Poetry.

PUZZLE.

Ten weary, footsore travellers,
All in a woeful plight,
Sought shelter at a wayside inn
One dark and stormy night.

"Nine rooms no more," the landlord said,
"Have I to offer you,
To each of eight a single bed,
But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host
Could only scratch his head,
For of those tired men no two
Would occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease—
He was a clever man—
And so to please his guests devised
This most ingenious plan:—

| A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I |

In room marked A two men were placed,
The third was lodged in B,
The fourth to C was then assigned,
The fifth retired to D.

In E the sixth he tucked away,
In F the seventh man,
The eighth and ninth in G and H,
And then to A he ran.

Wherein the host, as I have said,
Had laid two travellers by,
Then taking one—the tenth and last—
He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms—a room for each—
Were made to serve for ten;
And this it is that puzzles me
And many wiser men.

Literature.

DOUBLE DEALING.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

The sun had long since gone down, and darkness was rapidly setting over the country, as Geoffrey pursued his way, grateful indeed that he had such good news to take back to Jack but, well nigh discouraged on his own account.

It had been agreed that he should learn all he could about Henley's old home, and where Margery was buried, and that Jack should himself revisit the place after nightfall, upon his return, since he did not dare to make his appearance there by daylight.

The road to the town lay through a heavy growth of timber, and, as Geoffrey came into it, the darkness was so intensified that at first he could hardly distinguish the way, when, suddenly his horse gave a startled snort and shied one side, nearly throwing his rider from the saddle.

"Gently, gently, sir," he said, reassuringly, as he quickly recovered himself. "What is the trouble, my boy?"

He glanced searchingly about him, and saw a muffled figure sitting upon a rock under the shadow of a great tree.

Geoffrey's hand instinctively caught the handle of the revolver that he always carried when travelling, and then rode directly up to the figure.

"Who are you?" he demanded, "and why are you sitting here alone in the darkness."

"Do not fear, sir," responded a quiet, honest voice. "I am only a woman on my way home from town, and sat down here to rest a moment."

"I beg your pardon, madam, for accosting you as I did," Geoffrey returned apologetically, "but I must confess I was startled, as well as my horse for a moment. Are you not afraid to be travelling this lonely way at this time of the evening?"

"No, sir, I am not afraid. I know every step of the way, but I am not so young as I was once, and it tires me to walk," the woman replied, with a weary note in her voice.

"Have you far to go?" the young man asked.

"No, only to the second house from here—to Farmer Bruce's."

"Ah! You are going to Mr. Bruce's. I have just come from there. I will turn about and see you safely to the house; or if you could manage to sit on a man's saddle, you shall ride, and I will lead my horse," said Geoffry kindly; for now that he had been accustomed to the dim light he could discern that the woman looked worn and weary, and his sympathies were enlisted for her.

"No, no; thank you, sir, I will not trouble you," the woman returned. "But tell me," she continued, rising and coming toward his side, "Is Farmer Bruce still alive? Is the family well?"

Something in her anxious tone and her agitated manner, as well as these questions, sent a sudden thrill through the young man's heart.

He bent and looked searchingly into her face, which was upraised to his.

"Yes, Farmer Bruce is living. You said you were on your way home. Do you belong to the family?" he asked.

"No—I—I used to live near them; I have come for a visit," was the confused reply.

Geoffrey bent still nearer to her, when the woman suddenly uttered a startled cry, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Oh, sir! who are you?" she cried. "I am sure you must be Master Geoffrey. You are so like your father. I should know you anywhere, and I could never forget the boy I loved. You are Geoffrey, aren't you? and don't you remember—Margery?"

She ended with a sob, and her hold tightened on his arm as if she feared to lose him.

Geoffrey had half-suspected her identity when she had inquired so eagerly about Farmer Bruce; but it was a shock to him, nevertheless, to find his suspicions thus verified, and he felt that, if he should never learn anything more definite regarding his father, he should feel more than repaid for his journey hither, just to have found Jack and Margery, seen them restored to each other, and the shadow removed from their lives.

He seized the trembling hand that lay upon his arm, and shook it heartily.

"Yes, I am Geoffrey, and I do remember Margery," he said, in a glad, earnest tone.

The poor, long-suffering, wandering creature dropped her head against his horse's neck, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Heaven bless you, Master Geoffrey for owning it at last—my heart's been well nigh crushed since you denied it, and ran away from me in New York," she said, brokenly between her sobs.

"Denied it, and ran away from you in New York!" repeated the young man, astonished.

"Yes, sir; sure you haven't forgotten that day when you bought the roses of me, and I asked you if you weren't Geoffrey Dale? You told me no—your name was Everet, and you didn't know anything about Jack, nor about any of the other things I talked of."

A light broke upon Geoffrey's mind.

She had seen Everet Mapleson, and made a very natural mistake; she had believed him to be the child she had loved and cared for, and it was no wonder she was pained by his refusal to recognize her.

"I never bought any roses off you in New York, Margery," he said kindly. "I have never seen you until now since I was a small boy of five years."

The woman looked up at him amazed.

Geoffrey smiled frankly into her upturned face.

"The young man whom you met was a Mr. Everet Mapleson—we were in college together, and we look so much alike that we are often mistaken for each other," he explained.

"Ah! dearie, my heart is lighter now you've told me this," Margery said, with a long drawn sigh. "I was cruelly hurt when I thought you wouldn't own me, and I was so sure to that you could tell me something about Jack—can't you tell me where he is? Where, where have you been all these years Master Geoffrey? Ah, I feared that cruel blow Jack gave you had killed you and I'd never see you again; but, poor man! he'd never have lifted his hand against you if he'd been himself. Heaven pity him! wherever he is, if he's living at all."

She had rambled on in this disconnected way without even waiting for a reply to any of her questions, and Geoffrey felt the tears rise to his eyes, as he realized something of the burden that lay so heavy on her heart, and had made the long, long years so dreary and oppressive to her.

He dismounted from his horse, and taking her by the arm, said, gently:

"Come back to the rock, Margery, where you were sitting, and I will tell you all you wish to know. It is a long story, and you will be weary with standing."

She looked up appealingly.

"One word, Master Geoffrey. Jack—"

Her trembling lips refused to utter another word, and the young man thought he might as well tell her at once about her husband and set her heart at rest.

"Jack is living and well, and—within a mile of you at this very moment," he said, in a cheeerful tone.

"Oh, dearie! Heaven reward you for those blessed words," Margery murmured; then her head sank upon her breast, and, tottering weakly forward, she dropped upon the rock where Geoffrey had first seen her, and fell to sobbing like a tired child.

Geoffrey waited until she had grown somewhat calmer, and then told her, as briefly as he could, something of his own and Jack's history during the last eighteen years.

She never interrupted him during the recital, but seemed to drink in every word, as one perishing from thirst would drink in pure, life-giving water.

When at last he had told her all, she lifted her face, and, while she wiped the streaming tears from her eyes, she exclaimed:

"Ah! Master Geoffrey, I feel almost as if I was drawing nigh to heaven, after all the waiting, the wandering, the loneliness, and misery, to find my Jack again, and know that he has been true to his love for me all the time. Poor fellow! his fate has been harder than mine, after all, for he's had to carry a burden of guilt with him; but it is all over now, thank Heaven! You will take me straight to him?" she concluded, eagerly.

"Of course I will," Geoffrey replied, heartily, "he is waiting at the public house in the town for me—waiting for me to come and tell him about his old home, from which he fled so may years ago, and about a certain grave, which he has imagined has lain lonely and neglected all that time, and which he was to go to visit, under cover of the darkness, upon my return."

"Poor man! poor man!" sobbed Margery, all unmindful of her own long suffering, in her sympathy for her erring husband, "but, praise the Lord, there's no grave for him to weep over, and that he can walk the earth once more and fear no man."

She arose and drew her cloak about her preparatory to going back to town with her companion.

Geoffrey insisted that she should ride, while he walked beside her and guided the horse.

He saw that she was very weary, as well as weak, from her recent agitation, and not fit to walk the long distance.

She demurred at first, but he would listen to no objections, and she permitted him to put her into the saddle, and then they started on their way.

Geoffrey questioned her about her life during the last eighteen years, and he marveled, as he listened to her story, at the woman's unwavering devotion and love for the man whose hand so nearly deprived her of life.

She told him, as Mr. Bruce had already done, that, as soon as she was able, she had sold of all her household goods and the farm-stock, and realized over a thousand dollars. She deposited all but enough for her immediate needs in a bank of San Francisco, where she already had some money laid by, and instructed a lawyer there to use it as a reward for the discovery of her husband.

She then began her own toilsome pilgrimage to search for him herself. She roved from one large city to another, stopping some time in each, now taking in washing and ironing to support herself and earn money to continue her search in the next place where she should go; going out as a servant in other places, or selling flowers or confectionery upon the corners of the streets for the same purpose, while she eagerly scanned every face she saw in the hope of somewhere and sometime coming across either Jack or the boy; she had never believed, as others, that the latter was dead. She felt sure that Jack must have discovered some signs of life about him, and to take him away with the hope of having him restored.

In this way she had visited almost every large city in the United States. She had been in different mining districts also, thinking that perhaps her husband might have gone back to his old business, hoping thus to hide himself more securely. She had even been in Canada and other British provinces, but had never met with the least encouragement in her search, until that day when she had seen Eyeret Mapleson in New York and believed him to be Geoffrey. Her disappointment and grief at his persistent denial of all knowledge of her, had actually prostrated her for the first time during all her tireless search, and she had not been able to leave her bed for several weeks, which accounts for young Mapleson's inability to find her.

At length, during the last few months, she had relinquished all hope; but an insatiable longing had seized her to visit her old home once more, and the kind family who had befriended her in the hour of her sore need. After that, she meant to draw her money from the bank in San Francisco, and with it purchase a right in some home for the aged, where she could peacefully spend the remainder of her life.

The woman was not old, being only about forty-five years of age, but her sorrow and the laborious existence she had led had aged her far more than even another decade could have done.

She could tell Geoffrey nothing more regarding the identity of his father than he already knew. She had never seen him since his last visit to her home, more than a year previous to the tragedy, and she had never known any other address than the one of which Mr. Bruce had spoken. He had told her to send a letter to "Lock Box 43, Santa Fe," if anything should ever happen to his boy, and she wished to summon him.

But she had gone away without communicating with him; she had been eager to get away before he come again, for she had not courage to meet him and tell him the dreadful story about his child, which she alone knew.

"Margery," Geoffrey said, gravely, after she had concluded her account, "have you never thought that there was something very strange in the fact that my father should have been so reserved about himself, and kept his only child so remote and concealed from all his friends?"

"Yes, Master Geoffrey, it did strike me as queer, at times; but I reasoned that perhaps he hadn't any very near friends, for he talked of putting you to some school as soon as you were old enough to go away from me."

"Do you think that everything was all right between him and my mother?"

"How right, sir?" the woman asked, with surprise.

"Do you think that they were legally married? Did you ever see or hear anything while you lived with them to make you suspect that they might not be husband and wife? It is a hard question for a son to ask, but the secrecy with which my father has seemed to hedge himself about, has led me to fear that there was some grave reason why he could not, or would not have me with him and openly recognize me. Why was he unwilling to have you use his name if you had occasion to write to him, but instead gave you a blind address, which no one could recognize, and to which, doubtless, he alone had the key?"

"Good lord, Master Geoffrey, never had any such thoughts entered my head before!" Margery exclaimed, in a tone of startled amazement. "I never saw a man fonder of his wife than Captain Dale was of your mother; and he had reason to be fond of her, too, for she worshipped the very air he breathed, and was always so sweet and merry that a man would have been a brute not to have loved her. But——"

"Well?" queried Geoffrey, eagerly, the hot blood surging to his brow, with a feeling of dread, as she stopped, a note of sudden conviction in her tone.

"Well, I do remember, once, that she did not seem quite happy, but I have never given it a second thought until now," Margery said, reflectively.

"Tell me about it," the young man commanded, briefly.

"They had been out for a walk one night after tea, and it was quite dark when they returned. They stopped a moment on the steps, before coming in, and I was at an open window up-stairs just above them. Your mother had been crying—I could tell by the sound of her voice—and all at once she turned and threw her arms around the captain's neck and sobbed:

"Oh, Will, I wish you would, for my sake and—for our baby's sake,"

"I will, my darling," the captain told her, "it shall be done just as soon as I can turn myself, but it would ruin me to do it now. Have patience, my pet, and it will be all right in a few months more, at the farthest."

"She didn't say another word, only uttered a tired kind of sigh, kissed him softly, and then went in. But I never thought much about it afterward. I didn't know but what she had been coaxing him to leave the mines and go back where they came from, for I'm sure it couldn't have been nice for her to live there where there wasn't hardly another woman fit to associate with her," Margery continued, thoughtfully.

But Geoffrey believed his gentle mother had been asking for something far more important than a change of residence; that would have been of comparitively little consequence to her, loving his father as she did. He imagined that she had been pleading to be recognized as Captain Dale's lawful wife, so that her child might have lawful birth.

He sighed heavily, for the farther he went in his search the darker and more perplexing grew the way.

CHAPTER XXX.

A HAPPY REUNION, AND A STARTLING RECOGNITION.

Reaching the public house where he had left Jack, Geoffrey quietly drew Margery into the small parlor, where he made her lay aside her bonnet and cloak, put her into a comfortable rocker to rest, and then went out to break the glad tidings of her existence and return to her husband.

He found him sitting alone on the porch outside the bar room—nothing ever tempted him inside such a place nowadays—looking wistfully out toward the east, where the full August moon was just rising above the horizon in all its splendor.

"Well Jack, has the time seemed very long te you?" Geoffrey asked, in a cheerful tone as he sat down beside him.

"It has sir; I've had hard work to wait. I've a strange hankerin' after the old home to-night. If I could only wake up and find I'd been dreamin' all these years, and the old place just as it was, with my girl waitin' at the door for me, I'd almost be willin' to give up my hope o' heaven. But when I think it's only an empty house—a cold hearthstone, and—a grave somewhere nigh, that I'm goin' to find, I feel a'most like givin' up the battle."

The man's head sank upon his breast in a disconsolate way, while it seemed as if he had no heart to ask Geoffrey anything about the trip from which he had just returned.

The young man waited a few moments, hoping he would question him; but as he still remained absorbed in his own sad thoughts, he at length remarked;

"Well, Jack, I found Farmer Bruce."

"Ay! then he's alive yet; he must be nigh on to sixty," the man replied, looking up now with a gleam of interest.

"I should judge him to be about that; but he's hale and hearty, and seems like a very kind-hearted man, too."

"A better never lived!" Jack affirmed, many's the good turn he and his wife has done me, and—ah!—"

A shiver completed the sentence, as if those bygone days were too painful to dwell upon.

Geoffrey pitied the poor fellow from the depths of his heart, and yet he hardly knew where to begin, or how to break his good news to him.

"Shall I tell you what Mr. Bruce told me, Jack?" he at length asked.

The man nodded, and, by the light of the moon, his companion saw a gray pallor settle over his, face which seemed to have grown almost rigid in its outlines.

Geoffrey began by telling him how Mrs. Bruce had gone over to borrow some tea of Mrs. Henley, the day following Jack's flight; how she knocked and there came no response, when she stepped into the kitchen and found Margery lying on the floor, and becoming so frightened at the sight, she had turned and flew back to her home, with hardly more than a glance at the prostrate woman.

"Farmer Bruce," he went on, "at once went back to your house, taking his son and a hired man with him. They lifted Margery and laid her on her bed, and then John Bruce rode off with all his might after a doctor—"

"Doctor! What could they want of a doctor?—a coroner ye mean," interrupted Jack, in a thick, hoarse voice.

"No, a doctor Jack—she needed one; she didn't need a coroner."

"Ha!"

The man started wildly to his feet as the hoarse cry burst from him; then sank back again, pressing his hands hard against his temples and staring about him in a half-dazed way, as if he had not comprehended what he had heard.

"Master Geoffrey, don't—don't tell me no more," he pleaded in an agonized tone. "I can't bear it; they didn't need any doctor to tell them that she was dead—just tell me where to find her grave. I'll go and take one look at it; then I'll make tracks again for Australia; I can't stop here."

The man's tone was so despairing, his attitude so hopeless, and his words so heart-broken, that Geoffrey had hard work to preserve his own composure.

"But Jack, there—there isn't any grave," he said at last.

Jack lifted another vacant look to the young man's face.

"No grave! no coroner! a doctor!" he muttered, then suddenly he seemed to comprehend and was galvanized into life.

He sprang up; he seized Geoffrey by the shoulder.

"Boy! boy!" he cried, in a strained unnatural voice, "ye can't mean it? ye can't mean that she didn't die? that—that I didn't kill her after all! Tell me—tell me quick, if ye've brought me such blessed truth as that, I'am yer slave as long as I live."

He was terribly agitated. He shook as if he had suddenly been attacked with violent ague, and Geoffrey could see his broad chest rise and fall with the heavy throbbing of his startled heart.

"Sit down, Jack," he continued, rising and putting him back into his chair; "you must be more calm or I cannot tell you anything. Margery was not dead, but she was dreadfully hurt, and was ill for a long time, so ill that for more than a month they thought every day that she must die."

"And—she—didn't?"

The words were almost inarticulate, but Geoffrey understood him by the motion of his lips.

"Don't tell me," he continued, catching his breath in a spasmodic way, a look of horror in his eyes, don't tell me that she lived to be—like as you was."

"No no, Jack, she got well," Geoffrey replied, but his own voice shok over the words.

"Oh! my girl!"

Jack Henley slipped from his chair, falling upon his knees beside his companion, while his head dropping a dead weight against his arm.

"Look here, my man," Geoffrey now said, with gruff kindness, though he was nearly unmanned himself, "this isn't going to do at all, You must brace up for there is a long story to be told yet."

He lifted him to his feet by main force drew his arm within his own, and compelled him to walk up and down the porch two or three times.

Then he seated him again, and began at once to tell poor Margery's story.

The man listened as if spell-bound, he scarcely seemed to breathe, so intent was he to catch every word. He did not move, even, until Geoffrey mentioned meeting the strange woman in the wood, when he looked up, a wild gleam in his eye, a cry of joy on his life.

When Geoffrey repeated what she had told him about her traveling from city to city, searching for her husband, working at whatever her hands could find to do, to earn the money necessary to keep up her tireless quest, he control himself no longer. Great sobs came from him.

"My girl! my girl! I never deserved it of her! Where is she, Master Geoffrey? tell me and I'll creep on my knees to her feet to ask her forgiveness? he wildly cried.

"Jack she is here!"

"Here! Where?" and he glanced about him in fear and awe.

"Here, in this very house! waiting longing to see you! to ease your conscience of its burdens, and tell you that she freely forgives everything."

"Can she?" the trembling husband breathed in an awed tone.

"Come and see," Geoffrey returned, and taking him by the arm, he lead him toward the parlor where Margery was anxiously awaiting him, her patience nearly exhausted by the long delay.

Reaching the door Geoffrey opened it pushed Jack inside the room, then shut the two in together.

"Jack!"

"Madge! my girl!"

The glad, fond cry of the wife restored at last to her long-sought loved one—the pleading, repentant intonation of the erring husband, were the only sounds that he caught, as he turned away, and with tears in his eyes, went out alone into the quiet summer night leaving them in their joy.

Two hours later, Jack came to seek him, but he walked like a drunken man, weakly and unsteadily.

His unexpected happiness was almost more than he had strength to bear, and he seemed weak and shaken as if from a long illness; but on his rough and weather-beaten face there was a look of peace and joy that Geoffrey never forgot.

"Master Geoffrey," he said, in a humble tone, though there was a ring of gratitude and gladness in it; "it's all right at last thank God? I'll never say there ain't a God agin. I can face the whole world now that my Madge lives and loves me the same as ever. I can breathe free once more, since I know her blood ain't on my hands—oh? it's too good a'most to be true?" he continued drawing a long, full breath, "and bless ye sir, all I've got in the world wouldn't pay ye what I owe ye."

"Jack, you owe me nothing," Geoffrey responded, grasping him heartily by the hand. "I do not forget who cared for me during the first few years of my life, and if I have helped in any way to restore peace to you and happiness to Margery, I am more than paid already."

"Thank ye, sir; but won't ye come in and sup with us— that is if ye haven't had something already."

Jack pleaded with an air of humility.

"No, I've been too busy with my thoughts to care anything for eating, and I'll join you with pleasure," Geoffrey answered, cordially.

He returned to the parlor with Jack, where he found Margery with a beaming face, and the landlady laying the table for three.

It was two hours later before they separated for the night, and during that time many plans for the future were discussed by the reunited couple.

Neither Jack or Margery felt inclined to remain in the West, where they had suffered so much, and where there would be constant reminders of the painful past and it was finally decided that they should proceed at once to the farm which Jack still owned in New Jersey and if Margery was pleased with the place they would settle there and spend the remainder of there lives on it. The next morning they went to pay Farmer Bruce a visit, and inform him of the happy ending to all there trouble.

The following day they went to San Francisco, where they drew Margery's money from the bank, in which it had remained so long, and a snug little sum it was, too, having accumulated for so many years. A week later they all turned their backs upon the Pacific coast and set there faces toward the East. Geoffrey accompanied them as far as Cheyenne, Wyoming, where he took leave of them as he was going southward into New Mexico again. But he promised to pay them an early visit when he should return to Brooklyn.

* * * * *

While these events were transpiring in the far west, an interesting incident occurred in the far East—in no other city than Boston—which has its bearing on our story and properly belongs here.

On a bright, beautiful summer morning, in the month of July, a lady entered a handsome drug store on Washington street, and asked permission to look at a city directory.

She was a finely formed, brilliant-looking woman, elegantly dressed, and bearing herself with the ease and self-possession of one accustomed to the most cultured circles of society.

A portly gentleman, with a wealth of white hair crowning his shapely head and wearing gold bowed spectacles, stepped from behind his desk as the lady made her request, and politely laid the book before her. As she did so and his keen glance fell upon her face, he started slightly, but was far too well-bred to betray his surprise at her appearance, if he experienced any, and immediately returned to his post at his desk.

But he managed to place himself where he could see his visitor, without being himself observed.

The woman turned to the D's in the directory, and ran her neatly gloved finger slowly down the line, pausing here and there as a name appeared to attract her special attention.

After carefully searching several pages she turned back and back to go over the same ground again, while a faint line of perplexity and annoyance appeared between her finely arched brows.

This second search seemed to be as unsuccessful is the previous one had been, and, for the third time, she reviewed the list of names under the letter D. It was useless, however; the name she sought was not there. She stood musing for a few moments, then opening her pocket-book—an elegant affair of Russian leather with clasps of gold—she took from it a card to which she referred.

"The name is surely not in the directory," she murmured.

There was a moment of silence, then the distinguished looking gentleman behind the desk stepped forward again.

"Did you speak to me, Madam? he inquired blandly.

The lady started and looked up quickly, the color on her cheek deepening a trifle at his query.

"I did not know that I spoke at all," she replied, with a brilliant smile, which revealed two rows of white handsome teeth, every one of them her own.

"I beg your pardon," said the druggist with a bow and a backward step, as if to beat a retreat again.

Madam made a motion with her faultless gloved hand to detain him.

"I was looking for the name of August Damon," she said, her eyes wandering again to the directory; "but I do not find it here."

"Ah? some one who resides you wish to find in the city," the gentleman remarked.

"Yes. I imagined I should find him here," said the lady, thoughtfully.

The druggist drew the book before him, ran his eyes through the names under the D's.

"The name is not here," he said at last, as he raised his glance and fixed it with keen scrutiny upon that beautiful face before him.

Madam tapped her foot impatiently and somewhat nervously on the floor.

"I am greatly disappointed," she said.

"You are sure that you have the correct name—you have made no mistake?" the gentleman inquired, glancing at the card in her hand.

"Yes: but you can see for yourself," and she passed it to him, with a smile.

It was a common visting card, yellow and defaced with age and handling, and it bore the name of "August Damond," written with ink in a fine, gentlemanly hand.

"Do you know that your friend resides in Boston, Madam?" the pharmacist asked, as his keen eyes fixed themselves again upon her countenance.

"They—used to; it—is some years since I last visited the city, and it is possible they have removed to some other place. They must have done so," she concluded with a sigh, "or I should surely have found their name in the directory."

"Were Mr. and Mrs. Damon the parties to whom you gave your child, Mrs. Marston?"

The question was very quietly, very politely put, but it was like the application of a powerful galvanic battery to the woman on the other side of the counter.

A shock—a shiver ran through her entire form.

She grew deathly white, and for a moment seemed ready to drop to the floor.

Then she rallied.

"Sir! she said, with a haughty uplifting of her proud head.

"Madam?"

"I do not understand you."

"Did you not? Shall I repeat my question?" was the quiet query.

She made a gesture of impatience.

"You have made a mistake," the lady returned, but her eyes were searching the druggist's face with a lightning glance, while that deadly paleness again overspread her own.

"Nay, madam," was the bland rejoinder; "I am one of the few men in the world who never forgot neither a face or a name? Mrs Marston, surely you have not forgotten Dr. Thomas Turner who waited upon you at the ——— House, one bitter cold night in the winter of 18—."

(To be continued.)

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Fredericton, October 24, 1888.

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Day Express,	7.30
Accommodation,	11.20
Express for Sussex	16.35
Express for Halifax & Quebec,	18.00

A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.10 Train to Halifax.

On TUESDAY, THURSDAY 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,	7.00
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Accommodation,	13.30
Day Express,	19.20

☞ All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

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(Eastern Standard Time.)

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8 45 A. M.—Express for Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points North.
12 50 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

11 35 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St John, and points East.
3 10 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.
6 30 P. M.—Express from St. John, and intermediate points.

LEAVE GIBSON:

6 50 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON

4 45 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points North.

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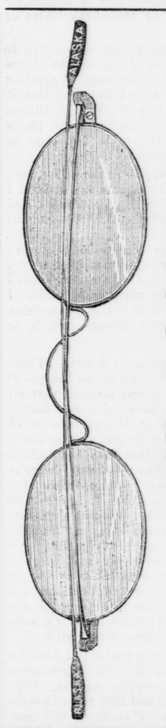
FREDERICTON, December 12, 1888



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