[FOR THE WATCHMAN.]

JUNE.

BY MISS M. A. SIWELL.

Again 'tis June—glad, sad, delightful June.
I hear the robin piping in the trees,
And thy sweet voice, enchantress, in the tune
That echoes wildly o'er soft summer seas.

The season's queen—in trailing emerald dress,
Broidered with strawberries of ruby red,
With roses blushing at their loveliness,
And dandelions' golden hearts outspread.

Thy smile, bright goddess, glorious as of old,
Bathes with new splendor earth and sea and sky,
And lilies haste, with violets, white and gold,
To freight with fragrance zephyrs wandering by.

The young leaves rustle when thy sandall'd feet
O'er the uporinging grasses blithely hie,
Where light and shade, in sweetest dalliance meet,
And through dark branches gleams the azure sky.

Aurora steals in beauty from the East,
Attendant Nymphs lead on the opening day,
The warring winds seem held in softest leash,
Rosy gondaloes to the zenith play.

Again sweet vesper broods above the wave
That lighted us so oft to our glad tryst,
I kneel, in tears, beside the grassy mound
That wraps thee round, by the pale moonbeams kiss'd.

Here oft we wandered 'neath the starry skies
While June's bright watches lapsed through heaven's gate,
And I am now alone—seal'd are thine eyes
By icy death, leaving me desolate.

Then haste away, sad June, with birds and flowers,
With southern winds, with orient blush and bloom:
Ye wake remembrance of past joyous hours,
To mock my broken heart beside this tomb.

Clothe me with Winter's seven leagues ribbed in ice,
Let me the Storm King's torrent wings enfold,
Far, far, be joy and every sweet device,
I keep my tryst beside this precious mould.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

BY B. J. FARJEON.

SCENE THE SECOND.—IN BELGRAVIA.

CHAPTER IX.

And now Mr. Armstrong stood before Laura, prepared to play his great stake. Having spoken to the father, and obtained his delighted and grateful consent, he came to the daughter to make his confession. That she should turn her face from him when she saw him was to him a natural and modest action, for he knew that her father had prepared her for the interview. That she should be silent was also natural. It was for him to speak.

For a few moments, however, no word was spoken. Frequently, when we are most deeply in earnest, the words do not flow too readily. But during the brief silence strength came to both.

"Your father has spoken to you, Laura," said Mr. Armstrong, somewhat diffidently.

"Yes," she replied.

"Has he told you every thing?"

"He has told me much—oh, so much of your goodness to him, to me."

"Let that pass, Laura. I have been actuated by selfishness in much that I have done."

"No, dear friend," said Laura, her voice growing firmer; her duty was becoming clearer to her every moment, "let us speak plainly. Nay, hear me first. During the time we have known each other you have treated me with such unwavering kindness that I should have been ungrateful, indeed, if I did not learned to—to esteem you, and to be proud of your friendship."

"The merit was in you, not in me, Laura."

"When we were first introduced, I was a poor actress, commencing my profession, and your kind words encouraged me. Your counsel was like wine to me. You gave me strength to battle with the difficulties—and they are great ones—that surround a young actress. But for you, I might not have had the courage to continue my work, and I was grateful indeed that I had won so true a friend. But during those days I sometimes asked myself, 'Why does he do all this? What motive can induce him to act so generously to one so humble as I?'

"I do not deserve your eulogy, Laura; but your questioning was just."

"Then you became acquainted with my father, and came to our poor dwelling. I was happy and satisfied—more than satisfied, when I saw how your kindness affected my father, and what comfort you brought to him. He was never so happy as when you were with us. So time went on until a wonderful thing occurred. My father was enabled to pay a debt"—Laura's voice faltered here—"a debt of shame, and to hold up his head once more. A change came over my life—suddenly and unexpectedly to me—and I left the stage, there being no longer any occasion for me to remain upon it. But these were not the only happy events that occurred. Here, in this very house, to whose master my father was for years a servant, we find ourselves invited guests, honored and respected."

"As you deserve."

"It is but a few minutes since," continued Laura, with a deep emotion, "that I learned to whom we owe all this—to you, most noble of friends! It is you who have renewed my father's youth, and who have given to me the happiness of seeing him I love as I love to see him."

"Then you are happy, Laura?"

She did not hesitate in her answer. "Happy in the change that has come upon us? Yes."

"It makes me glad to hear you say so. Laura, has your father told you nothing else?"

"No," she faltered, "except—except—"

"Except," he repeated, with tender encouragement.

Her head drooped—"That you had a secret."

"You shall hear it. I have come to tell it to you, hoping that you guess it, and not now for the first time. You said that during the first days of our acquaintanceship you sometimes questioned yourself as to my motive for my conduct. Laura, I had but one. It was not long before the interest I took in you deepened into esteem—it was not long before esteem ripened into love. I confess it is for you, and for your sake, that I have helped your father. Selfish as it may sound, and selfish as it is, it is to this moment I have looked for—may I say, my reward? No, reward is a wrong term. I ask for no sacrifice—although," he said thoughtfully, in his determination to be just, "it is a sacrifice for you to accept a man so much older than yourself. Laura, I love you! You know me, and know what those words mean when I speak them, as I do, in full sincerity and earnestness. They are from my heart. Believing that I can make you happy as you can make me, I ask you to be my wife."

She knew, indeed, what the words meant from him. She knew that she could trust him, that he would be faithful, true, and kind to her. "Duty, gratitude, honor, my father's peace of mind, all call me to him—and yet, oh, my heart!" The words were not spoken, she thought them only; she could not muster sufficient self-control to speak aloud.

"It has been in my mind for a long time," he continued tenderly, "to make the confession to you—to ask you to bestow upon me the greatest happiness which can ever be mine. Believe me, I would not ask you, if I were not confident of the future—but that shall speak for itself. I have lived a lonely life, Laura, and have seen my youth slip past me without love, without thought of love. But when I saw you, a new light dawned upon me, and I thanked God for it. I saw my life spreading out before me, fairer and more beautiful than I could have ever hoped it would be, with one by my side whom I could love and cherish. Still, if I had not had some flattering expectation, I should have been silent. I have a lover's feeling, although I am not a young man, and when upon your last birthday—but a few days since—I sent you some flowers, and saw on the next day and the next that you seemed to find a pleasure in wearing them, I—forgive me for so doing—took it as a sign, and it made me happy."

With pain she learned that it was he, not Richard, who had sent her the flowers she had prized so highly. They were lying in her desk now. She had said to herself that she would never part with them. What bright garlands for the future had she not woven out of the faded leaves? She had spoken to them, and kissed them, blushing as she did so.

"May I say more, Laura?"

In a low tone she answered his question by another. "Have you considered the difference in our positions?"

"I know," he replied, simply, "that you are far above me."

"You know the story of our dishonor," she said, in the same low tone.

"Your father has made me fully acquainted with the story of his life. I know that his brother was guilty of a crime, and that that crime blighted your father's career. *Your* dishonor! It is mockery to call it so. Does justice demand more than its due? Because my father committed a crime for which I was not accountable, shall men shrink from me and avoid me as though my presence were contamination?"

"It is the world's fashion," said Laura, sadly, with her father's sufferings in her mind.

"It is cruel—it is unjust," exclaimed Mr. Armstrong, warmly. "If I live a pure life I am entitled to the respect of men. Not in this way shall the sins of the father be visited upon the children. See, Laura, how your only objection has melted away. Never was my life so bright as now. You will be my wife?"

Not reluctantly, but as it seemed to him softly and modestly, as he would have had it, the answer came.

"Yes."

On her part the sacrifice to duty was made; on his part, the most precious prize the world contained was won. He inclined toward her with eager tenderness, and pressed his lips upon her hand. As he did so, he heard a slight cough behind him. It came from Mr. Fangle, whose head was between the curtains, and who saw the simple caress. Mr. Armstrong went at once to him, and closed the curtains upon Laura, who, overcome by emotion, sank into a seat by the window. He felt that at such a moment she would wish to be alone.

"Beg pardon," said Mr. Fangle, with another cough, "but I thought you might be there, and I popped my head in. Hope you don't think I intended to intrude."

"Not at all," replied Mr. Armstrong, with a bright smile.

"Shouldn't have done it, if I had known; but I saw nothing, I assure you. Mum's the word!"

"If you did see anything, I am sure you will not mention it."

Mr. Armstrong had no desire that what had taken place should for the present be known. He had settled his plans, and had decided how and in what way he would make the engagement public. The garden entertainment of which Mrs. Chappell had spoken would, he considered, afford him a fitting opportunity of presenting Laura as his future wife, and he resolved to wait until then.

"Mention it!" repeated Mr. Fangle, with fervor; it was a fine thing to be taken into Mr. Armstrong's confidence. "Not for worlds! Not for worlds!"

A few yards from them stood Richard and Mrs. Fangle in earnest conversation. Richard's face was radiant, and Mrs. Fangle was furtively watching her husband and Mr. Armstrong. She was anxious that they should move away from the curtains, so that Richard might speak to Laura without attracting observation. Something in Richard's manner appeared to nettle Mr. Fangle, and he said, fretfully,

"Mr. Armstrong, oblige me, and look at that young gentleman."

"Who? Mr. Barton?"

"Yes, sir. Have you observed how he has been courted—idolized—how everybody here bows down to him?"

"He is a great favorite," said Mr. Armstrong, with an amused observance of Mr. Fangle.

"I know it—I see it. Tell me, then, where justice is to be found."

"Not commonly in a ball-room, I should say. But I do not quite understand you."

"Compare us. There—Money. Here—Brains. Money is smiling, well-dressed, courted, idolized, while Brains is reduced to its dress-coat. It is a fact, sir; I am reduced to it. I haven't another coat in the world. Being the least worn, it has outlived the others."

"I regret to hear it; but surely when your invention is completed—"

"Ah, then, of course—but this little screw still bothers me! I almost forgot." Mr. Chappell asked if I knew where you where; that's why I popped my head between the curtains. I think he wishes to speak to you concerning a rumor about a ship called the *Golden Mariner*."

"If there is any information about the ship it should be in the last edition of to-night's *Moon*."

"I have sent for the paper; it will be here presently."

"I will go to Mr. Chappell."

"You will excuse me for that little affair," said Mr. Fangle, nodding his head toward the curtain as Mr. Armstrong was walking away. "You may rely on my discretion. I saw nothing, believe me. Mum's the word."

CHAPTER X.

A DECLARATION OF WAR.

The revulsions of feeling through which Laura had passed during the last hour were so strange and startling that she was grateful to be alone with her thoughts. They were sad enough, and her heart was aching very sorely, but she did not doubt that she had acted rightly. This was the first great sacrifice she had ever been called upon to make, and she had made it freely and willingly, from a strong sense of duty. Bitter as it was, it did not completely crush her. Her dream was over, and love had gone out of her life; but she would be strong, and live through her days bravely, and no one but herself should know the truth. She would do her duty by the noble gentleman to whom she was now irrevocably pledged, as she had done her duty by her father, whom he had raised from shame. The thought of that generous act, and of her father's joy at the union, brought some comfort to her. Her great fear was that she should not be strong enough, and that her weakness would betray her. She determined to school and keep watch over herself, for her father's sake and for the sake of the man to whom she had given her hand. Her honor demanded that she should do so. She would cast aside all thought of self, and perform her part in the sad drama with courage and resignation Yet with all these high resolves, it was to be forgiven her that she should allow her thoughts to dwell for a brief space upon the dream in which she had indulged. Questioning herself, she was at first unable to decide whether she hoped that Mrs. Fangle was wrong in the idea that Richard loved her. It would be best so, she said, after some sad self-communing, and yet it pained her to think it might be so. Then she was angry and indignant with herself that she should feel pained to know this. Why should she wish him to be unhappy? Why should she not be grateful to learn that her heart had whispered false hopes to her—as false as, supposing they were true, they were now impossible of realization. She was not aware that her eyes were filled with tears, and that, had any person seen her face, he would have seen her misery there. She was fighting a hard battle with herself, and was fighting it bravely; but a deep wound had been inflicted upon her, and she could not help feeling the anguish of it. She placed the two men side by side: they were equally good, equally noble and generous; but she loved the one, and did not love the other. She shuddered at this treason; and reproaching herself for her wickedness, resolved to think of Richard no more. And at this moment, her name, uttered softly by the man she loved, almost stopped the beating of her heart. She made no movement, and again Richard spoke her name.

"Laura?"

The tenderness expressed in his voice brought such mingled joy and sorrow to her that for a moment her strength deserted her. Only for a moment; the next, a sudden flame came into her face, a sudden strength came into her soul.

"Laura, I have a word to say to you."

She turned her tear-stained face toward him, and said, almost fiercely.

"Do not speak it!" And then, imploringly, "Have mercy on me, and do not speak it!"

"Mercy!" exclaimed Richard, bewildered by the anguish of her appeal.

"Yes—mercy," she replied, pressing her hand to her heart. "There is a lesson in life I am trying to learn."

"What lesson?" he asked in a gentle tone.

Another actor appeared upon the scene—hearing and seeing all, unheeded and unseen by Laura and Richard. The door at the farthermost end of the recess, which led to the private rooms in the house, was noiselessly opened, and Frederick Chappell entered through it. He was generally a late comer at his mother's parties, and generally made his appearance by this entrance, so that he might mix with the guests without causing it to be observed that he had just arrived. Hearing voices, and recognizing them, he paused and listened. It was quite dark where he stood, and he could not be seen.

"What lesson?" repeated Richard.

"Duty!" replied Laura, bravely. "It makes life sweet. Before inclination, selfish passion, heart-yearnings often, stands Duty, the pale teacher whose smile of approbation is a lasting recompense for present sufferings, hard though it may be to bear!"

Richard came close to Laura's side, and took her hand.

"Laura, may not love and duty go to together?"

"I must not—I dare not listen! Sir—Mr. Barton—I entreat you—"

She tore her hand from his grasp, and glided swiftly from the recess.

Richard gazed in bewilderment upon the curtains as they closed behind her. He could not follow her; his own agitation was too great. His first thought was that she did not love him; he flung it from him as he would have flung from him a treacherous friend. His second was more consoling.

"She dare not listen to me!" he said, in his excitement giving utterance to his thoughts. "Is it because there is a stain upon his name? Is there not, also, a stain upon mine? She thinks I am not acquainted with the story; but if she knew—if she knew the tie that binds us! Was not my father a criminal by the law's judgment? Ah, Laura, we are equal there, at all events. I will see her again, and confess what I should have confessed earlier—but not to-night, not to-night."

Then he resolved that in the morning he would go to her father's house and tell her his secret. He was in no mood for empty conversation, and he would have left the party at once; but that, in accordance with his promise to Mr. Armstrong, he desired to do so in the American's company. Seeing Mr. Fangle, he seized the inventor's arm, and said, excitedly:—

"Mr. Fangle, let us go and get some Champagne."

"With pleasure, my dear sir, with pleasure," replied the delighted Fangle. To oblige so a rich a man, Mr. Fangle would have pledged him in salts and senna, or anything as disagreeable.

"Come along, come along," said Richard, hooking his arm in Mr. Fangle's, and hurrying him on.

"He seems in a generous humor," thought Mr. Fangle; "I'll venture to tap him."

"Your health, Mr. Fangle."

"Yours, sir, yours." And Mr. Fangle drained his glass, set it down, and pulled a long face, and sighed. Mr. Armstrong would have understood instantly what was in the wind.

"Another!" cried Richard, clapping Mr. Fangle on the shoulder. "At such a time as this, away with melancholy. Drown dull care."

Mr. Fangle sighed again.

"What is your trouble?" asked Richard.

"Money, sir, money," said Mr. Fangle, plaintively. "Ah, sir, happily for you, you are spared such cares."

"Come, come; can I do any thing?"

"If I might take the liberty, sir—I came out without my purse. Would you mind lending me half a sovereign?"

"Of course I wouldn't mind. Glad to oblige," said Richard, slipping a sovereign into Mr. Fangle's ready hand.

"Model of a capitalist!" thought Mr. Fangle, feeling the thickness of the coin with satisfaction. "Why did I not ask him for more?"

"And the invention, Mr. Fangle—"

"Getting along splendidly, sir. Only that little screw to set right."

"And when it is set right—"

"Then, sir, then, I shall astonish the world!"

Frederick Chappell, in the mean time, was still in the recess. He was too much occupied by Richard's unguarded words, and by the appearance of Laura among his mother's guests, to quit immediately. He was surprised to see Laura there. Since she left the theatre he had attempted in vain to discover where she lived, and his passion for her had somewhat cooled. But now that she was in his mother's house, his passion revived again, and he longed to obtain private speech with her. Her presence was a proof that he had not too deeply offended her, and that the road was open for cordial relations between them. He had no doubt now that, were Richard and Mr. Armstrong out of the way, she would listen to him. Toward these two men he entertained a deep hatred. Compelled by his father's warnings to keep on ostensibly good terms with them, he had hitherto had no opportunity of repaying their slighting behavior toward him. Now he saw a way to revenge himself at least upon Richard. He recalled the words he had overheard. "Is there not a stain also upon my name? Was not my father a criminal by the law's judgment?"

These words were in themselves sufficient to disgrace and confound Richard, and to cause his dismissal from society; but how to carry them to their legitimate conclusion? "Was not my father a criminal by the law's judgment?" Frederick Chappell knew that Richard's father had died in the colonies, and he made a shrewd guess that, as Richard came from a penal settlement, his father was a convict. He had heard and read of cases of men being transported, and making large fortunes in the land to which they had been exiled. This, doubtless, was one of such cases. I'll find a means this very night," thought Frederick, "to expose him. If I could manage, at the same time, to break the friendship between him and Mr. Armstrong—"

Straight upon his thought, the American gentleman himself drew the curtains aside, and looked earnestly within.

"Whom does he expect to see?" was Frederick's thought, and went direct to the truth. "Laura!" He sauntered indolently toward Mr. Armstrong.

"Were you looking for Miss Rigby?" he asked. "She was here a moment since, as I entered by the door at the farther end. It was fortunate for her that I entered when I did."

"Fortunate for her!" repeated Mr. Armstrong, with a suspicious glance at Frederick.

"Those were my words," drawled Frederick. "For it gave her the opportunity of making her escape. She was much agitated."

"By what? Have you dared—"

"Gently, Mr. Armstrong—gently, if you please. I have not had the opportunity of exchanging a word with Miss Rigby. You may convince yourself of the truth of this by asking her the simple question. I did not know until this moment that she was among the guests."

"He speaks the truth," said Mr. Armstrong under his breath.

"When I entered, Mr. Barton was with her, and was passing a gross insult upon her. You may well look surprised. I am quite aware that you have a poor opinion of my veracity—for which, although it is a matter of perfect indifference to me, I take the opportunity of making you my acknowledgments—but you may believe what I say in this instance. Mr. Barton seized her hand in the most insulting manner, and she was compelled to release herself by force. It was, as I said, fortunate that I came in at that moment, but as it was I was too late to interfere."

"Surely you jest!"

"I am not in the habit," said Frederick, coldly, and not without dignity, "of jesting in this fashion. There is Miss Rigby."

Loath as Mr. Armstrong was to believe anything against his friend, the marks of agitation on Laura's face were in his eyes a confirmation of Frederick's statement. He went hastily to her, and it really appeared to him as though she needed and was glad of his protection. Other guests were strolling in their direction—Mr. and Mrs. Chappell, Lord Beaumorris, Mr. Saint Fitzfaddle, and Richard, who eagerly advanced toward Laura. Mr. Armstrong, however, stepped before him, and with a cold look drew Laura away. Before Richard had time to ask for an explanation, his attention was diverted by Frederick Chappell, who said, almost in a whisper,

"Let me have a word with you. It will be as well that the others shall not hear."

"What is it you have to say to me?" asked Richard.

"What it is necessary you should listen to. You insulted Miss Rigby just now—"

"You lie!" said Richard, restraining his passion with difficulty.

Frederick shrugged his shoulders; he was willing to wait his revenge. "I have a certain right to speak, for you know that I love her—loved her before you came—"

"You do not suppose," said Richard, in a tone of contempt, "that I am cognizant of your behavior toward her. It is worthy of you."

"You cannot induce me to notice your insults. We are not equals."

"We are not, indeed."

"You are far beneath me," said Frederick, still perfectly cool, "and beneath all here. Listen to me. I know your secret; I have you in my power, and can expose you—and will, unless you give me your word of honor—no your word will do, without the honor—never to address Miss Rigby again."

"Were we alone," said Richard scornfully. "I would not answer you with my tongue. I am ignorant of what you mean when you say you have me in your power; but pursue this subject by but another word, and I will disgrace you in the presence of your father's guests."

"That is your answer? Be warned." Richard, with a disdainful look, turned his back upon Frederick. "Then take the consequences."

CHAPTER XI.

SOCIETY PASSES JUDGMENT UPON RICHARD BARTON.

With the exception of Mr. Fangle, all the principal persons who play their parts in this story, and who were by this time agitated by so many conflicting emotions, were now assembled in one part of the reception-room. Mr. Fangle himself, with a paper in his hand, bustled toward them, and completed the list of *dramatis personæ*. He had obtained a copy of the last edition of *The Moon*, and was glancing through it as he approached the group.

"You seem interested in that paper, Mr. Fangle," observed Mrs. Chappell, with condescension. It was but seldom she noticed so small a personage as Mr. Fangle. "What paper is it?"

"*The Moon*, madam, *The Moon*—most extraordinary little paper! Comes out every hour with a phiz-z. Ought to be called the *Little Splutterer*."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Saint Fitzfaddle, with his usual contribution to the conversation. "Very good!"

"Is there anything particular in it?"

"Mr. Armstrong took the paper from Mr. Fangle, and running his eye over the columns, said,

"This appears to be the most important paragraph: 'At the last moment of going to press, we are informed, upon the best authority, that there is not the slightest foundation for the rumor concerning the foundering of the ship, the *Golden Mariner*.'"

He handed the paper to Mr. Chappell, who read the paragraph with a feeling of intense relief and satisfaction.

"Is there any reason, Mr. Armstrong," inquired Mrs. Chappell, "for special anxiety concerning this ship?"

"Some reason, my dear madam. It has been a long time out, and nothing has been heard of it. Its cargo is very valuable, and it is heavily insured."

"I have heard," said Mrs. Chappell, "that these small papers occasionally print the wildest things. To make them sell I suppose."

"They certainly like to spice their dishes. They are the people's papers, you must bear in mind."

"I can't understand what the people want with such things. They ought to be abolished. Do you not agree with me Lord Beaumorris?"

"They do no harm, madam," said the old lord; "they do—no harm. So long as society—keeps itself within bonds—every body in his proper place—such papers as *The Moon* do no harm. The people—the people require—to be amused."

Frederick Chappell saw his opportunity.

"Every body in his proper place, my lord. And if when a person gets into the wrong carriage?"

"Turn him out—turn him out. He has no business there. If I got into a third-class carriage—I should deserve to be—turned out."

"The journalists of such papers as *The Moon*," said Frederick, "are continually hunting after the sensational, and, as Mr. Armstrong says, they like to spice their dishes. I know of a dish, however, which requires no spice to make it palatable when it gets into the papers."

"Indeed, Frederick," said Mrs. Chappell, "what is the story?"

"You will admit that it is an interesting one," replied Frederick, who, by his pointed manner, had attracted the full attention of the circle. "It is the story of a person—a young man—who came to London from a colony which was once a penal settlement. Having money—how gained is not known—he managed to intrude himself into fashionable society. By his plausible manners he made himself a favorite, and was much courted for a time, until—and here comes the point of the story—until it was suddenly discovered that he was the son of a convict—"

"The son of a convict!" exclaimed Mrs. Chappell. "How shocking!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Saint Fitzfaddle. "Very bad!"

"He had concealed this fact," continued Frederick, "from his new friends, dreading the consequences, perhaps. Possibly he thought, because he had a well-filled purse, that, even if discovered, society would overlook his degraded position. At length exposure came, and then—but I am not privileged to disclose more at present. I am waiting with curiosity to learn the end of the story, which has just reached the stage at which I break off.

"You know this person, Frederick?" asked Mrs. Chappell.

"Oh yes; and so do most of those present."

"In parliamentary fashion, then, we call name, name!"

"Wait. I am curious to hear your opinions. How will the story end?"

"There can be but one result of the exposure," said Mrs. Chappell. "Such a person must be at once expelled from the society of ladies and gentlemen. Eh, Mr. Chappell?"

"Undoubtedly," asserted the banker; "no lady or gentleman can associate with the son of a convict."

Laura placed her hand on her father's arm. The old man at these words looked nervously around, and then cast his eye to the ground as in the days gone by.

Mrs. Chappell spoke again. "What is your opinion Mr. Armstrong?"

"I reserve it," replied the American; "there are two sides to every question. I like to hear both before passing judgment."

"There is but one side," said Lord Beaumorris, with an air of great dignity, "to such a question as this. Mr. Frederick Chappell—in my opinion—bound to disclose name—of this person."

"The story will soon become common enough, my lord."

"We have at least one gentleman among us," said Mrs. Chappell, with a flattering smile at Richard, who had listened with silence to the conversation, and who was standing in such a position that his face was partially hidden from the company, "who will not imitate Mr. Armstrong's reserve. Mr. Barton is from the colonies. His opinion will be valuable."

At this direct appeal all eyes were directed toward Richard.

"I shall be surprised," said Frederick Chappell, with distinct and malicious emphasis, "if Mr. Barton's opinion upon the special case is not as curious as it is sure to be valuable."

No one broke the silence that followed until Richard spoke.

"What," he asked, in a sad tone, "if this young man's father was innocent?"

"Nonsense sir—nonsense!" cried Lord Beaumorris. "Did you not hear—what Mr. Chappell has told us? This person's father—was a convict—a convict sir,—and a verdict of guilty must have been passed upon him. No man is innocent—no man—after he is found guilty!"

Richard raised his head proudly, and looking steadily at Lord Beaumorris, said,

"*My* father was, my lord!"

"Your father!" stammered Lord Beaumorris.

"Yes, my lord, my father. The story you have heard—though told for an unworthy end—is my story. It is *I* who, coming to England under some such circumstances as those narrated—with the exception of the lie that my father was guilty—have been admitted into society. But I did not force myself into it; unasked, it wooed and welcomed me. No man is innocent after he is found guilty! Fitting axiom, my lord, for the law's infallibility, whose unequal justice is sometimes administered by a fallible judge. Condemned to exile for a crime he did not commit—it was embezzlement from Mr. Chappell's bank he was charged with—my father lived and died in a distand land, torn from the dear associations of his youth, dead to friends, to family—a victim to pitiless injustice! He lived there a blameless life, and when upon his death-bed he told me his pitiless story, I swore to right his dear memory—and I will!"

Notwithstanding the manly though sorrowful tone in which this confession was made, the guests, one by one, fell back from the speaker, and stood apart from him.

Laura turned sobbing to her father, and

"Hush, child!" he murmured. "It is of my brother he is speaking."

"Armstrong," said Richard, addressing himself to the American, "when I promised to tell you my story before we parted to-night, I did not think you would hear it thus strangely." Mr. Armstrong made no movement toward him and a sad smile came upon Richard's lips. "Lord Beaumorris—"

"Sir," said the old lord, haughtily, "we are strangers."

"You took my hand an hour ago, my lord. It is an honest hand. My father was innocent."

"Prove him so, sir, and I will take your hand again. Until then, do not presume to address me."

"Mrs. Chappell—sir—"

Mrs. Chappell, with a freezing look, said,

"You must be aware, sir, that you presence here is an intrusion."

"I will not trouble you much longer, madam," replied Richard, bravely restraining his emotions. "Mr. Rigby—"

"I share your humiliation," responded the old man. "Your father was my brother."

"I knew it sir; but I had resolved not to disclose myself until I had established his innocence. Even you, sir, his brother, wronged him in your thoughts. Laura you know all now; we are cousins."

He partly held out his arms to her, and in her love and pity she would have gone to him, but that Mr. Armstrong's restraining hand recalled her to herself.

"Mr. Armstrong," said Richard, his courage now almost giving way, "you promised to help me. Are you like the rest?"

Still the American made no response. He was at war with himself. The manliness of Richard's conduct, and the manifest honesty of his words, no less than the position in which he was placed, appealed strongly to Mr. Armstrong's just and generous nature, and he could not help entertaining a feeling of deep admiration for the young man; but Frederick Chappell's statement regarding the insult which Richard had passed upon Laura's soft voice stole upon his senses, and he started as he heard his own words used against himself.

"Because his father," said Laura, "committed a crime for which he was not accountable, shall men shrink from him and avoid him, as though his presence were contamination?"

"You plead for him, Laura!" exclaimed Mr. Armstrong, with a keen and earnest observance of her. "You!"

"Ah, yes," she replied, taking his hand, "for my sake will you help him—for the love you bear to me!" She pointed to Richard, who, defiant and despairing, was standing alone. He could have borne all but the loss of his friend—the man he loved and honored above all others in the world. That he should desert him in this crisis, brought bitter pain and desolation to Richard's heart. "Shall the sin of the father," continued Laura, "in that way be visited upon the children? If he live a pure life, is he not entitled to the respect of men? If you love me, help me to prove his father's innocence—for my sake!"

She would have knelt to him, but that he prevented her.

Richard looked slowly and scornfully around.

"You all fall from me! Will not *one* stand by me?"

The American flung away his doubts.

"Yes, I will!" he said, stepping to Richard's side.

A gasp of grateful joy escaped from Richard's breast. But that other eyes were upon him, he would have found it impossible to keep back his tears.

Laura bowed her head over Mr. Armstrong's hand, and kissed it, sobbing.

"Bless you, Noble Heart!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

New Advertisements.

THE

MARITIME MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE CO.

A HOME INSTITUTION.

THE object of the Company is to secure to its Members

Insurance at Actual Cost.

Risks confined to isolated and non-hazardous property.

DIRECTORS AND BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

PRESIDENT:
C. N. SKINNER, Esq., Q. C., Judge of Probates, (President of St. John Building Society;

VICE-PRESIDENT:
THOMAS PARKS, Esq., St. John.

DIRECTORS:
JAMES CHRISTIE, Esq., M. D., Vice-President of the St. John Building Society;
Hon. A. MOULTON, Member of the Executive Council, Westmorland;
Hon. EDWARD WILLIS, Member of the Executive Council, St. John, (Director St. John Building Society;)
S. HAYWARD, Esq., (of S. Hayward & Co., Hardware Merchants,) St. John.
G. R. VANIGLEY, Esq., Barrister, St. John;
D. S. HARPER, Esq., (of Harper & Webster,) Shediac.

SECRETARY-TREASURER:
ROWLAND HILL, 72 Prince William street, St. John, N. B.

GENERAL AGENT:
CHARLES C. CARLYLE, Shediac.

may 22 3m

SPENCER'S

VESUVIAN

LINIMENT!!

FOR MAN AND BEAST.

Warranted to be the Best Liniment for outward application ever introduced in the Maritime Provinces.

IT CURES Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Swelled Joints, Lameness, &c., &c. Apply freely and rub with the hand fifteen or twenty minutes at each application.

IT CURES Spavin, Ringbone, Wind Galls, Bruises, Strains, Scratches, Sweeny, Saddle and Harness Galls, &c., &c. Wash wounds with Castile Soap. In all cases apply the Liniment freely.

20, 30 and 40c., and 81 and 82 per bottle.

Spencer's Aniline Dyes.

Rosine, Ponceau, Scarlet, Napoleon Blue, Peacock Green, Bismark Brown, Orange, Purple.

Spencer's I. X. L. Inks.

Violet, Green, Scarlet, in 1, 2, 4 8, 16 and 32 oz. bottles. The best Inks in the market.

SPENCER'S I. X. L. INK POWDERS.

Violet, Green, Scarlet. Each packet makes a pint of superior Ink instantaneously. One packet for 25 cents, three for 50 cents, mailed post-free.

Dyes and Ink Powders will be mailed to Dealers post-free at lowest prices, without charge for postage.

H. L. SPENCER,

Medical Warehouse, 20 Nelson Street, St. John, N. B.

FRESH HOPS.

Received this day:—

SIX CASES FRESH PRESSED HOPS,

Half Pound Packages.

may 29 JOSHUA S. TURNER.

New Advertisements.

LONDON HOUSE.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE,

MARKET SQUARE.

MAY 1st, 1875.

OUR STOCK OF

SPRING GOODS,

COMPRISING A VERY

Full Assortment in every Department,

IS NOW COMPLETE.

WE SHALL BE HAPPY TO SEE OUR FRIENDS, OR EXECUTE THEIR ORDERS, WHICH SHALL BE DONE ON THE BEST TERMS.

DANIEL & BOYD.

May 1

R. & T. FINLAY

invite attention to their large stock of

SADDLES,

BRIDLES,

MARTINGALES, &C.,

which they will sell at

VERY LOW PRICES!!

R. & T. FINLAY,

18 Charlotte Street.

may 22

TOBACCOS.

WHOLESALE.

DOMESTIC, MONTREAL AND VIRGINIA

TOBACCOS,

of every description, always in stock and for sale at the lowest market rates, in Bond or Duty Paid.

JOHN D. ROBERTSON & CO.,

21 WATER STREET,

may 8 ST. JOHN, N. B.

JUST RECEIVED.

40,000 ROLLS

PAPER HANGINGS,

INCLUDING all the different grades—some of the Richest Gilt Patterns in the market.

Also—Cheaper kinds to suit everyone.

The prices are marked to suit the times.

W. G. BROWN,

may 15—1m INDIANTOWN.

LONDON HOUSE--RETAIL

JUST OPENED and ready for inspection, a large and varied assortment of NEW STAPLES in DRESS MATERIAL.

LADIES' FANCY COSTUMES,

LADIES' FANCY OVERSKIRTS,

SHAWLS AND WRAPS,

BLACK AND COLORED SILKS,

TURQUOISE AND SATINS,

UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS,

JET AND SILK BUTTONS,

TRIMMINGS AND FRINGES,

and an assortment of FANCY HABERDASHERY, LISLE GLOVES and GAUNTLETS, in White and Colored;

White Cotton and Balbriggan Hose,

BLACK AND COLORED

KID GLOVES

and a large and varied Stock of General STAPLE GOODS.

BARNES, KERR & CO.,

may 1

MOHR'S SILVER ANODYNE,

FOR TOOTHACHE.

ONLY ONE APPLICATION NEEDED TO STOP THE PAIN.

Instantaneous Relief.

Bottle of Silver Fluid, Metallic Rod, &c., complete for 50 cents.

(Twelve applications in each bottle.)

J. CHALONER,

June 5 SOLE AGENT.

HARDWARE.

C. G. BERRYMAN,

12 Charlotte Street,

has in stock a large assortment suitable for

HOUSEKEEPERS,
HOUSE BUILDERS,
CARRIAGE BUILDERS,
CABINET MAKERS,
BLACKSMITHS, JOINERS,
MASONS, SHIP CARPENTERS,
SHIP BUILDERS,
MILL OWNERS,
BRIDGE BUILDERS,
FARMERS,
STORE KEEPERS, &c. &c.,

which he offers very low for CASH or APPROVED PAPER.

PLEASE REMEMBER THE ADDRESS,

12 CHARLOTTE STREET,

may 15 Nearly opposite Y. M. C. A. Building.

Dry Goods, &c.

WHOLESALE

WAREHOUSE!

CANTERBURY STREET.

THE SUBSCRIBERS

HAVE

ON HAND

ONE OF

THE LARGEST

AND

BEST ASSORTED

STOCKS

OF

DRY GOODS

AND

CLOTHING

TO BE

FOUND IN THE DOMINION,

WHICH THEY

OFFER FOR SALE

AT THE

Very Lowest Rates,

TO

SUIT THE TIMES,

FOR CASH,

OR

PROMPT PAY ONLY.

T. R. JONES & CO.,

CANTERBURY STREET,

may 22 ST. JOHN, N. B.