

WINTER ROUND-UPS.
BY JOHN SMITH, M. A.

In the old event days to memory always
Tells her from them we have wandered
separate ways,
How pleasant to hall was the merry close
of the year
In the old event days,
Those days and their joyous are done—
no Yuletide's bliss
Makes ruddy the heart's grown desolate
and sad and drear,
And the ghost of the past through silent
chambers strays;
But one thing still remains after many a
year,
One thing, and the best of all, with us yet
stays,
The love that bound us true, my mother
dear,
In the old event days.

II
My mother dear, across those Christmas
eve
And looks against the wintry air etched
clear,
My soul is borne where my heart's love
wills,
My mother dear;
Northward and homeward borne, until I
hear
Thine soft voice that most my spirit thrill,
The music that is sweet to mine ear—
Homeward and homeward as my heart's
love will
Until the best-loved face grows near and
dear
Mine eyes now—as my soul forever—thine,
My mother dear.
—Fisk Monthly.

PATRICIA
A STORY OF
A WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

CHAPTER XVII.
MAYNARD sat in the garden. The sun was going down in a splendor of purple and gold, singing everything with rosy hues.

The years that had passed had not altered her much; the white forehead still kept its smoothness, the fair cheek its roundness, the light brown hair arranged with less stylish effect than of yore, and beneath it the hazel eyes gleamed out with mirth as of old. A step sounded upon the gravel path, and she rose to meet Lawrence Hazledale.

"At last, Lawrence, you are come home!"

"Yes, and to stay," he said, as they talked and walked into the house.

"I am so glad to have you home again, but I do not think you were very kind to me as you did!"

Lawrence frowned.

"I sincerely fancy it wrong your while to rake up the old grievances on our first meeting. You were displeased with me, therefore took me to task; one word led to another, and so we parted."

"I said you flirted with Fanny DeLaney, and so you did," said Rose, vehemently.

"Oh, you are always suspecting me of flirting. I suppose little Fanny is married by this time?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then you won't be jealous of her any more?"

Rose pouted.

"Lawrence, she began—but Lawrence stopped her.

"Rose, do you call this a welcome home, reproaching me as soon as I set foot across the threshold? Don't be silly; you know I have always loved you, so forget and forgive."

Rose saw she had carried the matter as far as she dared, so with rather a bad grace allowed the subject, for she was not delighted and proud to have her handsome lover again by her side. They set down on the broad window ledge, while Lawrence told her of all he had seen in his travels.

The next time I go abroad you must come with me, Rose. I have come back for my wife. When can she be ready?"

"I do not know," answered Rose, looking away and blushing hotly.

"Fix the day," he pleaded, leaning down to gaze in her face. "Shall we say next week?"

"Good gracious, no! I could not get my things ready in less than two months."

"Two months hence, then. This is May, that will make it July. What day shall we say? Come, dear, have a little play on your doctor's lover, and let us settle the day for an answer. Shall it be the first of the month?"

"No, the thirty-first," answered Rose, demurely.

"Say the twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth instead," he replied.

Lawrence's face was very grave. Rose looked up quickly.

"Why, Lawrence?"

"Have you forgotten what happened at the Old Mill on the thirty-first of July?"

"Oh, Patricia you mean! The twenty-ninth, but I tell you what it is if I had learned to death instead of her, I believe you would have forgotten all about me by this time!"

Having said this small arrow to the mark, Rose turned away.

"You are trying to tease me. It is strange that I repeat that poor girl's memory to me with to wish to be married on the day she died with her cruel death? Do more goodness, Rose; you have said that but for her large heart and noble spirit of forgiveness, we should not now be in a position to marry."

"I can't think why you breathe of it, but she was such a wonder."

"Because I fell in love with Rose Maynard," answered Lawrence.

After this the lady's politeness disappeared as if by magic, and good humor yielded to sternness. The lovers conversed until they were interrupted by Mrs. Maynard's entrance. She was of course delighted to see her intended suitor, and returned to her husband as the wedding day was fixed.

"I think, Rose, we had better go to London for your trousseau. On the 27th of the month, I should like

to be well attired, and you know there is nothing fit for you to wear but what is in the wardrobe," said Mrs. Maynard.

"Yes, indeed, do you remember the things they made for Lucy Mayne when she was married? You know she thought it her duty, as the mother's daughter, to patronize the Barnleigh milliners and dressmakers, and study they rewarded her, answered Rose.

"I remember that she looked a perfect fright in her wedding bonnet."

"You just fancy me in that ridiculous dress and feathers," cried Rose, laughing at the idea.

"But she had not such a face as yours, my dear," said the mother, fondly. "Even in that bonnet you would look well."

Rose blushed prettily at this speech, though she quite coincided with her mother's opinion.

"Mr. Hazledale was much pleased with the style of the management of his estate in his absence. He told him so, to which Hugh replied:

"I am not at all sorry, sir, that you have returned. Our practice is increasing, and Mr. Page wants all my time at the office."

"I am pleased to hear it, though I should not have thought Barnleigh people would need much legal advice," replied Lawrence Hazledale.

"There are many families round about Barnleigh; and even the poor inhabitants are very fond of going to law. Mr. Page is growing old. He naturally expects me, as the junior partner, to do most of the work."

"Well, I suppose, Stanton, when the old fellow dies you will have the business, so it is to your advantage to work your best now."

"I do not know whether I shall succeed Mr. Page. He may intend to sell the practice; but he has been very kind to me, and I like to help him as much as possible. I quite agree with the old sage, 'it is ill waiting for dead man's shoes,' therefore, I never speculate on what may happen after my partner's death. To change the subject, have you heard the small pox is very bad in Westwood?"

"The surgeon, Lawrence, with a steady look. 'Who told you? Are you sure?'"

"Quite sure. There have been ten cases I hear already. There is a strong fear of its coming here, for Westwood is only three miles from Barnleigh, you know."

"I have a great dread of small pox; it is the one disease I am afraid of. Westwood—let me see—is it not bordered by Beach Combe, Stanton?"

"Certainly," answered Hugh, surprised by the other's pallor; "Beach Combe just hides the village from sight."

"Then I rode through there only yesterday."

"I should not think there would be any danger; you may escape the infection. I would not think about it," said Hugh, trying to cheer him.

"But if I am in for it, it can not be helped; I have a bad headache now, and am not feeling well."

"That will pass off, I have no doubt," said Hugh, reassuringly. "But would you like to see Dr. Dixon? If so, I will call in the day Dr. Dixon called in."

"Oh, no, thank you; I am not such a coward as to have a doctor for a headache. It is bad, though, so I will give you good morning, Stanton, and go and lie down a bit. I shall be all right to-morrow; then you can tell me all about that grass land you were talking of."

He moved off in the direction of the house. Hugh gazed after him apprehensively.

"He does not look at all well," he said to himself. "I trust the disease is not already upon him. What will to-morrow bring, I wonder?"

The narrow bridge to Hugh the intelligence that Lawrence was stricken down by that fell and horrible disease, small pox. He went up to the Abbey at once, but found Lawrence was delirious. Later on in the day Dr. Dixon called in.

"How is your patient?" asked Hugh, anxiously.

"Very ill—dangerously so," was the doctor's answer.

"I am very sorry. I was afraid yesterday that he had taken the infection."

"It is the first case I have had in Barnleigh. I had hoped the disease would have stopped at Westwood," said Dr. Dixon.

"It seems that Mr. Hazledale passed Beach Combe two days ago," replied Hugh.

"Oh, indeed, then that accounts for it," mused the doctor; "then, meditatively, 'Is not Mr. Hazledale engaged to Miss Maynard?'"

"Yes."

"I think you had better telegraph to her at once."

"To come down?" asked Hugh. "Let us see how she can arrive, and he laid his hand upon a time table."

"Dr. Dixon looked at him.

"I never thought of her coming down," he said.

"But of course she will come when she is aware how ill he is," quickly exclaimed Hugh.

"Certainly," but you must remember your patient is ill of small pox, and Miss Maynard has a pretty face."

"Surely you don't suppose she will consider her face before her present husband? The wedding day is fixed."

"Is it? I am afraid no wedding day will do for him, poor fellow—he has the worst form of the disease. As to Miss Maynard, if she is what I take her to be, and like most young ladies, she will not come. Even if she does, I do not suppose she will be of much use in a sick room," said Dr. Dixon, grimly.

"Well, that is very likely. But as to her not coming, I only believe her quite honest. At any rate I will telegraph at once, and we shall see," Hugh replied.

"Thank you. I must call in again shortly at the Abbey to see if there is any change."

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Maynard and Rose went to London for their trousseau. On the 27th of the month, I should like

to be well attired, and you know there is nothing fit for you to wear but what is in the wardrobe," said Mrs. Maynard.

"Yes, indeed, do you remember the things they made for Lucy Mayne when she was married? You know she thought it her duty, as the mother's daughter, to patronize the Barnleigh milliners and dressmakers, and study they rewarded her, answered Rose.

"I remember that she looked a perfect fright in her wedding bonnet."

"You just fancy me in that ridiculous dress and feathers," cried Rose, laughing at the idea.

"But she had not such a face as yours, my dear," said the mother, fondly. "Even in that bonnet you would look well."

Rose blushed prettily at this speech, though she quite coincided with her mother's opinion.

"Mr. Hazledale was much pleased with the style of the management of his estate in his absence. He told him so, to which Hugh replied:

"I am not at all sorry, sir, that you have returned. Our practice is increasing, and Mr. Page wants all my time at the office."

"I am pleased to hear it, though I should not have thought Barnleigh people would need much legal advice," replied Lawrence Hazledale.

"There are many families round about Barnleigh; and even the poor inhabitants are very fond of going to law. Mr. Page is growing old. He naturally expects me, as the junior partner, to do most of the work."

"Well, I suppose, Stanton, when the old fellow dies you will have the business, so it is to your advantage to work your best now."

"I do not know whether I shall succeed Mr. Page. He may intend to sell the practice; but he has been very kind to me, and I like to help him as much as possible. I quite agree with the old sage, 'it is ill waiting for dead man's shoes,' therefore, I never speculate on what may happen after my partner's death. To change the subject, have you heard the small pox is very bad in Westwood?"

"The surgeon, Lawrence, with a steady look. 'Who told you? Are you sure?'"

"Quite sure. There have been ten cases I hear already. There is a strong fear of its coming here, for Westwood is only three miles from Barnleigh, you know."

"I have a great dread of small pox; it is the one disease I am afraid of. Westwood—let me see—is it not bordered by Beach Combe, Stanton?"

"Certainly," answered Hugh, surprised by the other's pallor; "Beach Combe just hides the village from sight."

"Then I rode through there only yesterday."

"I should not think there would be any danger; you may escape the infection. I would not think about it," said Hugh, trying to cheer him.

"But if I am in for it, it can not be helped; I have a bad headache now, and am not feeling well."

"That will pass off, I have no doubt," said Hugh, reassuringly. "But would you like to see Dr. Dixon? If so, I will call in the day Dr. Dixon called in."

"Oh, no, thank you; I am not such a coward as to have a doctor for a headache. It is bad, though, so I will give you good morning, Stanton, and go and lie down a bit. I shall be all right to-morrow; then you can tell me all about that grass land you were talking of."

He moved off in the direction of the house. Hugh gazed after him apprehensively.

"He does not look at all well," he said to himself. "I trust the disease is not already upon him. What will to-morrow bring, I wonder?"

The narrow bridge to Hugh the intelligence that Lawrence was stricken down by that fell and horrible disease, small pox. He went up to the Abbey at once, but found Lawrence was delirious. Later on in the day Dr. Dixon called in.

"How is your patient?" asked Hugh, anxiously.

"Very ill—dangerously so," was the doctor's answer.

"I am very sorry. I was afraid yesterday that he had taken the infection."

"It is the first case I have had in Barnleigh. I had hoped the disease would have stopped at Westwood," said Dr. Dixon.

"It seems that Mr. Hazledale passed Beach Combe two days ago," replied Hugh.

"Oh, indeed, then that accounts for it," mused the doctor; "then, meditatively, 'Is not Mr. Hazledale engaged to Miss Maynard?'"

"Yes."

"I think you had better telegraph to her at once."

"To come down?" asked Hugh. "Let us see how she can arrive, and he laid his hand upon a time table."

"Dr. Dixon looked at him.

"I never thought of her coming down," he said.

"But of course she will come when she is aware how ill he is," quickly exclaimed Hugh.

"Certainly," but you must remember your patient is ill of small pox, and Miss Maynard has a pretty face."

"Surely you don't suppose she will consider her face before her present husband? The wedding day is fixed."

"Is it? I am afraid no wedding day will do for him, poor fellow—he has the worst form of the disease. As to Miss Maynard, if she is what I take her to be, and like most young ladies, she will not come. Even if she does, I do not suppose she will be of much use in a sick room," said Dr. Dixon, grimly.

"Well, that is very likely. But as to her not coming, I only believe her quite honest. At any rate I will telegraph at once, and we shall see," Hugh replied.

"Thank you. I must call in again shortly at the Abbey to see if there is any change."

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Maynard and Rose went to London for their trousseau. On the 27th of the month, I should like

to be well attired, and you know there is nothing fit for you to wear but what is in the wardrobe," said Mrs. Maynard.

"Yes, indeed, do you remember the things they made for Lucy Mayne when she was married? You know she thought it her duty, as the mother's daughter, to patronize the Barnleigh milliners and dressmakers, and study they rewarded her, answered Rose.

"I remember that she looked a perfect fright in her wedding bonnet."

"You just fancy me in that ridiculous dress and feathers," cried Rose, laughing at the idea.

"But she had not such a face as yours, my dear," said the mother, fondly. "Even in that bonnet you would look well."

Rose blushed prettily at this speech, though she quite coincided with her mother's opinion.

"Mr. Hazledale was much pleased with the style of the management of his estate in his absence. He told him so, to which Hugh replied:

"I am not at all sorry, sir, that you have returned. Our practice is increasing, and Mr. Page wants all my time at the office."

"I am pleased to hear it, though I should not have thought Barnleigh people would need much legal advice," replied Lawrence Hazledale.

"There are many families round about Barnleigh; and even the poor inhabitants are very fond of going to law. Mr. Page is growing old. He naturally expects me, as the junior partner, to do most of the work."

"Well, I suppose, Stanton, when the old fellow dies you will have the business, so it is to your advantage to work your best now."

"I do not know whether I shall succeed Mr. Page. He may intend to sell the practice; but he has been very kind to me, and I like to help him as much as possible. I quite agree with the old sage, 'it is ill waiting for dead man's shoes,' therefore, I never speculate on what may happen after my partner's death. To change the subject, have you heard the small pox is very bad in Westwood?"

"The surgeon, Lawrence, with a steady look. 'Who told you? Are you sure?'"

"Quite sure. There have been ten cases I hear already. There is a strong fear of its coming here, for Westwood is only three miles from Barnleigh, you know."

"I have a great dread of small pox; it is the one disease I am afraid of. Westwood—let me see—is it not bordered by Beach Combe, Stanton?"

"Certainly," answered Hugh, surprised by the other's pallor; "Beach Combe just hides the village from sight."

"Then I rode through there only yesterday."

"I should not think there would be any danger; you may escape the infection. I would not think about it," said Hugh, trying to cheer him.

"But if I am in for it, it can not be helped; I have a bad headache now, and am not feeling well."

"That will pass off, I have no doubt," said Hugh, reassuringly. "But would you like to see Dr. Dixon? If so, I will call in the day Dr. Dixon called in."

"Oh, no, thank you; I am not such a coward as to have a doctor for a headache. It is bad, though, so I will give you good morning, Stanton, and go and lie down a bit. I shall be all right to-morrow; then you can tell me all about that grass land you were talking of."

He moved off in the direction of the house. Hugh gazed after him apprehensively.

"He does not look at all well," he said to himself. "I trust the disease is not already upon him. What will to-morrow bring, I wonder?"

The narrow bridge to Hugh the intelligence that Lawrence was stricken down by that fell and horrible disease, small pox. He went up to the Abbey at once, but found Lawrence was delirious. Later on in the day Dr. Dixon called in.

"How is your patient?" asked Hugh, anxiously.

"Very ill—dangerously so," was the doctor's answer.

"I am very sorry. I was afraid yesterday that he had taken the infection."

"It is the first case I have had in Barnleigh. I had hoped the disease would have stopped at Westwood," said Dr. Dixon.

"It seems that Mr. Hazledale passed Beach Combe two days ago," replied Hugh.

"Oh, indeed, then that accounts for it," mused the doctor; "then, meditatively, 'Is not Mr. Hazledale engaged to Miss Maynard?'"

"Yes."

"I think you had better telegraph to her at once."

"To come down?" asked Hugh. "Let us see how she can arrive, and he laid his hand upon a time table."

"Dr. Dixon looked at him.

"I never thought of her coming down," he said.

"But of course she will come when she is aware how ill he is," quickly exclaimed Hugh.

"Certainly," but you must remember your patient is ill of small pox, and Miss Maynard has a pretty face."

"Surely you don't suppose she will consider her face before her present husband? The wedding day is fixed."

"Is it? I am afraid no wedding day will do for him, poor fellow—he has the worst form of the disease. As to Miss Maynard, if she is what I take her to be, and like most young ladies, she will not come. Even if she does, I do not suppose she will be of much use in a sick room," said Dr. Dixon, grimly.

"Well, that is very likely. But as to her not coming, I only believe her quite honest. At any rate I will telegraph at once, and we shall see," Hugh replied.

"Thank you. I must call in again shortly at the Abbey to see if there is any change."

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Maynard and Rose went to London for their trousseau. On the 27th of the month, I should like

to be well attired, and you know there is nothing fit for you to wear but what is in the wardrobe," said Mrs. Maynard.

"Yes, indeed, do you remember the things they made for Lucy Mayne when she was married? You know she thought it her duty, as the mother's daughter, to patronize the Barnleigh milliners and dressmakers, and study they rewarded her, answered Rose.

"I remember that she looked a perfect fright in her wedding bonnet."

"You just fancy me in that ridiculous dress and feathers," cried Rose, laughing at the idea.

"But she had not such a face as yours, my dear," said the mother, fondly. "Even in that bonnet you would look well."

Rose blushed prettily at this speech, though she quite coincided with her mother's opinion.

"Mr. Hazledale was much pleased with the style of the management of his estate in his absence. He told him so, to which Hugh replied:

"I am not at all sorry, sir, that you have returned. Our practice is increasing, and Mr. Page wants all my time at the office."

"I am pleased to hear it, though I should not have thought Barnleigh people would need much legal advice," replied Lawrence Hazledale.

"There are many families round about Barnleigh; and even the poor inhabitants are very fond of going to law. Mr. Page is growing old. He naturally expects me, as the junior partner, to do most of the work."

"Well, I suppose, Stanton, when the old fellow dies you will have the business, so it is to your advantage to work your best now."

"I do not know whether I shall succeed Mr. Page. He may intend to sell the practice; but he has been very kind to me, and I like to help him as much as possible. I quite agree with the old sage, 'it is ill waiting for dead man's shoes,' therefore, I never speculate on what may happen after my partner's death. To change the subject, have you heard the small pox is very bad in Westwood?"

"The surgeon, Lawrence, with a steady look. 'Who told you? Are you sure?'"

"Quite sure. There have been ten cases I hear already. There is a strong fear of its coming here, for Westwood is only three miles from Barnleigh, you know."

"I have a great dread of small pox; it is the one disease I am afraid of. Westwood—let me see—is it not bordered by Beach Combe, Stanton?"

"Certainly," answered Hugh, surprised by the other's pallor; "Beach Combe just hides the village from sight."

"Then I rode through there only yesterday."

"I should not think there would be any danger; you may escape the infection. I would not think about it," said Hugh, trying to cheer him.

"But if I am in for it, it can not be helped; I have a bad headache now, and am not feeling well."

"That will pass off, I have no doubt," said Hugh, reassuringly. "But would you like to see Dr. Dixon? If so, I will call in the day Dr. Dixon called in."

"Oh, no, thank you; I am not such a coward as to have a doctor for a headache. It is bad, though, so I will give you good morning, Stanton, and go and lie down a bit. I shall be all right to-morrow; then you can tell me all about that grass land you were talking of."

He moved off in the direction of the house. Hugh gazed after him apprehensively.

"He does not look at all well," he said to himself. "I trust the disease is not already upon him. What will to-morrow bring, I wonder?"

The narrow bridge to Hugh the intelligence that Lawrence was stricken down by that fell and horrible disease, small pox. He went up to the Abbey at once, but found Lawrence was delirious. Later on in the day Dr. Dixon called in.

"How is your patient?" asked Hugh, anxiously.

"Very ill—dangerously so," was the doctor's answer.

"I am very sorry. I was afraid yesterday that he had taken the infection."

"It is the first case I have had in Barnleigh. I had hoped the disease would have stopped at Westwood," said Dr. Dixon.

"It seems that Mr. Hazledale passed Beach Combe two days ago," replied Hugh.

"Oh, indeed, then that accounts for it," mused the doctor; "then, meditatively, 'Is not Mr. Hazledale engaged to Miss Maynard?'"

"Yes."

"I think you had better telegraph to her at once."

"To come down?" asked Hugh. "Let us see how she can arrive, and he laid his hand upon a time table."

"Dr. Dixon looked at him.

"I never thought of her coming down," he said.

"But of course she will come when she is aware how ill he is," quickly exclaimed Hugh.

"Certainly," but you must remember your patient is ill of small pox, and Miss Maynard has a pretty face."

"Surely you don't suppose she will consider her face before her present husband? The wedding day is fixed."

"Is it? I am afraid no wedding day will do for him, poor fellow—he has the worst form of the disease. As to Miss Maynard, if she is what I take her to be, and like most young ladies, she will not come. Even if she does, I do not suppose she will be of much use in a sick room," said Dr. Dixon, grimly.

"Well, that is very likely. But as to her not coming, I only believe her quite honest. At any rate I will telegraph at once, and we shall see," Hugh replied.

"Thank you. I must call in again shortly at the Abbey to see if there is any change."

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Maynard and Rose went to London for their trousseau. On the 27th of the month, I should like

to be well attired, and you know there is nothing fit for you to wear but what is in the wardrobe," said Mrs. Maynard.

"Yes, indeed, do you remember the things they made for Lucy Mayne when she was married? You know she thought it her duty, as the mother's daughter, to patronize the Barnleigh milliners and dressmakers, and study they rewarded her, answered Rose.

"I remember that she looked a perfect fright in her wedding bonnet."

"You just fancy me in that ridiculous dress and feathers," cried Rose, laughing at the idea.

"But she had not such a face as yours, my dear," said the mother, fondly. "Even in that bonnet you would look well."

Rose blushed prettily at this speech, though she quite coincided with her mother's opinion.

"Mr. Hazledale was much pleased with the style of the management of his estate in his absence. He told him so, to which Hugh replied:

"I am not at all sorry, sir, that you have returned. Our practice is increasing, and Mr. Page wants all my time at the office."

"I am pleased to hear it, though I should not have thought Barnleigh people would need much legal advice," replied Lawrence Hazledale.

"There are many families round about Barnleigh; and even the poor inhabitants are very fond of going to law. Mr. Page is growing old. He naturally expects me, as the junior partner, to do most of the work."

"Well, I suppose, Stanton, when the old fellow dies you will have the business, so it is to your advantage to work your best now."

"I do not know whether I shall succeed Mr. Page. He may intend to sell the practice; but he has been very kind to me, and I like to help him as much as possible. I quite agree with the old sage, 'it is ill waiting for dead man's shoes,' therefore, I never speculate on what may happen after my partner's death. To change the subject, have you heard the small pox is very bad in Westwood?"

"The surgeon, Lawrence, with a steady look. 'Who told you? Are you sure?'"

"Quite sure. There have been ten cases I hear already. There is a strong fear of its coming here, for Westwood is only three miles from Barnleigh, you know."

"I have a great dread of small pox; it is the one disease I am afraid of. Westwood—let me see—is it not bordered by Beach Combe, Stanton?"

"Certainly," answered Hugh, surprised by the other's pallor; "Beach Combe just hides the village from sight."

"Then I rode through there only yesterday."

"I should not think there would be any danger; you may escape the infection. I would not think about it," said Hugh, trying to cheer him.

"But if I am in for it, it can not be helped; I have a bad headache now, and am not feeling well."

"That will pass off, I have no doubt," said Hugh, reassuringly. "But would you like to see Dr. Dixon? If so, I will call in the day Dr. Dixon called in."

"Oh, no, thank you; I am not such a coward as to have a doctor for a headache. It is bad, though, so I will give you good morning, Stanton, and go and lie down a bit. I shall be all right to-morrow; then you can tell me all about that grass land you were talking of."

He moved off in the direction of the house. Hugh gazed after him apprehensively.

"He does not look at all well," he said to himself. "I trust the disease is not already upon him. What will to-morrow bring, I wonder?"

The narrow bridge to Hugh the intelligence that Lawrence was stricken down by that fell and horrible disease, small pox. He went up to the Abbey at once, but found Lawrence was delirious. Later on in the day Dr. Dixon called in.

"How is your patient?" asked Hugh, anxiously.

"Very ill—dangerously so," was the doctor's answer.

"I am very sorry. I was afraid yesterday that he had taken the infection."

"It is the first case I have had in Barnleigh. I had hoped the disease would have stopped at Westwood," said Dr. Dixon.

"It seems that Mr. Hazledale passed Beach Combe two days ago," replied Hugh.

"Oh, indeed, then that accounts for it," mused the doctor; "then, meditatively, 'Is not Mr. Hazledale engaged to Miss Maynard?'"

"Yes."

"I think you had better telegraph to her at once."

"To come down?" asked Hugh. "Let us see how she can arrive, and he laid his hand upon a time table."

"Dr. Dixon looked at him.

"I never thought of her coming down," he said.

"But of course she will come when she is aware how ill he is," quickly exclaimed Hugh.

"Certainly," but you must remember your patient is ill of small pox, and Miss Maynard has a pretty face."

"Surely you don't suppose she will consider her face before her present husband? The wedding day is fixed."

"Is it? I am afraid no wedding day will do for him, poor fellow—he has the worst form of the disease. As to Miss Maynard, if she is what I take her to be, and like most young ladies, she will not come. Even if she does, I do not suppose she will be of much use in a sick room," said Dr. Dixon, grimly.

"Well, that is very likely. But as to her not coming, I only believe her quite honest. At any rate I will telegraph at once, and we shall see," Hugh replied.

"Thank you. I must call in again shortly at the Abbey to see if there is any change."

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Maynard and Rose went to London for their trousseau. On the 27th of the month, I should like

ROYAL JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.
Cures Rheumatism, Gout, Arteritis, Neuritis, Sciatica, Pains, Swellings, Headaches, Neuralgia, Spasms, Convulsions, Stomachic Disorders, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Typhoid, Typhus, and all the diseases of the system. It is a powerful antiseptic, and is used in all the hospitals of the world. It is a powerful antiseptic, and is used in all the hospitals of the world.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.
BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER
Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the body, gradually weakens the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the system are eliminated. It is a powerful antiseptic, and is used in all the hospitals of the world.

DIAMOND DYES
Brilliant! Durable! Economical!
Diamond Dyes excel all others in Strength, Purity and Fastness. None other are just as good. Because they are made of superior and inferior materials, and are poor, weak, croaky colors. To be sure of success, use only the DIAMOND DYES for coloring Dresses, Stockings, Yarns, Feathers, Ribbons, etc. We warrant them to be fast, and give more brilliant and richer colors. Ask for the DIAMOND DYES and take no other.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
Cure Sick Headache and all the troubles that attend a bilious state of the system, such as indigestion, constipation, etc. While they are in use, the bowels are kept regular, and the liver is purified.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR
With Ayer's Hair Vigor, its cleansing, beneficial effects on the scalp, and its power to induce a new growth, and to restore the original color of the hair, which had turned prematurely grey, or faded by the use of a natural color, is a fact of which every one is a witness.

BEST ON EARTH SURPRISE SOAP
The Great Self-Washer Try It

DR. JAMES H. REDDIN, Barrister-at-Law
Solicitor, Notary Public, &c.
Office, CAMERON BLOCK (Head of Stairway), Charlottetown, P. E. Island

DR. BURDOCK'S BLOOD PURIFIER
A SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, HEADACHES, AND ALL THE DISEASES OF THE SYSTEM. IT IS A POWERFUL ANTISEPTIC, AND IS USED IN ALL THE HOSPITALS OF THE WORLD.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP
Destroys and removes worms of all kinds from the system. It is a powerful antiseptic, and is used in all the hospitals of the world.

NEW SERIES
The Charlottetown Herald Printing
FROM THEIR OFFICE
Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E.
Subscription: One Year, in Advance, \$1.00
ADVERTISING AT MODERATE RATES
Contracts made for Quarterly, Half-yearly, Advertisements, on application.
Remittances may be Draft, P. O. Order, or Letter.
All Correspondence addressed to the HERALD Company, or to JAMES MEISAC, Ch. Editor.

Calendar for March
MOON'S ORBITS
New Moon, 1st day, 6h. 45m.
First Quarter, 8th day, 12h. 45m.
Full Moon, 17th day, 7h. 35m.
Last Quarter, 24th day, 1h. 45m.
New Moon, 31st day, 7h. 35m.

HARRIS & STEWART, LONDON HOUSE
FOR USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
SILK HANDKERCHIEFS (Plain and Hem-stitched), FANCY BORDER HANDKERCHIEFS, WHITE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.
HARRIS & STEWART, London House, for Wool Cloths, Fascinators, Hoods, Jerseys, Cardigan Jackets, Astrakan Mitts and Gloves, Kid Mitts.
HARRIS & STEWART, London House, are showing a fine assortment of Dress Goods, Ulster and Mantle Cloths, Silk Seattles, Wool Seattles, Nap Cloths and Tweeds.
HARRIS & STEWART, London House, for Astrakan Jackets, Muffs, Fur Caps, Sleigh Robes, Men's Fur Coats.
HARRIS & STEWART, London House, for Men's Shirts and Drawers, Reefing Jackets, Top Coats, Suits, Hats and Caps, Knit Wool Gloves.
HARRIS & STEWART, London House, have a nice stock of Fancy Goods for Christmas—Work Boxes, Jewel Cases, Ladies Satchels, Purses, &c., &c.

HARRIS & STEWART, LONDON HOUSE
Street, CH'TOWN, FEBRUARY 27, 1889.
We beg to inform the public that we have REMOVED TO OUR NEW AND COMMODIOUS PREMISES IN THE PUPPIC COME AND EXAMINE OUR LARGE AND VARIED STOCK.
McLEOD & MCKENZIE.
October 3, 1888.
Prince Edward Island Railway.
1888-9. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1888-9.
On and after Monday, December 3rd, 1888, Trains will run as follows:—

TRAINS FOR THE WEST.				TRAINS FROM THE WEST.			
STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.		STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 1.	
Charlottetown	8:15	8:30		Charlottetown	8:15	8:30	
St. John's	9:00	9:15		St. John's	9:00	9:15	
St. Lawrence	9:45	10:00		St. Lawrence	9:45	10:00	
St. George	10:30	10:45		St. George	10:30	10:45	
St. Patrick	11:15	11:30		St. Patrick	11:15	11:30	
St. James	12:00	12:15		St. James	12:00	12:15	
St. Michael	12:45	1:00		St. Michael	12:45	1:00	
St. Anthony	1:30	1:45		St. Anthony	1:30	1:45	
St. Nicholas	2:15	2:30		St. Nicholas	2:15	2:30	
St. Basil	3:00	3:15		St. Basil	3:00	3:15	
St. Constantine	3:45	4:00		St. Constantine	3:45	4:00	
St. Helena	4:30	4:45		St. Helena	4:30	4:45	
St. Agatha	5:15	5:30		St. Agatha	5:15	5:30	
St. Margaret	6:00	6:15		St. Margaret	6:00	6:15	
St. Mary	6:45	7:00		St. Mary	6:45	7:00	
St. Elizabeth	7:30	7:45		St. Elizabeth	7:30	7:45	
St. Ann	8:15	8:30		St. Ann	8:15	8:30	
St. Catherine	9:00	9:15		St. Catherine	9:00	9:15	
St. Barbara	9:45	10:00		St. Barbara	9:45	10:00	
St. Ursula	10:30	10:45		St. Ursula	10:30	10:45	
St. Cecilia	11:15	11:30		St. Cecilia	11:15	11:30	
St. Dorothea	12:00	12					