

## WHAT CAN SHE DO?

By E. P. Roe.

(Continued.)  
But as we look upon this long lost one, as she reclines on a sofa in Van Dam's luxurious apartments, as we see her temples throbbing with pain, and that her cheeks are flushed and feverish, it would seem that the grave might soon hide her from a contemptuous and vindictive world.

Her head does ache sadly, it seems bursting with pain; but her heart aches with a bitter anguish. Zell had too fine a nature to sit brutally and unfeeling. Her betrayer's treachery wounded her more deeply than he could understand. Even her first strong love for him could not bridge the chasm of guilt to which he led her, and her passionate nature and remorse often caused her to turn upon him with such scathing reproaches that even he, in his hardness, trembled.

Knowing how ground and high-strung she was, he feared to reveal his treachery in New York, a locality with which she was familiar; so he said that very important business called him at once to Boston, a city where he had very few acquaintances. Zell reluctantly acquiesced to this further journey. He meant to register in an assumed name, but the land-lord said to him as he entered the office, "Why, Van Dam, how are you?"

"Where have you seen me?" was the gruff reply.

"Why, don't you remember? We played poker together all the way from Buffalo to Albany, and you lightened my pocket-book woefully too. This is your wife, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Van Dam, thinking, "it will attract less attention, and be safer."

"Well, I'm glad to see you—can give you a good room. So, register, and I will get a little of my lost money back," and the host slapped him on the back with a hearty laugh.

Van Dam with a frown wrote, "Guilliam Van Dam and wife."

By no means so sacred or gracious ceremony than this did he reward her trust and love. They journeyed about in the North and West through the summer and autumn, and now have but recently returned to New York.

With a wild terror she saw that his passion for her was waning. Therefore her reproaches and threats became at times most terrific, and again her pitiable entreaties were even more servile and fearful, in view of what a true wife's position and right ought to be. He, wearying of her fierce and alternating moods, and selfishly thinking of his own ease and comfort, as was ever the case, had resolved to throw her off at the first opportunity.

But retribution for both was near. The smallpox was almost epidemic in the city; Zell's silk had swept against a beggar's infected rags, and fourteen days later appeared the fatal symptoms.

And truly she is weary and heart-sick this afternoon. She never remembered feeling so ill. The thought of death appalled her. She felt, as never before, that she wanted some one to love and take care of her.

Van Dam entered, and said, rather roughly—

"What's the matter?"

He muttered an oath.

"Guilliam," she pleaded, "I am very sick. I have a feeling that I shall die. Won't you marry me? Won't you take care of your poor little Zell, that loved you so well as to leave all for you? Perhaps I won't burden you much longer, but if I do get well, I will be your patient slave, if you will only marry me?" and the tears poured over the hot, feverish cheeks that they could not cool.

His only reply was to ask, with some irritation,

"How do you feel?"

"Oh, my head aches, my bones ache, every part of my body aches, but my heart aches worst of all. You can ease that, Guilliam. In the name of God's mercy, won't you?"

A sudden thought caused the coward's face to grow white with fear. "I must have a doctor see you," was his only reply to her appeal, and he passed hastily out.

Zell felt that a blow would have been better than his indifference, and she crawled back to her room. A little later, she was conscious that a physician was feeling her pulse, and examining her symptoms. After he was gone she had strength enough to take off her jewellery and rings—all, save one solitary diamond, that her father had given her. The rest seemed to her with her weight.

She then threw herself on the bed, and she was next conscious that some one was lifting her up. She roused for a moment, and stared around. There were several strange faces.

"What do you want?" she asked, in a thick voice, and a vague terror.

"I am sorry, Miss," said one of the men, in an official tone; "but you have the small-pox, and we must take you to the hospital."

She gave an shriek of horror. A hand was placed over her mouth. She murmured faintly:

"Guilliam—help!" and then under the effects of disease and fear, became partially unconscious; but her hand could not be so changed. Zell's familiar hand, that he did not recognize it.

But, as he opened and read, his eyes dilated with horror. It seemed like a dead hand grasping him out of the darkness. And a dreadful fascination compelled him to read every line, and to read them, till they seemed burned into his memory. At last, by a desperate effort, he broke the strong spell her words had placed upon him, and, starting up, exclaimed:

"Go to her, in that past-house! I would see her dead a thousand times first. I hope she is dead, for she is the torment of my life. What is that small's so queer?"

His eyes again rested on the letter. A suspicion crossed his mind. He carried the letter to his nose, and then started violently, uttering awful oaths.

"She had sent contagion directly to me," he groaned, and he threw poor Zell's appeal to the grate. It burned with a faint, sickly odor. Then, as the day was raw and windy, a sudden gust down the chimney blew it all into the room, and scattered it into ashes, like Zell's hopes, around his feet.

A superstitious horror, that made his flesh creep and hair rise, took possession of him, and, hastily gathering a few necessary things, he rushed out into the chill air, and made his way to a large hotel. He wanted to be in a crowd. He wanted the hard, material world's noise and bustle around him. He wanted to hear men

talking about gold and stocks, and the gossip of the town—anything that would make living on seem a natural, possible matter of course.

But men's voices sounded strange and unfamiliar, and the real world seemed like that which mocks us in our dreams. Mingling with all he saw and heard were Zell's despairing words. He wrapped himself in his great coat, he drank frequent and fiery potations, he hovered around the registers, but nothing could take away the chill at his heart. He tossed feverishly all night. His sudden exposure to the raw wind in his heated, excited condition caused a severe cold. But he was not to be deterred. He stayed in his room, and so crept down to the public haunts of the hotel. But his flushed cheek and strange manner attracted attention. As the days passed, he grew worse, and the proprietor of the house said:

"You are ill, you must go to bed."

But he would not. There was nothing that he seemed to dread so much as being alone. But the guests began to grow afraid of him. There was general and widespread fear of the small-pox in the city, and for some reason, it began to be associated with his illness. As the suspicion was whispered around, all shrank from him. The proprietor had him examined at once by a physician. It was the fatal fourteenth day, and the dreaded symptoms were apparent.

"Have you no friends, no home to which you can go?" he was asked.

"Oh," he groaned, while the thought passed his mind, "she would have made me one and taken care of me in it." But he pleaded, "For God's sake, don't send me away."

But imagine her terror when she saw an old crony of Van Dam's enter the room. The man recognized her in a moment and she saw that he did. She gave him an imploring glance, which he returned by one of cool contempt. Zell could hardly get through the meal, and her manner attracted attention. The cool-blooded fellow, whose soul was akin to that of his dead friend, was considerably ennobled to the hostess not to spoil her dinner, or rob her of a waitress till it was over. But the moment they returned to the parlor he told her who Zell was, and how she must have come from the small-pox hospital.

(To be Continued.)

**Vital Questions!!!!**  
Ask the most eminent physician  
Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?  
And they will tell you unhesitatingly—  
"Steele's Great Nerve Tonic."

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians in the most reliable and sure cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c., and they will tell you—  
"Mandrake or Dandelion!!!!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable, and compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful medicinal and curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ailment can possibly exist to resist its power, and cure. Harmless for the most frail woman, weak or invalid or nervous to use.

**CHAPTER II.**  
"Patients  
"Almost dead or nearly dying"  
For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases; liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.  
Woman gone nearly crazy!!!!  
From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.  
People drawn out of shape from excruciating pains of rheumatism, inflammation, and sciatica, or suffering from scrofula.  
Erysipelas.  
Malaria, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and, in fact, almost all diseases frail.

Nature is heir to  
Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

None genuine without a bunch of green hops on the white label. Beware of the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

**October 28, 1884**

**Lime! Lime!**

JUST RECEIVED AT

**W. E. Miller & Co.**

**EXTRA No 1**

**GreenHead Lime**

ALSO

**Shorts, Bran**

**and Oats.**

**W. E. MILLER & Co.,**

Feed, Seed and Lime Merchants, Opposite People's Bank, Queen Street, Fredericton, Oct. 28, 1884.

**WATCHES.**

Just opened one case of

**Ladies' and Gents' GOLD, SILVER AND NICKEL WATCHES.**

GOLD, from \$25.00 upwards;  
SILVER, from \$12.00 upwards;  
NICKEL, from \$6.00 upwards.  
And Warranted.

Call and examine before purchasing, at

**S. F. SHUTE'S,**

SHARKEY'S BLOCK,

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON

October 15, 1884.

**REGISTERS.**

Hot Air Registers and Ventilators.

Just Received, a full line of Hot Air Registers, and Stove Pipe Registers, and Ventilators for Bed Rooms from the manufacturer. Prices Low. Parties fitting up premises can be accommodated.

CHESTNUT & SONS.

Zell was glad, for she had less fear there of seeing any one she knew.

The lady scolded bitterly about such an ignominious being sent to her, but Zell seemed so patient and willing that she decided to try her. Zell gave her whole soul to the work, and though the place was a hard one, would have eventually learned to fill it. The family were a little surprised sometimes at her graceful movements, and the quick gleam of intelligence in her large eyes, as some remark was made naturally beyond one in her sphere. One day they were trying to recall, while at the table, the name of a famous singer at the opera. Before she thought the name was almost out of her lips. The poor girl tried to disguise herself by assuming, as well as she could, the stolid, stupid manner of those who usually blunder about our homes.

All might have gone well, and she have gained a very honest livelihood, had not an unforeseen circumstance revealed her past life. Those who have done wrong are never safe. At the most unexpected time, and in the most unexpected way, their sin may stand out before all and blast them.

Zell's mistress had told her to make a little extra preparation, for she expected gentlemen to dine that evening. With some growing pride and interest in her work, she had done her best, and even her mistress said:

"Jones," (her assumed name), "you are improving," and a gleam of something like hope and pleasure shot across the poor child's face. A passionate sigh came up from her heart.

"Oh, I will try to do right if the world will let me."

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CHESTNUT & SONS.

**New Goods!**

**NEW GOODS!**

**OPENING THIS DAY**

Clothing and Tailoring Establishment of

**THOS. W. SMITH,**

Fisher's Building,

QUEEN & YORK STREETS,

Fredericton.

NEW DESIGNS OF

English, Scotch and Canadian TWEEDS.

NEW OVERCOATINGS IN

PILOTS, BEAVERS, DIAGONALS, GERMAN COATING AND

REAL IRISH FRIEZE.

The above Cloths will be made to order in the very latest Styles and perfect fits guaranteed.

Call and examine goods and see the Latest Fashion Plates before leaving your orders elsewhere.

**THOS. W. SMITH,**

Fredericton, Nov. 3, 1884.

**New Fall Goods**

**McNALLY'S.**

14 SETS PARLOUR SUIT FRAMES to be upholstered on the premises to suit the taste and pockets of our customers. 100 Student Chairs and Platform Benches; 100 Lounges; 22 Cane and Perforated Seat Chairs; Side Boards, Book Cases, Hall Stands, Larders, etc., etc.

What Note, New Mattress Chairs and a large number of Fancy Frames for Xmas trade.

**Crockery and Glassware!**

55 Cakes, Cases and Barrels of Dinner, Tea, and Toilet Sets, Lamps, Table Glassware, etc., etc.

**SILVER PLATED WARE.**

7 Packages containing Water Pitchers, Tea Service, Table Cutlery, Cake Baskets, Card Butter Coolers, Pickle Stands, Salt Cellars, Lamps, Napkin Rings, Table Knives and Forks, Spoon, Butter Knives, etc.

J. G. McNALLY.

**New Goods in every Department, including a fine stock of Toys and Fancy Goods for Christmas.**

**Make Home Happy!**

When XMAS comes by calling at McNALLY'S, a Handsome Parlor Suit, a beautiful Dinner Set, a Grand Silver Tea Service, one of our beautiful Christmas Trees, or a nice article of Household Goods, both useful and ornamental.

J. G. McNALLY.

**Elegant New Lamps**

I HAVE JUST OPENED a fine assortment of New Library Lamps, fourteen different styles, plain and ornamental, with cut glass shades, and adjustable to any height, suitable for Parlor, Hall or Dining Room. Prices moderate.

J. G. McNALLY.

**To the Ladies!**

I am showing a fine assortment of imported Baskets. Now is your time to secure one. They are going rapidly.

**J. G. McNALLY.**

**TRY**

**G. W. SCHLEYER'S**

**HOLIDAY**

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PRICES ON APPLICATION AT THE STUDIO, WHERE SITTINGS CAN BE ARRANGED FOR.

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**PHOTOGRAPHS!**

**PHOTOGRAPHS!**

—AT—

**REDUCTION**

For two months only, beginning Nov. 1. This reduction is made to my regular customers for the HOLIDAY SEASON.

Persons wishing to become my regular customers can participate in this offer. A deposit of ONE DOLLAR will be required for sittings, and in every case this must be accompanied with, as it is a standing order of the establishment.

**G. W. Schleyer, PHOTOGRAPHER, OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL FREDERICTON.**

**1884. 1885.**

**FALL & WINTER.**

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—IS AT THE—

**Imperial Hall,**

Where there is always a large and varied assortment of CLOTHS, consisting of

**BLACK & BLUE DIAGONALS,**

English, Scotch, and Canadian Tweeds,

Broadcloths, Doeskins, &c

**TROUSERINGS,**

in all the latest shades and styles. Also

**OVERCOATINGS**

BLACK, BROUSE AND GREEN DIAGONALS, NAP CLOTHS, BEAVER, &c.

**MELTON'S IN ALL SHADES.**

The above Goods will be made up in the most fashionable style at very low prices, at VERY LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.

HATS, CAPS, SHIRTS, TIES, BRACES, UNDERCLOTHING, &c., very cheap.

**THOS. STANCER,**

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE,

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**6 Doz. Jerseys,**

**EMBROIDERY and PLAIN.**

**DEVER BROS.**

Fredericton, October 2, 1884.

**COUGHS and COLDS.**

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.**

**AYER'S**

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**FALL 1884**

**Fred B. Edgecombe**

**NOW OPEN**

**65 CASES**

**Dry Goods**

Consisting of the latest productions of the

**HOME & FOREIGN MARKETS**

**PRICES LOW.**

More goods to arrive by coming steamers.

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.**

**FRED B. EDGECOMBE,**

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