THE YORK GLEANER,
PUBLISHED
Every Wednesday Afternoon,
Is delivered in any part of the City, or by mail to any address in Canada, at
$1.00 per Year, in Advance.
JAS. H. CROCKET, PROPRIETOR.

The York Gleaner.

JAS. H. CROCKET, PROPRIETOR. FREDERICTON, N. B., APRIL 16, 1884. VOL. IV. NO. 16.

GLEANER JOB PRINT
Book and Job Printing of Every Description
Executed at this office, with neatness and despatch.
ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.
JAS. H. CROCKET, - - PROPRIETOR

ARRIVED AND SEEDS. TO ARRIVE.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS RECEIVED HIS USUAL SUPPLY OF GARDEN, FIELD AND FLOWER SEEDS. FOR SALE BY THE PACKET OR QUANTITY. TO ARRIVE:—400 BUSHELS TIMOTHY SEED; 2,500 LBS. CLOVER SEED; 1,000 LBS. TURNIP SEED. FOR SALE AT LOWEST RATES.

JOHN M. WILEY, Opp. Normal School, Queen Street, Fredericton.

Professional Cards.

J. T. SHARKEY, LL. B.,
Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, &c.
OFFICE:
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON
Opp. Officers' Square.
Fredericton, June 20th, 1883.—1 yr.

J. M. O'BRIEN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Conveyancer, Notary Public, Fire
—AND—
LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.
CLAIMS PROMPTLY COLLECTED.
OFFICE: NEAR CUSTOM HOUSE, WATER STREET.
BATHURST, N. B.
Bathurst, Nov. 21st, 1883.—1 yr.

GREGORY & BLAIR,
Barristers and Attorneys-at Law,
NOTARIES PUBLIC,
FREDERICTON.
GEO. F. GREGORY. ANDREW G. BLAIR
Fredericton, March 28th, 1883.

J. H. BARRY,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
CONVEYANCER; &c.
OFFICE:—FISHER'S BUILDING, (up stairs).
FREDERICTON.
December 12, 1883.

A. L. BELYEA,
Barrister, Etc.
OFFICE:
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
2 Doors Below Queen Hotel.
Fredericton, Nov. 28th 1883.—1 yr.

JOHN BLACK,
BARRISTER
—AND—
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Office on Queen Street, over the W. U. Telegraph Office.
DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.
Loans Negotiated. Accounts Collected.
Fredericton, Dec. 19, 1883.

Business Cards.

QUEEN HOTEL,
Fredericton, N. B.
J. A. Edwards,
PROPRIETOR.
FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO—
A FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Coaches at trains and boats.
Aug. 25, 1882.

JAMES C. FAIREY,
Auctioneer & Commission Agent,
Newcastle, Miramichi.
Prompt Returns made on Goods on Consignment.
Newcastle, Nov. 21st, 1883.—1 yr.

Barker House,
REFITTED AND NEWLY FURNISHED,
Queen Street, Fredericton, N.B
F. B. COLEMAN, Prop.
Fredericton, March 28, 1883.

Michael Donohue,
BLACKSMITH,
HARVEY STATION, York Co.
Wagon Work, Sled Shoeing, Horse Shoeing, Etc. promptly done at moderate rates.
Febru. 1883.

R. SUTHERLAND, Jr.
MANUFACTURER OF
SCHOOL DESKS,
SCHOOL FURNITURE,
CHURCH FURNITURE,
OFFICE FURNITURE.
Merit Books and Cards used in Public Schools, and authorized by the Board of Education, Price $4.00.
All orders by mail will receive prompt attention. General Repairing and Jobbing promptly attended
QUEEN STREET,
Fredericton - - N. B.

Business Cards.

FREDERICTON
MONUMENTAL WORKS,
Queen Street,
JUST ABOVE REFORM CLUB ROOMS.
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he is prepared to execute all sorts of
Plain and Ornamental
MONUMENTS, TABLETS,
Fence Stones and Posts.
First Class Material and Workmanship guaranteed.
JOHN MOORE
Fredericton, Sept. 1.

CHATHAM LIVERY STABLE.
ANGUS ULLOCK,
Duke Street, Chatham,
MIRAMICHI.
First-Class turnouts; stock fresh. Particular attention given to family carriages.
Chatham, Nov. 21st, 1883.—1 yr.

M. A. FINN,
IMPORTER OF
Wines, Liquors
—AND—
CIGARS,
Cor. Prince William and Princess Streets,
Saint John, N. B
April 18, 1883.

D. BREEZE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCER,
Dealer in
Wine and Spirit
Merchant,
No. 1 KING SQUARE,
SAINT JOHN, - - N. B.
Saint John, N. B., Aug. 25, 1882.

Miscellaneous.

"NONPAREIL"
Billiard Hall!
SHARKEY'S BUILDING,
OPP. OFFICERS' BARRACKS, QUEEN ST.,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
T. E. FOSER, - - Proprietor
THIS HALL has been newly fitted up and handsomely furnished, and for room, light, ventilation and neatness, compares most favorably with any Billiard Hall in the Dominion. The Billiard and Pool Tables are pronounced by players to be superior to any now in use in this Province. They are the BRILLIANT NOVELTY, size, 4½ x 9 feet.
The main object in the construction of the Brilliant Novelty, and the one most noticeble, is that it embodies all the more salient or most important features that have rendered popular all the other styles of tables of The J. M. Brunswick & Balke Co.'s make. The Billiant Novelty has all the advantages and good points, including the respective inlays claimed by the "Nonpareil" and "Exposition," "Novelty," "Acme" and "Amaranth" Tables. The "Brilliant" is a happy combination of all those celebrated tables, and has rapidly taken the foremost place in the estimation of all players of Billiard and Pool Tables. The "Novelty" is finished and handsomely inlaid in many different colors, made up from California Laurel, Burl Ash, French Walnut, Birds Eye Maple, Mahogany, Rose Wood, Tulip Wood and Ebony. It is supplied with the finest of Vermont Slate bed, Simonis Cloth, and a first-class outfit of everything necessary.
A call is respectfully solicited from lovers of the game.
Boys under sixteen not allowed in the Hall.
Temperance drinks of all kinds, Cigars, etc.
T. E. FOSTER,
Proprietor.

GRAND
FURNITURE
WAREROOMS.
BEST STOCK.
Cheapest Prices.
—AT—
LEMONT'S
Variety Store.
Fredericton, Jan 30th, 1884.

MANURE FORKS, HOES, &c.
JUST RECEIVED
FROM THE CELEBRATED
A. S. Whiting Manuf'ng Co.
A large quantity of Manure Forks, Four, Five and Six Prong Hoes, Scythes, Scythe Stones, Hay Forks, Steel Garden Rakes, Spading Forks &c., &c.
FOR SALE LOW.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Z. R. EVERETT.
Fredericton, March 26th, 1884.

LITERATURE

(Original.)

HOW MY PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

By Princess Margaret.

CHAPTER I.

I had always longed to be "somebody of importance." I suppose I may now safely consider myself that. But the fulfillment of our most ardent desires does not always bring us happiness.

My life was not exactly unhappy, but it was rather dreary and monotonous. My cousins, who were both older, better-looking, and more fitted to shine in society than myself, patronized or grubbed me, according to circumstances or the mood they were in; still they were never intentionally unkind.

My aunt was generally absorbed in planning—just now to make both ends meet; secondly, how to make good matches for her daughters.

Is it any wonder, then, that the orphan niece of her deceased husband was neglected, or that she should be willing to save her daughters' eyes, hands and complexion at said niece's expense?

"Time enough yet for you, Josie," she would say, "your day will come when your cousins are settled." So I wore their old dresses, and staid in the background, doing any odd bit of work that came to hand, seldom receiving either praise or thanks. I was only Josie, the dependent niece, "a maiden whom there were none to praise, and very few to love."

There was another and most important member of our household—Alan Thornton. It was to him we owed many of our comforts. He was cousin to Bell and Meta, but not to me, as he was Aunt Linly's nephew.

Alan was the editor of a popular magazine, and was quite famous as a writer, both of prose and poetry.

His "den" was a cheerful room, with two large windows, and I was the only person he would let help him to keep it in order. Alan was past thirty, and owing to an early disappointment, his friends regarded him as a confirmed old bachelor. not handsome, but *good* looking. He was, and is, the most straight-forward, honorable, kind-hearted man I have ever come across. He used to have gleams of light hearted almost boyish fun, but these of late years have given place to cynicism.

A constant visitor at Aunt Linly's cottage, was Major Murphy; an Irishman, who several years before had come out to Canada with a marching regiment!

He was now retired on half pay, and spent his time chiefly in reading, and driving; yachting in summer; and making himself ridiculous in winter by means of skates and snow shoes; a goodly portion was also consumed at Mrs. Linly's. It was uncertain whether Bell or Meta were the attraction. Neither of these damsels felt the slightest jealousy on his account, yet they both agreed that should he propose to one of them it would be insanty, and selfishness to the interest of the family to refuse. Need I add that the Major was wealthy and unattractive?

He was a thick set course, blousy looking man, with a high color and carroty hair and whiskers. He had a loud course voice and no amount of mixing in refined society seemed to improve his grammar. However he had money! Money covers more defects than charity.

Alan and I used to speculate as to whether Bell or Meta were the favored one. We agreed that whomever he married he would treat as kindly as he knew how for Major Murphy was amiability itself. Once Alan said to me, "Why don't you try to captivate him yourself Josie?" "I have no means of captivating anyone; said I, taking mental stock of my sallow, scrawny self. Alan sighed and fell to writing, and I followed his example in both respects.

For, I cannot say how it first began, I used to write stories for Mr. Thornton's magazine. Alan was very kind in his corrections and criticisms, and though I regarded him as a superior being, I never felt afraid of him.

I thought him faultless then; but now I like him better on account of his faults.

CHAPTER II.

One morning I was writing in the 'Den" when Alan walked in, and commenced some friendly banter. I answered him in like spirit, and shortly after, in merry mood got up to leave the room. Alan was standing at the door, and as I passed him, he caught and held me in his arms. It was only for a moment. Then the hot blood rushed to his face and he released me. An uncomfortable half second ensued. It was totally unlike Alan to take any liberty. Had it been any one else, I would have been indignant, but somehow, I could not feel angry with Alan.

He was the first to speak, and then it was in a tone of forced liveliness. "I thought you never blushed, Josie, why you are blushing now." I murmured something and slipped off with mingled feelings. I did not want him either to think me offended, or to think too cheaply of me; and I went about my work with a feeling of elation, of which, nevertheless, I was rather ashamed. Alan was very quiet the rest of that day; and I was busy and glad to keep out of his way.

In the evening there were a few in to play whist. Meta and I were not playing. Two tables had been made up without us, and the players were absorbed in their game.

Presently we heard Major Murphy's stentorian tones in the hall. Meta first looked annoyed, then rapidly changing her countenance welcomed the Major with a smile. After a little preliminary conversation, I was despatched to the "Den" for Alan to make up another table.

I went in awkwardly enough, notwithstanding the fact that I was looking my very best. I had on a crimson dress, bought a few months back with the money Alan said I had earned by my contributions to his magazine, and made by myself under Bell's directions. It fitted well, and I had a crimson bow on my dark hair. Alan had once told me that crimson suited me. I might possibly have discovered it myself, or others may have said so; but, at that time, I remembered best what Alan said. This evening, I had the color and animation usually lacking in my face, and my dark eyes were much brighter than their wont.

It was a relief that Alan met me in his usual manner, and he readily returned to the parlor with me. There was no question of cutting for partners. Major Murphy played with Meta; and Alan, with me.

This evening I had plenty to say for myself, and was bright and lively; not the usually shy, stupid girl, playing to fill up, and little better than a dummy. Major Murphy paid me some noisy compliments, and the other guests gave me more attention than I was in the habit of receiving.

When they had all gone, I staid in the parlor, putting cards away, straightening sheets of music, etc. Alan was taking care of the card tables. After settling the room, I said "good night," and turned to go. "Good night," said Alan, holding out his hand. I placed my thin brown one in his, and our eyes met, and what I read in his I scarcely knew, but anyhow I went to my room too happy to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

If I thought that Alan cared for me, sundry uncomplimentary speeches of my cousins, next day, soon convinced me that I was a fool to harbor any such notion.

I was only nineteen and childish for my age, and, of course, he only regarded me as a little girl and a cousin.

So I reasoned with myself: He was fourteen years older than I, and a great deal wiser. Once he had been jilted for a healthier suiter.

Possibly he had never got over that. Probably he would never marry, and at any rate not a girl so plain and dull as I.

So when romantic dreams were apt to get the better of me I stifled feeling, and "nipped them in the bud." There was always plenty to do, and in doing it I worked myself back to the prosaic side of life.

However, I avoided Alan and the editorial sanctum. Once when I went to the door with a message, and, having delivered it, turned away, he said, "I believe, Josie, you are afraid of me."

I laughed, and answered, "of course I am afraid of you; I believe that most contributors are afraid of the editors."

In the meantime Major Murphy began to honor me with his notice. He had discovered that after all I had some come and "go" in me.

CHAPTER IV.

One Saturday morning, two or three weeks later, I was in the family sitting-room, mending the family stockings. Alan came through the hall whistling, and looking for some one to mend his glove. He put his head in, and seeing me, gave it into my hands.

By this time, we were almost on our old terms. Occasionally, though less frequently, I visited the "Den," and I rarely thought of that morning's episode there.

"Why don't you always wear that dress?" said he abruptly.

It was an old pink cotton, much washed and mended. Still it was clean and nice-fitting, and I had pink roses at my neck, and in my belt.

"This old rag," said I contemptuously, "'tis only poverty compels me to wear it."

"You don't look very poverty-stricken," returned he as I pinned a rose in his coat. Then, when I gave him his glove, "Oh, by the way, Josie, there is something I want to ask you some time; why, child, how frightened you look," (I suppose I had turned pale) "I am not going to bring you to book for any of your misdemeanors." "Then I haven't been doing anything?" said I laughing nervously.

"You haven't done anything. Honest?" said he emphatically.

"Haven't done anything, honest!" repeated I. "That's a nice character to give me."

"Never mind, Miss Josie, I'll pay you off some day for all your impudence," and Alan departed, leaving me in the best of spirits.

All the rest of the day I was busy and happy. There were strawberries to pick, and baking to do, after the Sunday's roast left the oven.

I scarcely saw Alan, for he did not return to dinner, and in the evening he was immersed in ink and paper. Once only did he again address me. Hot, tired and untidy, I had thrown myself into one of the hall chairs, resting myself with a book for a few minutes before I dressed for tea.

Presently we heard Major Murphy's Alan came and looked over my shoulder and seeing the title—"Imp or Angel," said, "I wonder which you are, Josie. Sometimes I think you are a mixture of the two."

"Then," retorted I, "I must be a true woman."

CHAPTER V.

As far as weather was concerned, the next day was all that could be desired. The air was full of fragrant balminess, without summer's heat, and the sky, almost an unbroken blue was glorious to behold. Never had I seen so perfect a morning, and when at breakfast, Alan said that he wished it were always summer, most heartily did I echo the wish.

I wore roses to church, and as we came out, Major Murphy said that he would get me to show him where they grew. "My favorite bush," said I is at the very end of the garden."

"But you must show me the way, he answered.

That Major Murphy should spend Sunday afternoon with us had grown to be an understood thing. Two other gentlemen dropped in also.

Aunt Linly and Bell were entertaining them in the parlor, while Meta was in comfortable deshabille lounged in her own room, telling me I had better re-arrange my hair and descend, so that her absence would look less rude, for she was to tired to see any one just yet.

However I did not go down, for crossing the hall, I met Alan, and he beckoned me into the balcony.

It was a small square place over the portico. Some vines growing in pots on brackets, were trained around it, and a few stools and hassocks were to be found there.

For about an hour Alan and I conversed on all sorts of trivialities; I felt that he was trying to approach some more serious subject, and instinctively, I tried to turn off. At length Bell from the portico, heard our voices, and called to me to bring down her scrap-album.

"Come back soon" whispered Alan and I nodded my head. When I went for the album, Meta detained me, to button her dress at the back, and to decide what colored ribbon she should wear, and whether she had better wear ribbons at all; and which way did her hair look best; and questions of that ilk so important to the interested party, as so trying to the one not interested. With difficulty, I answered patiently. Impatience would only cause me to be called disobliging, though my opinion was of no value, when any other person's was to be had.

Then I sped down stairs with the album, staid as short an interval as I decently could, promised Major Murphy to go with him presently for roses, and hastened back to the balcony. "Josie," said Alan abruptly, "I wanted to ask you something." Then he stopped and went on awkwardly.

"I wanted to ask you, if you thought strangely of what I did in the office that morning." Rather an ambiguous way of putting it, but I did not attempt to misunderstand him.

I looked at him, attempted to speak, and then not knowing what to say, kept silence.

There was an awkward pause which at length I broke by saying, "There is one thing Alan——"

The glass door opened and out in the balcony stepped Major Murphy. "Well, what about the roses, Miss Josie?" said he. "I will go now," I answered resignedly. "Please get my hat from the rack."

I could have got it for myself. It would have been no trouble on my way out, but the Major went off down stairs as good-naturedly as possible, and came back with it sooner than I wished.

While he was gone Alan said, "Say you were not angry, Josie," and I answered "not angry, only"—— and then Major Murphy reappeared. "Stay away from church this evening," said Alan hurridly. "Yes," said I in a low tone, and then I went on my unwelcome quest.

We gathered a plentiful supply of roses. I pinned one to Major Murphy's coat, not so daintly, as I had pinned one yesterday; and I put one in my hair, and decorated my garden hat.

Then we paid the strawberry beds a visit, and after their attractions were exhausted, I proposed returning to the house; but that was not Major Murphy's plan. Nothing would suit him, but that we should sit down in the shade of a tree. Several times I proposed going in, but he kept pleading for a few minutes longer, saying it was pleasanter here than within doors. Once he came near getting offended, and asked if I objected to his company. Truth and politeness went through their off-repeated struggle, and, as usual, truth went to the wall, as I answered him to the contrary.

After an hour of this sort of work, I declared that I must go in, and then he suggested that, he and I should stay from church that evening. I strongly negatived the idea, as if I were the most rigid of church-goers, and were not meditating the same thing. Major Murphy always staid to tea Sunday evenings; that always also was an understood thing. When my cousins retired to get ready for evening service, I accompanied them and announced my intention of staying from church. I was made useful, in buttoning gloves, tying ribbons, passing opinions on hats, veils, crimps and the like. I hated to be in the room when either Bell or Meta were making their toilet. It generally fidgitted me beyond endurance. However in this case, it was a sort of refuge; for Major Murphy would think that I too was preparing for church.

As I descended the stairs after my cousins, I saw Major Murphy give a surprised start, but retreat was then impossible as he had his hat in his hand.

"Are you not coming, Miss Josie?" he asked.

With as sweet a smile as I could muster I spoke of fatigue, and re-arranging his button-hole bouquet, scarcely heading surprised looks and sneers, I bade him keep it fresh.

"You're coming out, Josie," said Bell.

But I did not care what she said, for they were soon gone, and Alan and I had the garden to ourselves.

My aunt never gave a thought to its being improper, Alan being such a steady old bachelor, and I so utterly insignificant.

We sat under the same tree where I had been so dull that afternoon, but now it was all so different. Alan and I freely discussed the vexed question. First he asked if I were afraid of him, and I reminded him that I had gone into the "den" for him on that very evening, and said "would I do that if I were afraid?"

In answer to a question, I said that I did not think any less of him for what had happened in the sanctum, only I did not want him to think lightly of me for not doing so; and Alan said, "no, Josie, I *do not* think lightly of you. Some day I will tell you what I do think."

Ah, if he had only done so then!

CHAPTER VI.

One morning the next week, my aunt sent me out on some commission. After executing it, I met Alan driving in a small buggy. He was going a distance of four or five miles, and proposed that I should accompany him. Forgetting my aunt's displeasure, I jumped in, and what a happy morning it was!

"Oh, why isn't it always summer," I exclaimed more than once, not a very original remark.

"And morning also," laughed Alan.

We had no serious conversation. I love to look back to that morning, for I have never since been so happy.

Once or twice when we were nearly home, I exclaimed, "Oh dear, what will Aunt Linly say!" and Alan at length said, "don't call me dear so often, Josie, you will make me blush so that by the time we get home, I shall look like Major Murphy." That was almost the last time he spoke pleasantly to me. I laughed and scarcely heeded Aunt Linly's reproof, it was the last reproof I ever received, for——

That afternoon Major Murphy came to see my aunt, and was closeted with her so long, that Bell, Meta and I were all on the *qui vive*. Alan was out for the afternoon and evening.

Neither of the girls cared particularly about marying Major Murrphy, still they were agreed that whoever married him could, in many ways, be useful to the rest of the family. So we waited and discussed it prosaically, I with less excitement than the others, for I was not considered an interested party. Had I not always had my lack of attractions thrust upon me, I might have seen what Alan and Major Murphy meant. As it was, I never for long at a time imagined either cared for me. I was "umble," but my relations had made me so.

At length we heard the Major taking his departure, and my aunt coming up stairs. Each tried to assume an indifferent expression, as Aunt Linly entered the room. No one would have thought that we had been tip-toeing through the hall, and peering over the bannisters.

"Major Murphy has been here to see me," said Aunt Linly.

"Oh!" said Bell languidly, "has he gone?"

"Yes, but he is coming again this evening. What do you suppose he wanted?" said she, trying to rouse us into something like interest.

"Wanted you to marry him, mater dear," said Meta.

"Not me, but one of the family," she returned.

"And didn't he specify which one?" asked Belle.

"For a while he did not," answered Aunt Linly, smiling, "and I really could not tell whom he meant. He was so ambiguous, took it for granted that I must see whom he wanted, and who had encouraged him. A last I found out that he meant——"

"Whom?" from three voices.

'Josie?"'

Then fellowed a confusion of voices. It was taken for granted that I would accept him. Such an elevation for poor little Josie! For a time I scarcely knew what was going on around me. Then I fled to my room, and tried to think calmly.

Suppose I astonished them by refusing the Major. They would all be angry and think me a fool, and I should go on in my old way, and be nobody of any importance.

Oh, if Alan would only rescue me, or if Major Murphy were like Alan! But Alan did not care for me in that way; it was only ridiculous to think that his light words meant anything.

Then if I married Major Murphy, I could do so much for the relatives who had given me a home, and I would be someone of importance. Spite of all a little feeling of elation would steal over me, that I had been preferred to my cousins.

I rose brushed my hair, and went down to the tea-table.

No one asked what answer I should give for no one counted on a refusal. My Aunt and cousins treated me with more deference than was their won't, and I was not insensible to being thus treated.

About eight o'clock Major Murphy was announced, and I went into the parlor to receive. I have a very confused recollection of our interview. I remember his slipping a little diamond ring on one of my slim brown fingers, and his trying to embrace me, and starting away.

After that Aunt Linly appeared on the scene, and presently I made my escape. That was put down to "shyness."

"I saw a light in the "den" and darted in surprising Alan who was sorting a drawer of papers. Eagerly did I offer my assistance, and soon was helping him with my right hand; my left I put out of sight.

From the parlor we heard Major Murphy's stentorian tones.

"I wonder what puts Major Murphy in such good spirits to-night?" said Alan. I made no answer, only worked more diligently. Then Meta came for me. Major Murphy was leaving. I gave him my hand at parting, and rushed up stairs to bed but not to sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

Preparations for the wedding commenced at once. It was to be only a month's engagement, of which I was rather glad, as it gave me less time for reflection. I seized upon any occupation that would keep me from thinking. Had there been no Alan, I might have been tolerably happy. Major Murphy was by no means all that my fancy painted, still he was very kind-hearted and my respect increased, when I found that he could not bear to see anyone unhappy, and that he could not say "No" to a beggar, even though he expected imposture. One other trait, that goes a long way with women,—he was good to his horses and dogs.

Everybody, (with but one exception) treated me as an important person.

Surely that ought to satisfy one who had never been made of much account.

Major Murphy had bought a handsome house, and was furnishing it in the most elegant manner. His yacht was being overhauled and improved, wherever improvement was possible. A pair of ponies had been bought for me, and a horse for riding, if I cared to learn, not to mention the carriage horses for the new barouche Major Murphy had added. He had also settled a handsome allowance upon me.

My cousins were in no way jealous of me, and I intended to do as much for their benefit as lay in my power.

People were talking of the grand match little Josie Linly was making. Of course they accused her of mercenary motives and they were not far astray.

It is easy enough to do right when you are not hampered on every side by the lack of money, which I believe to be the root of all evil. Those who have plenty of money can never understand the temptations which assail those who are obliged to count every cent before they spend it; and who ever make sufficient allowance for the numerous temptations which en every side surround the poor?

And what of Alan?

While these preparations were going on a coolness had sprung up between him and me. I do not know how or when he first received the news. He never alluded to it before me, and somehow I felt ashamed and awkward in his presence.

CHAPTER VIII.

One morning, about a week before the time fixed for the wedding, I was dusting the sitting-room. Among the books on the side-table was Alan's old copy of Tennyson. As I took it up, a rose fell from between the leaves. It might have been the one I pinned to his coat in that very room, one Saturday morning, a month ago. And then again it might not be that one at all. As I opened the book to replace it, I noticed some scribbling about one of the leaves. I had opened at the poem, "Edward Gray," and I read the words:—

"Love may come and love may go,
And fly like a bird from tree to tree,
But I will love no more, no more
Till Ellen Adair come back to me."

Two words in fine writing were over "come." After a good deal of puzzling I decided that they were "be late." Under "Ellen Adair" two initials were marked. They also were small, but they looked like "J. L." Letters that might stand for "Josephine Linly," or probably some other name. Perhaps they were the initials of the mercenary woman who had jilted Alan. Just now I did not want to think that Alan cared for me.

As I put the book down, Alan came into the room. He was looking fearfully haggard.

"Josie," said he, with a cynical expression, "perhaps you think it strange that, I have never congratulated you on your conquest?"

I murmured something unintelligible.

He went on, this time angrily: "It was because I could not; it was too horrible that a girl not twenty should deliberately sell herself for money. I thought that you at least, Josie, were honest and true; now, you have proved yourself no better than the rest; you are a cold-hearted mercenary coquette, and I despise you!"

His vehemence frightened me, but I plucked up spirit to say:

"You have no right to speak to me that way, Alan."

"I have the right," he answered, "the right of a man who sees the girl he loves, scheming to catch a rich husband, and Josie," here his voice softened, "once I thought you cared for me."

Such a choking sensation came over me, I thought that I should suffocate. The awful thought that happiness had come so near me, and I had put it beyond my reach. I don't know whether he said anything else. Off I staggered to my room. There was a horrid lump in my throat, and a knife seemed cutting into my heart, while through my head went ringing, again and again the words, "Your own fault," "too late," and "it might have been."

The first thing that met my eye was some of the bridal finery. I did not destroy it. No woman not entirely crazy ever does destroy thread lace. I pushed it aside, but to this day I can recall every detail of the pattern.

I was powerless to stop proceedings. It was now too late. However I knelt by the bed and prayed, as I had never prayed before; prayed with all my heart that something, anything would happen to stop this horrible marriage. I could not go down to dinner. Meta came for me, when she found that I did not heed the bell. She agreed I did not look well, when I complained of headache. Presently, she brought me up a cup of tea, and told me that Alan must have gone out just before dinner, for they could not find him. Alan was getting very queer of late.

After I drank the tea, Meta threw a shawl over me and darkened the room and left me. There I lay, too miserable to move. I had cried till I was stupid. Major Murphy called during the afternoon, but I sent down word that I could not see him. Then Bell came up to say that Major Murphy wanted to give the order that afternoon for the wedding-ring. He had guessed at the size of the other one. Bell thought that my engagement ring would be about the size, if I would let him have it; so she took it, tried it on the finger, and pronounced it just the fit. Would I lend it? I assented, wishing that I might never see it again.

About five o'clock I rose and languidly dressed myself. My toilet was just completed when I heard a trampling below stairs. I ran out into the hall, and gathered that some one had been thrown from a horse, at our gate, and they were bringing him in. My first thought was of Alan. I hastened down stairs and heard some one say that "the poor fellow was dead." Then some one tried to keep me back, but I pushed on into the parlor.

There I saw, lying with a fearful gash across his forehead—not Alan— but Henry Murphy, cold and lifeless.

That was how my wicked prayer was answered.

That morning, I had thought my cup of misery was full, but now! I felt myself a murderess! It was a wonder that I did not go mad. I gave one piercing scream and fell. For weeks I knew no more.

CHAPTER IX.

Had I tried to keep up the appearance of its being a love-match, I could not have succeeded better.

While I lay stricken with brain-fever, people could not say, it was only his money I wanted.

If I raved of Alan, or if I declared that I had murdered Major Murphy, no one put any serious construction upon it.

In a couple of months I was convalescent, and reasoning with myself that I was not answerable for Major Murphy's death. It was not for that I had prayed. I had sinned, but I had not committed a crime. I had been wrong all through the affair, and I deeply regretted that I refused to see him on the last day of his life. So by degrees, calmness; though not peace of mind;——came to me, and I was willing to hear all they had to tell me.

The details of the funeral were spared me, but with the contents of the will they could not do likewise.

All Major Murphy's possessions were left unconditionally to Josephine Linly. The will was dated a fortnight before he proposed to me.

It seems that Aunt Linly knew of it all the time. He had told her so, that afternoon, also that if I refused him, he would never marry, and the will would still be unchanged. So he was not sure of acceptance after all? Though he had taken a fancy to the little diamond ring, and bought it before hand. Poor kind-hearted Henry Murphy! He deserved a better fate! "The pity of it," that not himself, but his money was cared for!

Aunt Linly gave me back the diamond ring. I keep it safely put away in cotton-wool.

I missed Alan, but did not ask about him.

Soon I found out that he had left Aunt Linly's during my illness, and gone elsewhere to board. When I grew stronger, one of the lawyers suggested that we should leave the cottage with its dear old garden, and live in the house Major Murphy had bought and furnished. So before winter we were settled there, using the handsome "turnouts" and spending money freely. It was some satisfaction, for me to be able to give my Aunt and cousins a luxurious house.

For a long time I shrank from society. Presently I again took to writing, finding it a congenial occupation and a success.

CHAPTER X.

All this happened seven years ago. Aunt Linly and I are still living in the same house. Occasionally we go abroad or take a trip around our own Dominion. The yacht, also, is not neglected. We generally have a houseful of company, for I cannot bear to see the great rooms empty.

Bell and Meta are both married. I was able to give each a handsome dowry, and a good outfit.

It is a satisfaction, too, to give money, both in public and private charities; partly because I remember Major Murphy's kindness of heart; partly because it is some atonement for the way the money came into my possession.

I have achieved a name as a writer, so also has Alan. We often meet, both at my home and in literary circles. For a while Alan would not come to our house, but for the sake of appearances, he could not long neglect his aunt and cousins, after making his home with them.

Alan has neither forgiven nor forgotten my youthful transgression. He is civil and polite to me, but very cold and distant.

Sometimes I imagine that he still cares for me. However, I do not believe that he will ever condescend to tell me so, both because he has never regained his good opinion of me, and because of my wealth and the source from whence it came.

Once when Aunt Linly had told him of a particularly eligible offer I had refused, he afterwards alluded to it to me, expressing surprise that I had neglected my usual worldly prudence.

Another time, he told me that he could not understand how I could put so much real feeling into my stories, and I did not retaliate.

Where was the use?

I notice that his women are all worldly, and his remarks on women are all satirical and bitter.

I still keep my old pink dress. Sometimes I wonder if fate will not yet join us, and I wish that I were once more the dependent niece, and no lady of importance.

Remedy for Croup.

The following is a remedy which if well known, would save hundreds of young lives that annually fall a prey to midnight horror, croup. It is this: One half pound of lard, one fourth pound of raisins, one fourth pound of fine chewing tobacco Place the tobacco in a basin or tin can, cover with water, and set it on the stove in the morning and let it cook and boil all day, replacing the water when necessary; then squeeze all the juice from the tobacco and throw the tobacco away. Then, the next morning, chop your raisins and put them in the tobacco water, and cook them well until noon; then again squeeze the raisins out of this water and throw away the raisins. Now, to this water add the lard, and let them simmer together until the water is entirely evaporated. Now the croup remedy is ready for use. On putting your child to bed, if you have reason to fear an attack of croup, take a piece of common brown paper, large enough to cover the throat and chest, and spread it over with this paste; put it across the throat and lungs, place over that several thicknesses of flannel cloth, so as to keep the stomach warm, put the child to bed, and you need have no fears of croup that night. I have two children who are very much inclined to croup from the slightest cold, and on three or four different occasions they have been taken suddenly with it when I least expected it. On hearing the first croup, cough, or bark, I would rise quickly, spread a piece of brown paper, lay it across them, then heat flannel as hot as can be borne and lay over the paper, and in five or ten minutes change for another hot cloth. This makes the ointment strike in, and will soon relieve the choking. In case you have to wait for a fire to be lighted, call up some other member of the family to do so; in the meantime, you can heat the flannel around the lamp chimney, which is better than waiting for a few minutes—time often means life or death. As soon as you get the stomach covered give the child a teaspoonful of melted butter. Repeat the dose in five or ten minutes. The ointment is also excellent for cuts, bruises or sores.

A Wealthy and Enterprising Church.

NEW YORK, April 5.—In the New York Methodist conference to-day the committee on church extension reported that in the twenty years existence of the board $500,000 had passed through the treasury, inspiring the erection of 4,500 houses of worship worth to-day $8,000,000, with 1,000,000 sittings. A loan of $510,000 in paid up capital was in the treasury. Legacies on the way and subscriptions made will swell the fund to nearly $1,000,000.