Mary Did you suppose I would

Mrs. Morgan put down her sewing, and "Well, yes," she replied, thoughtfully.

"I can't say but I did; yes, I'm sorry for with a deepening flush in her cheeks, and a quick flash in her blue eyes.

"Why, auntie?" she said half indignant-Mrs. Morgan considered a moment before she replied; and then her lips trembl- of that?" ed, and her kind eyes filled with tears.

heart's core, yet his old failing was strong within him. His wife saw it, when they went out spending evenings together, and her fresh beauty chanced to call forth some little admiration; but it caused her the content of the conten no trouble, on the contrary she liked to see the great fellow sit glooming on her, with his fierce brows lowered, and an ex"First, Mary, tell me where you've

This self-made woman, being as discret as she was handsome, managed her cards so skillfully, and conducted herself with such marked delicacy, that her jealous lord had never been able to find a "You're a fool for you're pains, sir!"

"Bon't ask me now, Dick, she importuned; "you shall know all soon—only trust me a little."

He dropped her hands, and turned from her with a cold, hard face.

"You're a fool for you're pains, sir!" twelve-month went by and the honey-

Another of Dick's peculiar characteriswas this weakness, or whatever we may term it, that led him to purchase the diamond betrothal ring; and which, on more occasions than one, had left him a light occasions than one, had left him a light one and an uneasy consciousness of the current when many net her hustics was love of dress and display. It occasions than one, had left him a light purse, and an uneasy consciousness of having committed an unpardonable folly. In this respect his wife was just the opposite; although her love of beauty and completeness amounted to a passion, she never suffered it to lead her out of silent—pleaded a headache—went to bed and left the following morning

not content; at every step he was thinking of the pretty hat, with its long, drooping plumes, he had bought for Mary, and how shabby her old silk would look beneath it; and grumbling in his heart because of his poverty. Presently he was passing Stewart's window, and chancing to glance in, a very marvel of lovelines as caught his oye—a silk, blue as the bosom of a May sky, and lustrous as light itself. He fancied Mary wearing it, with her curls down, and her blue eyes all aglow, and his heart fairly stood still. He stepped in, and the o'liging clark had it before him in an instant.

"Just see, sir, it will stand alone; and such a color—only one more in the market like it, and that went off today. Shall I fold it up, sir"

"But the price" faltered Dick; "what of that"

"Only a few squares, and on the corner of a quiet street, there was the veritable burst he to turn this very finger-tips. It was the diamond betrothal ring—the self-same one he had accused his wife of giving to young Lathrop. He stood like one bewildered, hold-ing the gleaming thing in his hand, and at the same instant there came an impatient to some by-street, they eluded him; and at the same instant there came an impatient to some by-street, they eluded him; and at the same instant there came an impatient to fire; and he rushed aftient ring at the door. He tottered out, and should face to face with Lawrence Lattrop.

"I believed you to be a madman yester-day, pick Denison," he began, if I believed you to be something worse to day. I am here, at your wite's request, to make an explanation, sorely emough against my will, sir. I was the diamond betrothal ring—the self-same one he had accused his wife of giving to young Lathrop. He stood face to face with Lawrence Lattrop.

"I believed you to be a madman you to be something worse to day. I am here, at your wite's request, to make an explanation, sorely emough against home will be a madman accused his wife of giving to young lathrop.

"Stop, sp. sir" he exclaimed, in a voice of the number of the numbe DENISON'S MISTAKE.

"Oh, a mere trifle! Only a hundred and fifty, trimmings and all."
Dick's eyes dilated, but he was not the

and the baby—for, of course, so complete
a household was not without its baby—
was just the sweetest, rosiest, dearest
little cherub that ever gladdened a
mother's heart. Dick was content to his
He took her hands, but did not kiss her.

He held her hands, looking straight in-

pression in his face which said as plain as pression in his face which said as plain as been," he said, sternly.

She flushed painfully, and her lips bemy wife, let any man look at her if he gan to quiver. "Don't ask me now, Dick," she im-

portuned; "you shall know all soon—only trust me a little." solitary flaw in her character; and a screamed a poll-parrot, from its cage

"For God's sake, Denison," he began,

Then he went into a restaurant and calling for half a pint of brandy, swallowed it at a single draught; after which he soon forgot all his troubles in a drunken sleep. The morning found him weakand pale, with a terrible misery in his head, but feeling grimly resolute. He would never take back his wife and a would never take back his wife; and as soon as he had settled accounts with Lathrop, he was off to the continent. Accordingly, he wrote an advertisement for the sale of all his property at auction, and having deposited it with the daily paper, he spent the remainder of the day hanging around the bank, in hopes that Lathrop might return. But he did not; and the evening closed in cold and rainy. Guided more closed in cold and rainy. Guided more by the force of habit than anything else, the miserable man sought his own home; but he found it dark and desolate. No pleasant lights, no loving face to welcome him. He entered his wife's room with a heavy step. There stood the baby's crib and Mary's work-basket and her slippers pushed beneath a chair—a thousand little things called up her image before him. For the first he felt the true sense of all he had lost; and throwing himself into a

obbed like a very child. "You're a fool for your pains, sir!"

the City Bank, on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons was Miss Carrie Darwin. She chanced to wear a silk dress, hought

fore-size rejuicid, and then her interesting of cressing rejuicid, and then her interest processes of the control of the contr

Mary bent her lips, and kissed the great, lustrous diamond; and then went on busily with her embroidery. She had need of it in a few months—for just before Christmas she and Dick were married; and went to housekeeping as cozily and happily as a pair of robins in a little city.

For twelve months their happiness was perfect. Dick was a model of all husbands, and Mary a pattern for all wives; and the baby—for, of course, so complete a household was not without its baby—was just the sweetest, rosiest, dearest little cherub that ever gladdened a mother's heart. Dick was content to his

The young man eyed him for all all convenients of the case was tant in cool amazement, which gave way to a flush of passion.

"I'll teach you how to meddle into that which don't concern you if you don't stand out of my way," he replied, hotly, as he passed on to his own room, and took down his sulver-mounted revolver, and after examining it carefully, to assure this discussion of lates as the passed on to his own room, and took own his own room, and took own his own room, and took own his cown room, and took own his own room, and took own his cown room, and took own his own room.

The young man eyed him her all all convenient or a flush of passion.

"I'll teach you how to meddle into that which don't concern you if you don't stand out of my way," he replied, hotly, as he left his desolate home, and bent his step in the direction of Lawrence Lath-rop's lodgings. His face had a strange was the left his desolate home, and bent his steps in the direction of Lawrence Lath-rop's lodgings. His face had a strange wild look, and his eyes wore the baleful he changed his mind, and determined, instead of being frank and honest with his to be one him sail that it was in good shooting trim, the left his desolate home, and bent his steps in the direction of Lawrence Lath-rop's lodgings. His face had a strange was put the variety and perfection of Lawrence Lath-rop's lo all sorts for wheat, oats, grass and flaxseeds, etc., it would that but little hard
work was left to be done by hand. Old
men from other walks of life on seeing all
those implements are heard to exclaim:
"Oh! that I were a young man now, with
80 or 100 acres of land; how I would like
to farm it! I tell you my tools would
not rot out in the fields where last used;
my granary and gribs should show even my granary and cri's should show even last year's grains and corn; my barns and stacks should burst out with hay, for der and comfort for my family and live stock. The best I raised would not be too good for us."—St. Louis Republic.

A Woman's Way.

"Marie," he cried in desperation, "I shall wait no longer! Either you must consent to become my wife or end this farce. Your repeated delays are killing me."

"Very well, Hubert," she answered, calmly, "it you take that ground, there is but one alternative for me."

She drew off the diamond ring shich sparkled on her finger and handed it to him.

posite; although her love of beauty and completeness amounted to a passion, she never suffered it to lead her out of the path laid down by prudence and economy.

"No, Dick, no; I don't need a new silk this season," she urged, as they were overlooking their wardrobe one fine spring afternoon; "I shall have this lavender silk turned, you see; and my black one's as good as new. I don't need one, really; we must be economical now, you know, since we've got baby to provide for."

"Ay, ay, wife; if you're content, I am," sighed Dick, strolling from the room, and down the street.

But his face belied his words—he was

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