

SHADOWS.

I cannot tell! I cannot tell! How came such freaks of light and shade; Twas but last night, in yonder dell, Two figures in the moonlight strayed.

A WILFUL WOMAN.

There was a sensation in Slowboro—a profound sensation. Never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant had society (such as it was) in Slowboro been afforded so much food for agreeable speculation before. Since the memorable day upon which the box of gunpowder exploded at the general store in the High street, and blew the head clean off the small message-boy, there had been no such thrill of excitement as that caused by the announcement that the rich Miss Claverhouse was coming back from India, with her name unchanged. The astonishment of Slowboro at this very astonishing fact was profound indeed. The departure of the young lady from her native place was somewhat remarkable. Like nearly all rich young women, Miss Madge Claverhouse had her temper, her caprices and her whimsical ways. Other young ladies, not so rich, not so good-looking, and, consequently, not so much sought after by the male portion of the creation, said meanly "Madge Claverhouse is full of airs and uppishness." But this was not true; it was a gentle slander. Madge Claverhouse was neither airy nor uppish. She was a handsome woman, rich and a good deal spoiled by the world and consequently she had a wilful habit of demanding her own way in everything. She displayed at the same time a degree of indifference to what other people thought of her conduct quite astonishing at times. The reason why Miss Claverhouse left home for the Central Provinces of India, was not a very strong one. She was tired of English society at home, and would like, she said, to look at it from a fresh standpoint. Besides her constant flirtations were a source of constant friction with her staid maiden aunt, with whom she shared her beautiful home. So Miss Claverhouse one morning startled the household at Brankmere by announcing that it was her intention to go out to India on a visit to her sister whose husband was colonel in a regiment out there.

very much inclined to have his own way. The trap was very high and the fall would be an ugly thing, therefore Madge felt a little put out. A remarkable thing happened. The horse got very troublesome, and seemed very much inclined to take to his heels. In such a case he would, in all probability, land the occupants of the trap in a deep ditch, or knock their brains out against some stone wall. Nasty thought. Enter on the scene: A man, young, good-looking, and well dressed. Going up to the horse (now standing on its hind legs) he caught it by the head. "I think you had better get down, Miss Claverhouse," he said, kindly; "this animal is vicious and untrustworthy, and may upset you. The man can bring the carriage back for you."

but they were not left long in doubt, for it was soon apparent to the world that it was "all off" between Capt. Luke Fosbrooke and Miss Claverhouse. And if the matter had rested there it would have been bad enough. But worse remained behind. This quarrel and the business of the fancy skip happened within a few days of the date intended for the bridal morn, and all preparations had been made. Everything had to be put off. The trousseau, of course, "could be kept for some future occasion," Madge said with a poor attempt at merriment. The difficult question then arose, what to do with the wedding cake? It had already been sent home, and there it was. The confectioner, of course, offered to take it back, was sympathetically sorry that it was not to be used, and declared it would be quite easy to dispose of it. "Oh, dear, no, don't take it," Madge said, carelessly. "Just take some of those absurdly nuptial ornaments off it and leave it; I'll find some use for it."

keeping far apart. But before long the icy barrier that stood between them was destined to be broken down. It was an awful reconciliation. Within a few days' sail of their destination a terrible collision occurred at midnight. No one could say how it happened, but from the moment it occurred it was apparent to everyone on board the leviathan steamer that they stood face to face with death. A scene of wild confusion, of dire terror, prevailed. It was a fearful scene of panic, of unmanly men and frantic women. "To save the women" was the one thought of the captain and officers. They would unquestionably go down—they would not hold long; the boat would do much, but the women must be got in first. Luke Fosbrooke's anxious eye wandered everywhere till at last he discovered Madge standing alone. The wretched husband was fainting with terror in his cabin. In one minute Luke was beside Madge his strong arm supporting her. One look told them that they had forgiven each other, and that they loved each other still. Surely this was no time for holding aloof when they stood in the jaws of death. There was no word spoken, and at length the time came for Madge to take charge of life in the boats. It wrung their hearts to part, and they would willingly have died together, for it were a sweet pain for their souls to depart in unity. But Luke cast her from him, knowing that it was his only chance. It was a wild farewell. The last sight that met the eyes of Madge before they closed in unconsciousness was the figure of Luke Fosbrooke waving a farewell from the sloping deck of the doomed ship. The boats were picked up in the course of next day, and everyone landed in safety. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Hallmark were amongst those of the saved, and amongst those who undoubtedly went down with the Mervia was Captain Fosbrooke.

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Trains marked * run daily except Sunday. † Daily except Saturday. ‡ Daily except Monday.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY! St. Stephen and St. John.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME. ON and after THURSDAY, Oct. 3, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows: LEAVE St. John at 1 p. m., and Carleton at 1.25 p. m., for St. George, St. Stephen and intermediate points, arriving in St. George at 4.10 p. m.; St. Stephen, 6 p. m.

Intercolonial Railway, 1889—Winter Arrangement—1890

ON and after MONDAY, 18th November, 1889, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7.50 Accommodation for Point St. Charles, 11.10 Fast Express for Halifax, 14.30 Past Express for Quebec and Montreal, 16.20 Express for Sussex, 16.35

Buctouche and Moncton Railway.

On and after MONDAY, 18th November, Trains will run as follows: LEAVE BUCTOUCHE, 8.30 LEAVE MONCTON, 15.30 ARR. MONCTON, 10.30 ARR. BUCTOUCHE, 17.30

TICKETS

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