Poetry.

SHE RULES.

Since Father Adam first was fooled,
The world has been by woman ruled;
She rules by tactics of her own,
A laugh, a sigh, a smile, a frown.

A cheerful word to banish care,
A gentle touch, a silent prayer,
A tender hug, a good-night kiss.
Imparting peace and hallowed bliss.

She ruleth not by gun or spear,
Her chosen weapon is a tear;
She conquers oft by tenderness
And sympathy for sore distress.

She many cunning ways can find
To make submissive vain mankind
From any craft appearing free,
A clever actress she can be.

A lion can be or else a lamb,
A hurricane or else a calm;
A furious hawk or cooing dove,
So full of ire or full of love.

Now this is woman's little plan
To rule the world, by ruling man;
And he who doubts that she doth rule,
Should try the matrimonial school.

Literature.

THE DOUGLAS HEIR.

CHAPTER XLIII.

WOULD HE FORGIVE HER?

Lady Ruxley had arranged with one of the servants that she was to be notified whenever Mr. Dredmond and his wife should come. Consequently she had received the intelligence of their arrival almost immediately.

She knew that Adrian would make a clean breast of everything, and she reasoned that it would be the best time now for Herbert to be introduced to his brother and their friends, and have his future position in the family established at once.

She had kept the young man with her until Lady Randal returned from Paris, when he insisted upon returning to his old quarters until his existence should be made known to his brother; and this meeting with Sir Charles had caused him many sleepless nights and much anxious thought. He had hesited now with an undefinable dread at his heart about making his appearance, but, after a second thought, he had yielded to Lady Ruxley's command, feeling that it would be better for all parties to have the matter settled for all time,

She had learned to love the quiet, gentle young man during the short time he had been with her; he was so attentive and entertaining that he made her forget her bodily ailments, while he shamed her by his own patience and submission into repressing her fretfulness and grumbling.

She seemed to have grown younger since she had had this new object in life to interest her, and she now entered the room in a brisk, decided manner, her wrinkled face all alive, and her keen eyes on the alert to watch and read every movement and expression.

Herbert was very pale, but quiet, and there was a certain dignity and decision in his manner which plainly told that he was resolved henceforth to assert his rights.

Lady Randal started up wildly as they entered.

"How came you here—what right have you to come here?" she demanded, almost fiercely.

"The right of a free man, mother," was his quick but firm reply.

"Ha!" exclaimed Lady Ruxley, bitterly. "I suppose you did not fill up the measure of your wickedness in your youth Helen, and so you must needs hide this innocent child, denying him all love and care, and his rightful place in his own home."

"Spare me now, aunt—I suffer enough,' groaned the unhappy woman, who had sunk back trembling again at her son's reply.

"Spare you! Whom have you ever spared, I should like to know, if they happened to obstruct your path? Look back over your past life, think of your victims, and repent before it is too late. I only regret that I did not know of this wrong earlier; it should have been righted long ago, I promise you. Charles," and she turned suddenly upoh him, searching his face eagerly with her keen gray eyes, "this is your brother!"

He had always been her ideal of manliness; she deemed him noble, self-sacrificing, chivalrous, but she knew that this was a test which would try his very soul.

Would he be equal to it, and still be the noble man she thought him?

She dreaded yet longed for the issue, while every one in that room stood silent, almost breathless, awaiting the meeting of the brothers.

The moment the door had opened, and his eyes had fallen upon his crippled brother, Sir Charles had stood as one transfixed,

The hideous deformity had been the first thing to attract his attention, of course That misplaced head, the misshapen shoulders, the withered, helpless hand, the twisted leg and foot had struck a terrible feeling to his heart. Then his eyes had sought the sad, pale face with an eager, searching gaze, as if seeking to know something of the soul within that distorted body.

At once he marked the grandly-shaped head, with its broad, square forehead, which looked almost majestic beneath the crown of snowy hair. He marked the delicate, refined features, the deep, true, blue eyes, with their dark, sweeping lashes, the sensitivo, expressive mouth, and the firm, decided chin.

It was a noble, attractive face, and as he looked, the shock of repulsion which he had at first experienced passed, and in its place came a tender pity and affection born of sympathy and the knowledge that this was kin—his brother.

At Lady Ruxley's words he went eagerly toward him, and clasping his hand in a strong, protecting clasp, exclaimed:

"My brother! How glad I am for the gift, even though it comes so late. Shall we begin to love each other now, Herbert?"

The two men—one so strong, handsome and self-reliant in his glorious manhood, the other so weak and helpless in his deformity—gazed into each other' eyes with a look which seemed to read their very souls, and the tears started unbidden to each.

Though outwardly so different in appearance, their natures were alike—grand and pure.

"God bless you, my brother!" murmured Herbert Randal, with quivering lips, while a deep joy, such as he had never known in all his life before, thrilled him through and through.

He had not been prepared for any such reception as this. From his aunt's description of his brother, he had hoped to be kindly received, and his presence perhaps tolerated; but this hearty gathering into the arms of his affection moved him deeply.

Isabel Coolidge, looking on and beholding this scene, saw herself in a new light. She was bowed with shame and humiliation at the thought of her own selfish, wasted life, while she realized the grandness of Sir Charles' nature as she had never done before, and knew she was unfit to mate with him.

She knew, also, although he had spoken np word to that effect, that that hour would probably separate them forever.

"Charles! Charles! my dear boy!" cried Lady Ruxley, in trembling tones while tears rained over her wrinkled face, "I hope you would stand this test of character nobly, I have always been proud of you, but God knows that I love you at this moment with a deeper love than ever before."

"Dear aunt, surely you did not expect I should reject my brother?" he said, in surprise, then added, as he saw how affected she was; "Come, let me take you to a seat."

He led her to a comfortable chair, and then, while Lord Dunforth and his party exchanged greetings with his brother, he went and stood once more before his mother.

He was very grave and sorrowful, and the brightness and animation which had lighted up his face for a few moments had given place to a painful pallor again.

"Mother," he began, in low but firm tones, "I will not upbraid you for this cruel wrong, for I know that your own conscience will reprove you more sharply than I have the heart to do; but I wish it to be distinctly understood that Herbert and I are henceforth to live upon terms of equality. Whatever I have of this world's goods that he can share, he shares, and I bespeak for him in the future your tenderest love and care, and the respect and consideration of the entire household."

Lady Randal could only reply by cries and sobs; she was utterly unnerved. The plottings of a lifetime had been brought to naught in an hour.

He then turned his attention to Mrs. Coolidge, who was sitting, sullen and crest-fallen, near by.

"Madam," he said, haughtily, "the carriage will be at your your disposal at any hour you may see fit to name. I will see," and a spasm of pain crossed his face, "that our friends are all notified that their presence here on Wednesday will not be acceptable, since, after the cruelties and deceptions brought to light to-day, I must decline the honor of your daughter's hand and an alliance with your family.

"And, oh, Isabel!" he said, suddenly facing the nearly fainting girl, and almost unnerved himself, "may God forgive you for your part in this matter. I deemed you so good and true that I had built my strongest hopes upon spending a happy and useful life with you. The veil has been rudely torn from my eyes, but it is better now than later."

She cowered beneath his words as if every one had been a cruel blow struck upon her naked heart.

"Forgive me, oh, forgive me!" she cried, with an agonized look; "the loss of your love and respect is more than I can bear."

"I feel less of anger than of sorrow," he returned; but there are others whose forgiveness you should seek also," and he glanced at Mrs, Dredmond.

She looked up at him, eagerly searching his sad face,

Would he forgive her, and open his arms to her again, if she should be repentant and humble?

But no; there was no answering eagerness in his eye, and she saw that the discovery of her falsehood and cruelty had parted them hopelessly, and she could not be his wife; her falsehood, cruelty, and deceit had built an impassable barrier between them, and, filled with bitter agony, she felt at that moment as if she would rather have had her tongue torn out by the roots than humble herself to Adrian Dredmonds's wife.

Sir Charles saw her face harden and darken with passion, and, while he sighed over the wickedness of her heart, he yet wondered how he ever could have been so blinded and deceived by her.

"Shall I take you to Mrs. Dredmond?" he pleaded, longing for her own sake to have her acknowledge her wrong doing, and hating to lose all respect for her.

"No, I thank you, Sir Charles. Do you think, after this day's doing, that I could ever bow down to her!" she sneered, trying to brave it out, though her face looked drawn and pinched from the torture she was suffering.

He half turned from her in disgust, and saw that Brownie herself was approaching them

She held out her hand to him, and he clasped it warmly—every spark of the resentment which he had cherished since they met in London gone from his heart.

She then turned to Mrs. Coolidge and Isabel, saying, in sweet, low tones:

"I wish to tell you before we go, that I harbor no unkind feelings towards either of you. I sincerely regret that our visit to day should have occasioned you so much pain, and I wish you to feel that it was no spirit of revenge which prompted it. I thought perhaps it might be a comfort to you to know before we part forever," she went on, the tears starting to her beautiful eyes, "that I wish you well."

"Yes. I suppose, now you're at the heap, you think you have a right to crow over us," snapped Mrs. Coolidge, coarsely.

Sir Charles' face flushed an angry red at this insult, and he made a motion of disgust, inwardly giving thanks that his eyes had been opened before it was too late, although so rudely.

The delicate color in Brownie's cheek deepened a trifle, but she answered kindly:

"I am sorry you think that I have the least feeling of triumph, for I have not, and I believe there will come a time in the future when you will both feel differently toward me. Now I would like to tell you something, which I once refused to do. Those initials E. H., which you discovered marked upon so many articles in my room, stand for Elinor Hungerford, which was my mother's maiden name."

"Strange that we did not think of that," ejaculated Isabel, in astonishment. "But it seemed out of place to find such elegant things in your possession."

"I know," Brownie said, gently, with a compassionate look in her face, and then addressing Mrs. Coolidge again, she said: "And now, if you will not consider me presuming, I wish to ask a little favor of you."

Sir Charles listened in amazement.

This injured, insulted girl, forgetting all past abuse and suffering, and giving them the comfort of granting her a favor! Surely this was that "charity which suffereth long, and is kind; which vaunteth not itself, seeketh not her own, and is not easily provoked."

Even Mrs. Coolidge herself could not understand this, for, looking up astonished, she ejaculated:

"You ask a favor of me, after——

"Yes, please," interrupted the young wife, hastily. "I wish to see Viola and Alma just for a few moments, to bid them good-by and give them a little token of my love, if you do not object. I probably shall hot have another opportunity of seeing them."

The tears sprang to Brownie's eyes as she said this. She had grown to love the warm-hearted, impulsive girls very dearly during the short time she had been with them.

Mrs. Coolidge did not reply for a moment. She was looking very sober, and seemed almost at a loss how to receive this request.

"Shall I ring for them to be sent here?" asked Sir Charles, coming forward.

"If you please, unless Mrs. Coolidge objects," answered Brownie, waiting for her assent.

"I do not object," she said, briefly, and Sir Charles sent the message.

The girls were delighted, and clung to their old governess in a way to show that she had won their hearts completely; and when she quietly slipped a lovely diamond ring upon the hand of each, their joy was a pleasure to behold.

"My dears," said Brownie, almost weeping as she thought she might never see them again, "I know you will not forget me—that you will remember me whenever you look upon this ring, but I want to ask you to remember something else also."

"What is it, Miss Douglas--I mean Mrs. Dredmond? We will do anything in the world that you ask," they cried.

"Do you remember what I used to tell you about beautiful lives?" she asked, fondly.

"Oh, yes," said gay Alma, becoming suddenly grave. "You said if we would always keep our hearts pure, our lives would be beautiful."

"I think your heart must be very pure, for you are very beautiful, and everybody seems to love you," said Viola, with a look of earnest affection.

"My dear, we all make mistakes, and I am not above reproach; but whenever you look at these stones, which are so pure and clear, let them teach you purity. We may never meet each other here again, but when we meet in the great future, I pray I may find you unspotted from the world," Brownie replied, with deep emotion.

She then kissed them tenderly, and they left the room, weeping, while Sir Charles turned away to hide his own tears and marveled at the beautiful spirit which his cousin's wife displayed.

A half-hour later, Lord Dunforth, Adrian, and his wife left Vallingham Hall with Lady Ruxley, who insisted that they should spend the day and dine with her.

Lady Randal went to her own room and to bed, too ill and heart-broken to sit up. And for the first time in her life the proud Helen Capel was humbled in the dust.

Surely Miss Mehetabel Douglas was avenged of her wrongs at last!

As Mrs, Coolidge and Isabel left the drawing-room to seek their own, Sir Charles said to the former:

"At what hour shall I order the carriage for you, madam?"

"Really you are extremely hospitable, it seems to me. You appear to be very anxious to get rid of us," she retorted, sharply.

"Madam, I think it will be the kindest arrangement for all of us for you to go as soon as possible," he replied, sadly, but firmly.

At four o'clock that afternoon they were all *en route* for London, where they purposed remaining until Mr. Coolidge should return from America when they hoped to leave for the Continent and join Wilbur on his travels. But he did not return to them!

Instead, they shortly received a telegram bidding them come home immediately, as he had found his affairs in such a confused state upon reaching New York that a failure seemed ineyitable.

Accordingly, the first of July found them a sadder but wiser family, once more domiciled in their own home in New York City.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ASPASIA COOLIDGE

Six months later we find a cheerful group gathered in the breakfast-room of Lord Dunforth's house in London,

Brownie is conspicuous among them, and is her own bright, sweet self, seeming more like the happy girl she was on that fifth day of September when Adrian first beheld her in the Art Gallery at Philadelphia, than when we last saw her. Every day she is twining herself closer and closer about the hearts of Lord and Lady Dunforth, who are continually sounding her praises, and think there never was such a wife as Adrian has; while the look of deepening tenderness in the fond husband's eyes whenever they rest upon her, tells of a wealth of love found only in the truest and purest hearts.

They are at breakfast. Brownie has taken the head of the table lately, as Lady Dunforth says she is getting too old to have the responsibility of it, but in reality she loves to sit and watch the lovely face beaming over the silver urns, and the dainty little hands as they flutter like white doves about the rich and glittering service.

And truly the beautiful young wife, although she makes a lovely picture, presides with a gentle dignity all her own. Lord Dunforth has also resigned his place to Adrian, and he and his wife now sit side by side.

He seems to grow more tender of his gentle companion of late, as if he experienced a sort of remorse for the secret barrier which has stood between them all these long years, and thus their lives are being filled with a blessed content, as, with their faces turned toward the setting sun, they caimly await the evening rest.

They have several guests this morning at their table, and one has a very familiar, as well as a decidedly American appearance. It is Mr. Conrad, who has lately arrived in England to return a portion of that property which was intrusted to his care so many years ago.

The other guests are his wife, and ward—Miss Emily Elliott.

Brownie was delighted to receive a visit from them—it seemed almost to link her to the old life once more, for she still had a tender regard for her native land, although she never expected to make it her home again,

She exerted her utmost powers to give them pleasure, and to make the old lawyer forget the one mistake of his life; and she had so far succeeded that he seems like the genial friend of former days, and is indeed almost gay at times.

Adrian had been giving him a dramatic account of his so-called runaway marriage, and they had just concluded a hearty laugh at his expense, when the butler entered with the mail-bag.

"Now for the letters!" said the young man, and he unlocked the bag, and began distributing them.

"Aha!" he said, with a mischievous glance across the table, as he took up a heavy missive directed, in a round, bold hand, to his wife. "May I enquire, madam, what gentleman correspondent you have in America?"

"When you get through inspecting the envelope, I will inspect the contents, and then, perhaps, I'll tell you," replied Brownie, saucily.

"You see, Mr. Conrad," said Adrian, turning to the lawyer with mock seriousness, "that although my wife is getting quite English in some respects, yet the American independence will crop out occasionally. I despair of ever eradicating that!" he added, with a fond look at the bright face bent so earnestly over the closely written pages she had unfolded.

Suddenly she looked up, with a little exclamation of delight and surprise.

"Oh, Adrian!" she said, "I have such good news for you! Aspasia is going to be married—and to whom do you tnink?"

"Get Mr. Conrad to guess—he knows more concerning your acquaintances than I, Adrian replied.

"But it is no one whom Mr. Conrad knows at all, and you are well acquainted with him. Besides, he is a New Yorker."

"I am sure I know of no one in New York who is marriageable, unless it be—"

"Well, whom?" Brownie asked, with shining eyes, as he hesitated.

"Wilbur Coolidge," he replied, with a peculiar expression.

"And why not?" she demanded, mischievously; and he laughed outright.

He had always been a trifle sensitive over that little episode in her life. He could not bear the thought that another should even have presumed to love her.

Let me read you what she says, Brownie went on. Mr. Conrad knows all about her, and of course you are all interested in my friends, and then Aspasia was so kind when auntie died. The sweet voice always softened tenderly when speaking of auntie. She begins her news by saying, she continued, referring to the letter:

"And now, darling, I have some wonderful things to tell you. In the first place, I have abandoned, as I promised you, my trains (except for evening wear), and I trust I have lengthened my charities, and received much personal benefit thereby. I thought I would try short dresses before the Paris Exposition, and get a little accustomed to them, for another such experience as I went through with, the fifth of one September would finish me entirely. Speaking of the Paris Exposition brings me to another important point. I am making extensive preparations for a European tour, and if nothing happens, I intend to run over to England and take a look at my Brownie before I return. Now, the cream of my letter lies in the fact that my contemplated tour is to be prefaced by a brief ceremony, which will change Aspasia Huntington to Aspasia Coolidge! Yes, dear, I am going to marry Wilbur Coolidge. He has told me all about his liking for you, and I could not blame the dear boy in the least; for I know if I had been a man I should have wanted to marry you myself. I met Mr. Coolidge while in New York some five months ago, and was at once attracted toward him on account of his manly independence. His father has met with business reverses, which have reduced the family from their former magnificence to almost a state of poverty. Wilbur has proved himself a man in the emergency, putting his shoulder to the wheel, devoting himself to his profession—that of the law—and has done much toward the support of his mother and sisters consequently, I am very proud of him.

"Now, I want to tell you a little about Isabel and the rest of the family, but particularly about her, for I know all that you have suffered from her unkindness in the past, although you have never written me a word about it.

"Mrs. Coolidge is a confirmed invalid, entirely broken down by disappointment and their reduced circumstances; but Isabel, instead of being weak-minded, vain, and selfish being every one thought her to be, has, like Wilbur, risen nobly above their calamities, takes the whole charge of the household affairs and of her mother, with whom she is as patient as an angel. But she is the saddest creature I ever saw, and I believe the girl's heart is really broken, for her brother tells me she did truly love and esteem Sir Charles Randal, notwithstanding her inordinate desire to obtain a high position in the world. She never speaks of herself or her sorrow, but devotes herself to others. Whatever her past errors may have been, she is atoning nobly for them, and I believe will come out of this furnace a pure, good woman,"

"The other girls, Viola and Alma, are charming, and they can never say enough in the praise of Lady Dredmond, as they persist in calling you. They told me about your gift of the rings, and I think they are really striving for that purity of character which you recommended.

"Now, dearest, you may expect to see me about the first of February, and don't I long to clasp you once again in my arms, my Brownie, for, dear, it is to you I feel I owe the higher and better views which I now have of life.

"Ever your loving friend,

"ASPASIA HUNTINGTON."

This letter was like a gleam of the brightest sunshine to Brownie. She longed to see the friend of her youth, and she was delighted to know that she was to marry Wilbur Coolidge. She knew she would make him a good wife, and she felt that he was worthy of her; she had always respected him for his manliness and good principles, notwithstanding he was sometimes led into error by the influence of his mother and sister.

She had not seen him since they parted that day when she left his father's house in London in such trouble; but she was sincerely glad that there was a prospect of meeting him again, and she rejoiced that he was to be made happy by the love of a good, true woman.

Her tears fell as she thought of Viola and Alma striving so earnestly to reach her standard of excellence, while her deepest sympathies were stirred for the misguided Isabel, who was being tried in such a fiery furnace and bade fair to come forth purified.

"I shall show this letter to Sir Charles," she said, when she was alone with Adrian, and had read it a second time. "But what have you there?" she added, as she saw him examining another letter with a puzzled expression.

"I am trying to make out whether this epistle is directed to you or to me The Mr. or Mrs whichever it is, is very indistinct," he replied.

"I think it must be for me," Brownie said, smiling. "It is a lady's hand, and the Mrs. looks as if a tear had dropped upon it."

"At all events, you may have the privilege of opening it," said Adrian giving it to her.

She did so, and all doubt was removed as she read:

"MY DEAR MRS. DREDMOND:—If you will allow me to address you thus, after all the trying events of the past, Since misfortune has come upon us, and I now occupy an humbler position than even you did when you were with us, my eyes have been opened, and I now see my wickedness in all its enormity. I cannot rest until I tell you how sincerely I repent of my unkindness to you, and ask you to forgive me if you can. Your lovely spirit and example on that last dreadful day at Vallingham Hall shamed while it maddened me, but the memory of it has since conquered me. I grieve continually over my treatment of you, and the sinfulness which has ruined my own life and wronged others; yet I can truthfully say that I rejoice that the right triumphed, and that you are now happy.

"I do wrong, perhaps to say that my life is ruined, for although much of it has been wasted, and the crowning joy of womanhood denied me, yet I can, God helping me, improve the future by making myself useful to others, and, in so far as I am able, atone for the past. A word from you will greatly comfort me.

"Very truly, yours,

ISABEL COOLIDGE.

"New York, Dec. 15, 1877."

"Poor child! she was good at heart after all, only it was so covered up by ambition and pride that no one was conscious of it," Brownie said, her tears falling fast.

"It is a very earnest, humble letter, and I honor her more to-day than I did when she stood so high in society," Adrian replied, heartily.

"How submissively yet hopelessly she speaks of her love for Sir Charles."

"Yes, poor fellow, this trouble has been a severe blow to him also," said her husband.

"I think I shall drive over to Lady Randal's to-day; and, Adrian, do you think there would be any harm in my showing him both these letters?" the young wife asked, with a wistful look in her dark eyes,

"What a forgiving little—or great heart you have, my darling," he said, as he read her thought.

"'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,'" Brownie repeated with great earnestness.

Her husband stooped and kissed her.

"Do as you like, my own; I believe wherever you go you always carry light and joy with you," he said, almost reverently.

Accordingly, while Lord Dunforth took his guests to visit several points of interest which he could best explain to them, Adrian drove his wife over to call on Lady Ruxley, who, since she had lost her charming companion, had taken a deep interest in her crippled nephew, and now resided all the time with the family,

Brownie's visits were always like gleams of sunshine to her, for Lady Randal, since the developments which had resulted in such mortification to her, and in the destruction of so many hopes, had been very melancholy, and kept her own room nearly all the time, seldom seeing visitors, and scarcely ever going abroad.

Her sons were both very kind to her, and exerted themselves to cheer and comfort her, but her spirit had been crushed, and she could not rally from the blow.

As for the young men themselves, they were congenial spirits—two noble sons of a noble father! The tenderest ties of affection had united them from the moment of their first meeting; their hopes, and aspirations, and sympathies were the same, and wherever they went their aim was to do good.

Sir Charles had opened his heart at once to his brother, and now felt that it would be difficult to live without him. He consulted him regarding every matter of business, upon every alteration and improvement of the estate, and found his suggestions and advice invaluable.

As soon as he felt he could do so, without offending Herbert, he had proposed taking him to a noted surgeon in Paris to see if anything could be done to remedy the deformity which was so wearisome to himself and so unsightly to others.

The result had been beyond their expectations, although the operation had involved infinite pain and patience. The twisted foot and leg had been straighted, and that bowed head lifted, until the young man could walk erect like others, But the withered hand, of course, could not be restored, though the great surgeon had said much more could have been done for him had he been treated in his early youth, This intelligence the brothers did not impart to their mother, willing to save her an added pang while she was suffering so much

The cripple's health had improved greatly since he had been able to have plenty of outdoor exercise, and his face lost much of that deep sadness which had so touched Brownie's tender heart when she first saw him, but there was always a wistful look about his eyes which told of a life that had had but little of joy in it.

Adrian's wife, Herbert Randal considered the essence of perfection, and he spent many hours at her charming home, and often accompanied her upon her errands of mercy among the poor, while she valued him among her choicest friends.

Sir Charles also had the most profound respect for her, and to-day, as she drove up to their elegant residence, he sprang to assist her to alight, a most cordial welcome on his lips and shining in his eyes.

She lingered a moment in the hall with him, and putting her two letters in his eyes, said:

"Go away by yourself and read these carefully, while I make my call upon your mother and Lady Ruxley, and then come and tell me if you can forgive as I do."

He looked at her a moment in astonishment, then at the address upon the back of each letter. In an instant the color flamed into his face as he recognized the handwriting upon one; he lifted his head haughtily, his lip curled just a trifle in scorn, then, turning without a word, he conducted her to Lady Ruxley's apartments, dispatched a servant to tell his mother that Mrs. Dredmond had called, and quickly withdrew with a strange quickening of his heart-pulses,

Herbert had already taken Adrian off to inspect a new conservatory which was being built.

An hour passed which Brownie made bright and cheerful for Lady Ruxley, Lady Randal having sent regrets that she was not able to see visitors that morning. Then the gentlemen all came in together.

Sir Charles appeared very thoughtful but there was a brighter and more hopeful gleam in his eye than there had been for many a day.

He drew Mrs. Dredmond one side as soon as he could do so without attracting too much notice.

"Thank you," he said, as he gave back her letters. "They have comforted me greatly, for I had felt, as she says, as if the crowning joy of life was to be denied me forever."

"And now?" Brownie asked, eagerly.

What! can you wish her happiness he demanded, more in reply to her eager look than her words.

"Ah, yes, poor child, her suffering had been worse than mine. We do not any of us know our own weakness until we have been tempted, You and I might fall even lower than Isabel did under some peculiar temptation, and shall we presume to judge one who trusted in her own weak strength, and who, now sorrowing, has found, if I am not mistaken, a stronger arm to lean upon?"

"What a peace-maker you are, Mrs Dredmond—you conquer us all. You take a very sweet way to be revenged upon your enemies," Sir Charles exclaimed, with a suspicious moisture in his fine eyes.

"I do not believe in that element at all," she replied, gently, "but if I could win Isabel's love. and see you both happy, I should ask for no greater triumph."

"What greater triumph could any one have than to make a friend of the enemy?" the young man asked, smiling: then he added, gravely: "I think by another year I may visit the United States—it is always best to let patience have its perfect work, you know, then, if it shall have accomplished its mission, there may be happiness for two more human beings in this world."

Brownie's face fairly shone at his words, then, seeing her husband approaching, she shook him heartily by the hand, and bidding the others good-morning, went away, leaving the house brighter for her coming.

The young husband and wife rode in silence for several minutes. Then Adrian, suddenly bending forward, scanned the fair, beautiful face eagerly.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, with a fond, bright smile.

He bent and touched her forehead with his lips.

"God bless you, my own wife!" was his reverend benediction.

He had caught Sir Charles' last words and knew that Brownie had accomplished her mission.

And with him we also say "God bless her," and all other pure, true women who carry out in their daily lives the song of the angel host on Bethlehem's plains, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

THE END.

Well as ever.

Lottie Howard writes from Buffalo, N. Y.: "My system became greatly debilitated through arduous professional duties, suffered from nausea, sick headache and biliousness. Tried Burdock Blood Bitters with the most beneficial effect. Am well as ever.

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.

WELCOME

(TRADE MARK.)

SOAP

Acknowledged the "STANDARD" of LAUNDRY SOAP. There is but One. Every bar is stamped with a pair of hands, and no Grocer should be allowed to offer any substitute. In the use of WELCOME SOAP people realize "VALUE RECEIVED" and discover that superiority in WASHING QUALITY peculiar to this Soap.

Shovels. Shovels.

JUST received from the manufacturers, 40 doz. Steel and Iron Shovels, for sale low. Wholesale and Retail, by

JAS. S. NEILL.

A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 28, 1882.

"*Gentlemen:* My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case.

Yours truly, W. M. PHILLIPS."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully,

HIRAM PHILLIPS."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY

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

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

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'84 Winter Arrangement '85

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

Trains will Leave St. John.

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

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

Trains will arrive in St. John.

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

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., Nov. 27, 1884

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

(Operating 443 miles.)

WINTER TIME TABLE.

All trains are run on Eastern standard time, which is 30 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.
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 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—ty. A. Freeze, agent.

[illegible] leaves St. John Saturday night or Sunday morning. [illegible] the West

A train arrives at St. John from [illegible] 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

Cheap Sale.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

At Cost, to clear:

Reefers, Ulsters, Winter Caps, &c., &c.

Great Reductions, Splendid Bargains.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE.

J. B. McAlpine,

NEXT ABOVE C. H. THOMAS & CO.,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
Feb. 3, 1885.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

SKATES, SKATES.

JUST RECEIVED:

250 PAIRS Acme Club Skates;
100 pairs Empress Skates;
60 pairs Brewster's Windlass Skates, cheap;
100 pairs Wood Skates.

For sale very Low.

JAMES S. NEILL.

November 26, 1884

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

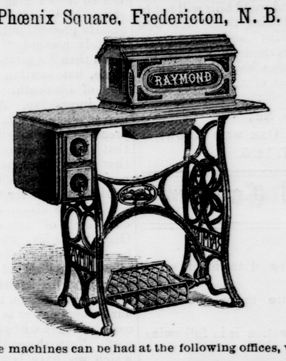
CALL AND SEE THE

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

SEED Warranted to Grow.

or order refilled gratis. I have sold vegetable and flower seed to over a million farmers and gardeners in the United States, perhaps some are your neighbors, if so ask them whether they are reliable. Mr. Thomas Henshall of Troy, Kansas, writes me: "For 26 years I have dealt with you. I have lived in Iowa, Missouri, Colorado, and Kansas, and no matter what the soil or climate, the result was always the same, to wit:—religiously honest and good." This is the kind of seed I raise and sell. The Hubbard and Marblehead Squash, Marblehead Corn, Marblehead Cabbages, Ohio Potato, Eclipse Beet, are some of the vegetables of which I was the original introducer. A Fair with $900 in premiums. See my catalogue, free to all.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, (Seed Grower), Marblehead. Mass

FAY CURRANT HEAD-QUARTERS. GRAPES BEST STOCK IN THE WORLD

SMALL FRUITS AND TREES. LOW TO DEALERS AND PLANTERS. EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS. FREE CATALOGUES. GEO. S. JOSSELYN, FREDONIA, N. Y.

NEW

Fall and Winter