

Poetry.

THE LITTLE KING. A little face to look at, A little face to kiss, Is there anything I wonder, That's half as sweet as this:

A little cheek to dimple When smiles begin to grow, A little mouth to smile, Which way the kisses go.

A slender little ringlet, A rosy little tinge, A little chin to quiver, When falls the little tear.

A little hand so fragile, All through the night to hold, Two little feet so tender, To tickle in the cold.

Two eyes to watch the sunbeam That shines in the shadow play— A darling little baby To kiss and love away.

Literature.

Wronged and Righted.

CHAPTER XIX. PEARLE'S CHARGE.

Pearle, upon gaining her own room, felt secure once more. She was confident that she had outwitted her pursuer, for looking from the window she could see nothing of him. She was weary, and for the first time since leaving home, felt really hungry. After eating a hearty supper she retired and slept soundly and healthily all night long. She did not awake very early the next morning, and upon peeping through the curtains to see what the day promised to be, she was amazed beyond measure to find a well-known figure pacing back and forth before the house on the opposite side of the street, and glancing furtively every now and then up at her window.

She realized at once that Adison Cheatham had tracked her to her hiding-place and was only awaiting some signs of life about the house to pounce down upon her. She dressed herself with all possible haste, deciding upon her plan of action in the meantime. She packed her small possession into her traveling bag, counted out the price of lodgings and laid it upon the table, leaving an extra crown for the landlady, and then she went to her door.

She then put on her hat, and tied her thick veil closely over her face, when, glancing again at the window, she saw Adison Cheatham in the act of crossing and knew she had not a moment to lose. She turned her back upon the cosy little room that had been her home like to her, and ran down stairs into the front hall, just as a loud peal of the bell echoed through it. She trembled with nervousness as she realized that only a single hour separated her from her enemy, but her resolution to outwit him never for a moment wavered.

Mrs. Mullens, the landlady, had not yet risen, and the maid, but Biddy, the cook, to answer the bell. Pearle had taken this fact into consideration, and as there was a front and back staircase, she descended the back stairs until she heard Biddy ascending the back ones, when she passed swiftly and noiselessly down into the kitchen, and into the back yard, through a small gate that had been cut in the fence which separated it from another yard, and so came out upon the street. She saw Biddy had succeeded in unfastening the hall door, or Adison Cheatham had made his first inquiry regarding his fugitive wife.

"Is your mistress within?" was his first query to the girl. "Sure, sir, an' she'd not be afther leavin' anywhere else at this time in the mornin'!" she answered, in her rich brogue. "Can I see her?" "I'll pose you, an' if ye's willin' to wait for her to get up, I'll wait with ye, but I'll quirk of her small black eyes—ye'll not be pleased with her if ye calls her before her temper may be out."

Biddy had learned to designate her mistress' last morning sleep as her "temper-nap," since she had learned to her sorrow, that by disturbing her before she was ready to rise, she had done her share of her disposition was destroyed for the day.

meals, there was not much to tell, and the baffled villain finally took his departure, cursing his ill-luck, but vowing that he would be satisfied with the scrutiny, for her little pinched face took on a green expression that it had not yet worn. "Can you play and sing?" she asked, with a glance at the piano, which was a marvel of beauty and richness.

"Yes; would you like to hear me?" Pearle asked, drawing off her gloves. "I'm pleased to gratify you," he replied. She nodded, an eager, expectant look creeping into her eyes.

Miss Melfert arose and went to the piano, struck a few rich chords, and then played something that had a cheerful, airy sound, filling the room with melody. It was a pleasure just to sit and watch her movements, she was so graceful, her white hands flying over the keyboard were perfectly bewitching—at least, so thought Sir Harold, as he sat and watched her.

"Sing," commanded the invalid, with a deep drawn breath, as she ceased playing and Pearle sang two or three simple ballads in her rich, clear voice. There was an air of freedom in it that upon the last note died away; then a passionate sob smote her ear, and turning, she saw that little haggard bowed figure upon the wicket, and that the child's heart had been touched.

"There must be some gentleness in the little heart," she thought, as she arose and looked at the wretched child. Her pathos more awakened for the peculiar being. "I have tried you," she said, gently, "and you have answered me, and I have ordered the water to be sent for you. No, no, no; but it was so beautiful I could not help it," she sobbed, then with an impulsive as sudden as was strange, she rose and held, caught Pearle's hand, and kissed it.

"Stay, will you?" she asked, clinging to it. "Do you think you could bear to die with me?" "Yes, dear, if you think you would be happy with me," Pearle said, softly. "I will try; indeed, I will, Miss Melfert," she said, earnestly. "I will be good, but my back aches so; but if I am dreadful naughty sometimes; but if you will stay, I will try not to fret you."

"We are not to fret you," he said, and Sir Harold looked on, and noted in a steady and calm with great eyes, which seemed to draw every one toward her, and to cause involuntary reverence for the sweetly expanding spirit beneath. The gay and careless impulse that had previously characterized her had now given place to a grateful and passionate regard for her, and during all her sickness she had never spoken so gently or clung to any one as she did now to Pearle.

"I understand you have come to apply for the situation advertised in yesterday's papers," he continued, studying her fair face, and wondering what cruel necessity had driven her to such a course to seek such a position. "I have come to inquire what the duties of the situation are, and to ascertain if I am capable of performing them," she replied, in her sweet, lady-like tone.

"How delightful that would be!" cried Grace, eagerly. "I am glad to hear of it," Sir Harold replied, with a look of intense relief and satisfaction upon his handsome face. "But your baggage—you will need that. However, I can send for it any time," he added, after a moment of thought.

"I was about changing my lodging as I came hither, and I have my traveling chest with me, which I will take with me, I have at present in the city," Pearle explained.

The black eyes went sharply up to Pearle's face again, to see if she was speaking with sincerity. She was evidently satisfied with the scrutiny, for her little pinched face took on a green expression that it had not yet worn. "Can you play and sing?" she asked, with a glance at the piano, which was a marvel of beauty and richness.

"Yes; would you like to hear me?" Pearle asked, drawing off her gloves. "I'm pleased to gratify you," he replied. She nodded, an eager, expectant look creeping into her eyes.

Miss Melfert arose and went to the piano, struck a few rich chords, and then played something that had a cheerful, airy sound, filling the room with melody. It was a pleasure just to sit and watch her movements, she was so graceful, her white hands flying over the keyboard were perfectly bewitching—at least, so thought Sir Harold, as he sat and watched her.

"Sing," commanded the invalid, with a deep drawn breath, as she ceased playing and Pearle sang two or three simple ballads in her rich, clear voice. There was an air of freedom in it that upon the last note died away; then a passionate sob smote her ear, and turning, she saw that little haggard bowed figure upon the wicket, and that the child's heart had been touched.

"There must be some gentleness in the little heart," she thought, as she arose and looked at the wretched child. Her pathos more awakened for the peculiar being. "I have tried you," she said, gently, "and you have answered me, and I have ordered the water to be sent for you. No, no, no; but it was so beautiful I could not help it," she sobbed, then with an impulsive as sudden as was strange, she rose and held, caught Pearle's hand, and kissed it.

"Stay, will you?" she asked, clinging to it. "Do you think you could bear to die with me?" "Yes, dear, if you think you would be happy with me," Pearle said, softly. "I will try; indeed, I will, Miss Melfert," she said, earnestly. "I will be good, but my back aches so; but if I am dreadful naughty sometimes; but if you will stay, I will try not to fret you."

"We are not to fret you," he said, and Sir Harold looked on, and noted in a steady and calm with great eyes, which seemed to draw every one toward her, and to cause involuntary reverence for the sweetly expanding spirit beneath. The gay and careless impulse that had previously characterized her had now given place to a grateful and passionate regard for her, and during all her sickness she had never spoken so gently or clung to any one as she did now to Pearle.

"I understand you have come to apply for the situation advertised in yesterday's papers," he continued, studying her fair face, and wondering what cruel necessity had driven her to such a course to seek such a position. "I have come to inquire what the duties of the situation are, and to ascertain if I am capable of performing them," she replied, in her sweet, lady-like tone.

"How delightful that would be!" cried Grace, eagerly. "I am glad to hear of it," Sir Harold replied, with a look of intense relief and satisfaction upon his handsome face. "But your baggage—you will need that. However, I can send for it any time," he added, after a moment of thought.

"I was about changing my lodging as I came hither, and I have my traveling chest with me, which I will take with me, I have at present in the city," Pearle explained.

She found herself involuntary wondering if Miss Melfert really believed that she was suffering from a stomachache, and behaving like a child three years old—she, who had suffered torture from that dread pain in the back, which had crippled her for life, and offset by the exercise of her strong will, had refused to yield to it, until exhausted nature could bear no more. A feeling of shame began to creep over her, but this same strong will would not allow itself to be thus easily conquered.

"I am going to have the lemon," she asserted, sullenly and defiantly, while her eyes half gleamed with the coveted fruit. Those clear, beautiful orbs, looking so steadily down upon her, made her feel extremely uncomfortable.

Pearle made no reply, and the nurse stood silently, waiting to see how the contest would end. "Miss Melfert, I really have no pain. Do you believe that lemon will hurt me?" Miss Grace asked, in a more quiet tone, after a moment or two of awkward silence.

"My dear, how old did your papa tell you are?" Pearle asked, without appearing to heed her question. "Courteen," the young girl replied, hesitatingly, and with a questioning blush. "Yes, fourteen, I think he said. One is almost a young lady when one reaches that age; and I believe, dear, that you are a sensible young lady, and if you will reason calmly a moment, you will see the wisdom of following the directions which the nurse has received from your physician. Do you know what they are?" Pearle asked, kindly.

"Yes; take a spoonful of that filthy medicine before eating my breakfast, and then not eat anything after for two hours," Miss Grace returned, with evident reluctance. "You believe your physician is a wise man, do you not? Do you think he would give you disagreeable things to take if you did not need them, or that he would refuse you anything pleasant to eat if it was good for you?" Pearle asked again.

"No; but I want the lemon," Grace answered, with heightened color and downcast eyes. "Pearle smiled as she noticed how her will was gradually yielding. "Yes I know you do," she said, gently; "and I wanted something very, very much a few moments ago."

"And what was that?" the child demanded, with quickly lifted eyes. "That I might have a little lemon from the whirling I found here," Pearle said, very gravely. "Oh, Miss Melfert, you have but just come—you won't go and leave me!" Miss Grace said, in a startled voice.

"That would be neither wise nor kind in me, dear, any more than it is in you, to leave me alone here. As you must know you surely make you very ill, causing your papa great anxiety, and making a great deal of extra care and labor for your nurse, who looks very weary as it is this morning," Pearle returned, with a sympathetic glance at the tired and perplexed woman. "And as we must have the lemon to put on, that in this world we have to put up with some disagreeable things, that good may come."

Grace looked up with a flash of her black eyes. "Such disagreeable things as what—me or the medicine?" she asked, abruptly, and unconscious of all grammatical errors. "Pearle smiled good-naturedly. "A little of both, I am afraid I must say," she said.

"No one ever dared to talk so to me before," began the child, passionately, and with a scart face. "My dear," Pearle said touching the hand earnestly, "if there was no malice in my reply, and I must warn you that if you ask me such plain questions, I shall be obliged to 'dare' to give you truthful answers at all times. Now, let our first day begin auspiciously. I will dip a clean spoon in this wine for you to take the medicine from. I do not forget that you really are about the bad temper that will soon pass, you know."

Suiting the action to the words, she passed the spoon to the nurse, who poured a portion of it from the bottle she still held in her hand, and which Miss Grace swallowed without a word, but with a very curious glance at her new companion.

"This is a very tempting little breakfast," Pearle continued, rolling the table close to the sick girl's chair; "this breast of a partridge looks exceedingly inviting, the cream toast is still steaming, and this dainty mould of calf's foot jelly is fit for a queen. Shall I pour you a glass of wine, or a glass of the brazer and is hot; and while you are eating, we will plan what we will do to make this day pass pleasantly."

"If you please," Miss Grace replied, with another furtive glance into her companion's face, as if to ascertain whether she was being coaxed out of her own willingness to do the bidding of another.

But Miss Melfert was serving her in a gracious, yet matter-of-fact way, that served to allay her suspicions, and she applied herself with zest to her breakfast, and listened delightedly, while Pearle chatted amusingly of many little incidents that had occurred during her former life.

The nurse stole away at a significant glance from Pearle, and for an hour rested her weary bones undisturbed, after which she descended to the servants' quarters to relate the wonderful conquest that had been achieved over the fury of the house.

The praises of the new companion. Miss Grace was easily entertained during the rest of the morning, and Pearle found her a really bright and intelligent girl, although sadly deficient in education, which, under the circumstances, could not be otherwise. There seemed to be some irresistible charm about her fair young being, for the young invalid did not give rein to her temper again during the day, and in the evening, when her gentle companion had her "good night," she impulsively would her arms about her neck and whispered:

"Thank you, Miss Melfert, for being so patient with me. I hope I have not quite tired you out."

"No, dear; it will be my pleasure to make the time pass agreeably to you; and if I can see this little place, these eyes, and these lips smiling, I shall feel amply repaid for every effort."

"Miss Grace enforced her words with a soft kiss upon the lips, eyes, and all small lips that trembled the least bit in the world, and then went away to her own rooms. It had been a hard day, and she was very weary, for it had taken all her tact and patience to keep the capricious child employed and entertained. But she had pressed it, for she considered that she had won no mean victory, and her judicious management, her fraternal charge might become a loving and lovable girl, a comfort to her sorrowing father, and a blessing rather than a burden to her young brother. This thought out of her sorrow her life was drawing toward and reaching forth to another, enriching it with something of the hidden beauty that was within her, and that was to make her a ministering angel to one of the "little ones."

(To be continued.) Keep tools sharp as a tramp's appetite.



The treatment of many thousands of cases of chronic weakness and distressing symptoms peculiar to females, at the Hygieine Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast amount of practical and thoroughly tested remedies for the cure of women's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the result of the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in general. It is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general. It is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general. It is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general. It is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general. It is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general. It is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general. It is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general. It is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general. It is a powerful, invigorating tonic, and is adapted to women in all stages of debility, and to the womb and its appendages in general.

The "GOOD LUCK." ELEVATED OVEN.

OVEN 14 x 14 x 26. FIRE BOX 27 1-2 INCHES.



The Good Luck Elevated Oven Cook Stove, is the best Elevated Oven Stove in the market to-day. This Stove is guaranteed to bake faster than any Elevated Oven Stove in the market. The damper on top of Stove, gives complete control of fire, doing away with all necessity for a Damper in the Smoke Pipe.

FOR SALE AT NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE, Opposite County Court House. L. P. LaFOREST. OFFER BARGAINS in all lines of his business.

TINWARE, in all lines a specialty. FURNACES AND PLUMBING, of all kinds. Prompt and satisfactory work guaranteed. Phoenix Square, North Side, Fredericton.

VOCAL CULTURE. Mrs. JOHN BLACK. WILL GIVE INSTRUCTION IN SINGING. Terms made known on application at residence corner of George and Sabinay Streets.

G. D. CARTER, DENTIST. ATTENDS to all operations pertaining to his profession. Full or Partial Sets inserted with the latest Improvements. No Charge for Extracting or Artificial Teeth.

DR. McALLISTER, DENTIST. IS using a new method for the painless extraction of teeth, in less than three months. No Chloroform, Ether or Gas Used. Painless Extraction: One Tooth, 50 cents. A full upper or lower set of teeth at the usual low rates of \$8.50 to \$10.00.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO. ALL RAIL LINE. Arrangement of Trains--In effect October 24th, 1887. LEAVE FREDERICTON: (Eastern Standard Time.)

F. J. SEERY, M. D., D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. 250 QUEEN STREET, Fredericton, October 12, 1887-3mos.

H. D. CURRIE, D. D. S., Surgeon Dentist. OFFICE: First Door below Peoples Bank, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

H. C. C. WETMORE, Auctioneer, &c., &c. HAS taken the store on the upper side of Phoenix Square, (next to L. LaZelle's), where he is prepared to receive Furniture, and other goods for Auction, and to receive orders for the sale of any kind of property. Terms moderate, returns prompt, and business confidential.

ROGERS' PHOTO, for a friend, is a Silver Plated Knives, PHOTO, TAKEN BY HARVEY. AUCIONEER.

COMMISSION STORE, DEALER IN ALL SIZES OF ANTHRACITE AND SOFT COALS. THE UNDERSIGNED begs leave to notify the public that he has opened a store in the City of Fredericton, where he is prepared to receive orders for the sale of any kind of property. Terms moderate, returns prompt, and business confidential.

GILLET'S POWDERED LYE. A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF TOILET ARTICLES. Fancy Goods, Cheep Cloths.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE, 194 Queen St., Fredericton. December 11. AMERICAN and English styles, all sizes for Men and Boys, very cheap.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE, 194 Queen St., Fredericton. December 11. New Hats and Caps.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. CATARRH. GOLD IN THE HEAD. CATARRH. GOLD IN HEAD, MAY FEVER. STOP. PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

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

STOP. Paying \$3.50 and \$4.00 a Set for ROGERS' PHOTO, Silver Plated Knives, PHOTO, TAKEN BY HARVEY.

STOP. Paying \$3.50 and \$4.00 a Set for ROGERS' PHOTO, Silver Plated Knives, PHOTO, TAKEN BY HARVEY.

STOP. Paying \$3.50 and \$4.00 a Set for ROGERS' PHOTO, Silver Plated Knives, PHOTO, TAKEN BY HARVEY.

STOP. Paying \$3.50 and \$4.00 a Set for ROGERS' PHOTO, Silver Plated Knives, PHOTO, TAKEN BY HARVEY.

STOP. Paying \$3.50 and \$4.00 a Set for ROGERS' PHOTO, Silver Plated Knives, PHOTO, TAKEN BY HARVEY.

STOP. Paying \$3.50 and \$4.00 a Set for ROGERS' PHOTO, Silver Plated Knives, PHOTO, TAKEN BY HARVEY.

STOP. Paying \$3.50 and \$4.00 a Set for ROGERS' PHOTO, Silver Plated Knives, PHOTO, TAKEN BY HARVEY.

STOP. Paying \$3.50 and \$4.00 a Set for ROGERS' PHOTO, Silver Plated Knives, PHOTO, TAKEN BY HARVEY.

STOP. Paying \$3.50 and \$4.00 a Set for ROGERS' PHOTO, Silver Plated Knives, PHOTO, TAKEN BY HARVEY.