you accept the invitation to visit her given by that poor, half-crazed girl? It is a pity such a magnificent fortune should be wasted on a person so incapable of enjoying it."

"Of course I shall accept an invitation which was pressed on me with so much earnestness to flatter my self-love. Miss Arden will yet get over her grief, and enfold some clever young man with her thousands who will know how to spend them."

"Umph! If a spendthrift ventured to take her for the sake of her fortune, he would have to put her in a lunatic asylum in less than a year after their marriage. Grace Arden is unsound in mind now, and unless she is looked after, and humored as a child, she will lose the little sense she now has. Mark my words, Mr. Larnie: in less than three years from this night she will be the inmate of the mad-house."

There was a strange expression in his eyes, as he replied:

"You make a true prophet, Miss Maitland; but in that event the husband would soon be free to make another choice. A divorce could be easily obtained under such circumstances, for it would be a great outrage to lay such a lunatic to a senseless clod of clay such as a lunatic undoubtedly becomes when the light of reason is withdrawn. Tell me, fair Augusta, are you willing to wed a divorced man?"

As he asked this question Larnie searchedly regarded her.

"That is a strange question to put to me. Pray are you thinking of taking unto yourself such an incubus as a mad wife, and when you have succeeded in ridding yourself of her, will you be willing to do so?"

Augusta spoke lightly, as if supposing his question had no significance, but he again persistently asked:

"Pray are you thinking of taking unto yourself such an incubus as a mad wife, and when you have succeeded in ridding yourself of her, will you be willing to do so?"

HALL'S

Vegetable Sicilian

HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure disease of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements useful for the proper treatment of thinning hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unequalled success can be attributed to but one cause: the entire fulfillment of its promises.

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the color of the scalp. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dandruff, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not only permanent, but a lasting time makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FOR THE

WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash off, and requires no single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

PREPARED BY

R. P. HALL & CO., Mashua, N. H.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ALL THE FORMS

OF

Scrofula, Mercurial, and

Blood Disorders,

The best remedy, because it cures the blood, and through the blood, purifies the system.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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

JAS. R. HOWIE

has, in consequence of the fire, removed from his own premises on Queen Street, to

Fisher's Building,

Where he will carry on his business as usual.

He invites special attention to his well-selected stock of

NEW GOODS,

(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 15, 1885.

WELCOME

TRADE MARK.

SOAP

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 Clashed 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 OVERCOATS. Likewise

Scotch and English TROUSERS in

Woolens and Worsted, making the

most complete Stock ever opened in the

city. Please call and examine.

WM. JENNINGS.

Frederickton, March 15, 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

Pieces to suit the times.

Frederickton, April 7, 1885.

HELP

WANTED. I am wanted in every

place to sell our new goods. Big pay

to those who will. No experience

needed. Apply to J. S. NEILL,

Clintonville, Conn.

NEW BRUNSWICK

RAILWAY.

(Operating 443 miles.)

WINTER TIME TABLE.

All trains are run on Eastern standard