

POETRY.

MY GUESTS.

If the dull walls that narrow my vision
Were all that mine eyes might behold
By the lips of my neighbor were told;

SELECT STORY.

COUNT OF MONTE-CRISTO.

REVENGE OF EDMOND DANTES.

CHAPTER XLVI.

VALENTINE.

Just then, Mme. de Villefort, in the
act of slipping on her dressing-gown,

threw aside the drapery, and for a moment
remained still, as though interrogating

the occupants of the room, while she en-
deavored to call up some rebellious tears.

On a sudden she stepped, or rather bounded,
with outstretched arms, towards the

table. She saw D'Avrigny, calmly ex-
amining the glass, which she felt certain

of having emptied during the night. It was
now a third full, just as it was when she

threw the contents into the ashes. The
spectre of Valentine rising before the

poisoner could have alarmed her less. It
was, indeed, the same color as the draught

she poured into the glass, and which
Valentine had drunk; it was indeed the

poison, which could not deceive M. d'Av-
rigny, which he now examined so closely;

it was doubtless a miracle from heaven,
that, notwithstanding her precautions,

there should be some trace, some proof
remaining to denounce the crime. While

Madame de Villefort remained rooted to
the spot like a statue of terror, and Vil-
lefort, with his head hidden in the bed-
clothes, saw nothing around him, d'Av-
rigny approached the window, that he

might the better examine the contents of
the glass, and dipping the tip of his finger

in, tasted it. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "it is
no longer brucine that is used; let me see

what it is!"

Then he ran to one of the cupboards in
Valentine's room, which had been trans-
ferred into a medicine closet, and taking

from its silver case a small bottle of nitric
acid, dropped a little of it into the liquor,

which immediately changed to a blood-
red color. "Ah!" exclaimed d'Avrigny,

in a voice in which the horror of guilty
unveiling the truth was mixed with the

delight of a student discovering a prob-
lem. Mme. de Villefort was overpowered

her eyes first flashed and then swam; she
staggered towards the door, and disap-
peared. Directly afterwards the distant

sound of a heavy weight falling on the
ground was heard, but no one paid any

attention to it; the nurse was engaged in
watching the chemical analysis, and Vil-
lefort was still absorbed in grief. M. d'Av-
rigny alone had followed Mme. de Vil-
lefort with his eyes, and watched her pre-
cipitate retreat. He lifted up the drapery

over the entrance to Edward's room, and
his eyes reaching as far as Madame de
Villefort's apartment, he beheld her ex-
tended lifeless on the floor. "Go to the

assistance of Mlle. de Villefort," he said
to the nurse; "she is ill!"

"But Mlle. de Villefort—" stammered
the nurse.

"Mlle. de Villefort no longer requires
help," said d'Avrigny, since she is dead."

"Dead!—dead!" groaned Villе-
fort, in a paroxysm of grief.

"Dead!" repeated a third voice. "Who
said Valentine was dead?"

The two men turned round, and saw
Morrel standing at the door, pale and
terror-stricken. This is what had hap-
pened here. At the usual time, Morrel had

presented himself at the little door lead-
ing to Noirtier's room. Contrary to cus-
tom, the door was open, and he entered.

Morrel had no particular reason for un-
usual; Monte-Cristo had promised him
that Valentine should live; and, until
then, he had always fulfilled his word.

Every night the count had given him
news, which was the next morning con-
firmed by Noirtier. The first thing he
saw was the old man sitting in his arm-
chair in his usual place; but his eyes ex-
pressed an internal fright, which was con-
firmed by the pallor which overspread his

features.

"How are you, sir?" asked Morrel with
a sickness of heart.

"Well!" answered the old man.

"You are thoughtful, sir?" continued
Morrel; "you want something; shall I
call one of the servants?"

"Yes," replied Noirtier.

Morrel pulled the bell, but, though he
nearly broke the rope, no one answered.
He turned towards Noirtier; the pallor
and anguish expressed on his countenance

momentarily increased.

"Oh!" exclaimed Morrel, "why do
you not come? Is any one ill in the
house?" The eyes of Noirtier looked as
if they would start from their sockets.

"What is the matter? You alarm me."

"Yes, yes," signed Noirtier. Maximilian
tried to speak, but he could articulate
nothing; he staggered, and supported him-
self against the wainscot. Then he point-
ed to the door.

"Yes, yes, yes!" continued the old
man. Maximilian rushed up the little
staircase, while Noirtier's eyes seem to
say: "Quicker! quicker!"

In a minute the young man dashed
through several rooms till at length he
reached Valentine's. There was no oc-
casion to push the door, it was wide open.

A sob was the only sound he heard. He
saw, as though in a mist, a black figure
kneeling, and buried in a confused mass
of white drapery. A terrible fear trans-
fixed him. It was as if he had heard a voice
exclaim: "Valentine is dead!" and an-
other voice which, like an echo, repeated
—"Dead!—dead!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

MAXIMILIAN.

VILLEFORT rose, half ashamed of being
surprised in such a paroxysm of grief. The
terrible office he had held for twenty-five
years had succeeded in making him more
or less than man. His glance fixed itself

upon Morrel. "Who are you, sir?" he
asked, "that forget that this is not the
manner to enter a house stricken with

death? Go, sir, go!" But Morrel re-
mained motionless; he could not detach
his eyes from that disordered bed, and the

pale corpse of the young girl who was
lying on it. "Go!—do you hear?" said
Villefort, while D'Avrigny advanced to

lead Morrel. Maximilian stared for a
moment at the corpse, gazed all round the
room, then upon the two men; he opened

his mouth to speak, but finding it im-
possible to give utterance to the innumera-
ble ideas that occupied his brain, he

went out, thrusting his hands through his
hair in such a manner that Villefort and
D'Avrigny, for a moment diverted from
the enquiring topic, exchanged glances,

which seemed to convey—"He is mad!"
But, in less than five minutes the stair-
case groaned beneath an extraordinary

weight. Morrel was seen carrying with
superhuman strength, the arm-chair con-
taining Noirtier upstairs. When he

reached the landing he placed the arm-
chair on the floor and rapidly rolled it
into Valentine's room. This could only

have been accomplished by means of un-
natural strength supplied by powerful

excitement. But the most fearful spec-
tacle was Noirtier being pushed towards
the bed, his face expressing all his mean-
ing, and his eye supplying the want of

every other faculty. "See what they
have done!" cried Morrel. "See, father,
see!"

"Villevort drew back and looked with
astonishment on the young man, who,
although a stranger to him, called Noirtier

his father. At that moment the whole
soul of the young man seemed centred in
his eyes, which became bloodshot; the

veins of the throat swelled; his cheeks
and temples became purple, as though he
was struck with epilepsy. D'Avrigny

rushed towards the old man and made
him inhale a powerful restorative.

"Sir!" cried Morrel, seizing the moist

hand of the paralytic, "they ask me who
I am, and what right I have to be here?
Oh, you know it, tell them, tell them!"

And the young man's voice was choked
by sobs. As for the old man, he stood
beheaded with his panting respiration. One

could have thought he was undergoing
the agonies preceding death. At length,

as if he were coming from heaven, he
without weeping, tears glistened in the

eyes of Noirtier. "Tell them," said Morrel
in a hoarse voice, "tell them I am her

brother. Tell them she was my be-
loved, my noble girl, my only blessing in
the world. Tell them—oh! tell them

that she was my mother, my mother!"
The young man who presented the dreadful

spectacle of a strong frame crushed, fell heavily
on his knees before the bed, which his

fingers grasped with convulsive agony.
At length Villefort, the most composed of

all, spoke.

"Sir," said he to Maximilian, "you say
you loved Valentine, that you were betroth-
ed to her. I knew nothing of this en-
gagement, of this love, yet I, her father,

forgive you, for I see your grief is real
and deep; and, besides, my own sorrow
is too great for anger to find a place in my

heart. But you see the angel whom you
hoped for has left the earth—she has
nothing more to do with the adoration of

men. Take a last farewell, sir, of her sad
remains; take the hand you expected to
possess once more within your own, and

then separate yourself from her forever.
Valentine now alone requires the priest
who will bless her."

"You are mistaken, sir," exclaimed
Morrel, raising himself on one knee, his
heart pierced by more acute pain than

any he had yet felt, "you are mistaken,
Valentine, dying as she has, not only re-
quires a priest, but an avenger. You, M.
de Villefort, send for the priest; I will be

the avenger."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Vil-
lefort, trembling at the new idea inspired
by the delirium of Morrel.

"I tell you, sir, that two persons exist
in you; the father has mourned sufficiently,
now let the avenger fulfill his office."

The eyes of Noirtier glistened and
D'Avrigny approached.

"Gentlemen," said Morrel, reading all
that passed through the minds of the
witnesses to the scene, "I know what I

am saying, and you know as well as I do
what I am about to say—Valentine has
been murdered!"

"Villevort hung his head; D'Avrigny

approached nearer; and Noirtier,
expressing "Yes, yes" with his eyes.

"Now, sir," continued Morrel, "in these
days no one can disappear by violent

means without some enquiries being made
as to the cause of her disappearance; I
denounce the crime; it is your place to

seek the assassin."

"Yes!" indicated the old man.

"Assuredly!" said D'Avrigny.

"Sir," said Villefort, striving to struggle
against this triple force and his own
emotion, "sir, you are deceived, no one

commits crimes here. I am stricken by
fate. It is horrible, indeed, but no one
murders."

The eyes of Noirtier lighted up with
rage, and D'Avrigny prepared to speak.
Morrel, however, extended his arm, and

commanded silence. "And I say that
murders are committed here," said Morrel,
whose voice, though lower in tone, lone

of his terrible distinctness. I tell you
that this is the fourth victim within
the last four months. I tell you, Valen-
tine's life was attempted by poison four

days ago, though she escaped, owing to
the precautions of M. Noirtier. "I tell you
that the dose has been doubled, the

poison changed, and that this time it had
succeeded. I tell you that you know these
things as well as I do, since this

gentleman has forewarned you, both as a
doctor and a friend."

"Oh, you rave, sir!" exclaimed Vil-
lefort, in vain endeavoring to escape the
net in which he was taken.

"I rave?" said Morrel; "well, then, I
appeal to M. d'Avrigny himself. Ask him,
sir, if he recollects some words he ut-
tered in the garden of this hotel on the

night of Mme. de Saint-Meran's death.
You thought yourself alone, and talked
about that tragical death, and the fatality

you mentioned then is the same as that
which has caused the death of Valentine."
Villefort and D'Avrigny exchanged looks.

"Yes, yes," continued Morrel; "recall the
scene, for the words you uttered were
only given to silence and solitude fell into
my ears. Certainly, after witnessing the

culpable indolence manifested by M. de
Villefort towards his own relations, I
ought to have denounced him to the

authorities; then he should not have been
an accomplice, as I am now, to the death
of so beloved Valentine; but the accomplice

shall become the avenger. This fourth
murder is apparent to all, and if by
father abandon thee, Valentine, it is I,
and I swear it, that shall pursue

the assassin. "And this time, as though
nature had at least taken compassion on
the vigorous frame, nearly bursting with
its own strength, the words of Morrel
were stifled in his throat; his breast

heaved; the tears, so long rebellious,
gushed from his eyes; and he threw him-
self, weeping, on his knees, by the side of
the bed.

Then D'Avrigny spoke. "And I, too,"
he exclaimed, in a low voice, "I unite
with M. Morrel in demanding justice for
crime; my blood boils at the idea of hav-
ing encouraged a murderer by my cowardly

concession."

"Oh! merciful Heavens!" murmured
Villefort. Morrel raised his head, and
reading the eyes of the old man, which

gleamed with unnatural lustre—"Stay,"
he said, "Noirtier wishes to speak."

"Yes," indicated Noirtier, with an ex-
pression the more terrible, from all his
faculties being centred in his glance.

"Do you know the assassin?" asked
Morrel.

"Yes," replied Noirtier.

"And will you direct us?" exclaimed
the young man. "Listen, M. d'Avrigny!
listen!" Noirtier looked upon Morrel
with one of those melancholy smiles

and thus fixed his attention.

"Do you wish me to leave?" said Morrel
sadly.

"Yes," replied Noirtier.

"Alas! alas! I have pity on me!"
The old man's eyes remained fixed on
the door.

"May I at least return?" asked Morrel.

"Yes."

"Who am I to take with me?—the

doctor?"

"Yes."

"You wish to remain alone with M. de
Villefort?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" said Villefort, expressing de-
light to think that the inquiries were to
be made in private, "oh, be satisfied, I
can understand my father." D'Avrigny

took the young man's arm, and led him
out of the room. A more than deathlike
silence then reigned in the house. At

the end of a quarter of an hour a fainting
footstep was heard, and Villefort appear-
ed at the door of the apartment where

d'Avrigny and Morrel had been staying.
"You can come," he said, and led them
back to Noirtier. Morrel looked atten-
tively upon Villefort. His face was pale,

large drops of sweat rolled down his
forehead, and his fingers held the fragments of a pen
which he had torn to atoms. "Gentle-
men," he said, in a hoarse voice, "give

me your word of honor that this horrible
secret will forever remain buried among
ourselves!" The two men by new suc-
cessing business. The store now presents a

fine appearance. The work was done by
James Jewett.

Miss May Taylor, who is teaching a
school at Westfield, and Miss Susie Pass
from the Normal school, are home pres-
enting the Eastern holidays.

Stanley Craig, of Nanimo, B. C., who
has been spending the winter with his
parents here, left for home last Wednesday

morning by the Pacific express.

MILLVILLE.

MARCH 30.—Runners are giving place
to wheels in this locality. Our oldest say,
"Do not remember such a March, perfectly
beautiful."

Hallett Bros, Hallet & Cox and Rich-
ardson's crews have come out of the woods.
They are looking happy and smiling, which
your correspondent thinks is a good sign.

Gilpatrick's last buck crew are now
making bluffs on the old Valentine sid-
ing. He employs about 20 men.

Mrs. W. White of Danforth, Maine,
is in town on a visit to her husband.

Our city is quite lively now; we are
getting our young men back.

C. C. Gill, of Fredericton, spent a day
or two with us, showing a great concern
that we should all keep good time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hawkins left this
morning for Woodstock.

The sheriff is a very overworked man.
Am afraid Harry will not stand it long.

We congratulate our townsman, Sandy,
on the arrival of a girl.

Considerable excitement over the com-
ing contest between one of our merchants
and the highway commissioner.

GASPERAUX, Q. C.

MARCH 28.—The ice in Salmon River
is very much broken up.

Four men nearly lost teams in the
ice Saturday and Sunday morning.

Duffy's team, was in the ice near Robert
Moore's and Mr. Darrah's further

down. L. G. Fraser (government scaler)
nearly lost his horse in Red Bank creek.

Lavi Briggs drove over the edge of the
ice at his own camp, Sunday morning. He
had driven but a few feet, when both horse

and sleigh went down. Mr. Briggs sup-
posing it was only through the upper ice,

applied the whip, when the horse turned
broke both shafts and scrambled on shore,

leaving Mr. Briggs and the sleigh in more
water than was comfortable.

Mrs. M. Richardson is in St. John, in-
tend on millinery supplies.

Mrs. Fred. Austin has been very sick.
It was thought she was better yesterday.

George Briggs, who had his knee badly
jammed last February, is still confined to
the house. Much sympathy is felt for

him, as this is the second accident that
has happened to the same limb.

English spavin limment removes all
hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes
from horses, bull spavin, curbs, splints,
ring bone,weeney, stifles, sprains,
sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save

\$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the
most wonderful blemish cure ever known.
Warranted by Davies, Staples & Co.

SOUTHAMPTON.

MARCH 29.—The fields are about bare; but
the course of the St. John is marked by a
white ribbon of ice. Just now the people are
free to admit that the river is some good as a
means of transit. From bank to bank and from
away about Woodstock to Fredericton it is
one mass of solid glare ice. In "ye olden
times" the rigging of many of our vessels
would be heard from afar. Now the silvery
moon looks invitingly down on silvery ice, but
silence reigns supreme. Either the pastimes
or the people have changed. Which is it?

The Southampton parish Sabbath school
meets in quarterly sessions at Temperance Vale
on Saturday next. The fact of it being "All
fools day" will have nothing to do with the
character of the session; as these gatherings
are giving a great impetus to that branch of
philanthropic labor known as Sabbath school
work.

Thos. McCordale was baptised in Price
creek at Clark's Corner last Sunday by
David Proser. The rev. gentleman will bap-
tise in Buttermilk creek (so called) next Sab-
bath.

Dr. Draper, of Campbell Settlement, is
overhauling his mill preparatory to the spring's
sawing.

From a sermon recently heard preached on
a thousand miles from here, your correspond-
ent cannot help modestly and respectfully dif-
fering. Surely the last life is that of the man
who lives most the servant.

We see by the issue of THE HERALD,
that our parish, which (to the good people of
the Celestial) all goes under the name of Nack-
awick, is furnishing another interesting case in
the courts of your city. Some who institute
great cases, don't like to be called "Nack-
awicks." But what's in a name? Besides
many good independent men live at the mouth
of the historic Nackawick, and have not

"The King of the Nackawick" as one of our
gallant representatives! So hold your tongue
let nothing be done hastily or on any of our
sides, and the sad news reached here this evening
of the very sudden death of Tyler Brown, of
Lower Woodstock. Deceased, who was a
most estimable young man (twenty-nine
years of age), had been in poor health
with heart trouble for a couple of years; and
to day (Monday) he died, dropped dead in his
chair. He was the eldest son of the late Jas.
A. Brown, of Lower Woodstock, and grand-
son of the late Wm. Brown, and the late Dow
Brooks, of this place. He leaves a wife and
one child, a little boy.

The mill of Lower Southampton, al-
though he has reached "the God-allowed"
stage that covers human life, three score years
and ten, and although two years ago he had
the misfortune to break his leg, handles his
own team hauling logs from the stump, and
when a shoe is put on, and he has had that
of the equine's feet the mill night. Best if
you can!

George Brown's mill is well stocked with
all kinds of lumber. A clap-board machine
will be added to the lathe and shingle machines
this spring.

Rev. J. W. S. Young, of Green Bush, bap-
tised nine candidates in the river last Sunday,
and joined them to the Baptist church at Eel
River. He is a revivalist, and adds a great
many to the church during the year. If he
were in the United States, he would be called
a second Moody.

Several of our young men, including Tyler
Maxon, Eddie Fox and Burns Miller got
home from the lumber woods on the upper
St. John this week. All are looking well
and happy, and ready to start on their
vacation.

Allen Scriver reached home to-day for his
summer's vacation.

The burying of the bit of an axe in the
wood-pile of his left foot will commit Winford
Wright to the mercy of a pair of crutches for
a twelve-month. It is an ugly gash.

Messrs. B. D. & G. A. Grant are hewing
hard wood on the bank for the St. John
wharves. They also have a fine bro of spruce.

Mrs. Hortense Cronkrite—better known to
the lovers of the stage by the sobriquet of
"Grace Huntington," who has been play-
ing in one building in New York city for
the past two years for \$125 per week—is
expected to visit N. B. in May, and spend
the summer at her old home here. It is said
before long she will receive a \$30,000 pen-
sion on the death of her husband, the late
Miss C., who, it is needless to say, is a clever
and business-like woman, got her early edu-
cation at our little country school. She is a
striking example of what the average country
girl, with the proper training in the world.

Some three years ago she starred in the
W. S. Harkins Co., which played in the
city hall, Fredericton.

Small Pic—"How much is your ker-
sene?"

Storekeeper—"Only 25 cents a gallon,
since the duty was taken off the barrel.
Want any?"

S. P.—"Now! We'll burn 'tillar dips'
till our job pays for it over at Bridgeport.
And the young hotel bounded away pound-
ing his dog's head with the empty can."

Bystander—"We'll have to send that
to Ottawa yet."

Storekeeper—"We'll have to send him
there or to Bridgeport."

Preacher preached in the F. C. B.
meeting house on Sunday, and at the close