

POETRY.

THE KETTLE.

There's many a house of grandeur,
With turret, tower and dome,
That knows not peace or comfort,

On that occasion, a little spangiel belonging
to her, had bounded over the lawn,
barking furiously at the tall, dark, handsome
stranger as he swung open the iron gate.

"Call the dog off!" he exclaimed,
angrily, to the gardener, who stood near,
but the dog wouldn't be called off, barking
more furiously than ever at the un-

And Mr. Middleton's nephew entered
the room. He paused a moment on the
threshold, and as he so stands, he is an
object well worth studying; tall, well
made, with a fine erect figure and easy
bearing that would attract attention even
among a crowd of men.

He bent his dark, handsome head over
the little head he held; he looked at the
beautiful face, but dared not touch it with
his lips, held back by his quiet cold
politeness, and the knowledge that he
had her love to win, and he must not be
too precipitately demonstrative.

Though his heart was beating wildly
with triumph, he merely said, "Thank
you, Irene; you have made me one of the
happiest of men. The error only must be
performed immediately; we will go to
the church to-morrow. You shall not walk;
I will call a handsome cab," he said, plac-
ing her on one of the park seats close by
the entrance. "Wait for me here, Irene,
I shall be but a few moments."

Strange, but True

The child that cannot
digest milk can digest
Cod-liver Oil as it is
prepared in Scott's Emul-
sion. Careful scientific
tests have proven it to be
more easily digested than
milk, butter, or any other
fat. That is the reason
why puny, sickly child-
ren, and thin, emaciated
and anæmic persons grow
fleshy so rapidly on Scott's
Emulsion of Cod-liver
Oil and Hypophosphites
when their ordinary food
does not nourish them.

Wiley's ... EMULSION

COD - LIVER - OIL.

Best Results. The Best
Preparation
Purest and Best Materials
used in Manufacture.
Best Value for the Money.
in the Market
Readily taken by Children.
No preparation equal to it.
For Building up the System.

PRICE 50 cts.
Everywhere
JOHN M. WILEY, Manufacturer
196 Queen Street, Fredericton.

Featherbone Skirt Bone.
For Giving
STYLE and SHAPE
To
LADIES' DRESSES.
A light, pliable, elastic bone made
from quills. It is soft and yielding,
conforming readily to folds, yet giving
proper shape to Skirt or Dress.
The only Skirt Bone that may be
wet without injury.
The Celebrated Featherbone
Corsets are corded with this mat-
erial.

THE OLD SAYING

Throw Physic to the Dogs,
Will not apply to the
Present Day.

ALONZO STAPLES,

Druggist and Apothecary.
HAS IN STOCK—
New, Fresh Drugs

PATENT MEDICINES.

A CHOICE LINE OF HAVANA AND
DOMESTIC CIGARS.

BELL HANGING.

Speaking Tubes, etc.
LANDING

W. E. SEERY,

Merchant Tailor,
Has Just Received a splendid new
stock of

CLOTHS AND TWEEDS,

COMPRISING—
Fall Overcoating,
Suits,
and Trousers,
Cornmeal.

THIS SPACE

BELONGS TO
McMurray & Co.

... WATCH IT ...

SELECT STORY.

MISS MIDDLETON'S LOVER.

—OR—
PART OF THEIR BRIDAL TOUR.

By the author of 'A Forbidden Marriage,'
'That Pretty Young Girl,' etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE BANKER'S NIECE.

And yet, oh, strange, inconsistent
human being, that would have suffered for
it, if it would have saved her.

The innocence in the dark eyes as they
turned often from Rutherford to himself,
fairly staggered him, bewildered him.

"My uncle," Miss Middleton went on
slowly, "had fallen on his face to the floor.
I helped him to rise, and he glancing at the
safe as I did so, and saw to my great grief
it was too true, the great stock of bank-

"On uncle, dear uncle," I cried, fall-
ing on my knees beside him, "let me
comfort you."

"He raised his white haggard face to
mine, and he how ghastly it looked in the
morning sunlight.

"Irene, my poor child," he groaned;
how shall I find words to tell you, to
break to you what will follow, I am a
ruined man; the toil of years has been
swept away at one fatal blow, like the
faintest bubble. Fate has raised its hand
against me in my old age, Irene. I have
worked all my life as few men have
worked, child. I have been thrifty and
prudent, now I have lost my all. I can-
not work, I who have had life easy so
long. I could not bear to work for any
one now in my old age, I have been my
own master too many years, I would
choose death sooner."

"The housekeeper and the servants,
attracted by my cries, came into the room,
then I knew no more, I swooned at their
feet.

"When I recovered consciousness, long
hours after, I learned that when I nearly
made my heart break with grief. At that
moment of madness, at the first oppor-
tunity in which he found himself alone,
he had shot himself, and as she con-
cluded her recital, her tears flowed copiously.

"Is Mr. Heathcliff, the nephew, in
London?" interrogated Rutherford, quietly.

"No," returned Miss Middleton, "but
he has been telegraphed to, and we ex-
pect him here to-day."

Rutherford could see that this inter-
view was a great strain upon the young
lady's nerves, and wisely concluded, as he
thanked her, to take his leave.

Glancing once toward Esmond he had
noticed that his eyes were lingering on
Miss Middleton's face with eager admira-
tion; and this somehow, did not quite
please him.

"As the two gentlemen quitted the room
Rutherford slightly in advance, Esmond
turned back, saying rapidly in a whisper
which could be heard only by Miss Mid-
dleton:

"You recognize me as a matter of
course; but in the face of it all, I say to
you, I will be your true friend; I cannot
help it."

The next moment he was gone, leaving
Miss Middleton staring after him quite
dumbfounded, starting after him with
wide-open puzzled eyes.

"A little later she was sitting in the
housekeeper's room relating all that had
just taken place to Mrs. Grey.

"The gentleman who accompanied the
detective was so peculiar in his manner,"
she went on, ruminatingly; "his eyes fairly
burned like two scorching flames as they
gazed into mine, and then, the words that
he uttered as he bade me good morning
I cannot begin to comprehend the meaning
of. In the face of it all, I will be your
friend; I cannot help it. Now what do
you suppose he could mean by that, Mrs.
Grey?"

"There is but one meaning, my dear,"
said the housekeeper, laying her hand
on the dark, bowed, curly head,
"and that is, although you are not the
helpless people look for you to be, as Mr.
Middleton's niece, you still have true
friends despite that. The gentleman
probably has an abrupt manner and a
 brusque way of saying things."

The young girl's face brightened, though
tears stood in the great dark eyes.

"I shall always feel grateful to him for
speaking so kindly to me," she said
simply; "for I have always heard when
you lose your fortune you lose your
friends, but the loss of friends and fortune
is nothing to me compared to the great
losing uncle."

This is a hard trial for you to pass
through my dear," said Mrs. Grey, "but
you must face it bravely. I suppose your
cousin, Mr. Heathcliff will be here by
noon. He will take all the responsibility
of your mind."

"Heaven help the child," the house-
keeper murmured, her eyes dim with
tears, as Irene walked away; "she is so
young to face the world alone."

At that moment one of the servants en-
tered, with a dispatch. Mrs. Grey tore
open the envelope and glanced hurriedly
at the message. It was from the late Mr.
Middleton's nephew, and was as follows:

"To Mrs. Grey:
I have just reached the city, am shocked
to hear of the tragedy; will be with you
within an hour."

[Signed] "Karl Heathcliff."
Mrs. Grey shuddered, as she laid down
the telegram, not cold, for it was a
warm August day. She always felt that
strange, chilling sensation whenever she
saw or thought of Mr. Middleton's neph-
ew.

She could never quite overcome the
aversion she had taken to him a few
months since, at first sight when he had
returned to visit his uncle, an absence
of years, travelling abroad on the contin-
ent.

CHAPTER III.

HEATHCLIFF AND PENNELLER.

Esmond parted from the detective at
the nearest corner. It would never do
for this man to notice the suppressed ex-
citement he was laboring under, and
which he was doing his best to control.

When he reached his office again, the
old secretary looked at him in alarm.

"Are you sure you are quite well, sir?"
he asked anxiously; "your face flushes
and pales and your eyes have a very fer-
ry look in them."

"Nonsense, of course I am well," he
answered, impatiently, adding, "Where
is that paper you were reading when I
left the office? I should like to look it
over."

"I beg your pardon, sir," began the
secretary, "but if you wish to read about
the robbery that occurred last night, I
would suggest to you to glance over the
times; here is one of the extras, giving a
more explicit account of the affair. It is
thought now by one of the detectives who
took a survey of the premises, and the
body of the banker just as it lay upon dis-
covery, that he was murdered instead of
having committed suicide, and that the
person who opened the safe and took the
money did the deed; there is strong cir-
cumstantial evidence on that point."

It was a great relief to Esmond that
the secretary was called from the office at
that moment.

"Am I mad or do I dream?" he groan-
ed, crushing the paper in his hand, start-
ing up from his chair, and pacing the
room hurriedly; "the web seems to
tighten around me; yet I would face the
whole thing if it were not for her."

"So man in the world had a greater
horror of crime than he, yet, could he be
the perpetrator of this no matter what her
sin might be, for he realized that he loved
her as he had never loved a woman
before and should never love another
woman again, though in the face of all
the circumstances he almost cursed him-
self for it, but alas, to love or not to love,
is beyond the control of mortals. Love
goes where God listeth, and he was des-
tined to love her madly, hopelessly to the
bitter end of his life."

It seemed cruel to charge Irene Mid-
dleton with this tragedy, even knowing all.

"I would give every penny of my for-
tune for the knowledge that she is inno-
cent," he groaned, burying his face in his
hands. He was trying to convince his
own heart that she was, even against his
better judgment.

He knew that he held her fate in his
hands, yet he would as soon have thought
of plunging a dagger into his own heart
as of betraying her.

Mighty, unconquerable love, had gained
in the conflict, and duty was vanquished.
And yet he told himself "never was an
honorable man placed in such a predicam-
ent."

"There is but one way to cure myself
of this mad passion, and that is to leave
London at once," he concluded, and
without trusting himself to look at that
beautiful face again.

It was quite a surprise to the old sec-
retary when he announced his decision.

He watched Esmond, as he stepped into
a handsome cab, which stood before the
door, shaking his gray head dubiously.

"I cannot make out what is coming
over him of late," he muttered, "he acts
like a man demented."

Esmond left London by the next out-
going express, caring little whether he
went, or place who new to him. He
visited France, Italy, and sunny Spain,
where the olive and the myrtle ripen
luxuriantly under the golden sunshine.

He journeyed to Savoy, that marvellous
valley which lies under the bosoms of
Mont Blanc; where the sturdy rock-
ers with the wind at the edge of the
frowning glaciers. He visited the
monastery of St. Bernard. His one idea
being constant motion would bring him
forgetfulness; but go where he would,
do what he might, the memory of the
fair, girlish face, with its great dark in-
nocent eyes, was ever before him. It
was evident he could not escape from
his thoughts and they were with her
making or sleeping.

He had adhered strictly to his resolu-
tion that he would read no London
paper—he would know nothing about
the affair—then this great lesson that
he had set himself to learn, to forget, might
be more readily accomplished in time.

At the end of the sixth week a tele-
gram reached him summoning him back
to London on important business con-
nected with the company. There was
nothing for it but to return at once.

Human nature is strangely erratic; as
Esmond neared the great smoky city,
his one thought was—that each mile
brought him nearer Irene Middleton—
he would soon see her.

For the first time since his enforced
exile he bought a London paper, but his
heart was too full of conflicting emotions
to put his mind on reading just then.

Where was she now? he wondered.
Was she living in dread from day to day,
lest he—the only person who knew her
secret—would expose her?

He had done his utmost to despise her,
and he had ended by loving her more
desperately than ever. He would work
and win in her spite of all, if he could;
for life would be nothing to him—without
her.

Esmond opened the paper mechanically,
but the first words that met his eye chain-
ed his attention and held him spell-
bound. His face paled and a gasp of
dismay broke from his lips as he read
the startling headlines of two-column article.

The caption was briefly as follows:—
The Middleton Robbery Cleared at
Last—A Startling Revelation—The
Strangest Case in the Annals of
London's History—The Guilty Party
Brought to Justice Through a Most
Peculiar Circumstance.

The paper almost fell from the strong,
white hand that clutched it. The head-
lines seemed to stand out in letters of
fire, and the fine print which followed it
to waver and whirl before his eyes.

Ere we explain the strange story the
Pall Mall Gazette disclosed, we must re-
turn to the case that led to it, and this
brings us back to the eventful day in
which the household of the late Banker
Middleton were grouped together in the
drawing-room awaiting the arrival of
Mr. Karl Heathcliff, the nephew, who
seemed rather slow in coming.

At length they heard the sound of car-
riage wheels, and a moment later, the
footman announced—
"Mr. Heathcliff."

He neared carelessly to Mrs. Grey, the
housekeeper, glanced impatiently at the
group of weeping servants clustered about
the door of their late master's room, then
calls abruptly for Miss Middleton.

"She is in her room, sir," the house-
keeper answered, "quite sick with a head-
ache; she has done nothing but walk the
floor and weep ever since she died."

"There is but one tender spot in his
nature, and that is his love for Irene Mid-
dleton; and, though he feels assured that
the girl positively dislikes him, he does
not despair of winning her at last.

He needs carelessly to Mrs. Grey, the
housekeeper, glanced impatiently at the
group of weeping servants clustered about
the door of their late master's room, then
calls abruptly for Miss Middleton.

"She is in her room, sir," the house-
keeper answered, "quite sick with a head-
ache; she has done nothing but walk the
floor and weep ever since she died."

"There is but one tender spot in his
nature, and that is his love for Irene Mid-
dleton; and, though he feels assured that
the girl positively dislikes him, he does
not despair of winning her at last.

He needs carelessly to Mrs. Grey, the
housekeeper, glanced impatiently at the
group of weeping servants clustered about
the door of their late master's room, then
calls abruptly for Miss Middleton.

"She is in her room, sir," the house-
keeper answered, "quite sick with a head-
ache; she has done nothing but walk the
floor and weep ever since she died."

"There is but one tender spot in his
nature, and that is his love for Irene Mid-
dleton; and, though he feels assured that
the girl positively dislikes him, he does
not despair of winning her at last.

He needs carelessly to Mrs. Grey, the
housekeeper, glanced impatiently at the
group of weeping servants clustered about
the door of their late master's room, then
calls abruptly for Miss Middleton.

"She is in her room, sir," the house-
keeper answered, "quite sick with a head-
ache; she has done nothing but walk the
floor and weep ever since she died."

"There is but one tender spot in his
nature, and that is his love for Irene Mid-
dleton; and, though he feels assured that
the girl positively dislikes him, he does
not despair of winning her at last.

He needs carelessly to Mrs. Grey, the
housekeeper, glanced impatiently at the
group of weeping servants clustered about
the door of their late master's room, then
calls abruptly for Miss Middleton.

"She is in her room, sir," the house-
keeper answered, "quite sick with a head-
ache; she has done nothing but walk the
floor and weep ever since she died."

"There is but one tender spot in his
nature, and that is his love for Irene Mid-
dleton; and, though he feels assured that
the girl positively dislikes him, he does
not despair of winning her at last.

He needs carelessly to Mrs. Grey, the
housekeeper, glanced impatiently at the
group of weeping servants clustered about
the door of their late master's room, then
calls abruptly for Miss Middleton.

"She is in her room, sir," the house-
keeper answered, "quite sick with a head-
ache; she has done nothing but walk the
floor and weep ever since she died."

"There is but one tender spot in his
nature, and that is his love for Irene Mid-
dleton; and, though he feels assured that
the girl positively dislikes him, he does
not despair of winning her at last.

He needs carelessly to Mrs. Grey, the
housekeeper, glanced impatiently at the
group of weeping servants clustered about
the door of their late master's room, then
calls abruptly for Miss Middleton.

"She is in her room, sir," the house-
keeper answered, "quite sick with a head-
ache; she has done nothing but walk the
floor and weep ever since she died."

"There is but one tender spot in his
nature, and that is his love for Irene Mid-
dleton; and, though he feels assured that
the girl positively dislikes him, he does
not despair of winning her at last.

He needs carelessly to Mrs. Grey, the
housekeeper, glanced impatiently at the
group of weeping servants clustered about
the door of their late master's room, then
calls abruptly for Miss Middleton.

"She is in her room, sir," the house-
keeper answered, "quite sick with a head-
ache; she has done nothing but walk the
floor and weep ever since she died."

"There is but one tender spot in his
nature, and that is his love for Irene Mid-
dleton; and, though he feels assured that
the girl positively dislikes him, he does
not despair of winning her at last.

He needs carelessly to Mrs. Grey, the
housekeeper, glanced impatiently at the
group of weeping servants clustered about
the door of their late master's room, then
calls abruptly for Miss Middleton.

"She is in her room, sir," the house-
keeper answered, "quite sick with a head-
ache; she has done nothing but walk the
floor and weep ever since she died."

"There is but one tender spot in his
nature, and that is his love for Irene Mid-
dleton; and, though he feels assured that
the girl positively dislikes him, he does
not despair of winning her at last.

He needs carelessly to Mrs. Grey, the
housekeeper, glanced impatiently at the
group of weeping servants clustered about
the door of their late master's room, then
calls abruptly for Miss Middleton.

"She is in her room, sir," the house-
keeper answered, "quite sick with a head-
ache; she has done nothing but walk the
floor and weep ever since she died."

"There is but one tender spot in his
nature, and that is his love for Irene Mid-
dleton; and, though he feels assured that
the girl positively dislikes him, he does
not despair of winning her at last.

He needs carelessly to Mrs. Grey, the
housekeeper, glanced impatiently at the
group of weeping servants clustered about
the door of their late master's room, then
calls abruptly for Miss Middleton.

He bent his dark, handsome head over
the little head he held; he looked at the
beautiful face, but dared not touch it with
his lips, held back by his quiet cold
politeness, and the knowledge that he
had her love to win, and he must not be
too precipitately demonstrative.

Though his heart was beating wildly
with triumph, he merely said, "Thank
you, Irene; you have made me one of the
happiest of men. The error only must be
performed immediately; we will go to
the church to-morrow. You shall not walk;
I will call a handsome cab," he said, plac-
ing her on one of the park seats close by
the entrance. "Wait for me here, Irene,
I shall be but a few moments."

She watched him as he walked away.
He was tall, handsome, with a well-pro-
portioned figure, and she wondered, vag-
uely, if she ever would like him, she
thought not. How strange it was, within
the hour she was to be his wife; yet, this
would be her wedding-day. Like all
young and romantic girls, she had had
day-dreams of what her wedding-day
would be like, and of the bridegroom who
would come to claim her. How widely
different the reality was. Why should
her heart sink as she looked at the sun-
shine and listened to the birds? Why
did a faint shuddering cry escape her pale
lips? She did not realize that it was the
face of a young bride and faint with
its own forebodings, the prophetic cry of
a soul seized for the first time with un-
utterable dread, and yet, no one could
wonder at it, for marriage is a very solemn
thing to a young girl.

Heathcliff walked rapidly towards the
nearest cab-stand. He was triumphant;
he had barely hoped for so great a success.
Irene was so beautiful, so haughty, that
he had hardly dared to hope that she
would listen to him. There was that in
the dark, checked eyes of Mrs. Heath-
cliff, which should have made him pause
and consider well, ere he linked the life
of this bright young girl with his. He
thought of her high spirit, her noble na-
ture, and wondered how she would endure
the night and broken life of a young
wife, when there is no mistake about it.
It is the young man standing before Heath-
cliff was a very fair specimen of a gen-
tlemen, of good nature, of good-natured, in
fact, for his own welfare.

He walked hurriedly down the street,
once or twice he gave a quick start, glanc-
ing uneasily about him.

"The conviction has haunted me since
that day long that I am watched by unseen
eyes," he muttered, "I have been a fool
to let this girl come to me."

Suddenly a hand fell on his shoulder,
Heathcliff started by a low-breathed im-
precation, but an expression of relief
spread over his face as he saw who it was
who had accosted him, and he muttered,
"Is it you, Lennox?"

The young man standing before Heath-
cliff was a very fair specimen of a gen-
tlemen, of good nature, of good-natured, in
fact, for his own welfare.

He walked hurriedly down the street,
once or twice he gave a quick start, glanc-
ing uneasily about him.

"The conviction has haunted me since
that day long that I am watched by unseen
eyes," he muttered, "I have been a fool
to let this girl come to me."

Suddenly a hand fell on his shoulder,
Heathcliff started by a low-breathed im-
precation, but an expression of relief
spread over his face as he saw who it was
who had accosted him, and he muttered,
"Is it you, Lennox?"

The young man standing before Heath-
cliff was a very fair specimen of a gen-
tlemen, of good nature, of good-natured, in
fact, for his own welfare.

He walked hurriedly down the street,
once or twice he gave a quick start, glanc-
ing uneasily about him.

"The conviction has haunted me since
that day long that I am watched by unseen
eyes," he muttered, "I have been a fool
to let this girl come to me."

Suddenly a hand fell on his shoulder,
Heathcliff started by a low-breathed im-
precation, but an expression of relief
spread over his face as he saw who it was
who had accosted him, and he muttered,
"Is it you, Lennox?"

The young man standing before Heath-
cliff was a very fair specimen of a gen-
tlemen, of good nature, of good-natured, in
fact, for his own welfare.

He walked hurriedly down the street,
once or twice he gave a quick start, glanc-
ing uneasily about him.

"The conviction has haunted me since
that day long that I am watched by unseen
eyes," he muttered, "I have been a fool
to let this girl come to me."

Suddenly a hand fell on his shoulder,
Heathcliff started by a low-breathed im-
precation, but an expression of relief
spread over his face as he saw who it was
who had accosted him, and he muttered,
"Is it you, Lennox?"

The young man standing before Heath-
cliff was a very fair specimen of a gen-
tlemen, of good nature, of good-natured, in
fact, for his own welfare.

He walked hurriedly down the street,
once or twice he gave a quick start, glanc-
ing uneasily about him.

"The conviction has haunted me since
that day long that I am watched by unseen
eyes," he muttered, "I have been a fool
to let this girl come to me."

Suddenly a hand fell on his shoulder,
Heathcliff started by a low-breathed im-
precation, but an expression of relief
spread over his face as he saw who it was
who had accosted him, and he muttered,
"Is it you, Lennox?"

The young man standing before Heath-
cliff was a very fair specimen of a gen-
tlemen, of good nature, of good-natured, in
fact, for his own welfare.

He walked hurriedly down the street,
once or twice he gave a quick start, glanc-
ing uneasily about him.

"The conviction has haunted me since
that day long that I am watched by unseen
eyes," he muttered, "I have been a fool
to let this girl come to me."

Suddenly a hand fell on his shoulder,
Heathcliff started by a low-breathed im-
precation, but an expression of relief
spread over his face as he saw who it was
who had accosted him, and he muttered,
"Is it you, Lennox?"

The young man standing before Heath-
cliff was a very fair specimen of a gen-
tlemen, of good nature, of good-natured, in
fact, for his own welfare.

He walked hurriedly down the street,
once or twice he gave a quick start, glanc-
ing uneasily about him.

"The conviction has haunted me since
that day long that I am watched by unseen
eyes," he muttered, "I have been a fool
to let this girl come to me."

Suddenly a hand fell on his shoulder,
Heathcliff started by a low-breathed im-
precation, but an expression of relief
spread over his face as he saw who it was
who had accosted him, and he muttered,
"Is it you, Lennox?"

He bent his dark, handsome head over
the little head he held; he looked at the
beautiful face, but dared not touch it with
his lips, held back by his quiet cold
politeness, and the knowledge that he
had her love to win, and he must not be
too precipitately demonstrative.

Though his heart was beating wildly
with triumph, he merely said, "Thank
you, Irene; you have made me one of the
happiest of men. The error only must be
performed immediately; we will go to
the church to-morrow. You shall not walk;
I will call a handsome cab," he said, plac-
ing her on one of the park seats close by
the entrance. "Wait for me here, Irene,
I shall be but a few moments."

She watched him as he walked away.
He was tall, handsome, with a well-pro-
portioned figure, and she wondered, vag-
uely, if she ever would like him, she
thought not. How strange it was, within
the hour she was to be his wife; yet, this
would be her wedding-day. Like all
young and romantic girls, she had had
day-dreams of what her wedding-day
would be like, and of the bridegroom who
would come to claim her. How widely
different the reality was. Why should
her heart sink as she looked at the sun-
shine and listened to the birds? Why
did a faint shuddering cry escape her pale
lips? She did not realize that it was the
face of a young bride and faint with
its own forebodings, the prophetic cry of
a soul seized for the first time with un-
utterable dread