Poetry.

AUGUST.

August, month when Summer lies
Sleeping under sapphire skies;
Open all the windows wide,
Drink the orchard's fragrant tide,
Breath of grass at morning mown
Through the leafy vistas blown.
Hear the clinking of the scythe
Sound mellifluent and blithe,
August, month when everywhere
Music floats upon the air
From the harps of minstrel gales
Playing down the hills and dales:
August, month when sleepy cows
Seek the shade of spreading boughs
Where the robin quirks his head
Contemplating cherries red:
August, month of twilights, when
Day half goes and comes again:
August days are guards who keep
Watch while Summer lies asleep.

Literature.

A LIFE FOURSQUARE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MISSING PAPER.

"How dare you enter this room at such an hour?" demanded the woman in attendance, who after the first shock had passed, quickly recovered herself and was now prepared to do battle.

"We will have no words upon the subject just now, if you please—it is one that will keep for a while, at least; get restoratives and revive this fainting girl without delay," Earle commanded, in quiet though stern tones, and then bent anxiously over his unconscious loved one.

The woman, cowed by his authoritative manner, proceeded to attend Editha at once, although it was with a face nearly as white as the waxen one upon the pillow. With a sinking heart Earle stood by jealously watching her every movement.

Editha, his darling, his promised wife, lay there looking more like a beautiful piece of sculpture than like a human being who would ever breathe or speak again, and a great fear took possession of him that she never would recover. But the woman was evidently a good nurse, and, under the influence of the restoratives she was using, Editha soon gave signs of returning life.

When she at last opened her eyes, Earle was sitting by her side, and smiled upon her as she looked at him, as if it was the most natural thing in the world for him to be there.

Yet he actually held his breath, fearing that the shock of his presence might make her swoon again.

"Earle!" she breathed, a look of awe stealing over her countenance.

The look told him that for the moment she believed herself dead, and to have met him in another world.

"Yes, my darling Earle and no one else," he said, softly, bending down and touching her forehead with his lips. That caress brought her more to herself. A wave of gladness swept over her face, her eyes lighted with a beautiful and almost holy look of love, then, with a sigh that seemed to throw off all its burdens and fear, every feature settled into restfulness and peace.

"I am so glad!" was all she could say, and that in a voice too weak for anything but a whisper.

He could have bowed his head and wept over her to find her thus, all her bright beauty faded, her strength nearly spent, almost dying, he feared.

But he knew he must control himself and minister to her, if he would save her.

"Have you anything that will give her strength?" he asked, turning to her attendant.

"Yes; there are wines and liquors in the cabinet, and beef-tea warm upon the gas-stove in the bath-room."

Earle had convinced himself with a glance before this that there was only one door to the bath-room, and he now commanded her to bring some of the beef-tea.

She brought it almost immediately.

"Taste it yourself first," he said, curtly.

"You need not fear for her—I have no desire to have the life of any one to answer for," she said, scornfully, and flushing.

"Drink some of it," he persisted.

He would not trust her, and she swallowed a mouthful unhesitatiagly.

He then slipped his arm gently under Editha's pillow, and lifted her until she could lean more comfortably against his shoulder.

"Drink this now, dear, for my sake," he said, putting the bowl to her lips.

Without a question she obeyed, drinking slowly until the last drop had disappeared, and Earle's heart began to grow lighter.

If she would do that often she would soon be better, he thought.

"That will give you strength," he said; "now lie down and try to sleep. I shall not leave you again to-night, and when you are refreshed I will let you talk with me a little."

He laid her gently back, stooping to kiss her almost lueless lips as he did so.

She put one hand up over the back of his neck and held him a moment so, his face almost touching hers.

"You have saved me, Earle," she said, feebly.

"I trust so, my injured darling," he answered, with unsteady voice, and then watched her while the tired eyes closed; the wan face settled into repose, and she slept like a weary child.

Then he turned his attention to the woman, who had watched him with wondering eyes all the while.

Pointing to a lounge on the opposite side of the room, he said:

"Madam, if you are weary you can lie down there until morning. I shall take charge of your patient henceforth."

"By what right?" she demanded, bridling.

"The right of her promised husband," he answered, sternly.

The woman started violently, searched his face a moment, her own growing very pale again.

"Are you——" she began, but her lips refused to complete the sentence.

"My name is Earle Wayne. Doubtless you have heard it before, and now surmised as much," he said, not pitying her agitation in the least.

"I do not believe it," she at last said, in a low, angry tone, while at the same time she stealthily moved in the direction of the bell-pull.

Earl marked the movement.

"You will please sit over there," he said, quietly, and pointing to the lounge. "I am not in need of any assistance at present, and can summon it myself if I think it necessary. It will be wiser for you to comply with my request," he added, sternly, as she hesitated. "If you make any disturbance, I will have you lodged in a station-house in less than half an hour."

The woman cowed at once at this, and retreated in sullen silence to the lounge. where, settling herself comfortably, she did not move again, while Earle for the next two hours kept his vigil by Editha's bedside, where she slept quietly, sweetly, and refreshingly.

While she is thus sleeping we will take a bird's-eye view of the time that had elapsed since her encounter with Tom Drake, after leaving John Loker's house, and from which she was rescued by the sturdy policeman, only to fall into still deeper touble.

It will be remembered that after she had taken tea with her father she repaired to her room, where she made a careful copy of John Loker's confession, and then hid the original, with his signature attached, beneath the cushion of her jewel box. She then inclosed the copy in an envelope addressed to Earle, and proceeded to write a long letter to him, recounting her adventures of the evening.

Her father had gone out immediately after supper, the servants were all abed in their rooms, and she was entirely alone in the front portion of the house.

It had taken her so long to make a copy of the confession that she was not half through with her letter when the cathedral clock near by struck the hour of eleven.

Almost simultaneously with its last stroke the door of her room swung noiselessly open, and a fierce, ugly face, half shaded by a slouched hat, appeared in the aperture. A moment after the figure of a man entered, the door was softly closed and he advanced with a stealthy, cat-like tread to where the young girl, who was deeply engaged in writing to her lover, sat bending over her writing-desk. She was not conscious of the presenee of the intruder until, reaching for a new pen, she chanced to raise her eyes, and saw him standing close by her side.

A cry of fright parted her lips as she instantly recognized the repulsive features and burly form of Tom Drake. Without giving her time to repeat her cry, he clapped his hand over her mouth in the same way he had done earlier in the evening.

"Ah, ha! my plucky jade, did you think I would tamely give up the chase?" he asked, with a horrible leer. "Not so, my pretty," he continued; "there is altogether too much at stake for that. But I can't stand here to hold you—will you promise to keep still if I'll take my hand from your mouth? You'd better, or I——"

He stopped short, with a fierce look that frightened her excessively.

"The old man is out," he went on, as she did not make any sign of promise. "I have been watching around all the evening—came directly here after I was obliged to leave you so abruptly—ha, ha! and I saw him make for the theater; he probably won't be home for an hour or two yet, as I have invited one of my friends to give him a little outside entertainment on the way. The servants all went to bed more than an hour ago, and you are completely in my power. Now, once for all, will you be reasonable, and promise not to make a fuss?"

Editha saw that there was no way but to yield, and a feeling of thankfullness stole over her, despite her horror at finding herself again in the wretch's power, that she had concealed John Loker's confession early in the evening.

She signified her assent to the villain's terms by a motion of her head.

"Honor bright?" he asked, adding, fiercely: "I'll choke you instanter if you attempt to make any disturbance."

She nodded again, and he at once released his hold of her.

"Now, little Miss Pluck," he resumed, "what have you done with that paper I asked you for once before? I want it, and I'm going to have it. Do you hear?"

Editha did hear, and the lines about her small mouth settled into an expression of unyielding firmness.

"You don't mean to give it to me, hey?" he demanded, reading aright her look.

She was too week and excited from fright to speak, but shook her head resolutely.

"But I tell you I'm going to have it, my lady, or it'll be the worst for you."

A bright thought darted into her mind, and she immediately acted upon it.

"If I will give you the paper, will you go away at once as quickly as you came, and leave me and everything in the house unmolested?" she asked.

"That's the talk—now you're sensible," the ruffian returned, in a satisfied tone.

"Do you promise?" she persisted.

"Yes; I'll go instanter. You see it's very important for my future career that the little document don't get into circulation; so hand it over, and I'll be off as quiet and quick as a mouse."

Editha drew from the envelope she had addressed to Earle the copy she had made, and passed it to him.

He reached out and took the envelope from her, and read the name written upon the back before looking at the paper.

"So, ho! you were going to send it right to headquarters, were you?—and I was just in the nick of time."

Chuckling to himself, he unfolded the paper she had given him and began to read.

The contents seemed to amuse him immensely, for he continued to laugh and chuckle to himself all the way through: but his face grew stern and threatening as he read the end, and Editha's heart failed her when he said, fiercely:

"That won't do, miss; this is only a copy, and I want the original. Hand it over quick. Did you think I would be so readily cheated.

"How do you know it is a copy?" she asked.

She had written that also with a pencil, as she could write more rapidly, and she had thought perhaps he would think it was the one she had written in John Loker's house.

"Because I saw John Loker sign the other," he said, with a malignant scrowl, adding: "Now will you hand the other over to me?"

"No, sir, I will not," was the firm reply.

He seemed staggered for a moment at this.

"You won't?" he repeated, at length, with an oath, and fixing his eyes upon her in a way that made her catch her breath and feel as if her strength was forsaking her.

"Do you know," he added, "that you are in the power of a desperate man?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but that paper is of more importance to me than any other possession in the world."

"Ah, ha! is that the way the wind blows? He's a lover, eh?" laughed the villian, coarsely, and with a leer that made the blood boil in the young girl's veins and glow hotly in her cheeks. "Allow me to ask," he continued, with a sinister gleam in his eye, "if it is more precious to you that your—life?"

She shrank from him in sudden terror at the question, but, after a moment's thought, she said:

"No, I cannot say that it is; but I do not think you would quite dare to murder me to get it. At all events I shall not give it to you."

He looked at her with something akin to admiration on his face; he evidently had not expected to find her so resolute, but at the same time her obstinacy angered him.

"You think I would not dare to put you out of the way?" he repeated, savagely."

"What good would it do you? You surely would not accomplish your object then," Editha strove to say, dauntlessly, but feeling inwardly very weak and trembling.

He saw the force of her argument and he swore again, and, turning to her writing-desk, began turning over its contents.

Of course, he did not find what he sought there, and then commenced a general search of the room.

Bureau drawers, boxes, and every other receptacle that she had were overturned and thoroughly searched.

Her closets also were ramsacked, and the pockets of every dress turned wrong side out, but with the same result.

Her jewel-casket stood on her dressing-case open, with all her jewelry nicely arranged on its velvet cushion.

Editha's heart stood still as she saw him approach this, but she did not move or give a sign of the great fear that oppressed her.

He stood and looked at the pretty things there, took up one or two and examined them more closely, then laid them back again in their place, and turned his attention to something else.

A mighty burden rolled from the fair girl's heart as this danger was passed.

She had expected he would put every article in his pocket, and them perhaps turn the box upside down to seek for more; but evidently he did not care for plunder to-night. At last he came and stood before her.

"I have searched everywhere. It must be upon your person," he said with a desperate gleam in his eye.

She started from him with a look of terror.

"I swear to you that it is not anywhere about me," she said. "As soon as I made a copy of it I went and hid it, though I could not then have told what made me do it. Now I know," she added, thoughtfully.

He saw that she was speaking only truth, and in great perplexity he sat down to think.

"It is in this room?" he asked, at length.

"I shall not tell you," Editha answered, her courage beginning to rise as he become discouraged.

"Is it in this house?"

"I shall not tell you," she repeated.

"You're a—plucky piece," he muttered between his teeth, and fixing his eyes again upon her in the strange way she had noticed before.

They seemed to transfix her, and a shuddering sensation pervaded her frame whenever she met them.

"Do you mean to brave me and risk the consequences?" he demanded.

"If you ever gain the paper it will be through your own efforts alone. I shall never tell you where it is," she replied, slowly and firmly.

He acted for a moment as if undecided what to do next. Then he took up the letter she had been writing Earle and read it through.

She could not help this, of course, but her cheeks burned and her eyes flashed indignantly as she thought of the tender little passages that she had thrown in now and then, and that had been intended for her lover's eye alone.

She had told him a good deal of her adventure, and how that, as soon as she had copied it, she had hidden the precious original; but strangely enough she never mentioned even to him where, but said that no one but herself knew of its hiding-place, and to morrow she intended taking it to Mr. Felton to see what he advised about it.

"Ah!" said the wretch, as he read this; "no one knows anything about the precious document but yourself.

"No."

"And to-morrow you were intending to tell some one else about it," he said, rattling the letter he held in his hand.

"Yes."

"And you are sure nothing will make you give it to me?"

"Never!"

"Then there is but one thing left for me to do," he muttered, striding angrily toward her.

He seized both her hands in his, and again fixed his cruel eye upon hers.

For one moment she looked defiance at him, though she was so frightened by his manner that she had no power to cry out, nor make any effort to release herself from his hold; the next her expression changed, and her eyes began to droop.

"Look at me!" he commanded, bending nearer to her.

She obeyed, and gazed into his face as if suddenly fascinated.

For a moment he held her glance, while she felt as if all her will power was forsaking her.

He made a few passes over her head and face, touched her upon the pit of the stomach, and she instantly became like a reed in his hands.

He had mesmerized her.

CHAPTER XXX.

FLOWN.

Yes, the strange man had mesmerized Editha Dalton.

He possessed that peculiar power, or magnetic influence, something of which almost every one has either seen or heard, and which should not be exercised except in the most judicious manner, and governed by unquestionable principles.

To all appearances Editha was completely in his power, but whether it was strong enough to make her comply with his every command or not yet remained to be seen.

We have all learned something of the young girl's strength of will, in her resolute adherence to the right and her persistent opposition to everything wrong.

Whether this was an instinct rooted and grounded in her nature and strengthened for years by conscientious cultivation, which would in a measure protect her and prevent her from becoming his abject slave, could not yet be determined. But he immediately proceeded to test his power.

"Pick up and bring me that paper," he commanded, pointing to the copy of John Loker's confession, which had fallen upon the floor.

The stooped obediently and handed it to him.

"Bring me your watch and chain," was the next mandate.

She hesitated a moment. It had been a gift from Richard Forrester, was very valuable, and she prized it above all her other trinkets.

"Bring it," he repeated.

She went to his bidding, and gave it to him without a murmur.

But he did not care for it, it seemed, as he laid it down upon her writing-desk and left it there untouched.

"Now give me that ring upon your finger," he said, pointing to that beautiful pearl that Earle had placed upon her hand.

She involuntarily clasped her hands tightly together, and stood staring helplessly at him without obeying him.

"Take it off," he repeated, more sternly; but she did not move.

He muttered a curse, and then bade her go bring the contents of her jewel-box.

Instantly she turned to do his bidding, carefully gathered up every article and brought it to him.

Then he commanded her to take them back and arrange them as they belonged.

She unhesitatingly obeyed, quickly arranging everything in its place, and giving no sign of the precious treasure concealed beneath.

Then she went and stood humbly before him again.

"Now go and get that paper signed by John Loker and bring it to me," he said, bending all the power of his will to influence her.

She took one step forward, her eyelids quivered, her nostrils dilated, her bosom heaved; then she stopped, staring helplessly at him, while her hands were again locked in a nervous clasp.

"Strange!" he muttered, with a frown.

He then issued several other commands which she obediently executed, and at last he told her once more to bring that paper, but with the same result as before.

She would not do it. Her love for Earle and her determination not to yield anything connected with him, seemed to be an instinct stronger than his power over her.

Again and again he tried to gain his point, but without avail, and, with a perplexed and angry look, he muttered:

"It won't do—my power is not strong enough yet—it will take time; but she says no one knows where the paper is but herself, so I will take care of her. She has hid what I want, and now I'll hide her. It will be risky business, but there is no other way; if I go way and leave her, some one else will have it to-morrow morning, and then the whole world will know.

He sat thinking the matter over for some little time, Editha standing patiently by him, as if waiting to do his bidding still further.

"Put those things on," he said, at last, and pointing to a hat and water proof that had been thrown upon the floor.

She immediately put them on.

Now get a vail and tie over your face.

With the humility of a servant she obeyed him.

He then went to the door and looked out.

All was still.

The gas in both halls had been partially turned off, and now burned dimly, and nothing was moving in all that great house.

He stepped back into the room, took Editha by the arm, and said, roughly:

"You are to go with me—see that you make no noise."

He then led her out, down the broad stairway, through the lower hall, to the outer door.

In a moment more they were in the street, and he hurried her from the place as fast as she was able to walk.

Reaching a corner several blocks away, he stopped by a carriage which seemed to be waiting there.

This he bade Editha enter, then following her, gathered up the reins and drove rapidly away.

Very early the next morning a very respectable appearing lady and her invalid daughter, the latter much wrapped to shield her from the weather, arrived at the quiet hotel before mentioned.

They had come from a distant part of the State—had been travelling all night, madam said, in order that the sick girl might avail herself of the skill of a noted physician residing in the city.

They took rooms in the upper story of the hotel; it was not so full usually, and more quiet; besides, madam hinted, her daughter was sometimes not quite herself, and they preferred being where they could not disturb others.

She took a whole suite and her son would occasionally visit them, and be obliged to remain over night.

And thus Editha Dalton was spirited away from her home and hidden in the heart of her own city, and there she remained for several weeks until found so strangely by Earle.

Once established there, paying regularly for their accomodations, and giving no trouble, they were regarded as very quiet and respectable boarders, seldom going out except when the young lady was able to ride, closely wrapped, and vailed, and magnetized, and always in a closed carriage, always taking their meals in their own room, as the invalid was "unable to go to the public table," and madam was "unwilling to leave her poor, dear child,"

Once in awhile a servant or the clerk, in passing through the upper hall late at night thought they heard a low sobbing and moaning in their rooms, but they had been told something of the invalid's infirmity, and so gave themselves no uneasiness upon the subject.

And so right there in the very midst of the great city, with detectives at work all about them, and the excitement that the deep mystery was creating, this great wrong was being perpetrated; and had it not been Earle Wayne's strange whim to change his hotel upon that particular night, when the house was so full, and madam's "son" absent, the story of Editha's remarkable disappearance and rescue would never have been related.

* * * * * * *

When Editha awoke, after two hours of undisturbed, refreshing sleep, she found Earle still sitting beside her, and her former attendant, with her face buried in her hands, sitting in sullen silence upon the lounge opposite.

"I did not dream it, then?" she said, looking up into her lover's face with a long-drawn, trembling sigh.

"No, my darling; you have slept too soundly to dream of anything. Are you rested?" he asked, bending down to kiss the sweet quivering lips.

"Yes; but, oh! Earle, don't let him come back again," she pleaded with a shudder, as she reached out her thin hand and grasped his with nervous strength.

He bent his lips to her ear and whispered:

"No, my own; he is safely locked within the next room, and he can never harm you again. Bring some more of that drink," he added, addressing the woman opposite.

She arose and obeyed, and Editha drank as eagerly as before.

"Could you eat something?" he asked, regarding with a thrill of pain the thin hands that held the bowl.

"No, not now, Earle; I will wait and take breakfast with you by and by," she answered, with a bright hopeful look into his anxious face.

"You are feeling better already?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes," she returned, with a ripple of happy laughter. "You know 'a merry heart doeth good like a medicine,' and I feel very happy and safe just now."

Indeed, she did not look like the same person that Earle had seen through the transom.

Her eyes were now bright and hopeful, and her face shining with happiness and content.

"You will let me talk now? I cannot sleep any more," she said, as she settled back upon the pillows which he arranged for her.

"If you are able, a little. I do not wish you to get too weary."

"I want to tell you how I happen to be here—at least, all that I know about it myself—and I have such good news for you."

"Then let it be in just as few words as possible, or the excitement will be too much for you," he replied, feeling greatly relieved to see her looking so much brighter, and to hear her speak in her natural tone once more.

She began by relating her visit to the Loker family, and the confession of John Loker, her adventure with the ruffian upon the street, her escape, and his subsequent entrance to her room during the same night.

His face grew grave and troubled as she told him how persistently she had refused to reveal the hiding-place of the precious paper.

"My darling, you ran a terrible risk; he might have taken your life," he said, with a shudder.

"But it was the only proof of your honor; it alone would give you back the respect and esteem of men, and I would not give it to him," she said, with a sparkle of the old defiance in her eye, then continued: "I did not think he would quite dare do me any personal violence, and I was willing to suffer a great deal rather than lose anything so precious. I do not seem to remember much of what happened after he seized my hands and looked at me in that dreadful way; only it seemed at times, when he spoke to me, as if some force within me was trying to part soul and body—until I found myself here with this strange woman. I was left quietly with her for two or three days, when he came again and tried to frighten me into telling him what he wanted to know. I always refused until he lost his patience and temper, when he would dart towards me, seize my hands, look into my eyes, and almost instantly everything would be blank to me, and when I came to myself again I would be so exhausted and ill I could not rise."

"The villain mesmerized you," Earle said, with a white, stern face.

"Yes, that was the only explanation that I could think of to account for his peculiar power over me. He has told me almost every time he came that he would allow me to go home if I would tell him my secret; but, of course, I would not do that when I was myself, and, from the fact of his continuing to exercise his influence, I suppose I am just as willful when under his magnetic control regarding that one thing. Earle," she concluded, slipping her hand confidingly in his, "you have given me a blessed release. I do not believe I could have borne it very much longer, for I have been growing very weak of late; but my prayer night and day has been that I might be spared to you, and that God would not allow him to wring my precious secret from me."

"Why did I find him torturing you with such strange questions about your name and parentage to-night?" Earle asked.

Editha shook her head with a sad smile,

"He almost always came in the night; I suppose there was less danger of his being discovered then; but as for his questions and my answers, I know no more about them than you could have done during all these weeks. Everything became a blank as soon as he touched me and looked at me in a certain way, and I do not know what I have done or said; I only know that I have suffered horribly sometimes;" and a trembling seized her at the remembrance.

"Woman, what have you to say regarding this strange story?" Earle demanded, turning to the attendant, who had sat motionless during Editha's narrative

"I have nothing to say," she returned, liftiog a defiant face to him.

"It will be better for you to show a friendly disposition," Earle returned, quietly. "I have this villian of whom Miss Dalton speaks securely locked up and ready for the officers as soon as morning breaks, and I will punish you to the extent of the law, also, unless you show a disposition to do what is right."

He then related how he happened to be there that night—how he had searched for her so wearily, until he felt that he must have rest, and coming there, and hearing her sobbing, he had been strangely impressed that something was wrong, and had proceeded to investigate the matter. He told how he had attacked Tom Drake in the hall, dragged and locked him within his own room, and then resolved to enter hers.

The woman appeared greatly disturbed as she listened to this; she evidently had not supposed anything so serious had happened to her partner, and it was a very pale face that Earle looked into as he asked:

"Was it not mesmeric power that the wretch used to try to force Miss Dalton's secret from her?"

"Yes; it can do no harm to tell that much," she muttered.

"What was the meaning of those very strange questions he put to her to-night?"

She thought a moment and then said:

"It was necessary for Miss Dalton's health that she should go out at times and get the air; but we never took her out unless she was mesmerized, and Tom thought that if anything happened to us at any time, and she should be questioned, if she answered as he taught her, no one would suspect or molest her."

"Is he in the habit of exercising his power over people in this way in carrying on his nefarious business?" Earle demanded.

The woman would not reply, and Editha said:

"Whether he has ever carried it so far with any one else is doubtful; but I heard him say once, when they both thought I was asleep, that unless something turned up pretty soon he would be obliged to go to lecturing again, and showing off in the old way which I took to mean that he had once lectured upon the subject of mesmerism, and tried his experiments upon the public."

"The wretch! He will have an opportunity to practice something else, and show off in a different way before long, I'm thinking," Earle answered, sternly.

Day was beginning, and the occupants of the house were arousing from their slumbers.

"My darling," Earle said to Editha, "you must have a larger and more airy room than this immediately;" and he arose and rang the bell.

"Earle, you will not leave me?" she said, the frightened look returning to her face.

"No; I shall only go to the door to speak with the waiter; and you," turning to her attendant, "will please assist Miss Dalton to dress meanwhile, so that she can be moved."

The waiter soon knocked at the door, and Earle stepped outside to converse with him.

He told him something of what had happened during the night, and the man expressed no little surprise at what he heard, and that the long lost Miss Dalton had been concealed in that house. He then asked him if it would be possible for him to give Miss Dalton a better room, and he replied that some of the guests had already departed on an early train, and he should have a first-class room at his disposal in fifteen minutes.

A half-hour later Editha was borne into a beautiful apartment, where not long after she and Earle breakfasted together, a heavy burden lifted from both their hearts, while the former, happy in the presence of her lover, seemed to grow brighter, stronger, and more like herself every moment.

At eight o'clock Earle bethought himself of his prisoners, he having locked the woman into the room as soon as Editha had been removed

"When I have attended to that matter," he said, drawing her tenderly to him and kissing her now smiling lips, "I will telegraph immediately to Mr. Dalton; and, darling, when he comes I have some joyful news to tell you both. I do not fear that he will oppose any obstacles to our marriage now. I trust all our troubles are over."

Alas! they could not know that they were standing upon the brink of even a more fearful precipice—about to be plunged into a deeper abyss of grief and trouble than either had yet known. Earle went out for an officer to arrest his prisoners, and, soon returning, proceeded to the rooms where he had left them, as he thought, so secure.

Both doors were open! Both birds had flown!

(To be continued.)

PRAI-EWORTHY.

"Last summer I was entirely laid up with liver complaint, a friend advised me to use Burdock Blood Bitters, I did so, and four bottles cured me. I cannot praise this remedy too much." John H. Rivers, Orr Lake, Ont.

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.

Sold at Wholesale in Fredericton, by Messrs. A. F. Randolph & Son.

Perry Davis' Pain-Killer
FOR CHOLERA
CRAMPS AND PAINTERS COLIC
DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY
CHOLERA MORBUS AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN."
LINIMENT

CURES PAINS—External and Internal.
RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Muscles, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Strains
HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches.

Best Stable Remedy in the World!

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria and all kindred afflictions.

LARGE BOTTLE!
POWERFUL REMEDY!
MOST ECONOMICAL!
AS IT COSTS BUT
25 *Cents.*

Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best selling medicine they have.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS,
of which there are several on the market.
The genuine only prepared by and bearing the name of
C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,
YARMOUTH, N. S.

TESTIMONIAL.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.—I had the muscles of my hand so contracted, that I could not use it for two years. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT, and now my hand is as well as ever.
Yours,
MRS. RACHEL SAUNDERS,
Dalhousie, Lun Co.

NASAL BALM
CURES
HAY FEVER CATARRHAL DEAFNESS
COLD IN THE HEAD
ROSE COLD HEADACHE
TRADE MARK
CATARRH
EASY TO USE.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.
It Cures
CATARRH,
Cold in Head,
HAY FEVER.
STOPS
Droppings from Nasal passages into the throat and excessive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sold by Druggists, or sent pre-paid on receipt of price, 50c. and $1. Address
FULFORD & Co., Brockville, Ont.

SCROFULA

Humors,

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

Erysipelas,

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Canker, and

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

Catarrh,

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Can be cured by purifying the blood with

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Golden Medical Discovery

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic.
25c. a vial, by druggists.

OWEN SHARKEY

HAS DECIDED ON

Closing Business,

as soon as possible, and to effect that object, he now offers a large and well assorted Stock of

STAPLE and FANCY

DRY GOODS!

—AT—

Reduced Rates,

Comprising in part

DRESS GOODS,

IN GREAT VARIETY,

Gossamers, Parasols, Gloves, Corsets;
Prints, Cottons, Cottonades, Ducks;
Table Linens, Towelling, Flannels;
Shirtings, Shirts and Drawers;
Mens', Youths' and Boys' Clothing;
Mens' Suits, from $5.00 to $20;
Youths' and Boys' Equally Cheap;
Scotch and Canadian Tweeds;
Pantings' and Worsted Coatings—Choice Paterns and Low Prices;
Brussels, Tapestry, Wool and Hemp Carpets;
Table and Floor Oil Cloths;
Trunks and Valises, Cotton Warps;
Room Paper and Remnants of all kinds always on hand.

All of which shall be sold at prices as Low as possible to sell, and pay 100 cents on the dollars.

OWEN SHARKEY.

Fredericton, May 11—Rep.

196 196

WILEY'S DRUG STORE!

Queen Street.

JUST RECEIVED:

200 lbs. Paris Green;
100 lbs. Slug Shop;
100 lbs. Dalmation Insect Powder;
50 lbs. Hellibore;
500 lbs. Copperas;
100 lbs. Carbolic Acid;
Case Condy's Fluid;
100 lbs. Chloride Lime.

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN M. WILEY,

FREDERICTON.

June 8, 1887

REMOVED!

F. J. McCAUSLAND,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Has Removed his place of Business from the stand in Wiley's Building, to the stand lately occupied by C. A. McCausland,

Corner Queen and Carleton Streets,

where he will attend promptly and carefully to Watch and Jewelry Repairing.

He has on hand, and will sell Low for Cash, a fine line of

WATCHES

—AND—

JEWELRY,

and a handsome line of Plush Goods.

☞ Remember the place, corner Queen and Carleton Streets.

Fredericton May 18, 1887—1y

VOCAL CULTURE.

Mrs. JOHN BLACK

WILL GIVE INSTRUCTION IN

SINGING,

To a limited number of pupils.

Terms made known on application at residence corner of George and Sunbury streets.

Don't Read This!

Unless you want to buy Goods

CHEAP.

We claim to have the Largest and Best Stock of

SILVERWARE

in the City. Our Stock consists of

Tea Setts, Tete a Tete Sets, Pickle Stands;
Dinner and Breakfast Casters;
Cake and Card Baskets, Salvers, Vases;
Fruit and Preserve Dishes, Ice Pitchers;
Syrup Pitchers, Butter Coolers,
Spoon Holders, Biscuit Jars, Toast Racks;
Toilet Stands, Jewel Cases, &c., &c.

Also, a nice line of

Table, Desert, Tea, Sugar, Berry, Fruit, Mustard and Salt Spoons;
Fruit, Butter and Paper Knives;
Napkin Rings, Children's Mugs and Setts, &c

REMEMBER

that we sell goods from 20 to 30 per cent. Cheaper than any house in the City.

☞ DON'T FORGET THIS ☜

It is no Chestnut.

S. F. SHUTE,

Queen Street, Fredericton.

June 15

1887 Spring, Summer. 1887

J. R. HOWIE,

PRACTICAL TAILOR.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his numerous patrons that he has received his Spring and Summer Stock of the latest patterns, consisting of

English, Scotch and Canadian

TWEEDS,

Corscrews, Diagonals,

—AND—

WORSTED COATINGS,

&c., &c., &c.

In addition to myself and son, I have secured the services of a first-class Cutter from New York, and therefore I am prepared to guarantee a perfect fit and the very latest New York Fashions.

I have also a large and most thoroughly assorted stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps, and Ready-Made Clothing for adults and children.

JAMES R. HOWIE.

Fredericton, June 1

'87 SPRING GOODS. '87

Spring Overcoatings,

CHECK SUITINGS,

CHEVIOTS,

Wide Wale Diagonals,

Just Received.

WM. JENNINGS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley.

Fredericton, March 30

JOSEPH WALKER,

PRACTICAL TAILOR.

NEW GOODS,

Just Arrived.

The Subscriber has just received a full line of

SPRING TWEEDS

from the British and Foreign Markets, consisting of the latest designs and patterns.

☞ Call and examine the above, before purchasing elsewhere.

Prices reasonable.

JOSEPH WALKER,

Next Door above Doherty's Boot and Shoe Store, Queen Street.

N. B.—Cutting promptly attended to.

Fredericton, April 13

GREAT

JUBILEE SALE!

Cheap Clothing.

Mens' Tweed Suits from $4 50 up.
Youths' Tweed Suits from $3.50 up.
Boys' Tweed Suits from $2.50 up.

Coats, Pants and Vests in great variety at very Low prices.

Our Clothing is all made in latest style.—Works guaranteed and equal to best custom work.

Hats, Shirts, Collars, Ties and every description of Furnishing Goods very cheap.

☞ *Please Call and Examine.* ☜

SIMON NEALIS,

Wilmots' Block, - - - Queen Street.

Fredericton, June 15

PHOTOGRAPHS

MADE IN THE FOLLOWING SIZES:

LOCKET,
CARD,
CABINET,
BOUDOIR,
PANEL and
LIFE,

—AT—

HARVEY'S STUDIO!

164, Queen Street, F'ton.,

Next below Peoples' Bank.

☞ Old Pictures Copied and Enlarged. Childrens' Pictures a Specialty

Fredericton, December 1, 1886.

If You Would Avoid Ammonia,

—USE—

WOODILL'S

German Baking Powder.

July 20

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'87 Summer Arrangement '87

On and after MONDAY, June 13th, 1887, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave St. John.:

Day Express	7.00
Accommodation	11.00
Express for Sussex	16.35
Express for Halifax & Quebec	22.15

☞ Sleeping Cars run daily on the night Train to Halifax, and Parlor Cars on the day Train.

On TUESDY, THURSD Y and SATURDAY, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax & Quebec	5.30
Express from Sussex	8.30
Accommodation	12.55
Day Express	6.00

☞ All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., June 24th, 1887.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.

ALL RAIL LINE.

Arrangement of Trains—In effect June 27th, 1887.

LEAVE FREDERICTON:

(*Eastern Standard Time.*)

6 00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.
6 40 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, and for McAdam Junction, and St. Stephen, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points West; St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and all points North.
11 40 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, and for St. John, and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

9 20 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from St John, and all points East.
2 15 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland,