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## THE BROTHER'S SECRET.

By E. J. A.

At a little village called Seaside, situated

on the coast of one of the New England

states, there lived a Mr. Stephen Carlyle

and his daughter, in a pretty little cottage

he had built.

Seaside was a small place. It had two

or three streets; a small hotel and a few

houses scattered here and there. But

there was a long, sandy beach, where the

waves came rolling in with one ceaseless

roar, and at a short distance from the vil-

lage afforded a fine chance for bathing.

This was the chief attraction at Seaside,

and what had caused Mr. Carlyle and his

daughter to fix their residence there.

Mr. Carlyle was a retired gentleman of

some fortune; he was probably 60 years of

age, and for a few years had been troubled

with a disease for which his doctor recom-

mended him to settle at some place where

he could have the benefit of the bracing sea-

breeze and bathing.

His illness, however, had not interfered

with his good nature, for he was one of

the best-natured men that ever lived.

His daughter, Agnes, was a fine-looking

womanhood. She was quite tall and a

good figure. Perhaps she was not perhaps

what would be called pretty, but still she

was possessed of a large and loving heart,

and, above all, those winning ways that

some women have, which are superior to

mere pretty face.

Everybody that came in contact with

Agnes always loved her; even the dumb

beasts, for when she went out to take her

morning walk you would see the vagabond

dogs of the village come running to her to

receive a gentle pat on their head and a

kind word.

Agnes was Mr. Carlyle's only child by

his second wife; he had another—a boy—

by his first wife, who, when a year old, had

been stolen from him while he was sleep-

ing in Italy. A constant search had been

kept up for two years for the lost

child, but to no effect; his whereabouts had

never been found.

The loss of her darling boy had broken

the mother's heart, and she sank into an

early grave. Some twenty-five years had

passed since then, and the father had al-

most ceased to think of his lost son, when,

a few mornings before the opening of this

tale, the postman had brought him a short

note which had awakened new emotions

and forgotten feelings within the old

gentleman's breast.

The short note was as follows:

"My dear father: The son whom you

lost in Italy twenty-five years ago is alive

and well, and I hope to join you in a few

days. Your son, RICHARD."

Mr. Carlyle read these few lines over

and over again, and then sat thoughtfully

for a long time, until Agnes came into the

room.

"What has been said by father many

times of her lost half-brother, and when

Mr. Carlyle handed her the note, and she

read it, she understood it perfectly. Tears

of joy gushed in her eyes as she said:

"Oh, papa, I am so glad! How I have

wished for a brother and sister, and now

they are here! I have really got a dear brother!"

and she was in perfect ecstasy.

"Does he look like you, papa?"

"My dear child I cannot tell, for he was

but a mere baby when I last saw him, and

along the beach. Agnes was leaning on

Richard's arm, and chatting merrily as

they went along, but he seemed less talk-

ative than usual, and was silent and moody.

And walking some distance they came to

where the bank was covered with green

turf, and sat down. Richard resting his

head on his hand. After remaining thus

for some time, Agnes ventured to ask

in a low, sweet voice, what made her brother

so thoughtful.

"Aggy," said he, not raising his head,

"shall I tell you?"

"Why not, dear Richard? am I not to be

trusted with my brother's secret, if he has

any?" said she, laughing.

"Well, Aggy, I have a secret," and he

raised his head, and a faint, sickly smile

spread over his face, as he looked at her.

"And if I should tell it to you, I am

afraid you would never love me again. Yes,

perhaps you would scorn me!"

"How can you talk so foolishly, Richard?

Do you suppose I could ever scorn you?"

Then silence reigned for some time.

"I will tell you the secret, Aggy—for I

must; to bear it simply is killing me; if

you will promise to love me the same after

you know it, as you do now, I will tell

you. Agnes was looking out on the ocean.

"Do you think I could ever help loving

you, Richard?" she said, in a low voice,

without turning her head.

"Then you promise!" said he eagerly.

"Certainly."

"I know, my Aggy, that one night,

some years ago, when the opera, new

in one of the boxes an old gentleman, and

a pretty girl, which he learned afterward

was the old gentleman's daughter.

"Perhaps most people laugh at the idea

of falling in love at first sight, but never-

theless, this young man fell desperately in

love with the pretty girl in the box, before

he had taken the third look at her."

"He watched, and admired, and loved

her, ardently. And when the opera was

over he went home with a feeling as if he

had all the world behind him.

"Night after night he was at the opera,

in hopes to see the beautiful being he

adored, but she never came again.

"Two months ago this young man dis-

covered the old gentleman's name and his

daughter's name and residence. Another

incident put him in possession of informa-

tion concerning a child the old gentleman

had stolen from him twenty-five years

ago."

"How foolish, Richard!" said Agnes;

"you are relating the same story you told

papa about yourself, and how you discov-

ered he was your papa. Now, please,

don't flatter me any more, nor tell me

again of the old Italian woman with the

handkerchief, and how she saw your arm

and told you who you were. Let us not

think of the past, but of the future!"

"But I must tell you!" he cried, spring-

ing to his feet, and grasping both of Agnes'

little hands in his. "Aggy, dear Aggy, I

must tell you, I am not your brother, nor

your father, but for God's sake forgive me,

Aggy, for deceiving you, or I shall go

mad!"

"Not my brother!" exclaimed Agnes,

with amazement.

"No, not your brother. I have de-

ceived you and your kind, loving father in

a cruel manner; but, Aggy, how could I

help it? I loved you so passionately, and

## TO: ONTARIO RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Departure and Arrival of Trains from

and to Union Station.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Departures, Main Line East.

7:15 a.m.—Local for points east to Montreal.

8:30 a.m.—Fast express for Kingston, Ot-

tawa, Montreal, Quebec, and Boston, etc.

11:30 a.m.—Mixed for Kingston and inter-

mediate stations.

2:30 p.m.—Local for Cobourg and inter-

mediate stations.

4:30 p.m.—Express for main points, Ottawa,

Montreal, etc., runs daily.

Arrivals, Main Line East.

1 p.m.—Local from Cobourg.

3:15 a.m.—Express from Montreal, Ottawa

and main local points.

11:30 a.m.—Fast express from Montreal, etc.

6:30 p.m.—Mixed from Kingston and in-

termediate stations.

10:30 p.m.—Express from Boston, Quebec,

Montreal, Ottawa, etc.

Departures, Main Line West.

7:00 a.m.—Local for all points west to De-

troit.

1 p.m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit,

Chicago and all western points.

4:30 p.m.—For Godfrey, Stratford and local

points north of Godfrey.

7:30 p.m.—Express from all points west, Chi-

cago, Detroit, etc.

Arrivals, Main Line West.

7:55 a.m.—Mixed from Stratford and inter-

mediate points.

8:15 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit,

Port Huron, and all western points.

11:30 a.m.—Local from London, Godfrey, etc.

7:30 p.m.—Express from all points west, Chi-

cago, Detroit, etc.

Arrivals, Great Western Division.

7:15 a.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New

York, Boston and local stations between Ham-

ilton and London, and all points east and west

of Hamilton.

Arrival, Great Western Division.

8:45 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit,

Hamilton, etc.

12:30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston,

Chicago, Detroit, and all western points.

1:45 p.m.—Express from Buffalo, Detroit, Lon-

dondon, and all points east and west of

London.

7:30 p.m.—Express from Detroit, St. Louis,

etc.

10:30 p.m.—Local from London and inter-

mediate stations.

Suburban Trains, Great Western Division.

Leave Toronto at 7:40, 8:55, and 9:20, and

arrive at 8:45, 9:10, and 9:30.

Returning leave Mimico 8:35 and 11:35 a.m.,

and 3:00, 4:45 and 7:25, calling at Queen's

wharf, Parkdale, High Park and the Hamlet,