

## EROS LEGACY.

BY SARA T. SMITH.

Neither of them had ever thought of such a thing before, and they had known each other all their lives. He was at Brest, and she was for the first time in a year. There had been sad changes since his last visit. The first great sorrow of his life was made fresh and new by those silent halls and lonely rooms where he and the cousin, nearer than a brother, had made merry so many summer days. It was worse for him now than for the family, all the more that they were so calmly cheerful, and that, outwardly, things went on so much the same. Arrangements came and going, callers in one and another, the very girls with whom they had their last game of lawn tennis, dropping in for a new book, and even the same guests for the usual Sunday's dinner. If his visit had been more than one day, he thought he should go mad. He filled his glass, drank it hurriedly, and pushed back his chair, muttering an excuse. Then he went out on the porch alone, with a strange feeling of disgust that he could not drink and as he used to when Eric was alive.

His cousin Laura called him presently from the library window. She had a book before her, but her eyes were on the far-off river. A bell in the distance was ringing faintly.

"Harry," she said, "I wish you would be good for once, and drive me to evening service."

"I will, gladly," he answered, quickly. "Let us go to the river here."

She looked at him with great, soft, baby-innocent eyes, in wonder. Then a light seemed to flash into his brown depths, and she rose silently, just touching his arm with sympathetic hand. He turned away, and sauntered towards the stables with elaborate composure. Yet his sight was dim.

She was waiting on the steps for him when he drove round to the house a few minutes later, and they dashed away from the door in the old reckless style. The horses were in splendid condition, the evening faultless, the little chaperon, when they reached it, dull and stuffy.

"Won't you come in?" she asked, as he lifted her from the high seat of the drag. He hesitated.

"Laura, I cannot!" he said, hurriedly, at last, "I need cheering up, and to-night, that would mean nothing. I will come back for you in an hour."

She stood watching him as he sprang into his seat, and gathered up the reins. "Go to The Dyke House," she said, gently.

"There is here," he said, as he lifted his hat, and nodded assent. But her words shot through him with a keen pang. How often it had been like this in the old days! How many times they had left her standing there, the sole pious one of the family, and driven off to The Dyke House! To Minna and Leila and Theresia, to Kathie Starr and Lucy Hart, to a general gathering of all that the river and the gayest in the neighborhood. How many quarrels—sharp while they lasted, they had had with Minna and Leila! They used to part sworn enemies at night, only to go over and "make it all up" the next morning. And now, Kathie Starr's beautiful eyes all too bright for his peace during a whole summer, when Eric had hovered around Lucy Hart in that first sweet passion which was the best of his short life. And now, after that night, the river road alone, there would be only Theresia to greet him, Theresia, who hardly seemed one of them, keeping apart as she had always done from their summer pic-nics and ridings, and their lawn tennis, coming now and then from some quiet corner to look on a few minutes, and then vanishing quietly. He had seen her face at times so sad, it checked his wildest merriment. He wished it might wear that look to-night. It was the only thing he could think of that accorded with his mood. At the thought, he touched the horses lightly, and swept out from the shady lane round the river curve that fronted The Dyke House. He was an instant spread before him like a fair visitor, a world all glorious with the setting sun. Beneath him lay the river, with shining beach and shelving banks adored with gold, on his right the beautiful old house rose high above its terraced grounds, cool and gray against the evening sky. The trees folded it in a soft hush, the flowers were all ablaze and heavy with perfume, the peacock waited drowsily on the top step of the upper terrace, his gorgeous plumage spreading over the rough stone almost to the walk below. But the wide porches were unoccupied, and no light figures strolled on the mountain, nor lingered around the hand, as the sun died. He drove slowly up, looking anxiously at her for signs of life. At the sound of wheels on the gravel, a white-robed figure rose from the bed of lilacs under the mist tree. He lifted his hat, and called a greeting. She shaded her eyes with her hand a minute, and then started towards him. When he met her, he could see in her little questioning face, her near-sighted doubt of his identity. He took the reins to the servant, and held out both hands to her, as she stood on the great stone carriage step.

"Oh, Harry!" she exclaimed. Then, after a pause, she said, "I am so glad, so very glad!"

He said nothing. He could not speak, and yet it was because of his bewilderment. Was this Theresia? In all the years he had known her, he had thought her plain, but now, as he stood on the path looking up at her, haloed by the sunlight, her hair tinged golden bronze, her cheeks a little flushed, her lips just parting, and her eyes soft with pleased surprise and cordial greeting, he was even lovelier. He took her little white hand she gave him, and held it. There was a sudden flutter in her calmness.

"Are you glad?" he said, simply.

"And I!" The thronging emotions of the day leaped to his voice and to his eyes, lending depth and tenderness to both. These two never saw each other again by the old light. She did not answer his implied question. "I brought Laura down to church, he said, still holding her hand, as he turned on the walk, "I have an hour to spare, I think?"

"A little more than an hour," she answered. They have a sermon now. I go sometimes, and find it very good. It is so different here."

"The girls are all well, I hope?"

"Yes, very well. They are at Saratoga. They go west soon to visit friends, and will not be home until late fall."

"And are you to be alone all summer? Until they come?"

"Oh, no! I am not alone now. I have some cousins with me—strange until this summer, but I like them. They have come to drive with the Stars."

Then there was silence. They stood on the terrace, she looking down upon the river, he looking down at her until she gave the sudden, shy glance towards him which marks the consciousness of observation. Their eyes met. "Let us go to the porch," she said, hurriedly turning away. "It is tiresome to stand."

He followed her mechanically, thinking now pleasant it was to have her to himself, hoping the others might not return for a long time, and wondering what she really thought of him. She drew out the light straw chair he had always claimed, and pushed it towards him.

"This is yours, you know," she said. "We call it 'Harry's nest.' Do you remember how Kathie Starr used to quarrel with you for it?"

He laughed as he sank into its wide, elastic arms.

"And how Minna used to scold us both! I wonder if she ever touches

up Philip so smartly. How is Philip?"

"Very well, and very handsome, and very proud. Anna is the tamer of shrews since her engagement. Life is very earnest to her, I believe, with such a menior."

"Life is earnest enough for me now," he said, gravely. "And for you?"

"It was always earnest for me. I have never been strong enough to make the best of it, you others did. There are the cousins, and Kathie and Jack."

Harry rose, inwardly chafing at the interruption, outwardly his old, gay self. The stars came in, of course, and other "cousins" soon followed. After all, it was to be an evening like those gone before, and as he thought, lost forever.

No, not the same! They were gone forever, for Theresia was so changed. He watched her, wonderingly, and with the consciousness of something new and pleasant coming into his life. He could not tell, after all, whether she was changed or not. But she must be. Surely, she had not always had that "way" with her—that soft appeal of manner, which involuntarily suggested some half earnest in tone or manner to her. She was very, very sweet! Had she always been so? And had he lost so much?

The darkness deepened round them. There was no moon, but a soft, clearness in the sky, and a faint reflection on the river. The roses drooped, shedding their leaves on him as he sat near the outer edge of the porch, and the faint breath of the lilies just reached him now and then. Her white dress, old him, was new, and he felt at peace with the world, content with life or death. She touched him gently.

"Harry, you forget Laura," she said, timidly. "In very truth," he exclaimed, "I must not think of Laura. What will she think of me! What will she do!"

They all rose, laughing at his consternation, and bade him good-bye, with jests and nonsense. Theresia alone was silent amid the mirth, as she had ever been. She said her quiet "good-night" with outstretched hand. A mastering impulse seized him. He must, he would speak to her alone. At the foot of the steps, he paused as though struck with a sudden thought.

"Oh, Theresia!" he said, "Will you give me one of your lilies for Laura? It will help to make my peace with her, after this unpleasant parting."

She came to him, and they walked away together. She broke off a great spray of the lovely saffron things, and offered them to him.

"Bring it to the carriage," he said, coaxingly, "I might crush them. How sweet they are!"

"She held them up to him, and he bent his head close to hers above them. "Give me the flowers you wear for myself," he whispered. And after a moment, she laid the little faded rose and myrtle in his hand.

"Good-night!" he said, clasping her fingers. "I am coming soon again."

"You are crushing your flowers," she said, hastily. "Good-night! Yes, come soon!" and she stepped back from him. He sprang into the carriage. Just as he drove away, she spoke again, and he carried the soft tones with him. "Come as soon as you can. Good-night!"

There was something new in the words.

The church was deserted, and Laura had gone home with friends, as he found when he drove up, penitent, and ashamed, that his fancy had misled him. The lilies made ample amends, she said, and she might not have had them otherwise, for Theresia was peculiar as to the disposal of them. He told of the evening, of the cousins, of the chatter, and made it appear that he had been entertained and amused as of old. All the time the rose and myrtle drooping in his coat, recalled the quiet voice, thrilling the dewy night with that new meaning for him.

He went away next morning, and was swallowed up in the world of business. "Colors seen by daylight"—we all know the proverb, and will not wonder that he concluded, in the glow of day, that his fancy had misled him. Still, he puzzled over it, and thought of it, caught himself going back to it in the company of others, and vividly recalling the event of the evening when alone. It was all moments ago.

Yet, a week later, he hurried home from the office, threw some clothes into his travelling-bag, and was off to Brest Haven.

"Here I am, Aunt Liza," he said, walking in at tea time. "It is so hot in town."

"Well, my dear, I am sure you need not stay there while Brest Haven is within reach."

"Thank you, Besides," as he took his seat beside her, "I want to take Laura to church again. I owe it to her."

Laura smiled. She was slow in many respects, but she had a keen eye for her heart affairs. And she knew Harry well.

It was the morning he drove Laura to church. Mrs. Trent was standing in the door of the vestibule, and alone. Mr. Trent was away from home, and Theresia not well enough to brave the heat.

"It is something fearful!" exclaimed Harry. "Laura, I think I must ask you to excuse me, after all, from going in. Let I promise not to go today."

"I will wait for you—once more," said Laura, with a little drawl of doubt. He flushed under her look, but he drove off, and towards the Dyke House.

"How would she look?" he wondered. "Wait till the night, and his softened heart!"

The sun was blazing on river and fields, the porches were blistering, the doors and windows bowed against heat and glare. He knelt in the doorway, and walked in at the front door unceremoniously. As the brilliant light flashed upon the twilight of the hall, Theresia came to the door of the library, white-robed and pale, her soft eyes looking up at him, and he saw in her eyes a little recognition. Her book slipped from her lap, and lay at her feet, open at the title page. It bore Eric's name across it, written in his bold nervous hand. He pointed to it, as he lifted it.

"Yes," she said, "The books are all yours, I know. But he sent it to me just before—before." He made a sudden, swift gesture as of one imploring silence, and she stepped. There was a long silence. He put out his hand, and gathered up a mass of her loose hair.

"I ought to apologize for such a careless toilette," she said, with a little embarrassed laugh—"but, you know, I did not dream of seeing any one, and it is so very heavy and warm. She had turned towards him, and broke off abruptly. He was holding the silken tendrils to his lips. There was no mistaking his eyes. A sudden fear and tremor, a sudden wish of tenderness and

delight, a certain shy longing were visible in her face.

"Theresia!" he cried, springing to his feet, as she rose hurriedly. "What have you done to yourself? Or to me? Have I been blind all these years? For I love you! I must have loved you always, and I should be trembling, blushing, shrinking before me!"

"Let me go, Harry, let me go! You do not mean it! You cannot!"

"I do! I mean it all! I know it is so! Oh Theresia, why were you always so shy and cold? My love! My little, little love!"

He had her in his arms now, he was holding her face against his shoulder, he was veiling it with his hair, and kissing the soft tangle. To his delight—a delight that thrilled his heart's centre—she was clinging to him in a helpless, trusting manner that could be only hers. His "little, little love!" It was the expression suited to her. It meant all his loving, his yearning, his reverent and tender in her voice, low, so low he could scarcely hear it.

"Yes, I love you! And oh, Harry, I thought I was to be all my life so lonely and so sad!"

"If I had not found you!" he cried. "If I had not come to you last Sunday, I think I would have gone all my life alone, and never dreamed of happiness like this. How strange that I should have wanted you so long, without knowing it!"

He put his hand beneath her chin and lifted her face to his, with a happy smile. The awe and rapture were still there. What it spoke to him of a hidden meaning in her love, that stung him with sweet pain!

"By Jove, I must not forget Laura!" he exclaimed. "This looks like it, doesn't it?"

Theresia lifted herself from his breast with a faint little sigh of happy regret. "You must go now," she said.

"Only to come again," he whispered, as he caught her to him.

And then he left her, standing by the couch, little leaning, his hand on her falling hair in his hands, and her face lifted to his, with that wonderful hush and peace upon its beauty. It is safe to say no happier man trod the earth than this one, lightly spinning the dust of the past away, as he lightly trod upon the ashes of the past.

"Eric, dear old fellow!" he thought, half-aloud. "If you could know of this! You always liked the little thing!"

He looked around him. There was not a sorrowful, sweet memory between heaven and earth for him. It was all good, and beautiful, and new, as it came from the hand of the Creator. That was a happy manner. Yes, all. Such a pair of lovers The Dyke House, with all its experience in that line, had never seen. People made a kindly joke of Harry's devotion, it was so palpable, so eager, and so unlooked for. Basic, his enjoyment of his own infatuation was so intense, there was a comic element in it. Theresia was equally happy, equally in love, but there was always that something "not of the earth" in her love, and she was content to do his will.

When he came to her that night, he found her very quiet—more than quiet—still, serene, intensely earnest. They were alone for some time, saying little, and that little very vague and unlooked for in the light of the day just passing, and the dawn of the day just coming to them over the hills of the future. Some one called them, at last, for consultation over the morrow. They rose. Theresia stood still, and laid her hand on his arm, on his breast, slowly and tenderly drew it round his neck, and leaned upon his shoulder, as he folded her in his arms.

"Harry!" she said, softly, "You are my own, my love, you know!"

"I think so."

"I never, never loved any one as I do you."

"I think that, too."

"You believe it, fully, entirely? You will never doubt it?"

"I believe it fully and entirely. I will never doubt it."

He spoke gravely, as she had spoken. "Yet—" she was still—still as death in his clasping arms—"yet—once—I loved Eric, and he knew it."

One sharp, swift pang shot through the heart on which she rested, but the loving arms never loosened their hold. Then he kissed her.

"I too, loved Eric better, than myself," he said. "He was worthy—all worthy of all love."

"Oh, Harry! Oh, my love!"

She was clinging to him as she had never before, she was crying, she was holding his hand against her trembling little mouth.

Something more of contentment, of exultation, of trust in her, than he had ever known sprung upon him. He knew now, as he had never known, that her love for him was greater than the limit of her life, that the dead cousin had never been his rival.

"He never loved me, Harry," she whispered, hiding her face. "Never a moment! But I was a silly little thing—you know I was!"—and he found me out. I let him find me out, and he was always kind to me—so kind it made it worse. When he died, I thought I should die, too. I wanted to die. But then it came to me that he knew it now, just as it was, and he seemed very near to me, and—and—then you came. Oh, Harry, that very first night, everything seemed different. And again you came. I knew I could never, never have been so happy without you. You seemed to come to me from heaven!"

She looked up at him, with that awe and love that had never been in her love. He kissed her, gently and tenderly.

"But it is all different. And I love you—I love you best, best!"

"Oh, bless you, my darling!"

He had not a doubt of it. And of the strange features of this late-begun, new-old love, the strangest and fairest to him was ever the consciousness he felt that it was Eric's legacy to him, a bond elastic, golden, imperishable, linking him forever to his happy unconscious youth, and to the dead companion, the dear soul's brother with whom his youth was one.

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Fancy Dress Goods from 10c. per yd. Costume Cloths (all shades) 20c. to 25c. Fancy do do " 25c. to 35c. Satin Marvelleux, " 40c. Black Cashmeres, 35c. to 85c. } Grand value. Colored do 35c. to 75c. Black Cashmere Coupe, 35c. to 50c.  
quite new and very pretty.

**VELVETEENS! VELVETEENS!**  
Black Velveteens from 35c. to \$1.25 Black Brocaded Velveteens. Colored Velveteens, 65c. 75c. and \$1.25 All Princess Louise make and for finish cannot be equalled.

**Blankets! Flannels! Blankets!**  
White Electorals, from 25c. to 45c. Scarlet Saxony, from 16½ to 30c. Navy blue and grey Flannels, very cheap. Grey Union Flannels, from 21c. Grey and white Shaker Flannels, 15c. White Blankets, at prices to suit every one. Grey do very low. Comfortables all prices.

**WINCIES, DRESS TWEEDS, ETC.**  
Away down in prices, commencing at 45c. per yd. Rock Maple Shirtings from 26c. Men's Shirts and Drawers from 67c. the suit.

**MEN'S OVERCOATS.**  
A small lot of overcoats bought very low, and which I intend selling lower. A good strong tweed overcoat, tweed lined, OVERCOAT FOR \$6.15.  
Call and see them, the best bargains ever offered.  
Wool Clouds, Squares, Hoods, etc., Ladies' and Children's Wool Hosiery, do do Cashmere Hose, Silk Handkerchiefs and Mufflers and an immense variety of other goods.

**FURNITURE! FURNITURE!**  
All kinds of Kitchen, Bedroom and Parlor Furniture, at prices to suit every one, and positively sold for cash only.

**MILLINERY! MILLINERY!**  
Beautiful stock, perfectly new, fresh and pretty, and for price will not be beaten.  
Small profits, quick returns, and no losses.  
I sell for cash.

**B. FAIRY.**  
NEWCASTLE  
Sept. 10th 1885

**NEW FALL GOODS**  
—JUST OPENED AT—  
**LOGGIE & BURR'S.**  
**DRESS MATERIALS**  
in all the fashionable Materials and Shades.  
Black Satin Soleil, Black Satin Berber, Black French Cords, Black Cashmere, all wool, do do Union, Black French Merinos, Black Serge, all wool.  
Colored Checked Cashmere, col'd Satin Berber, col'd French Cords, col'd Cashmeres, all wool, do do Union, col'd Melton Cloth, col'd Serges, all wool. Trimmings to match.

**Landsdowne Velveteens! Landsdowne Velveteens!**  
15 pes. Bl'k from 35c. to \$1.20. 10 pes. col'd from 60c. to \$1.25

**LADIES' GOSSAMERS.**  
**Ladies' Cashmere Jersey Gloves**  
in black and colored.  
Latest styles Ladies' Linen Collars, Ladies' Cashmere Hose, black and colored, Ladies' and Misses' Seamless Wool Hose, Ladies' and Misses' Jerseys, Ladies' and Misses' Under Vests, Ladies' and Misses' Polka Jackets.  
A very nice line of Ladies' Promenade or Opera Shawls, Highland and Saxony knitting yarn, in all colors.

**A full line of Staple Goods**  
In Blankets, Flannels, Flannel Shirts, Underwear, Scotch and Cayna dian knit. Men's Cashmere Hose, Men's Cardigans and Guernseys. A beautiful line of Suitings and over Coatings, which we will make up to order at low prices.  
Purchasers will save money by calling and examining our stock before purchasing elsewhere, as we are offering these goods very low for cash.  
Call and inspect. No trouble to show our goods; they will speak for themselves.

**LOGGIE & BURR.**  
PIERCE BLOCK, Water Street, Chatham, N. B.