Literature.

TEMPTATION:

OR

The Lady of Ashurst.

CHAPTER II.

A STORY OF TREACHERY AND WRONG.

In the meantime Hunter had passed with tolerable speed over the first mile, and struck into the road which led to Arden Place.

The moon had not yet risen, and it was dark in the sombre woodland through which the narrow road wound; he soon found it impossible to push his weary steed out of a heavy walk, and more than once he was tempted to dismount and proceed the remainder of the way on foot. But the physical languor which was creeping over him, in spite of the extreme excitement of his mind, assured him that he could never accomplish the distance in time, so he rode doggedly on, setting his teeth firmly together to repress the impatient execrations that arose to his lips.

The guests seemed to have made their way to the scene of gaiety at an earlier hour, for the road was silent and solitary, and he had leisure to review the past years in which he and Leon Ashley had been friends to all outward seeming, though in reality there was little depth of true attachment between them.

They had been classmates at college, and fondness for the same pursuits knit the bond between them. Both were gay, rollicking pleasure-seekers, and the purse of the rich and lavish Ashley was always open to his more needy companion.

In return for these pecuniary obligations, Hunter had invited tho young collegian to spend a vacation in the cottage of his mother. The proposal would have possessed little attraction for a fast young man like Leon Ashley, if he had not heard of a beautiful young cousin who dwelt in that rustic home, to whom Hunter had long been betrothed. In truth, he scarcely knew himself when he had not loved Eva Weston, and he had such faith in her truth and purity, that he feared no rival, not even in the brilliant and fascinating friend he brought with him to the roof that sheltered her, for he believed that Ashley would respect the tie that bound this fair young creature to himself, and refrain from flirting with her as he was in the habit of doing with others. He had yet to learn that where women were concerned, Leon Ashley had neither scruples of honor nor conscience.

Alas for poor Eva! she was very young, and her heart was as yet a riddle to herself. She regarded her cousin with the quiet tenderness of a sister, and looked forward to their union as an event which would give permanence to the tranquil happiness she enjoyed beneath his mother's roof. The advent of the handsome Southener changed all this: the young girl was signularly lovely and refined, and a few weeks of daily intercourse between the two revealed to Eva that the quiet affection she cherished for her cousin was not the true love, and brought the inconsistent heart of the young stranger in homage to the feet of the rustic beauty.

Mrs. Hunter, with the acuteness of her sex in such matters, soon detected the condition of affairs, but she quietly suffered things to take their own course. She had always disapproved of the marriage of her slenderly endowed son with her dependent niece, and she wisely concluded if this wealthy young Southerner would bear Eva away, it would be better for all parties concerned. Ashley was quite able to repay her son for robbing him of his bride, by assisting bim in his future career, and possibly by finding a richly endowed wife for him.

So the astute widow shut her eyes to what was passing before her, and wondered at the blind confidence of her son.

Hunter was summoned from home for a few days on business, and excusing himself to his friend, he left him to the hospitable ministrations of his mother and cousin, without a lurking suspicion of the treason developing against himself. That brief absence was fatal to his long cherished hopes, and to the happiness of the unfortunate Eva.

She weakly yielded to the entreaties of Ashley, and while out riding with him crossed the State line, near which the village was situated, went to the house of a clergyman with him, and they were married.

Many reasons were given to the confiding girl for maintaining the most absolute secresy as to their union: and Eva, trembling at the thought of her own treachery to her betrothed, shrinking from his reproaches, readily consented to all Ashley proposed.

While away from home, Hunter was struck with severe illness, and his mother was summoned to his bedside. Eva refused to accompany her, though she could give no plausible reason for doing so. A friend was found to take charge of her during her aunt's absence, and Ashley removed to the village hotel, professing his intention of speedily taking his departure.

But he still lingered on from week to week, and every day that Eva could evade the careless eyes set as a watch over her, she spent with her lorn husband in wandering through the neighboring woodland forgetful of all the world beside.

The sweet idyl of love was again enacted in perfect freedom from restraint, for the matron in whose charge the young girl had been placed, was much too busy with her own olive branches to give much thought or attention to her guest.

Mrs. Elmer had perfect confidence in her prudence, and her walks, rides and long tete-a-tetes with the fascinating Ashley, were of little significance to her. Eva was young and attractive, therefore entitled to such attentions from gentlemen, and thus the trusting girl was left to dream her dream out in its brief but beautiful delusiveness

The announcement of her aunt's speedy return, accompanied by her convalescent son, first aroused Eva from the blissful contentment in which the last few weeks of her life had been passed.

Ashley shrank from a meeting with the friend toward whom he had played so treacherous a part; already had he had leisure to see the folly of the act of which he had been guilty, and now the first glamour of his passion was over, he bitterly repented his imprudent marriage.

His father one of the haughtiest and most aristocratic of men, he well knew would never consent to receive this penniless girl as the wife of his only son; and circumstances which had occurred in his own family caused Ashley to doubt whether his precipitate marriage would ever be forgiven. The father who had cast off an only and beloved daughter because she married beneath herself, would scarcely be more lenient toward his son.

Unwilling to meet the man toward whom be had played so false a part, Ashley feigned the necessity of immediate departure to his native home; plausible reasons were invented for this course, which satisfied the mind of the young wife, though they were far from giving ease to her aching heart.

Judge Ashley was represented to her as a terrible ogre, who must be propitiated before it was made known to him that his son had found a Northern bride, whose only dower was her beauty and intelligence.

After a bitter struggle the two parted, but arrangements were made to keep up a constant correspondence without the knowledge of Eva's relatives. This for a few weeks sustained her failing spirits, but Ashley's letters soon ceased to come regularly, and those that did arrive were filled with excuses for his neglect, which fell coldly on her heart.

Hunter was so slow in recovering from his long illness that he abandoned all thoughts of returning to college, and began to speak of marrying at once, and settling down at home, while he pursued his law studies with a friend in the village.

Eva listened to his plans in extreme trepidation, but she sealed her lips upon the subject so vital to her future happiness and respectability. She had never been demonstrative in her affection for her cousin. and he was slow to remark the change that had come over her.

When she shrank away and changed color, if he attempted to caress her, Hunter only attributed it to coyness; and full of his love and future happiness. he took it for granted that all was right with Eva.

Hunter went steadily on, preparing for their immediate union; and poor Eva's courage utterly failed her when an anxiously-expected missive from her husband came to hand, in which he positively prohibited her from betraying their union. Ashley insisted that she could find other means of deferring the marriage which was pressed upon her, and declared that it would bring ruin on his prospects if he was forced to acknowledge their union for several months to come.

Eva endeavored to obey him, but her cousin laughed at her objections, and treated them as futile. In fact, he scarcely seemed to believe that they could be seriously offered, after the long engagement which had existed between them. The days passed on; the one appointed for the wedding drew near, and the helpless girl, with many causes of wretchedness pressing heavily upon her, took the resolution to fly from the house in which she felt she could no longer remain with honor.

One morning her room was found empty, and a letter left upon the dressing-stand was all that gave a clue to the motives of her departure. It was addressed to Hunter, and contained these words:

COUSIN JAMES—I do not love you as a wife should love her husband, and therefore I leave you. I have money enough for my present wants, and when that is gone I know where to get more.

I have done very wrong by you, but you will forgive, and love me yet as your sister. I have been very unhappy during all these weeks of concealment, but I hope the worst is over now; and, in time to come, I am sure you will think my present course the best I could take.

I cannot explain matters to you, cousin; but time will set things right; and I hope you won't think evil of me, for, indeed, I do not deserve blame except for my treatment of you. I hope you do not love me so very much, Cousin James; for, if I thought you care as much for me as I do for another, I should be very—very miserable.

Yes—I love another, and that has severed us; so forgive the wayward heart that could not find happiness in your affection, and forget the ingratitude of your Cousin Eva.

Stunned, bewildered, outraged in every feeling, Hunter read these lines, and then dashed them in his mother's lap. Mrs. Hunter had brought the unsealed letter from her niece's room, and as she already read its contents, she now merely glanced over them, and slowly said:

This scarcely takes me by surprise. You were very blind that you did not see how desparately in love with each other Eva and young Ashley were before you went away.

How could I suspect that the girl of my heart, and the friend to whom I have always been true, could thus play me false? he asked in a broken tone. Oh, mother, I loved Eva so dearly that I would have resigned my own hopes to make her happy if she had only confided in me. She has fled from her friends, and no one knows whither, and I tremble for the fate of the unfortunate creature. If she has been mad enough to follow Ashley, she is blighted forever. He keeps no faith with women; he has trifled with many since I have known him; but I did believe that my betrothed would be sacred to him. I must follow the deluded girl at once and bring her back those who love her sincerely.

He was about to rush from the room, when Mrs. Hunter quietly laid her hand on his arm and said:

"Eva will never retnrn here, for I am quite sure she is married to your friend."

"Married! when? where? by whom?" he impetuously asked. "Oh, I hope this is not true, mother; for anything is better than to believe she has fled from her home in pursuit of a man who was only making love to her for his own amusement. But why have they acted thus? There is no reason why the marriage should have been clandestine, for Ashley is the only son of a wealthy man, and he can afford to please himself in the choice of a wife. What ground have you for asserting what you did just now?'

"Sit down, calm yourself, and I will tell you."

Hunter sank upon a chair with a deep sigh, and his mother calmly went on:

"When you were called away from home, Eva and young Ashley openly showed how much they were taken with each other. I watched them quietly, and satisfied myself that your hopes were ended in that quarter. Only a very few days after you went away they left here on horse back early in the afternoon, and did not get back till long in the night. They would give no satisfactory explanation of where they had been, and Mr. Ashley, with a strange twinkle in his eye, said they had lost their way. Eva seemed in a singular flutter, and I watched her keenly while she was pretending to eat the late supper I set for them. I saw the expression of her eyes when they glanced toward him, and I thought then that something strange had happened.

"I was determined to find out where they had been, and the next day I heard something from a neighbor which opened my eyes to their duplicity. Mrs. Cutter's son Tom had been over in York State on some business, and he met Ashley and Eva across the line going straight to Parson Fairchild's—the man, you know, who marries runaway couples from these parts.

"Cutter naturally thought they would come back and everybody be told that they were married; but when nothing of the kind happened, he supposed he was mistaken in their object in riding so far. But I was keener than that, for I knew what had been going on so long between them. I should have spoken to them on the subject, but you sent for me to nurse you, and when we came back home Ashley was gone."

"I saw that Eva was unhappy, but I knew you were too much infatuated with her to listen to, or believe me, if I spoke of my suspicions; so I left things to take their own course. I have been looking every day for some such catastrophe as this; but till she took some decisive step, I thought it best to leave you in your old delusion. It was all I could do, James, as you must see yourself."

Hunter listened to this explanation as one in a vague dream. When she ceased speaking he abruptly replied:

"You have been unkind, not to say cruel, mother. If I had suspected this, I would never have urged on my marriage with Eva. Every feeling of pride as well as of affection for her, would have forbidden it. If she is an unacknowledged wife she should have remained with her natural protectors till I had compelled Ashley to do justice to her. If you had loved this poor girl as you ought, mother, you could not so calmly have looked on while she was going to destruction. Even if Ashley has made her his wife, he can never make her, or any other woman, happy."

To this reproach Mrs. Hunter bitterly replied:

"Why should I love her? She is not of my blood, and she came with her taking ways between her uncle and myself; when he has gone, she stood between me and my only child. It was much that I tolerated her beneath my roof, and acted toward her as a Christian woman should to those who are dependent upon her. Now I will speak the truth. I am glad Eva is gone; that she can never be your wife; but I do not wish her any evil, and I shall be happy to know that she is really married to that young man.

"I will soon satisfy my doubts as to that," said Hunter, suddenly rising and putting on his hat, "Badly as Eva has treated me, I must stand in the place of a brother to her, and see that justice is done her. I will go myself to Mr. Fairchild's, and ascertain if he really united her to Ashley."

He would have left the room, but Mrs. Hunter detained him, insisting that he should breakfast before going on his errand. He hastily swallowed the cup of coffee she gave him, ate a few mouthfuls of bread, and hurried away. In a few moments he was mounted on horseback and flying like the wind toward his place of destination.

A hard ride of ten miles brought him in sight of the rustic home in which a retired Methodist minister resided, whose chief source of income was derived from the fees paid by runaway couples from the neighboring State who required his services.

Hunter dismounted at the gate, and securing his horse, entered the enclosure. An elderly man in rough country apparel came forward to meet him, laying aside the rake with which he had been gathering up hay as he did so. He smiled good humoredly and asked:

"What is your business with me, young man? If you had not come here alone, I should hardly have had cause to ask the question of so good-looking a chap as you are."

"You then, are Mr, Fairchild?" said Hunter, bluntly. "If I am right, I have some business with you."

"Eh? wanting to make arrangements beforehand, and then bring the young lady? Well, well, we can soon settle the preliminaries to your satisfaction. Come in—come in, and tell me what you want."

Hunter followed him into his small poorly furnished house, and Fairchild led tho way to his study. On a table lay a large heavily-bound book, on which the eye of the visitor instantly fastened. He pointed to it and said:

"That I see, is the register of the marriages performed by you. My object in coming hither is not to make arrangements for my own, but to gain evidence of one which I believe took place on the eighteenth of last July. If you will turn to that date and read out the names inscribed on that date, I shall be very much indebted to you."

Mr. Fairchild saw that the speaker was endeavoring to control some powerful emotion, and he quietly replied.

"I keep this register for my own satisfaction. but every one is at liberty to inspect it. On the eighteenth of July did you say? Let me see—there was but one entry on that day, and a handsomer couple I never joined together. The poor girl seemed dreadfully agitated, but she clung to her lover as if her life was bound up in him."

The listener made an impatient gesture and the talkative old man hastened to turn over the leaves till he found the required date,

"Ah! here it is—but one entry on that day, as I said."

"And the names, the names—what are they?"

"Read 'em for yourself; they are plain enough before you."

And the speaker pointed to the two lines briefly traced near the top of the page.

Hunter glanced over them, but he only saw the names of Charles Leon Ashley and Eva Weston, and he quickly said:

"That is enough, sir. I am satisfied that those two were lawfully united on the day referred to, and I have nothing further to inquire. Good morning, Mr. Fairchild."

"Not so fast, if you please, young man. Was there any mystery about that marriage and was it not at once revealed to the friends of the parties? I am no friend to underhand doings, and if I had known that concealment was necessary after the ceremony was performed, I would have refused to officinate."

"It was not necessary," said Hunter, coldly. "Some romantic freak induced the parties to conceal their union from their friends, that is all. The young lady is a relative of mine, and I considered it best to obtain proof that the marriage has actually taken place."

"Very right, sir—very right. The young fellow was a dashing blade, and the girl seemed to have no will but his. Nobody knows what might happen in such a case as this; clandestine marriages are sometimes sad snares. But no one ever comes to me without having their names put down in my book in black and white, with the date of the marriage all right."

"May not false names sometimes be given?"

"I scarcely think that could be done, for much in love as a girl may be, if she knows the true name of her lover, she will hardly submit to be married to him under a false one. It may sometimes be so though, and I not know it, for in the ten years I have lived here and followed this calling, you are the first person who has asked to see my register."

Hunter effected his escape from the garrulous parson, and rode away in a maze of thought and feeling. The certainty was gained: Eva was lost to him forever; she had probably sacrificed peace and happiness at the bidding of her lover, but she should at least be saved from the taint of shame. She was the lawfully wedded wife of Leon Ashley, and as such she should be acknowledged before the world.

Until assured that an impassible barrier arose between Eva and himself, Hunter had not known how tenderly he loved her; that love enabled him even to forgive the wrong she had done him, and resolve to be only the gentle and forgiving friend, solicitous for her happiness alone in the steps he would take to place her in her proper position.

Hunter hastened back to his home, informed his mother of the result of his quest, and told her to account for Eva's disappearance by informing her friends that she had gone to join Mr. Ashley, to whom she had been privately married several months. He then went to his own apartment, and wrote to Ashley:

W——, October 5, 18—.

After what has happened, Leon Ashley, you can never again expect me to acknowledge you as my friend. I can in truth say, would to God we had never met, for you have not only blighted my happiness, but you will also destroy that of the girl I have loved with truth and sincerity.

My cousin has left my house to join you, and by the time this reaches you she will doubtless be with you. Why either of you have thought it necessary to conceal your union I do not understand, but if this concealment last so long as to threaten disastrous results to Eva, I will come forward and proclaim it myself.

Mark me, Ashley—I speak of your marriage for I am aware that it actually took place. A clue was accidently furnished the very morning after my cousin disappeared, and I lost no time in following it up. I visited the house of Mr. Fairchild, and saw there the register of your union with Eva Weston on the eighteenth of July last.

I do not utter reproaches for the treachery of which you have been guilty. Of you I should have expected nothing better, and I was myself to blame for bringing a fascinating and unprincipled man of pleasure in daily contact with my cousin.

She was young and inexperienced, and she has fallen a victim to your wiles; yes, under the most favorable circumstances, as your wife she must be a victim to your capricious temper and inconstant nature. Since she is your wife, I demand that she shall be acknowledged as such without unnecessary delay. However wretched she may be in that position, it is still hers, and she shall at least possess the station to which she is legally entitled.

I do not make threats, but you know me, and you know that I always mean what I say. Do justice to Eva, or I will take such measures as must result in her acknowledgment whether you wish it or not.

JAMES HUNTER.

This letter was at once dispatched to New Haven, where he supposed Ashley was tending his last college term. Several weeks elapsed before any receipt came; and Hunter had several times been on the eve of setting out in pursuit of him, but the persuasions of his mother detained him near her till the long expected letter came. It was dated from New York, and contained these lines;

HUNTER:—Your letter was forwarded to this place, where I have been for the last few weeks in the society of my sweet Eva.

I treated you badly, old fellow, I acknowledge, but you must not think too hardly of me, for the temptation was irresistible. After all, Eva loved me, and not you, so I only did what any other man would have done in my place—took my own to my heart.

We were compelled to a clandestine marriage for more reasons than one. The first was Eva's entanglement with you, and the second is, that my father is a most unreasonable and tyrannical old fogey, who would be capable of throwing me off altogether if he suspected that I had made so unworldly a match. You must give me time to feel my ground with him, and make sure of his consent before I inform him of what will so deeply displease him.

When the proper time arrives, I pledge myself to proclaim Eva to the whole world as my dear and cherished wife. She fled to me, and she is nestling beside me now, her sweet face bright with happiness.

I have left college permanently, for I could not keep my treasure near me in New Haven without exciting unpleasant gossip. In this great city we are unknown to every one, and as happy as perfect devotion to each other can render us. I have written so plausibly to my father about my departure from college, that I am sure he will not object to what I have done, for in some things he is very indulgent.

Only consent to remain quiet, Hunter, and things will be sure to come around right. I shall manage for the best both for myself and my little turtle dove. You know that we were regularly married, and that should be enough to satisfy you for the present. Leave the rest to me and all will be well.

"C. L. ASHLEY."

A few lines in a delicate and well-known hand were added:

"DEAR COUSIN JAMES—I took the railroad and went on to New Haven. From the hotel I sent for Leon, who came at once, and his joyful transports at seeing me atoned for all I had suffered in my mind after leaving you and my aunt so abruptly, I did not think she would mind much, but I know you would deeply feel the shock of my duplicity.

Forgive me, cousin, but I did not love you except as a sister, and I knew it would be wrong to marry you while my whole heart cried out for another. I had not courage to tell you of the cruel dilemma in which my marriage placed me, so I fled.

I am happy—and I beg that you will not interfere with the plans of my husband in any way. He has explained his position to me, and I fully acquiesce in the necessity of the couse he has pursued. I trust him implicity.—Yours with sisterly affection,

EVA ASHLEY."

There was nothing more to be done, and from this time Hunter's life sunk to the dreary level of despondency which is felt by the young when a first bitter disappointment falls on the untried spirit.

Hitherto every hope and plan had an object; now, he felt deserted, spiritless, and weary of life. In this vacum he took to playing games of chance in the hope of driving his sorrow from his mind. He soon became not only skilful, but absorbed in them to the exclusion of nearly every important interest in life. At this juncture his mother unfortunately fell ill and died, leaving him free to act as he pleased.

Hunter relinquished the study of the profession he had chosen, and devoted his life to the exciting career of a gambler. He never played unfairly, and therefore failed to gain more than a precarious living, and for many months he stifled the memory of his lost love in his devotion to cards.

The dull apathy of feeling which was creeping over him was broken by a letter from his cousin summoning him to her side. It was evidently written under the wildest excitemeet of feeling, and was signed "your broken-hearted Eva.

The address given was a small fishing village on Long Island, and he was told to seek her in the house of a widow named Sims, with whom she was boarding.

Two thirds of a year had passed since the newly-wedded pair deprecated all interference from him, and he had patiently waited till Eva herself should summon him to her assistance; for he felt the bitter convictiou that she would yet need it, and the contents of her letter scarcely surprised him.

Hunter hastened to obey the summons, and after a hurried journey he reached the place to which he had been directed. The cottage of Mrs. Sims stood on the outskirts of the village, and thither Hunter made his way.

He found that he was expected, and after a brief delay he was ushered into the presence of his cousin; but oh! so changed, so broken in health and spirits was the fair Eva he had once known, that he was scarcely able to recognize her.

She was reclining on a couch with a young child beside her, and her flushed cheeks, flashing eyes and burning hand assured him that she was consumed by inward fever. She wept convulsively as she held his hand in hers, but at length commanded herself sufficiently to say:

"I knew you would come to me, little as I deserved it. I am dying, cousin, and I sent for you to entreat you to take charge of my infant. She will have no friend but you after I am gone.

"Where then is her father? He is not dead?"

An indescribable expression of anguish swept over her face, and she faltered:

"He is dead to me—let that suffice."

"No, by heaven!" thundered Hunter, "It shall not suffice! Where is Ashley? I will at once seek him and compel him to return to you."

"It cannot be," she resignedly said. "When I at last comprehended that I am a clog on his destiny—that a public recognition of the tie that binds us together must bring ruin on him, I bade him go. I cannot live long to trouble any one—the child will be provided for; she will be no burden to you in a pecuniary way."

By the exercise of extreme patience and forbearance toward the helpless and deserted wife, Hunter gradually learned the history of the last eight months of her life.

For a season after she joined him Ashley had been devoted to her; but with his natural inconstancy, he soon wearied of this; he first neglected her for the pleasures of a city life; then he absented himself for weeks at a home without writing a line to her, Ashley made two visits to Maryland, ostensibly to soften his father, and, if possible, gain his approbation of the step he had taken; but he returned deeply chagrined and discouraged, and recklessly betrayed to Eva that his utter ruin would be consummated if their union became known to Judge Ashley.

Her spirits and health both failed her, but her husband seemed unconscious of the change. In fact, he now remained with her so little that he had few opportunities of observing how much she suffered.

The birth of her child she hailed as a promise of better days; at first Ashley seemed delighted with the small morsel of humanity that claimed him for its father; but he soon expressed the bitterest disappointment that the infant had not been a boy. If he could have gone to his father and informed him that he had a son to sustain the prestige of his ancient name, he would have listened perhaps with complacency to the story of his clandestine marriage.

Eva had scarcely regained strength enough to sit up, when one memorable day Ashley disappeared, leaving behind him a letter in which was enclosed a considerable sum of money. The heartless effusion ran thus:

"May 25, 28—.

"MY DEAR EVA:—If our child had beep a boy, I could have found courage to reveal all to my father and brave his displeasure, for he would eventually have relented in favor of his grandson, but a daughter is nothing to him. He would refuse her a shelter and send me adrift without a penny.

"This being the case, and you and I by this time pretty well convinced that there is really little congenialty between us, the best thing we can do is to part. I will make you a liberal allowance from the income annually allowed me by my father, and I really think that is all you can reasonably expect from me.

"Should you persist in asserting your claim to the position of my wife, you will ruin me forever, and deprive yourself of all chance of support from my means—for then I shall have none, as I am entirely dependent on my father; and when he learns what I have been mad enough to do, he will cast me off without a cent.

"He is a violent and unreasonable man, capable of doing anything in a moment of anger, and I shrink from the thought of exposing you to his rage.

"I wronged you grievously, my poor Eva, when I fancied that it was in my nature to be constant to any being. I have a tender regard for you, which will lead me to care for you and our child, but the passionate love which precipitated me into so unsuitable a marriage is long since dead.

"You see, Eva, that I am frank with you, for I wish you to build no hopes on the possibility of our re-union. It could not conduce to the happiness of either party, so it is best the tie we so madly cemented should be severed at once.

"If you choose to pursue me, and blight my life, you can do so; but I swear to you that you will only gain the name of my wife, for from that hour you shall be as an utter stranger to me, and both you and your child may perish of want before I will raise my hand to aid you.

"Yield gracefully to what you cannot avert, and you will have my respect, and a handsome support from me for yourself and the child, with a provision for her when I succeed to my inheritance.

"C. L. ASHLEY."

The persual of this letter excited the hapless wife to such a degree that she ruptured an important blood vessel in her lungs, and for days she hovered between life and death.

As soon as she was able to write, she summoned Hunter to her side to give into his charge the infant she felt assured she must soon leave behind her in a cold and pitiless world. She seemed indifferent to her own fate, and vehemently protested that she would never claim the position of Ashley's wife. She would not ruin his worldly prospects, and make her daughter a dependent on charity; the child's father was naturally lavish, and if she obeyed his commands, as long as he could command money, it would be freely given for the support of the forlorn little creature.

Hunter plainly saw that Eva was doomed—a few more months, or even weeks, and her brief career would be ended; then why torture her by insisting on the vindication of her rights? After many long, and painful conversations between them, it was finally settled that he should proceed to Maryland, seek Ashley, extort from him an acknowledgment of the little girl's legitimacy in presence of his father, and obtain such a provision for her as would suffice to rear, and educate her respectably.

Eva extorted from her cousin a promise that the life of her worthless husband should be safe; that no provocation should induce Hunter to offer violence to him; and he set out on his wretched mission with a heart overflowing with bitterness and indignation toward the man who had won his betrothed from him, but to break her heart and crush her life in the brief space of a single year.

The unexpected announcement of Ashley's impending marriage to another, while the victim of his heartlessness lay forsaken, dying, swept away from the breast of Hunter, every feeling but an intense and bitter longing to stand face to face with the recreant husband, and in the presence of his assembled friends denounce him as a base and heartless deceiver.

As he urged his wretched steed along through the gloomy woodland, the clatter of approaching hoofs was heard; a brilliant glare from a pair of carriage lamps flashed through the darkness, and an open barouche, occupied by two gentlemen, dashed past him at full speed.

In that brief moment, Hunter recognized in the one on the side next to himself the person of the expectant bridegroom, and a wild cry arose on the air, bidding him stop there and then, and hear what he had to say; but it was lost in the rattle of the carriage wheels, and although a head was thrust out, and an eager backward glance cast by one of the gentlemen, no check was given to the speed of the horses.

"I must get on faster than this?" muttered Hunter, and he used a switch which he tore from a neighboring tree with such effect that his grim Rosinant quickened his pace to a rough run, which in half an hour brought him in sight of the place he sought. The large mansion was blazing with light, and the spacious lawn was filled with empty carriages, and tethered horses; strains of gay music from a band stationed on the front piazza, swept out on the night air, and the tone of conversation, and laughter, within the house was heard even above them.

The uninvited guest noted everything, and he felt a grim satisfaction in the thought that all this festal mirth would be converted into dismay and wretchedness, by the few words he was now ruthlessly determined to speak, without regard to consequences.

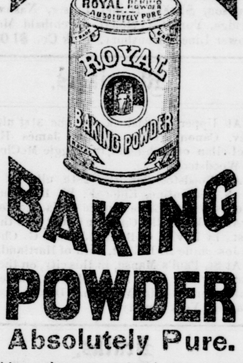
He thought of Eva dying in her loneliness and despair, and he was pitiless. He strode forward with but one thought, —one purpose in his heart—that of retribution to the false man who had deserted her for another.

(To be continued)

A Princely Fortune.

A man may possess the fortune of a prince but can never possess happiness without good health; to secure which the blood must be kept pure and every organ in proper action. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the blood and regulate all the organs.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

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

That Old, Reliable Mexican Pain.

Whether Internal or External, Every Family should have a bottle in every Factory, Machine Shop and Mill, on every Farm, and in every House. Lasts a mill 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.

1884 FALL 1884

OWEN SHARKEY,

Now on hand a full stock of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

comprising in part,

Ladies' Dress Goods

In French Merinos, Cashmeres, Serges, Costume Cloth, and a great variety of other Dress Goods suitable for the season.

☞ Cloths, Mantles, Ulsters, Shawls, Corsets, Scarfs, Squares, Wool Hose, Kid Gloves and Mitts, Fur Caps, &c.

Men's Youths' and Boys'

CLOTHING,

In Ulsters, Overcoats Reefers, Coats, Pants and Vests, Felt and Fur Hats, Scotch Knitted Caps, Fur Caps in South Sea Seal, Persian Lamb, Beaver, Baltic Seal and Coney, Knitted and Fancy Wool Shirts, White and Colored Dress Shirts, Linen Cuffs and Collars, Ribbed and Plain Undershirts, Knitted Wool Gloves, Lined Kid Gloves and Mitts, Scarfs, Ties, Braces, and Cardigan Shirts.

Gray and White Cottons, Cotton Warps. Tickings, Swandowns, Towelling, Table Linens, Osnaburgs, Grey, White, Blue and Fancy Flannels Grey and White Blankets, Horse Blankets, Camp Blanketing, Wool and Hemp Carpets, Japanese Sleigh Robes, Buffalo Robes lined and unlined, Buffalo Trimming, Trunks, Valises and Travelling Bags, all of which I will sell as low as the lowest in the city.

Always on hand a good stock of Tweeds, Ulster Cloths and Worsted Coatings.

OWEN SHARKEY,

Fredericton, Dec. 3

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to make more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

EGGS From all varieties of Poultry. Send 10c. for POULTRY GUIDE. Circulars free. SMITH & COX Stony Brook, L.I.N.Y.

A FEW HINTS

FOR THE USE OF

AYER'S PILLS

DOSE.—*To move the bowels gently, 2 to 4 Pills; thoroughly, 4 to 6 Pills. Experience will decide the proper dose in each case.*

For **Constipation**, or **Costiveness**, no remedy is so effective as AYER'S PILLS. They insure regular daily action, and restore the bowels to a healthy condition.

For **Indigestion**, or **Dyspepsia**, AYER'S PILLS are invaluable, and a sure cure.

Heart-burn, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach, Flatulency, Dizziness, Headache, Numbness, Nausea, are all relieved and cured by AYER'S PILLS.

In **Liver Complaint, Bilious Disorders,** and **Jaundice,** AYER'S PILLS should be given in doses large enough to excite the liver and bowels, and remove constipation. As a cleansing medicine in the Spring, these PILLS are unequalled.

Worms, caused by a morbid condition of the bowels, are expelled by these PILLS.

Eruptions, Skin Diseases, and Piles, the result of Indigestion or Constipation, are cured by the use of AYER'S PILLS.

For Colds, take AYER'S PILLS to open the pores, remove inflammatory secretions, and allay the fever.

For **Diarrhœa** and **Dysentery,** caused by sudden colds, indigestible food, etc., AYER'S PILLS are the true remedy.

Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and Sciatica, often result from digestive derangement, or colds, and disappear on removing the cause by the use of AYER'S PILLS.

Tumors, Dropsy, Kidney Complaints, and other disorders caused by debility or obstruction, are cured by AYER'S PILLS.

Suppression, and Painful Menstruation, have a safe and ready remedy in

AYER'S PILLS.

Full directions, in various languages, accompany each package.

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'84 Winter Arrangement '85

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

Trains will Leave St. John.

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

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

Trains will arrive in St. John.

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

☞ All Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

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

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

(Operating 443 miles.)

WINTER TIME TABLE.

All trains are run on Eastern standard time, which is 36 minutes slower than Saint John 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 30 A. M., at St. John—Express Train from all points West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North
10 10 A. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from Fredericton.
5 40 P. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from points West, and from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton, Fredericton, and all points North and South.
4 35 P. M., at Fredericton from points West, North and South.
7 00 P. M., at Fredericton from St. John.
11 50 A. M., at Fredericton from St. John.
5 35 P. M., at Gibson, from Woodstock and points north.

☞ Pullman Sleeping Cars on Night Trains, and Drawing Room Cars on Day Trains, to and from Bangor. Berths secured at ticket office, Water Street—G. A. Freeze, agent.

No train leaves St. John Saturday night or Sunday morning.

A train arrives at St. John from the West Sunday morning and a train leaves for the West Sunday night.

Through connections are made from Boston on Sunday nights.

Connexion is made at Vanceboro with trains of the Maine Central Railway to and from all points West, at Fredericton Junction for Fredericton, and at Gibson by branch line, for all points North.

Tickets for sale in Fredericton at New Brunswick Railway Ticket Office.

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

E. R. BURPEE,
Gen'l Manager.
N. T. GREATHEAD,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

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

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.

New Styles of Photograph Albums, and a variety of articles suitable for XMAS PRESENTS.

W. T. H. FENETY

Fredericton, November 26, 1884

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

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 of 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