FEARFUL RISK; Or, BARBARA'S DANGER.

CHAPTER II .- Continued.

"If you were English, if your home were here. I should not have a word to say against my poor brother's will. would give you Barbara with joy if it did not involve placing six thousand miles between us."

Geoffrey's eyes sparkled; his time had

"And why should it?"

ness he has made."

Sir Robert lifted his eyebrows. "Your father is a great man out yonder; you are his only son; it is natural he should look to you to carry on the busi-

"My father looks to me for nothing he dislikes and distrusts me. If I am happy enough to winyour daughter's hand, nothing would give greater pleasure than to make my home in England, so that she should be far separated from those she loves."

Sir Robert was in ecstasies. The thought of such a plan had never

struck him.

"You must have a great affection for Barbara."

"I desire her happiness al ove all things. If she will only consent to marry me, Sir Robert, no wife shall have been more loved and cherished."

"And it will secure to her her natural inheritance. Since I knew the terms of my brother's will, I have struggled hard to save a fortune for my darling. Whoever she marries, she will have twenty thousand pounds upon her wedding-day but, of course, that is nothing to you, who must, however she decide, some day become master of Merton Abbey." Nothing to him.

It was half as much again as he had expected.

The very thought of touching such a fortune sent the blood rushing through his veins at double its usual speed.

"Barbara's fortune would, of course, be settled entirely on herself," he rejoined, thinking such a proposal sounded generous, and remembering the many creditors who would be disappointed by such an arrangement.

"It might be more prudent, Mr. Carlyle. I assure you you have my warmest wishes for your success. I should rejoice to see Barbara your wife."

Geoffrey hesitated.

"I should tell you one thing, Sir Robert the matter must be decided promptly. Unless I give up my connection with South Africa entirely, I am bound to return there within six weeks of my arrival here. Half the space of my visit has elapsed; on the 11th of August I must sail for Port Elizabeth, or send word to my father that I have now my English wife, and cast in my lot with her in the old country."

"But this is only three weeks hence. It would be utterly impossible for Barbara to be married at such short notice."

"What do we want with grandeur?" asked Carlyle almost fiercely. "So long as I win Barbara, what care I whether she has six bridesmaids and a trousseau fit for a countess ?"

Sir Robert was much impressed by the ung man's generosity. He parcticularly ted large gatherings and lavish displays; dispense with giving a grand entertainent on his niece's marriage exactly suited nis foibles.

"It seems to me a most suitable plan," he said approvingly-"highly commendable."

"I wish you would tell her so,"

"Who? Barbara?"

"Yes."

"But that is your task," said the baronet simply. "All the proposals for hastening your marriage must come from you."

"She has bound me over by a solemn promise not to persecute her-she said that very word, Sir Robert-on the subject until I had been at the Abbey four weeks. For seven days more my tongue is tied."

"But the circumstances," urged Sir Robert-"surely they free you from your promise. Why, it would leave only a fortnight for all preparation."

"My word is pledged," said Carlyle, with a melancholy shake of the head. "But you can help me, Sir Robert. In your hands I leave my cause."

It was Wednesday—the very day three weeks of his arrival, and also that on which the African letters were delivered at Merton Abbey.

The African letters mostly came by the second post, and were not delivered at the Abbey.

Sir Robert and his wife, who had no pressing correspondence, rarely sent to the village for their letters, but Mr. Carlyle constituted himself a special messenger on this occasion, and rode to the post-office as eagerly as though his life depended on what he might find there.

There were no letters for Mr. Carlyle, but there was one for Sir Robert Grey, and another addressed in the same hand to James Standisle, Esq.

Mr. Carlyle took charge of both these letters, and the oddest part of the proceedings was that, once safe in the privacy of the phaeton, although he was neither Sir Robert Grey nor Mr. James Standisle, he proceeded to open both envelopes, and

read the letters they enclosed. Very, very black grew his face as he

perused the first.

"Next steamer-a week to-day," he gasped. "This is more than I bargained plexity. "It had better be as you wish, for; shall I have to give up the game I only, uncle, don't let him speak to me have so nearly won, or will a little cool about it." resolution and stratagem help me to carry

regarded with great favour.

generous fellow; but there it's easy to be to trouble herself, he would see to everygenerous when all's well. He little thinks thing. the use to which I shall apply his money. I declare I'll run up to London to-morrow, and get the bond cashed. I've been fearfully put to it for want of cash."

And while he argued thus, a scene which nearly concerned him was being enacted in the library at Merton Abbey.

Sir Robert sat in his own particular caned oak chair and opposite him, strange fresh color in her cheeks, a feverish flush of excitement in her blue eyes, sat or rather crouched Barbara.

The baronet had taken Carlyle's, cause into his own hands and was pleading it

with genuine feeling. "Barbara," he said fondly, "you know I was as opposed as I well could be to this match until I had seen the young man."

Bab shivered. "I know you were. I can't think wha has changed you so suddenly."

Sir Robert looked at her with mild re

"My dear Bab! What could I wish more for you? A handsome, fascinating young fellow, who is ready to give up home, father, prospects for your sake who, rather than lose you, will make his home in England."

"Very condescending," said Bab sarcastically. "I wonder if he or England would be the gainer by that?"

" Barbara !"

"I can't help it, uncle-I really can't!" " My dear, I don't want to force your inclinations; only think of your position.

I am an old man."

"Not very," objected Bab. "An old man," repeated her uncle. "In a few years I must leave you. Barbara, I don't think I could rest easy, even in my grave, if I thought you were not mistress of Merton Abbey."

Barbara sighed. "If there were any objections to th match, I would not urge you. But Mr. Carlyle is handsome, clever, intellectualjust the man to take a young girl's fancy."

"Do you think he is true!" "True!" cried poor Sir Robert in indignation. "Bab, I think you are beside yourself. What greater proof of faith could he give you than by offering to settle in England for your sake?"

"I don't know."

"He gains nothing, remember, by the marriage in six months he comes into the possession of your father's property. Whenever I die Merton Abbey must be his, so he has no object in seeking you but

Bab looked dreamily through the oriel window out into the summer sunshine. "I thought love made people happy,"

she said simply. "And you will be very happy if you

become Mr. Carlyle's wife." "It is for always, you know," she said simply. "I think that is what makes me hold back. Fancy living with one person

"It is what all women do when they marry. Really, Barbara, you are most provoking and undutiful!"

It was the first time he had spoken an unkind word to her. The hot tears welled up in her blue eyes.

"I don't mean to be." rest for the future-by one work you can

"By one word you can set my mind at make me happy, and you will not speak it."

Bab looked up piteously. "I don't love Mr. Carlyle."

"Of course not; you have only known him three weeks. The happiest marriages Barbara, are those founded on esteem and respect. When you had been his wife a month you would love him devotedly."

"Should I?" doubtfully. "Of course. You have never seen anyone else you would prefer; it is utterly impossible you can have any prior attach-

"Quite, as I have never spoken to another young man in my life."

"Your scruples only arise from shyness, I am quite sure. If you refuse Mr. Carlyle you are throwing away your best chance of happiness, besides blighting the evening of my life with a cruel disappointment. I have loved you as a father, Bab; don't you think you owe me a little obedience in return?"

Poor Barbara? Everything was against her. Her aunt was in bed with a nervous headache-to disturb her was not to be thought of. Sir Robert stood before her demanding an answer.

Bab's head seemed to swim round and round. Only one thing was certain to her-she could not stay in her old home and feel that she was in disgrace. Better yield and marry Geoffery Carlyle, since her uncle had set his heart upon it.

After all, she reasoned, it mattered very little. She could stay at Merton Abbey and her husband return to Africa. There would be no occasion for them to see much of each other just because they were

"Well," demanded Sir Robert when her reflections had reached this point, "have you made up your mind Barbara?"

"Yes," said the girl slowly, in her per-

Even that did not warn him of his mistake. Sir Robert was one of those elder-The next letter was far longer, and con- ly gentleman who are always blind to tained a piece of paper which our friend what they do not wish to see; he kissed Teas. Barbara much as though she had been "A hundred pounds! Really he is a eight instead of eighteen, and told her not

CHAPTER III.

Bab's first impulse was to escape; she knew pretty well that her lover would return in a few minutes, and she dreaded a meeting with him. Just as she was with only a hat to shade her from the August sunshine, she went out into the grounds, turned away from the side which led to Morton village, and took a foot path rarely traversed which led to the gate of Mer-

She threw herself under a tree and wept as though her very heart was break-

Why could not people leave her alone? Oh, why could she not go on leading that calm uneventful life which, though she sometimes grumbled at its monotony, had yet on the whole been so happy? Why must people torment her by talking of marriage and love? Love, she did; not believe in it, and marriage, why it must be dull.

She roused herself at last, dried her eyes looked up and saw a stranger leaning against a tree, apparently intent in watch-

It was hopless to suppose he had not seen her grief, but Bab felt too full of trouble to mind even that indignity much. One hand shaded her brow, but beneath its screen she too, was examining the

He was a tall well-made man, not far from thirty years of age, similar in appearance to Geoffery Carlyle, but taller and of broader and more muscular proportions. He had none of Carlyle's restless manner; his hair was brown, soft and plentiful as a woman's; his eyes were deep, thoughtful gray. But perhaps his expression was his greatest charm; it was such a strange mixture of gentleness and strength, that as she gazed at him this thought came into Bab's mind:

"If only I had a brother like that need never have to marry Geoffery Carlyle; he would have understood my scru-

"I beg your pardon I fear I have trespassed on private grounds."

There was such a perfect ignoring of ber grief that Bab began to hope he had not seen her outburst of sorrow. She took heart and answered quite cheerfully:

" Oh no; there is a public footpath across the park; it leads to Merton vil-

He bowed.

"And to Merton Abbey?"

"This is the Abbey," explained Parbara; at least I mean these are the grounds. You can't see the house ; it is away beyond these trees."

A change passed over his face; his expression from one of well-bred indifference, became that of intense interest. Bab felt a little curious. "Were you going to the Abbey? Are

you a friend of my uncle's?"

He shook his head. "I have not the pleasure of knowing Sir Robert Gray, but it was my intention to call at the Abbey to-morrow. I fancy a friend of mine is staying there, Mr. James Standisle."

Barbara smiled.

"No; we have only one guest at present-Mr. Geoffery Carlyle, from South Africa."

The stranger started. "I beg your pardon, whom did you

"Mr. Geoffery Carlyle." "Does he come from Port Elizabeth?"

"Yes do you know him?" "I knew his father well. Is Mr. Geof-

frey dark, with curly b'ack hair, and a restless excitable manner?" " Yes."

"And he is staying with you!" Two pink spots burned on Barbara's face; the stranger understood.

"I beg your pardon I ought not to be inquisitive, but Mr. Carlyle sr., is an old friend of mine, and I am aware of the To the Sheriff of the County of Kent or nature of his son's errand to the old country."

"Do you like him?"

"Whom ?" "Geoffery Carlyle."

"I cannot answer that question. I not think anyone should try to influence you by expressing their opinion." "Then you know?"

"I know."

"It seems hard," said Bab, quite forgetting that she was talking to a stranger. Why can't they leave me in peace? I don't mind his having the Abbey-at least ic will hurt me to leave the dear old place, but I would give it up gladly if only they would leave me in peace?"

"You don't like your African suitor?" "I hate him!"

"That is a strong word."

"Is it? And yet it is not a bit too strong. I cannot bear to be in the house 1891. with him; if he touches my hand I feel as if some loathsome insect were crawling C. RICHARDSON, over me; the sound of his voice makes me tremble—surely that means hatred!"

D. G. SCOTT,

-DEALER IN-

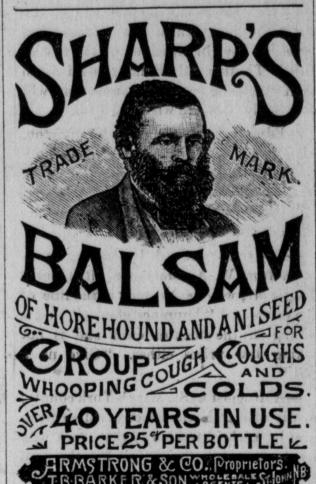
Fine

Coffee,

Sugar,

Spices, And everything found in a first-class Grocery.

PURE GOODS a Specialty. COR. ROBINSONST. & MOUNTAIN ROAD, MONCTON, N. B.



One sure way to secure it-Use ARCHI-BALD'S PAIN BALSAM, one of the Greatest Remedies of the Age,

ternal and External use. It CURES-Coughs, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Influenza, Sick Headache. ways relieves Asthma, excels in Dysentery and Bowel Complaints. A Balm to those inflicted with Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Lame Back. It relieves toothache nine times out of ten.

PRICE 25 CELTS PER BOTTLE. For sale by all general dealers in the Maritime Provinces.

Manufactured by Matthew Archibald, Willow Park, Halifax, N. S.

Walter Wilson & Son,

(Late A. Richardson & Co.)



UNION STREET,

St. John, N. B.

First-Class TAILORING

ESTABLISHMENT WATER STREET,

CHATHAM, N. B.,

F. O. PETTERSON, - - PROPRIETOR.

A Fine stock of Cloths to select from kept constantly on hand. Orders from a distance will receive prorpt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.

NEW BRUNSWICK,

COUNTY OF KENT, S.S. any constable in the said County:

Greeting-Whereas, John Stevenson of Richibucto in the County of Kent, Crown Land Surveyor, and William Hudson of the same place, merchant, executors of the last will and testament of John Stevenson, late of Richibucto, aforesaid, deceased, have prayed that their accounts of the administration of the estate of the said John Stevenson, deceased, should be proved and allowed and that all parties interested in said estate should be cited to appear to attend

the passing and allowing thereof. You are therefore required to cite the heirs and all parties interested in the estate of the said John Stevenson, deceased to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at Richibucto, in and for said county on Tuesday, the 30th day of June next at 11 o'clock in the forenoon at the office of the Registrar of Probate for said county for the purpose of passing and allowing the said accounts.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Court this 23rd day of May, A.D. HENRY H. JAMES, Judge of Probate of Kent Co.

Registrar of Probates County of Kent. JAMES D. PHINNEY, Proctor.

Groceries, MILLER'S TANNING EXTRACT CO., LIMITED. -WORKS AT-

Millerton and Mortimore, N. B.

Cable Addresses-"Hypotan," London; and "Miller," Miramichi.

A very complete stock of General Goods, cheap for Cash or Trade, at OUR MORTIMORE STORE.

Wm. J. SMITH.

MASONIC BUILDING, RICHIBUCTO.

COMMISSION MERCHANT, AUCTIONEER

AND GENERAL AGENT.

-EVERY DESCRIPTION OF-HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

Kept constantly on hand, including-Mattresses, Spring Beds, Mirrors, &c., &c. Trade Sales every Saturday evening.

Country Sales conducted to the best advantage and returns made promptly. References urnished when required.

JOHN HANNAH,

Woven attresses. Wire

To be had from all the principal furniture and general dealers in the Maritime Provinces. 105 CITY ROAD, ST. JOHN, N. B. Repairing promptly done.

Of Different Crades for the Trade only. Warranted not to sag.

FARM

& SHINGLE MACHINES. PIANOS AND ORGANS

FINEST CANADIAN AND AMERICAN SEWING MACHINES. Special attention given to repairs for all kinds of Machinery. Bring or send me the piece, whether broken or not, and I can get it duplicated for you.

I do not wish to sell the cheapest, but I shall strive to select goods as good as the best, give good value, fair terms; and hope by upright dealing and careful attention to business to merit a share of the patronage of the citizens of Kent County.

Agent for FIRE, LIFE and ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

PECK, Office—305 Main St. Moncton, N.B. Telephones-Office, 45; Residence: 37 A.

Steeves,

MANUFACTURER OF

HARNESS AND COLLARS.

145 MAIN STREET, MONCTON, N. B. Harness of every description in Latest Styles and best material on hand and made to order. Also an abundance of Furnishings, including Fur Robes, Wool Robes, Blankets, Carriage Wraps, Bells, Whips, Combs, Brushes, Horse Boots, etc., etc.

If not convenient to call, write for prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Change of Business.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF DRY GOODS. \$20,000 --- WORTH --- \$20,000

Will be sold at cost, on Goods other than Staples much less than cost, as we mean to dispose of the entire stock. Bargains in everything. The stock is still complete and well selected in all lines. Purchasers will save from 15 to 50 per cent. We will sell for CASH only. Those who have accounts are requested to call and settle. Sale will continue till all is sold. Call early in the day to avoid the

FLANAGAN

RICHARD SULLIVAN & CO.

-WHOLESALE-

MONCTON, N. B.

Wine and Spirit Merchants, -IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN-

TEAS, TOBACCOS and CIGARS. 54 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Bonded Warehouse No. 8.

ames D. Irving

Laths, Hay, and Seed Oats from Brandon. Flour Cheap for Cash.

Buctouche, March 19, 1891.