

Maud Percy's Secret

BY MAY AGNES FLEMING

(CONTINUED.)

"With us," said one of the small girls, "in the children's dormitory. The large girls have rooms to themselves, every two of them; but we sleep in a long room all full of beds, and Miss Sharpe sleeps there, too."

"Hum-m-m! Do you know where I am to sleep?"

"Yes; all Miss Sharpe's Division sleep in the children's dormitory. You'll be there."

"Um-m-m! I should like to see the place. Would we be let?"

"Oh yes. If you can get one of the girls in the First Division to go with you, she can take you all over 'the house.'"

Off ran Pet, and without much difficulty she persuaded one of the First Division to show her through the house.

The first place they visited was the children's dormitory. This was a long room, with rows of white-curtained beds on either side for the children, and one larger than the rest, at the farther end, for Miss Sharpe. Small wash-stands and mirrors were scattered about, and near each bed was placed a small trunk belonging to the children.

Pet scanned these arrangements with a thoughtful eye. Then, turning to her cicerone, she said: "In which of these beds am I to sleep?"

"In this one," said the girl, indicating one at the extreme end of the room, opposite Miss Sharpe's. "The room was full; so they had to put it close to the window, and you will have a chance to see everybody that passes."

Pet went over to examine. Within a few inches of the bed, was a window overlooking the street. It was partly raised now, and Pet thrust her head out to "see what she could see," as they say. The first thing that struck her was the fact that the window was in a straight line above the hall door, and only removed from it the distance of a foot or two. Instantly a demoniacal project of mischief flashed across her fertile brain, and as she withdrew her head, her wicked eyes, under their long, drooping lashes, were fairly scintillating with the anticipation of coming fun.

"Do they use bells or knockers on their doors, around here?" she carelessly asked.

"Some use one, some the other. There is a large brass knocker on this door."

"What time do they go to bed here?"

"Nine in summer—eight in winter."

"And do they stay out in the yard all the time?"

"Oh no! As soon as it gets dusk, we come in, have supper, and then the larger girls practice their music, or read, or write to their friends, or study or sew, or do whatever they like; and the little girls of your division play about the halls and passages."

"Um-m-m! I see," said Pet, in the same musing tone, while her wicked eyes, under their long, dark lashes, were twinkling with the very spirit of mischief. "Could you get me a good long cord—do you think? I want it for something."

"Yes, I think so. Do you want it now?"

"Yes, please."

"Very well; wait here, till I go up to my room and get it for you," said the unsuspecting young lady.

"Oh, ching-a-ring-a-ring-chaw!" shouted Pet. "Oh! won't I have fun to-night! Won't I show them what spiritual rapping is!"

"Mrs. MacShuttle, she lived in a scuttle."

Along with her dog and her cat," sang the imp, seizing a huge pitcher from one of the washstands, and flourishing it over her head as she sang. Round and round she whirled, until her pitcher came furiously against the wall, and smash! it fell on the floor.

Arrested in her dance, Firefly stood still one moment in dismay. There on the floor lay the pitcher, shivered into atoms, and there stood Pet, holding the handle still, and glancing utterly aghast from the ruins on the floor to the fragment of crockery in her hand.

"Whew! here's a go!" was the elegant expression first jerked out by Pet, by the exigency of the case. "I expect this pitcher's been in the establishment ever since it was an establishment, and would have been in it as much longer, only for me. Pet, child, look out! won't Miss Sharpe give me a blowing up, though!"

"O Miss Lawless! what have you done?" cried the young lady, in tones of consternation, as she suddenly entered.

"Smashed the crockery," said Pet, coolly.

"Oh dear me! O Miss Lawless! how could you do so?"

"Didn't go for to do it. Got smashed myself."

Author of
"The Fatal Wedding"
"The Unseen Bridegroom,"
"A Terrible Secret."

Men who look much older than they are never appear to such disadvantage as with the wife who keeps her matronly beauty. The secret of health and the manly vigor which goes with health is nutrition. When the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are diseased there is loss of nutrition, and corresponding physical weakness.



Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and its allied organs, which prevent nutrition, and makes men healthy and vigorous.

"I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia for over two years, and was a complete physical wreck," writes Mr. Preston E. Fenstermacher, of Egypt, Lehigh Co., Pa. "I also suffered much with constipation. I tried many different medicines which were recommended to cure the trouble but these only made me worse. I had such a weak and debilitated appearance that it seemed as if I had hardly any blood in my whole body. At last I came across an advertisement of Dr. Pierce's. I at once tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets.' I used about eight vials of the 'Pellets' and ten bottles of the 'Discovery' which brought me back to my former state of health."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cures constipation.

panions, all aglow with delight at her success so far; and instigated by her, the din and uproar soon grew perfectly unbearable, and the whole phalanx were ordered off to bed half an hour earlier than usual, to get rid of the noise.

As Judge Lawless had said, it was a rigidly strict establishment; and the rule was, that at half-past nine, every light should be extinguished, and all should be safely tucked up in bed. Even Mrs. Moodie herself was no exception to the rule; for, either thinking example better than precept, or being fond of sleeping, ten o'clock always found her in the arms of Morpheus.

Therefore, at ten o'clock, silence, and darkness, and slumber, hung over the establishment of Mrs. Moodie. In the children's dormitory, nestled in their white-draped beds, the little, tired pupils were sleeping the calm quiet sleep of childhood, undisturbed by feverish thoughts or gloomy forebodings of the morrow. Even Miss Sharpe had testily permitted herself to fall stiffly asleep, and lay with her mouth open, stretched out as straight as a ramrod, and about as grim. All were asleep—all but one.

One wicked, curly, mischief-brewing little head, there, was by far too full of naughty thoughts to sleep. Pet, nestling on her pillow, was actually quivering with suppressed delight at the coming fun.

She heard ten o'clock—eleven strike and then she got up in bed and commenced operations. Her first care was to steal softly to one of the washstands, and thoroughly wet a sponge, which she placed on the window-ledge within her reach.

Taking some phosphureted ether, which she had procured for the purpose of "fun" before leaving home, she rubbed it carefully over her face and hands.

Reader, did you ever see any one in the dark with their faces and hands rubbed over with phosphureted ether? looking as though they were all on fire—all encircled by flames? If you have, then you know how Pet looked then.

Sitting there, a frightful object to contemplate, she waited impatiently for the hour of midnight to come.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A boy is usually ready to eat every time he stops playing.

A Good Shot!

The chief thing is to strike the right place for your Sporting Goods. For Guns and Ammunition and a general sporting outfit go to

JAS. S. NEILL'S,

Dealer in Hardware of all kinds.

You are invited to call at my wareroom and inspect the

MONUMENTS

which I have in stock. They have a grace and perfection and finish which commend them, and the prices are most tempting.

JOHN OLDHAM

FINE REPAIRING GUN

A Specialty with Us.

BARRETT'S

CYCLE SHOP

Uptown, nearly opp. Peoples Bank.

HAVE YOU..

A Horse, a Cow, a Carriage, a
a Bicycle, a typewriter, a
piano, House Furniture

"Or any old thing," that you wish to sell? If so

ADVERTISE IN THE HERALD

MUSIC

.. HATH ..

CHARMS

We have just received a carload of

Pianos and Organs

Of the most popular makes. These are to be disposed of at once and the prices are such as to make them go. We employ no agents but sell direct and our customers reap the benefit.

McMURRAY & CO

Queen st., Fredericton, opp. Normal School.