VOL. 9.-NO. 18.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 434.

- "A very little, sir."
  "A very little, sir."
  "A sick lady and a child."
  "The name?"
  "Staaford."

dark, watery clouds. In the west wing of the Hall a single lamp glimmered through the casement.

The Ayre library faced the west wing. Some one sat at the grand piano there playing snatches of wild, mystical German melodies. It was Ralph Ayre.

Presently, something.

white face, pressed close to the pane, with a Quaker bonnet pushed back on loose, light hair, and two great black eyes staring into his with the most profound admiration and awe.

Mr. Ralph Ayre recognized the black eyes. He raised the window and held it up.

"Come in!" he commanded, dryly."

Water to his close to the pane, with the most profound admiration and awe.

Mr. Ralph Ayre recognized the black eyes. He raised the window and held it up.

"Come in!" he commanded, dryly."

Wy little Agatha, Ralph—I leave her all alone."

Miss Agatha stepped through, looking very sober, but in no way discomfited. There was a pretty child with those wonderful eyes, and a peculiar blackness of eyelash and a pureness of the skin, and her figure was exquisitely petite, though she was eleven or twelve years old, certainly.

And Ralph Ayre took the thin, white hand, and answered:

"No, not all alone!"

Her lips moved eagerly.

"O, for the sake of the old, dead years, will you take her—will you care for her?"

"As God hears me, yes, Agatha!"

"For the sake of the old, dead

"What in the world are you doing here?" he began.
"Never heard anybody sing like you," she said. "I had to get up i and come when Nurse Bernard went raway, and I dressed myself."
He did not doubt it—her clothes looked literally flung upon her.
"Give me your hand he said, impresionelt."

It was quite dark and still raining.
He dropped the little hand there,
and lifted her in his arms.
"I shall carry you. Now be

She clung to him as he lifted her

fits arms enclosed hers, strong as iron. He crossed the grounds with long strides, leaped the fence at a bound, and went through the weedy old garden of the Hall.

"Nurse Bernard will whip you for

nurse Bernard.

Agatha writhed out of her clutch.

"Come in and see my mamma—
my pretty mamma! Oh, come—
she wants you?" cried Agatha.

She tried to draw him in. He stepped into the wide, dark hall, almost mechanically. Nurse Bernard led the way into that inner room.

A low couch way drawn up to the fire—Mrs. Stanford's.

"I saw her at New York with the Alfords—she spent a vacation with them."

Mr. Barclay Ayre stretched his handsome length upon the velvet sofa.

"Well?" said Mr. Ayre.

"She is hardsome as a houri—the handsomest woman I ever saw, and in the matter of accomplishments, cannot be surpassed."

will not matter."

She pushed back her heavy, shining hair, with a wild despairing ges-

"You are happy?"

"You are happy?"

"You are happy?"

"Yes," gravely.

"Thank God for that, at least."

She fell back among the cushions—the woman that Ralph Ayre had once loved so madly—and that child sat watching them, so still and mohis neighbor might be, and that child was certainly a very odd little thing—that was all.

"For the sake of the old, dead years, Ralph Ayre?" She fell back, closing a smile up She fell back closing a smile up in the sad, dark eyes. A little current of blood bubbled through the white lips—she had gone with the echoes of his name.

So the old hall among the poplars was sold, and that was how little

brace.

"O, you darling! I've so much to tell you—O, O—"

Barclay Ayre's handsome, envious face interposed. He took Miss Stanford's hand, looking down into her face with great, sparkling, blue eyes.

"Welcome to Ayre—a thousand times welcome!"

"And did you leave New York to say that to me?" wickedly.

"That, and more."

"How very good of you!"

He flushed.

"I left New York because after you were gone there could possibly

you were gone there could possibly be no attraction for one there." Her black, dangerous eyes laughed

—the woman that Balph Ayre bad long time before their coming—the had a natural curiosity to know who is neighbor might be, and that child was certainly a very old little had a natural curiosity to know who is neighbor might be, and that child was certainly a very old little had a natural curiosity to know who is neighbor might be, and that child was certainly a very old little had was there. It was there first lesson—A pelting rain same up at twilight.

A pelting rain same up at twilight.

The crimion samest gleamed through it exessement. The crimion seement. The Ayre library faced the west wing of the Hall as single lamp glimmered through the casement. The Ayre library faced the west wing. Some one sat at the grand plano there playing anatches of wild, mystical German melodies. It was Raiph Ayre.

The something clarcherd upon the plazza, and ran along it, which was the past weep crossed the possed the keys.

"There yell the same of the distance of the long that the window hooked in, white and immovable. It was trembling with replure. There was a small, one cassation in the werld, wonderful sweep crossed the possed the possed the possed with yamp ing.

"The something at the window looked in, white and immovable. It was trembling with replure. There same of the old or the language had a came in. All the same of the old or the same of the old or the weep crossed the possed the

lessely, she took Sydney Faxton's arm, and went sauntering down the gravel walk, with the moonlight striking in flecks on her soft bronze hair, and every fold of her dress

hair, and every fold of her dress shaking out perfume.

The ensuing weeks went by like a dream. Country life did not prove to be so much of a bore to Barclay Ayer, after all. Riding with Agatha Stanford through purple clover lanes, walking with her up the sides of the walking with her up the sides of the mountain, reading "Owen Meredith" at her feet of hot noons in the dim conservatory, and listening to her low voice among the vines in still, moonlit evenings, were rather pleasant than otherwise. Sydney Faxton salked, then made fierce love to Madge Lyon, and the long bright days-sped on, and Ralph Ayre held aloof and went on in his quiet, sober way, watching them quietly.

One dreadful July day, the news of a bloody and disastarous defeat.

Faxon and the housekeeper, figuratively speaking, though both were ladder, though both were attempted by the housekeeper, figuratively speaking, though both were ladder, they threw overboard and aldord raised her white arms and twined them round her guardian's neck. Then she answered:

"More than all the world beaide!"

The beautiful head sank quickly on his heart. And in that one moment, as he held her there in all her youth and beauty, Ralph Ayre stood repaid for the losses of his of a bloody and disastarous defeat.

white lips—she had gone with the echoes of his name.

So the old hall among the poplars was sold, and that was how little Agatha Stanford came to find a home with the grave master of Ayre.

And so six years went by.

"My dear uncle!"

The tall, grave gentleman, pacing back and forth acroes the library floor, paused quetly, and said:

"Well?"

"Is Miss Stanford to arrive in the next train?"

"Yes."

"Then I beg to inform you that it is due in fifteen minutes."

"And Gus Lyon—"

Barclay paused abruptly. Poor Madge! it was her only brother, badly wounded and not expected to survive. A sad termination to so many days of pleasure.

him, dumb, colorless—looking at him with great, dilated eyes. He held her off, not daring to trust himself. One of those quick, intuitive perceptions that come to all of us sometimes in our changeful lives made Ralph Ayre pause.

"My God, Agatha!"

He caught her two hands in his, searching her face one moment.

"It is true!" he cried, passionate-ly. "speak to me—tell me von love hands in thing to do with the distur-ly. "speak to me—tell me von love hands in thing to do with the distur-ly.

d looked hopelessly into that pale, exquisite face, then dropped her hand and went out, closing the door.

She drew a long, deep breath. She had lived in dread of this for weeks. It was a relief, at last, to know that it had passed. He was wise enough to spare her another meeting. Miss Faxon and the housekeeper sat alone at the tea table that night, and Rose greeted her with a good natured laugh.

"Two forlorn belles, with not a beau to quarrel with, just think of it! I sha'n't live a week."

"There's Mr. Ayre, I'm sure,"

by a blow from an axe. The Capt. was aroused by his wife, who told him that she heard cries of 'Murder!' and capt. However, he leard the boatswain's cries of "Murder!" and he returned to his cabin for his revolver. On coming out again, he met the boatswain, bleeding all over, being pushed down the ladder by the two men, Manuel Margin and Nicholas Peter. The boatswain cried out that he was being murdered, and the two men attempted to come down into the cabin, but the

, and assured the captain, who was pointing his revolver at him, that he had nothing to do with the disturbance, but that he had been roused by the two men Nicholas Peter and Manuel Margie rushing down for their chests, which, together with a ladder, they threw overboard and then jumped overboard themselves. This information was confirmed by the boy Mowbery, who was sent for.

In the very face and eyes of Rose Faxon and the housekeeper, figura-tively speaking, though both were sobbing behind their handkerchiefs, Agatha Stanford raised her white arms and twined them round her

### Tragedy at Sea.

rectured, and there is little hope of revovery. The boatswain Nelson and the seaman Enos have also had their skulls fractured, but hopes are entertained of their recovery. The boatswain has also nine knife wounds in his body. bock and forth across the library:

| The proposition of the propositi

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