

Maud Percy's Secret

BY MAY AGNES FLEMING

(CONTINUED.)

"One of these notorious smugglers! whew! I hope my excellent father is not taking to contraband courses in his latter days. What, in the name of Amphitrite, could he want of Black Bart?"

"Well, he said he wanted information about the smugglers, and he sent my old man to look for Bart."

"Humph! Set a fox catch a fox! I wonder how he succeeded. Seen our Pet, lately?"

"No, not since one day she dressed herself in my Bobby's clothes, and drove young Mr. Germaine and Miss Erminie over to the cottage," said Mrs. Gudge, laughing.

"Dressed herself in Bob's clothes! what the dickens did she do that for?"

"For fun, she said; none of us knew them that day except her, and she drove them away without their ever finding her out. Miss Pet, always is doing something out of the way, you know, Master Ranty."

"And how is Mr. Germaine and Miss Erminie, Mrs. Gudge?"

"Very well, indeed. Lor' bless me, you would hardly know Mr. Ray; he's shot up like a Maypole, and got one of them nasty mustaches on to his upper lip. It actually makes my flesh creep to see them eating or drinking with them on. I'm glad you don't wear one, Master Ranty, for of all the disgraceful things—"

Mrs. Gudge rolled up her eyes as if in intense disgust, by way of filling up the hiatus.

"It's no merit of mine, I'm afraid," said Ranty, passing his hand over his lip; "I've been mowing away for the last three years; but owing to some mysterious dispensation of Providence, or the barrenness of the soil, or some other inscrutable reason, nothing can be induced to sprout. There's Ray, now, with whiskers, flourishing, no doubt, like a green bay-tree; and here am I, a young man, twice as deserving, with a face as smooth as a sheet of foolscap. It's a darned shame, and I won't put up with it, hanged if I do! Mrs. Gudge, let me have a horse and wagon, or a superannuated gander, or a go-cart, or some other quadruped, to take me home. Since I must tear myself away, I may as well do it first as last."

Mrs. Gudge opened the door, and called to Bobby to bring round a horse; and soon after that hopeful made his appearance, leading the animal by the bridle. Ranty waved a good-by to Mrs. Gudge, flung a handful of coppers to her son, jumped into the saddle, and was off.

Ranty's eyes lit up with pleasure as the old familiar scenes came once more in view. There was the forest road, bringing back the memory of the dangerous practical joke they had played on Pet. There was Dismal Hollow, silent, grim, gloomy, and lonely—a fit habitation for Miss Priscilla Toosyeggs. Here was the Barrens; there was the little, white, vine-shaded cottage; and yonder in the distance, dazzling in its spotless paint, was the staring, garish White Squall.

"Now to give them a surprise," said Ranty, as he alighted at the little, cottage-gate and approached the door; "wonder if Minnie will know me; I hope she is in."

The parlor door lay wide open and he looked in unobserved. It was the day on which Judge Lawless had proposed, a few hours later; and Erminie, whose gentle nature had not quite recovered from the wound his threats and harsh words had given her—her head resting on her hand, and her large soft blue-eyes dark with unshed tears. Pet had just departed; and the quietness and reaction following the luster of her exciting presence made the silence and loneliness more dreary still.

Ranty's first impulse had been to rush in, catch her in his arms, and give her a rousing salute; but the moment he saw her sweet, pale face and drooping figure, feeling more nearly approaching to timidity than anything our impudent young sailor had ever felt before, held him back. Somehow he had expected to see a slender, delicate little girl, such as he had last beheld her; but she had passed away forever, and here in her place sat a tall, elegant girl, with a face as lovely as the hazel-haired Madonnas that had smiled upon him in the dim, old cathedral-aisles of glorious Italy. He took one step forward; she lifted her head with a startled look; her eyes met his, and she started impetuously to her feet.

"Erminie!"

"Ranty! O Ranty! I am so glad!"

She caught his hand in both hers, while her face, a moment before so pale, flushed with delight, and the violet eyes were fairly radiant with joy.

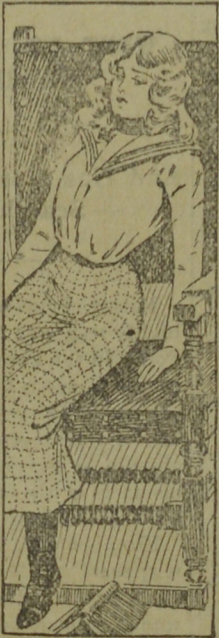
"O Ranty, I am so glad! When did you come?"

"Got to Baltimore day before yesterday. I suppose you hardly expected to see me to-night, Erminie?"

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

In Girlhood

There is a great need of motherly watchfulness and care. A growing girl needs all her strength, and if she is nervous and melancholy, and loses appetite there is surely something wrong. This is especially true as the young girl approaches that important period of change when the womanly function is established. Timely care and proper treatment at this period may save much after suffering.



The best medicine for young girls who are nervous, melancholy, and irregular of appetite, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures nervousness, dizziness, and melancholy, promotes the appetite, and gives the body robust health. There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription" and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

"My daughter was troubled with dizziness and constipation and was very nervous for five years," writes Mrs. M. Carter, of 1545 4th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. "I tried several doctors but they gave her no relief. At times she would eat nothing, had green and purple circles under her eyes, and was melancholy. A woman friend of mine told me to try your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pleasant Pellets' which I did. After taking one bottle of each she began to improve and is still improving. People said she looked as though she were going into a decline. She is twelve years old. There are no circles around her eyes now and she is healthy and robust, eats as much as any child, and is growing fatter every day."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate the bowels.

deck. Then the earl, for 'parlent,' made his appearance and completely deluged me with gratitude and thanks, which I stood like a hero, until the countess also came. Her tears and protestations of everlasting gratitude were a little too much and I fled. I blush to say it, but I beat an inglorious retreat; for thanks are things one easily gets a surfeit of."

"Why, Ranty, you have sailed in high company lately," said Erminie, "earl and countess—dear me! I begin to feel quite in awe of you."

"So you ought; and I hope you will continue to cherish the feeling. But, Erminie, do you know—though, as you have never seen him, it's likely you don't—but you have the most wonderful resemblance to Lord De Courcy I ever beheld in my life."

"Lord De Courcy!" exclaimed Erminie, growing pale as she remembered Ketura's fearful denunciations against all who bore that name.

"Yes, Lord and Lady De Courcy are at present in Washington City. The earl says he has always felt a desire to visit this country; but hitherto, circumstances prevented him. The countess is a lovely woman—one of the most beautiful, I think, I ever saw; and as good as she is beautiful, everyone says."

"I have heard of her before," said Erminie, in a low, subdued tone. "Mr. Toosyeggs saw her many years ago, when he was in England. At least, I imagine it was she, for she was the wife of the old earl's son, and Mr. Toosyeggs says that since the death of his father, he has been Lord De Courcy."

"Yes, so he has," said Ranty; "he was then Lord Villiers; but really, Minnie, your likeness to him is quite wonderful."

"Well, it's not unusual for strangers to resemble one another; though I suppose I ought to feel flattered by looking in the remotest degree like one so great and distinguished. How much I would like to see them both," said Erminie, musingly. "And their daughter—this Lady Rita—was that what you called her? By the way, Ranty, I never heard they had a daughter."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

When we get what we want, we do not enjoy it as much as we had anticipated.

This is a very pretty

Design..

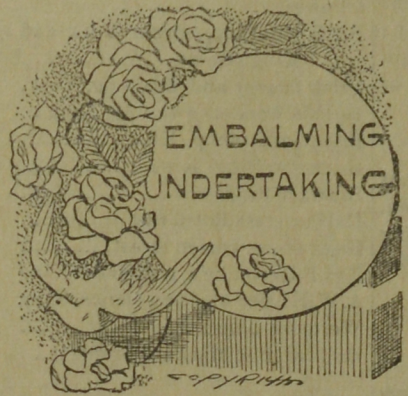
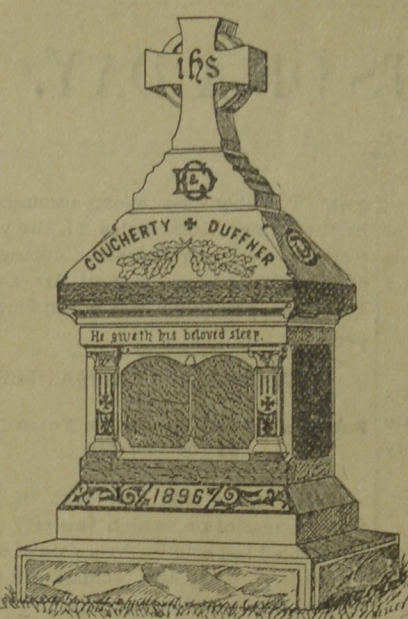
And the price is so low it would surprise you. We have

Cheaper Stones

and a great many designs to choose from. If you are interested call and see for yourself. Should you not be coming to town soon, we would like to open a correspondence with you

OLDHAM'S

Marble Works, York st.



Geo. W. Adams,

FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

All details carefully attended to. Calls promptly answered day or night. 163 Queen st., opp. People's Bank. Residence, Carleton st. extension between George and Charlotte. Telephones—Store 257. Residence 133

HAVE YOU..

A Horse, a Cow, a Carriage,

a Bicycle, a typewriter, a

piano, House Furniture

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

ADVERTISE IN THE HERALD



Musical Talent!

Should be cultivated, and a

PIANO

Is a luxury almost anyone can enjoy. If you did not know it before call on us and inspect our line of

Pianos

...AND...

Organs

First-Class Instruments AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

McMURRAY & CO

Queen st., Fredericton, opp. Normal School.

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.