"The night grows wondrous dark; deep-swelling gusts
And sultry stillness take the rule by turn,
While o'er our heads the black and heavy

thereabout, with a tall, towering, commanding figure, gaunt and bony. Her complexion was dark; its naturally swarthy hue having been tanned by sun and wind to a dark brown. The features were strong, stern and prominent, yet you could see at a glance that the face had been a handsome one. Now, however—thin, haggard and flesh. Now, however—thin, haggard and flesh. Now, however—thin, haggard and flesh. Somewhat nollified Mr.

"American eagle," "I didn't mean to do it, I'm very much obliged to you! I do assure you, Mr. Harkins, I hadn't the face had been a handsome one. Now, however—thin, haggard and flesh less, with the high, prominent cheek—whomes, the gloomy, over-hanging brows; with the less, with the ligh, prominent cheek—bones, the gloomy, over-hanging brows;

"American eagle," "I didn't mean to do it, I'm very much obliged to you! I do assure you, Mr. Harkins, I hadn't the efficients does not into the dealt with its from the pendant chander with lights, music, and mirth. Gorgeous distribution, the period of the pallor seemed deepened by its raven hue. "Stop a moment, if you please, made its of light from the pendant chander with lights, music, and mirth. Gorgeous distribution with left and the pallor seemed deepened by its raven hue. Queenly, peerless, dazzling, she moved through the brilliant train of beauties, odorous wi impress of a despised, degraded race. all the same to you!" The woman was a gipsy. It needed not stuff, covered her shoulders, and a dress you." of the same material, but in color blue,

the carriage pass; then, as if even the delay of an instant were maddening, she started wildly up, and keeping her have a soul, Mr. Harkins. 1 know it—I gipsy had entered the wagon unassisted. hungry, devouring gaze fixed on the vision | feel it. Everybody mightn't find it out; of the still unseen city, she sped on more rapidly than before

CHAPTER II ON THE ROAD. "He bears him like a portly gentleman; And, to sav 'th, Verona brags of him To be a vir and well-governed youth."

SHAKESPEARE.

The vehicle that the gipsy had heard approaching was a light waggon drawn by two swift horses. It had two seats capable of holding four persons, though the front seat alone was now occupied.

The first of these (for his age claims

the precedence) was a short, stout, burly, thick-set little man, buttoned up in a huge great-coat, suffering under a An immense fur cap, that by its antediluvian looks, might have been worn by Noah's grandfather, adorned his head, that nothing was visible but a round. respectable-looking bottle-rose, and a pair of small, twinkling gray eyes. This individual, who was also the driver, rejoiced in the cognomen of Mr. Bill Harkins, and made it his business to take belated wayfarers to London (either by land or water), when arriving too late for the regular conveyance. On sisted of a young gentleman with a brilliant-hued carpet-bag, glowing with straw-colored roses and dark blue lilies. rising from a back-ground resembling London smoke. The young gentleman was a very remarkable young gentleman indeed. He was exceedingly tall and thin, with legs like a couple of pipe-stems, and a neck so long and slender that it reminded you of a gander's, and made thusiastic. "Been married ten times if you tremble for the safety of the head balanced on such a frail support. His one left his bread-board, and run hoff hair and complexion were both of that with a hofficer dragoon; one was lagged indefinite color known to the initiated as "whity-brown"-the latter being profusely sprinkled with large, yellow freckles, Bob." nd the former as slick and straight as "I haven't the slighest doubt of it, Mr. bear's grease could make it. He might have been eighteen years old as far as Harkins," said the proprietor of the he, a gipsy?" said Mr. Tooseypegs, in him have been eighteen years old as far as freckles, politely: "and I anticipate a surprise."

skull. There was utter misery, there say it again. I ain't a man to bear spite her glances. "Ugh! What a face!" was despair unspeakable, mingle with at no one—which is a Christian maxim, Then aloud: "Get in ma'am, and I'll fierce determination, in those lurid, flam- Mr. Toosypegs. A clip side the head is take ye to town." ing eyes. And that dark, stern, terrific face has stamped with the unmistakable take them two-pound flimsies now, if 's else," said the woman curtly, turning

her peculiar dress, the costume of her tribe to tell this, though that was significant enough. Her thick, coarse, jet-black vously. "Three—five—ten dollars, and "I ain't a jokin'. Nice time o' night said Mr. Toosypegs, drawing out a purse well filled with gold and opening it ner-vously. "Three—five—ten dollars, and which is a Hamerican from the Name "Certainly \_ certainly, Mr. Harkins," vously. "Three-five-ten dollars, and which is a Hamerican from the New hair, streaked with threads of gray, was two for the drive's twelve; and one to pushed impatiently off her face; and her buy sugar plums for your infant family Lunnon. So jump in, and don't keep me only head-covering was a handkerchief of \_\_if you've got such a thing about you\_ waitin'." crimson and black silk, knotted under is thirteen. Here's thirteen dollars, Mr. "Is what he says true?" said the dark

"Same to you, Mr. Toosypegs," said reached hardly to her an es. The bril- Mr. Harkins, pocketing the money with said Mr. Toosypegs. "Allow me to hand hant head-dress, and unique, fiery costume, a broad grin. "'May you ne'er want a you in?" suited well the dark, fierce, passionate frien nor a bottle to give him, as the poic says."

but I can\_I perceived it from the first." with the greatest indifference, merely saying "Humph!"

"Could you recommend any hotel to me, Mr. Harkins. I'm a stranger in the fortunes?" city, you know, and should feel grateful if you would, said Mr. Toosypegs,

Lunnon, with the best o' 'commodations for man and beast. You've heern o' the Poor thing!" said Mr. Toosypegs, 'Blue Pig' over there in Hamerica, hain't "Why, it's too bad; it really is."

memory, he had forgotten. dation-but I told you that hafore."

"St. Giles. You know where that is, 'otel in Lunnon-best o' 'commodations, But I told you that hafore. My hold o' the Government to-morrow?" frien' Bruisin Bob keeps it. You'll like

"Yes, Mr. Harkens, I dare say 1 will. I'm very much obliged to you" said Mr. Tooseypegs, in a somewhat dubious tone. "That 'ere man's the greatest cove a goin'," said Mr. Harkins, getting en-

for stealin' wipes, an' he's got three livin'

at this present writin'. Great fellar is ears went; but his worldly wisdom was great deal of pleasure in making the ac-

ached "Done!" cried Mr. Harkins. "Never muttered Mr. Harkins, shrinking from

her chin. A cloak, of coarse, red, woollen Harkins: I'm very much obliged to woman, turning the sharp light of her stiletto-like eyes on Mr. Toosypegs. "Yes, ma'am, I'm happy to say it is,"

And Mr. Toosypegs got up to fulfil his offer; but Dobbin at that moment gave "Mr. Harkins, I'm obliged to you," said the waggon a malicious jerk, and dumped

"I know that tramper," said Mr. Harkins, to Mr. Toosypegs. "It's the gipsy Mr. Harkins heard this startling fact | queen, Ketura, from Yetholm; most wonderful woman that ever was, 'cept Deborah, the woman the Bible tells about, "And now, how far do you suppose we you know. Heard a minister take her are from the city, Mr. Harkins?" said for his tex' once. Our cow's name's De-

Mr. Toosypegs, in his most insinuating borah, too," said Mr. Harkins, absently. us!" exclaimed Mr. Toosypegs, turning around in some alarm. "Does she tell

to-night. Her son's in prison, for robbin' the plate of the Heari De Coucey. He's "Why, yes, I can," said Mr. Harkins, goin hoff with a lot of hothers airly to brightening suddenly up. "There's the Blue Pig," one of the finest hotels in ing that way," said Mr. Harkins, as he gave his companion a dig in the side.

"Sarved him right, it's my opinion, Mr. Toosypegs wasn't sure. It was said Mr. Harkins. "Wot business had very likely he had; but, owing to his bad he to go for to rob Hearl De Courcy? emory, he had forgotten.

"Well, anyhow, you won't find many and see wot's come hof hit. She, a hold 'otels to beat that 'ere. Best o' 'commo gipsy queen, goin' and sendin' her son to Heton and makin' believe he was some-"Where is it located?" asked Mr. thin' above the common. And now see wot her fine gentleman's come to Wonder what she'll think of herself, in course- heverybody does. The nicest when she sees him takin' a sea voyage for the good of his 'ealth at the 'spense

> Harkins, contemptuously. "Sarved 'm low, the vilest of the vile—men de-Harkins, contemptuously. "Sarved 'm low, the vilest of the vile—men de di to dry up the Nile and come across right, I say ag'n. That 'ere son o' hern was the most stuck hun chan I even the level of the brute! Poor Germaine!" (Gordon) would then surrender. was the most stuck hup chap I ever clapt mo heyes on. Hafter he left Heton
>
> The young guardsman shrugged his

years went; but his worldly wisdom was by no means equal to his years.

"Years went; but his worldly wisdom was by no means equal to his years.

"Bunno! Hold woman sent 'im, I spose—'owever she got the money. He was a fine looking fellow, too, I say, though rather tawny, but 'andsome as hurrying on there after,' said Mr. Toosy-pale young man, holding his carpet bag in his arms, as if it were a baby.

"There was a devil in his eyes, if there ever was in any man's, when he heard his sentence," observed the young captant the same of the same o "Dunno! Hold woman sent 'im, I

"Who said you did?" growled Bill Harkins. "You'll be safe in Lunnon in half an 'our, while I'll be a drivin' back through this 'ere win' and rain. If you don't mind it, I does, Mr. Toosypegs."

"Mr. Harkins," said Mr. Toosypegs, "Alm this hour of the night."

"Mr. Harkins picked up his hat, turned, down the collar of his coat, faced abrupt ly round, and looked Mr. Toosypegs," "Give us yer hand; yer a trump. You're at the face!"

"Well, what to' that? Some tramper a goin' to Lunnon," said Mr. Harkins, gruffly.

"Well, what to' that? Some tramper a goin' to Lunnon," said Mr. Harkins, gruffly.

"With his fierce, passionate nature, it will turn him into a perfect demon," said bill twill turn him into a perfect demon, said Villiers; "and if ever he escapes, woe to those who have caused his disgrace! He is as relentless as a Corsican in his venge ance."

"With his fierce, passionate nature, it will turn him into a perfect demon," said Villiers; "and if ever he escapes, woe to those who have caused his disgrace! He is as relentless as a Corsican in his venge ance."

"Has he any friends or relatives among the gipsies?"

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"Has he any friends or relatives among the gipsies?"

"I don't know. I think I heard of a mother, or bother, or bother, or bother, or something. I intend paying him a last visit to-night, and will deliver any message-he may send to with the selection of a route for the pro-

"That'll you give?"

"There's a crown."

"Done!" said Mr. Harkins, closing his light on the coin "Hallo you, we but the coin "Hallo you, we but must not, dare not love again."—Moore.

less, with the high, prominent cheek—bones, the gloomy, over-hanging brows; the stern, set, unyielding mouth; the stern, set, unyielding mouth; the rigid, corrugated brow; the fierce, devouring, maniac black eyes!—it looked positively hideous. Such eyes!—it looked burning, blazing orbs of fire, never were seen in human head before! They demanded the somewhat mollified Mr. Harkins, reining in his horse by the flantest idea of hitting you that time. If two pound—"

"You confounded old witch! Stop and take a ride to town—will you?" yelled manded the somewhat mollified Mr. Harkins, reining in his horse by the wonan's side.

"Two young men stood within the deep shadow of a bay window in the music room, watching a group assembled round a young lady at the piano, and conversing in low tones. One of these was decidedly the handsomest man present that night. In stature he was tall, some the round of the control of the piano, and conversing in low tones. One of these was decidedly the handsomest man present that night. In stature he was tall, some the round of the piano, and conversing in low tones. One of these was decidedly the handsomest man present that night. In stature he was tall, some the round of the piano, and conversing in low tones. One of these was decidedly the handsomest man present that night. In stature he was tall, some the round of the piano, and conversing in low tones. One of these was decidedly the handsomest man present that night. In stature he was tall, some the round of the piano, and conversing in low tones. One of these was decidedly the handsomest man present that night. In stature he was tall, some the round of the whispered, in a voice that was low whispered, in a voice that was lo what above the common height, and ing his arm through hers. "There, apart faultless in form and figure, with a certain air of distingue about him that my fate." stamped him as one of noble birth. His clear, fair complexion, his curling, chest-but without a word she suffered herself The elder lady was Mrs. Quinalle, and else," said the woman curtly, turning away.

"I ain't a jokin'. Nice time o' night this to stop and play jokes—ain't it?" said Mr. Harkins. "This 'ere young man, which is a Hamerican from the New without a word she suffered herself to be led to the deserted room he had to be led to the deserted room he had to be led to the deserted room he had to be led to the deserted room he had any until the critical factors in the current of the burying ground was to reinter the little hand of the curled father and husband had amputated last April having had the body of his little daughter exhumed two months after its death and burial to accomplish by her properties purpose. Walking

dark, flashing eyes, and firm-set mouth, would have thought that long. A dark mustache shaded his upper lip, and a strange, nameless beauty lit up and softened his handsome face whenever he smiled. Adored by the ladies, envied by the men, Lord Ernest Villiers, only son of Earl de Courcy, seemed to have cothing left to wish for And yet at some containing left to wish for And yet at the seminary of the question I asked you last body of his little daughter exhumed two months after its death and burial to accomplish his horrible purpose. Walking a short distance south of the main drive the ladies came to a freshly opened grave, and on the side was a little coffin. The lid was removed, displaying the body of a child. A glass jar was produced, and from it was taken a little hand with long tapering fingers. The mother held it a few seconds, sobbing bitterly, and son of Earl de Courcy, seemed to have me?" nothing left to wish for. And yet, at times, over that intellectual brow a dark shadow would flit; from the depths of "Then, Maude will you not be mine" those dark eyes the bright light of a \_my wife?" happy heart would pass, the mouth rould grow stern, and a look of troubled she said with a shudder.

care darken his face. His companion, a good-looking young man, with a certain look about him as if he were somebody and knew it, with a never, never be your wife. Choose listless look, and most desirable curling whiskers, was no other than Captain George Lemmands of the Guards.

Convert Lemmands of the Guards.

George Jernyngham, of the Guards. George Jernyngham, of the Guards.

"What a wonderful affair this is of Formula and the sentence. Germaine's—eh, Villiers?" said Captain arms, and her head dropped on his or his text once. Our cow's name's De-jorah, too," said Mr. Harkins, absently.

"And she's a gipsy queen? Lord bless

"And she's a gipsy queen? Lord bless

"The Tube of Maude, what is this wonderful secret?" most unexpected things. The Duke of he said smiling, "Tell me. Now, why B—is going crazy about it. He had cannot you be my wife?" Germaine to his house, and the fellow "Yes; but you'd better not hask her was making the fiercest sort of love to lord," she said, raising her head some his daughter, when all of a sudden, it what proudly; "but there is a reason, turns out that he is a robber, a gipsy, a one sufficient to separate us foreverburglar, and all sorts of horrors. How the deuce came it to pass that he entered tal can ever know!" Eton with us, and passed himself off as a

"I cannot tell; the whole affair is involved in mystery."

were you not my lord?" guilty of the crime."

"You don't, eh? How are you to get over the evidence?" "It was only circumstantial."

There is not a man in London has the

"Poor Germaine!" said Lord Villiers, "Poor thing! poor thing!" said Mr. "with all his brilliant talents and refined toes from New York are now shipped to Toosypegs.

"Poor hold thing, indeed!" said Mr.

nature, to come to such a sad end! To the Congo.

On one occasion Gordon told the Mah-

clapt mo heyes on. Hafter he left Heton I seed 'im, one day, in the streets, hand guess who with? W'y, with nobody less than yourg Lord Williers, honly son o the Hearl De Courcy, as he has gone and motion. "Well, I confess, I thought bet." military moustache. robbed. There's hingratitude for you! I didn't know 'im then, but I recognized him hafterward in the court-room hat 'is

"There was a devil in his eyes, if there

whity-brown to gray, with terror, and they came on, and the woman paused for a moment and leaned against a cottage porch, as if waiting until it should pass.

A bright light was still burning in the window, and it fell on the lonely way-farer as she stood, breathing with burning, everish impatience, for the carriage to pass. It displayed the form of a woman of forty or thereabout, with a tall, towering, commanding figure, gaunt and bony. Her complexion was dark; its naturally

faultless in form and figure, with a cer from all those prying eyes, I can learn

"Oh, I cannot! O Earnest, I cannot!

"Cannot! And why, in Heavens's "My lord, that is my secret. I can

For all answer he gathered her in his

"You think me weak and silly, my one that neither you nor any living mor-

"And you refuse to tell this reason? match; I love you passionately, and still "You and he were pretty intimate— be said bitterly. Her pale, sweet face ere you not my lord?"

was bent in her hands now, and large
"Yes, I took a fancy to Germaine from tears fell through her fingers. "Maude, was bent in her hands now, and large the first; and I don't believe, yet, he is you will not be so cruel," he said, with sudden hope. "Only say I may hope for this dear hand."

> (To be Continued.) FROM EVERYWHERE.

slightest doubt of his guilt but your Notes, Notions. News, Facts, Fancy, self." Canned salmon from Oregon and toma-

thought he could have come to this.

"How could he afford to go to Eton—
"No, I had not the heart to meet to m

Among the questions put to Sir George

Same agree stream.

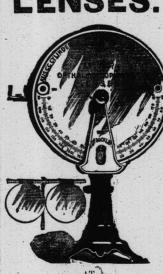
"The arrow grows to past year to to to much a contract of the contract of

The pale face of the lady grew paler; subjects will not be touched."

me?"
"Use Earnest!—O my dear lord! you know I do!" she cried, passionately.
"Then, Maude will you not be mine—my wife?"
"I he lacerated arm from which the body, where the heartless father had

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