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Richibucto, July 21, 1893.

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Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 20th Oct. 1892.

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The stallion Apollo will travel the following routes in the County of Kent every week alternately during the season. Monday morning, 29th instant, he will leave the Royal Hotel stable, Kingston, and proceed to Buctouche, where he will remain from Monday night till Wednesday morning at Haugan's Hotel stable; thence to McKee's, at Little River, and Wednesday night at James McNair's, St. Mary; Thursday, noon, he will be at Wm. McNair's, Mill Creek, and Thursday night at Charles McDonald's, South Branch; Friday at Kingston, remaining there till Monday morning. The following week he will leave Kingston Monday morning, and be at Alex Robertson's at noon; Monday night at Matthew Whitney's, West Branch; at Thomas Irving's Coal Branch at noon Tuesday, and at Joseph Cais, Ford's Mills, Tuesday night; Wednesday through Trout Brook to Harcourt, where he will be at the Eureka Hotel stable at noon; Wednesday night at Clark's, Bass River; Thursday, noon, at Robert Clark's, Bass River, and Thursday night at Docie Babineau's, St. Louis, remaining there till Friday afternoon; leaving there he will return to Kingston. Terms made known on application to groom.

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FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"Emily, only think what it would have been had we been going to face Lady Caroline now! As it is, this is only a girl of our own age—younger, really—and Frederick says she is most anxious to be friends, and that we must make friends of her, and draw her out—what? What is it?"

"I see the lodge," said Emily in a low quavering voice.

"O—h!"

"Don't hold me so. It will do no good."

"Oh dear—dear—dear! Oh, how I wish it were over!"

"So do I. Never mind. It will be over in a few minutes."

They drove in through the great gates, and then on for some time, between rows of half-denuded beeches.

"I don't see the house anywhere," observed Emily at length.

"Could that have been the lodge then?" debated her sister, for they were not accustomed to long avenues. "Oh, Em," cried she, the next moment, "do look! Look at the deer, look at that beautiful park, look at—"

"I see. Do be quiet. Don't shout like that, or the men will hear you. Frederick told us about the deer park, don't you remember? Etta, is my hair tidy behind! Do tell me. Don't say 'yes' without looking."

"Quite," said Etta, after a hasty glance. "Am I right too? I suppose Frederick is sure to be here, at any rate. It will be such a comfort to have him. Oh, when will that house come?—and yet every moment I wish it farther off."

Emily was silent, too miserable for speech.

"If it would only come," moaned Etta, who, on the contrary, found relief in sighs. "Come, and be gone, and the whole thing over, and we comfortably in our rooms up-stairs, unpacking. I would give anything to have the next half-hour safely done with. What are we stopping for?"

For although there was no house, no gate, no hindrance of any sort visible, the coachman was drawing rein, and the next moment the nimble footman was on the ground, the carriage-door was being opened and the loveliest face in the world appeared beside it.

Ere either occupant could draw a breath, the formidable meeting was over, and had been shorn of all its terrors.

"I thought I should catch you here," said Rosamund's pleasant young voice, which had such a sweet, ready thrill about it, that even Emily and Henrietta felt the charm at once.

"I could not come down," she added, stepping inside, and taking each by the hand, "because we had an escapade in our stables, and I had to borrow my aunt's horses, and all the arrangements having to be made at the last moment, no one told me how it had been settled till too late. That is a very good train, the one you came by. It is our best train in the day. We are very much behind the rest of the world in the matter of trains, but we do boast one good one. Did you have a pleasant journey? Was it very wet?"

All the time she was thinking faster and faster. ("They are very good-looking. They are nicely dressed. They seem dreadfully shy. I wonder what they think of me?")

"We shall be there directly," she ran on. "There are the stables, and the garden walk. That is the tallest poplar in the county. There are my little sisters just let loose from lessons."

"Is my brother here?" inquired Emily Gilbert, at last. It was the only question for which she could find voice.

"I don't know. He may be somewhere about," replied Rosamund, carelessly. "If you are not tired we might take a stroll after tea. It is fine to-day, but what weeks and weeks of rain we have had."

"Frederick told us it had been very wet," observed Henrietta, with effort number two. "This is rather a wet place, is it not?"

Here her sister frowned. ("A wet place," muttered Emily to herself, "as if anybody liked to be supposed to live in a wet place! Stupid thing.")

Rosamund, however, appeared readily to coincide.

"Wet is not the word," she said; "we have been dripping for the last month. It has been unutterably, hopelessly miserable, day after day; and in her tone there was no trace that sunshine within had banished gloom without."

"Poor thing! how unhappy she has been!" thought the good-natured pair, and felt all at once more at home with her than they had done before; and they dismounted the steps, and followed Rosamund across the hall, and through the anteroom, so often trod by Frederick, and so vividly described by him, feeling much less alarmed than they had ever dared hope to be.

Still the youthful hostess had to kneel the talk in her own hands. Careless and girlish, she chattered on, perceiving how ill at ease were her guests in spite of all; and at length so obvious did it become that she was bearing all the burden, that each sister began in her heart to upbraid the other. ("Etta can rattle on against any one," reflected the aggrieved Emily, "yet there she sits now, as if butter would not melt in her mouth!")

"Emily told me I was not to speak, but to let her take the lead; and now, why doesn't she take the lead?" internally burned the no less outraged Henrietta.)

Each looked with undisguised eagerness for any signs of the burly Frederick, their protector and referee-in-ordinary—scanning every apartment for his hat, his gloves tumbled pillows, chairs out of place, all the divers signs by which his presence was made known at home,—but nothing was visible.

"I suppose my brother has been detained," at last observed Emily anew, as though the subject could not be of interest.

"Possibly," said Rosamund. "Will you take off your hat? And you too?" to Henrietta. "Throw them down here," throwing down her own. "Do you take sugar? No? Hardly anybody takes sugar in tea now. I do. I take quantities. But I do wonder at any one's liking coffee without."

"I like coffee without," acknowledged Etta, almost as if it were a crime, "and," brightening up, "so does Frederick."

"You never take sugar in anything then?"

"Oh, yes, I do, and Frederick is as fond of sweet things as I am; but not in coffee. You should see his plate at dessert, all heaped up, and—"

"Yes, really," drawled Miss Liscard, absently. "How brightly the sun has come out! No salt with your brown bread and butter? Really? It appears I am alone both in my sugar and salt. We have not found much in common yet, have we?"

It certainly appeared they had not found Frederick in common. There was no response to his name, no interest in his tastes, no knowledge of his whereabouts; and whereas on every other topic the pretty tea-maker appeared ready to prattle sweetly, to each allusion to her lover she was deaf. Only when this became observable did the sisters experience any recurrence of that terrible arrival feeling known too well to the young and shy. They had now got over the worst. They had surmounted the station, the front door, the being ushered—as might have been—into a great unknown presence-chamber, whose depths might disclose anything—the tea and that without any presiding elder in a big arm-chair—but what was to come next?

Ought they not now to ascend solemnly to their room and their trunks, be in to lay out dresses, hang up cloaks, find snug nooks for hats and bonnets? Ought they not, in their mother's homely phraseology, to "be shaking themselves out," and getting into their quarters generally?

But here was Rosamund putting on her hat, and talking anew about a stroll in the garden, as if they had nothing else in the world to do!

"I—I—perhaps we had better unpack first," suggested the elder Miss Gilbert, for the case, to her eyes, was desperate. "We have a good deal to take out—"

"You did not bring a maid? Oh, send the key to mine, and she will put out everything."

"Thank you very much," replied Emily doubtfully, "but I should hardly like to trouble her."

"Em always looks after us both," chimed in Etta.

"Still, perhaps—as the evening is turning out so fine—"

"The key, then, the key," cried Rosamund, merrily. "Throw clothes, and trunks, and all of it to the winds. I always do. Here," holding out a beckoning hand with peremptory archness,— "here, yield up the apple of discord, the bone of contention."

She stopped short, her hand fell, and the sparkle died out of her eyes. "I did not expect you so soon," continued the same voice, but strangely altered, to some one behind the group.

But in the shout of welcome from the other two, this passed. There was a simultaneous cry of "Frederick!" and with one accord both Em and Etta sprang upon him.

"You were not at the station, and so we thought we should find you here, and when you were not here, we wondered what ever had become of you, and if we gone out—and we were just going out—we should have missed you again," cried her sister, letting out in one brief half-minute all the dammed-up volubility of the past hour. "When did you come? How did we not hear you? What kept you? Em said she thought—"

"Shut up, you chatterbox," said Fred-

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