### Literature.

### HIS SACRIFICE.

By the window of the drawing-room of the corner house in a dingy London square stood Honor Wyllie and Archie Douglas-a tall, dark-complexioned girl; and a slight, fair young man, somewhat above the middle height.

Honor's slender fingers were mechanically untwisting the cords of the tassel large grey eyes were directed at the little lieved that a simple 'No' from her would troduce you. Archer, this is Miss Wyllie, could not easily be found, for the steamenclosure of smoky-looking trees, upon which the smut-laden rain was falling, but she saw neither trees nor rain.

"I never for an instant thought of this," she said, without moving. "Believe me, never, or I should have been more careful."

Her companion made no reply; yet his figure expressed attention.

"All the time I have been under the It has been no secret. I thought every-

Still no answer. The young man's bent head dropped lower on his breast. "Do speak to me," she said, pleadingly, after a pause. "Be angry with meanything rather than this silence! I am so sorry—so ashamed——"

"Angry!" and Douglas checked a groan that had all but made itself heard.

He approached a step nearer to her, to look earnestly at her profile, then started as a drop of water suddenly fell upon the back of her hand.

"Crying, Honor! There, I will go. Thank you for-everything. I hope HE is worthy your love, Honor. Heaven bless you! May you be very happy! Don't shed any tears for me-I don't ate resentment of such an idea. But why want to think I have clouded your happi- not? His father was but forty-five. Why

"And I am forgiven!" she contrived to ask, in a choked voice.

"Forgiven! For what? For being too kind and sweet? Yes, I forgive you that, Miss Wyllie! Good bye."

He moved slowly and unwillingly to the door.

vanced to the middle of the room. "You say you are not angry, and yetyou are going like that." Douglas stood irresolute.

Dare he trust himself to take the soft hand appealingly extended? His powers of self-control were already drawn upon to almost their full extent.

grasp that made her flinch, drawing her snowy crests of restless waves. toward him the while to obtain a better view of her half-averted face. "Honor," he said, almost fiercely,

"Oh, hush," she cried, shrinking from retreated to the window, pale as ashes. Their eyes met. Then not venturing

beating wildly, pressed her face to the pane to see him pass up the square; and thought. when he was out of sight sank on the floor with her head buried in her arms on the

before a slim, middle-aged lady entered, Then, on a second inspection, becoming aware of the presence of Honor, she sat | ed her.

down beside her and laid her hand on the tumbled hair. "Dear me!" she said, wrinkling her smooth brow. "Tut, tut, tut! Come,

come! Why, pet!" These sympathetic ejaculations nade the girl move her position, throw one arm her tear-wet face on the caressing hand. Miss Mellis-one of the three maiden aunts of Honor Wyllie-said nothing further at the moment. She contented herself with parting, smoothing, and toy-

ing with her niece's hair, and waited. "There," said Honor at last, sitting won't be angry-no, I mean vexed at

what I am going to say?" "Surely not, love Wnat is it, eh?" asked Miss Mellis, in a soft and soothing

"I should like to go home at once-tonight or tomorrow. Oh! you will let me,

aunt Alice? You will not make objec-"But why, Honor? What have

looked startled and troubled. sav?" she asked. "They have been makknow I told you, for it was to be a sur-

prise. And your visit only half over!" "I will talk to them, aunt, and they will not be offened. I will finish the vis-

Mellis gave a little nod at the window, as looking at him with eyes suddenly become though Archer Douglas were just out-

Honor's look answered her. In the meantime Douglas started back

cab, unconscious even that the driver figure walking slowly away. thereof winked knowingly at another driver as he officiously helped him in. Douglas might, in fact, have been in he added.

Even when he was once more in his to yourself?" own room, gloomy as a dark, wet day in London could make, his thoughts were scarcely under his own control.

"How weak I am?" he muttered, after so unstring me."

For the next week he fought hard to drive from his mind this gnawing regret; extended her hand. but he fought vainly, for the conviction that she could have loved, or ever did actrouble, instead of growing less seemed Douglas.

almost to increase. He determined at last to go away for a time, and see what a change would effect. impression that you knew I was engaged. And with this decision came another. He would make an attempt to become reconciled to his father, with whom he had

While he was full of hopes and plans for the future, Henor Wyllie participating in them all, this division from the only near relation he possessed seemed but a trifling thing. Now that he was again thrown upon himself, his loneliness seemed to magnify ten times the weight of the blow that had fallen upon him.

He felt rather like a prodigal as the train whirled him through Kent and into Sussex; for it was at Hastings that his father now dwelt. He knew that he had been in the wrong.

On the mere suggestion of a possible step-mother, he had spoken with passionshould he be condemned to live alone possibly twenty or thirty years long-

Still pondering over these qu reached the end of his journey. He stood still among the crowd of people even at this time of year seeking

health or amusement here. wanted a hoat: but he scarcely saw or

He looked sadly far out over the wide expanse of sea, tinted in stripes of gray and blue, as the clouds and sky alternated above, and glistening with white The next instant he held her hand in a streaks that, near at hand, became the

Looking out thus, he felt the desire to be alone growing into a definite longing. "do He shrank still from the meeting with his you know what you make me think? That father, who might, for all he knew, re- Honor, my dear girl, I need not ask you if I had been the first--if you were free ceive him coldly and keep him at a dis-

And so thinking, he wandered through him; and wrenching away her hand she the quaint old town and out upon the Let us forget all this, and be as we were

rock-strewn beach. A short walk brought him to a part of to utter another word, he hastily quitted the shore quite unfrequented. Here, upon a boulder quaintly striped, where lar-Honor, rembling like a leaf, her heart | ger boulders broke the cutting wind, he sat and watched the breaking waves, and

What better was it after all? he asked

Here by the rising sea, Honor's face was as plainly before his mind as in the town where they had met. He had reto look round at first without seeing her. solved to forget her, and in making that resolve alone found out how much he lov-

She was in London as he believed; and he had fled, only to feel what a wilderness was any place where there was no possibility of meeting her-where her

How long he had been there he could not have told, when his reverie was brought to an end by the appearance of with her mother upon what it containtwo figures between him and the sea. Though not ten yards from where he sat, they did not see him, but stood still in the wintry sunlight in earnest and appar-

ently agitated talk. "Thank you for your frankness, love," the man was saying, though the breeze up and drying her eyes, "auntie, you caught the words and carried them out of reach of Archer Douglas' ears. "But you need not tremble so. Am I so very ter-

The girl, whose hand was in his, tightened her clasp on his strong fingers. "And you will trust me again?" she

"Trust you? Yes; but we will wait a little. I believe in your earnest desire to forget all this; but-some things are beyond our power. Let us see what a little

time will do. Why-who is this? away from London I must go! I must What on earth-is is possible? Archer!" "It is possible, father," was the answer, as the young man came forward, his pale face almost leaden in hue.

He wanted to say some words of apology-of regret-but none would come. It was difficult to keep his eyes from that other mute, startled figure, with color flushing and fading, which drew back as though longing to get out of sight.

Then this was the man who stood be tween him and his love in both figurative and literal sense-this man who had seized both his hands in firm grip-who was

"Well, I am glad to see you, boy! I thought you would come some day. I AM

"Perhaps I should have come sooner if

I had guessed I should be so welcome," the condition the cabman supposed, so "You are looking fearfully ill, though,

> "Nothing, dad. Working too hard, possibly; and I have had one or two things

to worry me lately." "You must tell me everything, honestan ineffectual attempt to answer a busi- ly, lad; and I dare say I shall be able to ness letter, and so dismiss Honor from help you, whatever those things are. And dashed off. that hung from the heavy curtains; her his thoughts. "I could never have be- now-Don't go, Honor-now I must in-

my future wife." Honor had turned back at once. She | the deck, and the "traps" unlanded.

It was taken in silence. tually love him, was too strong; and his her face, suffused with color, toward Mr. That look was a revelation to the elder

> strange, half-stunned expression. "Why did you not tell me it was Ar-

> cher?" he asked, in a low voice, of Honor. "I did not know he was your son," she faltered. "I congratulate you, father," Archer

said, with forced lightness of manner. "And for the present I will leave you to finish your tete-a-tete." He was turning away, but his father caught him by the arm.

"No," he said, almost harshly, "it cannot end so! You and Miss Wyllie have often met before?" Archer inclined his head, and looked at Honor, whose face was averted.

"You asked her to be your wife?" "I did. Is this necessary?" "I think so. I don't want to give either of you needless pain. Tell me Archer-was her refusal the trouble you alluded to just now? Have you other

troubles?" among the pebbles, looked out to sea, and

finally said slowly. "I shall answer neither of those questions, dad. I am deeply sorry that I came Invalids in bath chairs were wheeled down here. All I can do is to go again. past him; children with spades tumbled Good bye. 'Heaven bless you both! over his feet; sailors asked him if he Miss Wyllie, you have made a wise choice. I have no doubt you will be

He raised his hat; then pulling it low over his brow, strode away, without heeding his father's detaining voice. Honor's eyes followed him until he

out of sight. "There is no train just now," said Mr. Douglas, drawing her hand through his arm, and walking slowly beside her in the if you love him."

"I love you!" she answered, clinging to him. "You shall not turn me away.

"I do, Robert; you believe me, He stopped to look at her, to find

eyes met his with a resolute and steady gaze. Her face was paler than usual, but "My dear, I do believe you," he said.

with a quiet smile. "And now, I will see you home before---He broke off, and changed the subject

with some haste. he hurried to his own home and wrote

Giving up his intention of preventing his son's departure, he occupied himself in preparing for his own.

of the two letters. She dropped over it many secret tears, and held long counsel

Towards night, two days later, a tall, Dover, and took his way toward the pier, with the intention of going on board the

night steamer for Calais. He had not gone far when there was the sound of someone running behind, and directly after he was caught roughly by the arm. He swung round, and struck a blow

that sent his fancied assailant staggering into the street. At the same instant the moonlight shone on the latter's face, and he gave an

"Archer!" proaching him once more. "You needn't have been in quite such a hurry." "My dear boy! Have I hurt you?"

"Not much-only made me a trifle giddy. It's no matter, so long as I have "What does this mean?" Mr. Douglas asked; then, "What's brings you here,

Archer?" "You bring me," said his son, fiercely. "That is, your blindness. Go back to her, father. You meant to do what was best, instead of which you have

"You are deceiving me!" he said, huski-"Before heaven I am not! Go, if you Verment Farm Journal, WM. L. PACKARD, PUBLISHER. confused a frame of mind that after being Archer might have himself felt a little will; but you leave her alone, for I go too. WILMINGTON, VERMONT, U. S. A. twice nearly run over he had to take a moved, if it had not been for that girlish You would have sacrificed yourself, I 1208 Main St.

know, father; don't think I am ungrateful. But it is no good—you are acting under a mistake. You give it up."

"But you, Archer?" "I! Oh, I'm right enough!" and he unconscious was he of what went on Archer!" and Mr. Douglas surveyed him laughed, abruptly. "Pshaw, father! what anxiously. "What have you been doing do you take me for, that you try to saddle me with a wife who doesn't care a straw for me? Come, you give it up?" "My trip to France? Yes. My traps

> are on board, though. I must try if I can rescue them." "I'll see to that," said Archer, and

But either he was too late, or they er paddled out of the harbor with him on

Archer did not go below during the passage, but watched the moon appear "We have met before she said, turning and disappear among the clouds, or gazed at its silvery path over the water. Many of the passengers looked with curiosity or interest at the young man who, with pale face almost ghostly in the His smile vanished, giving place to a bluish light, leaned motionless against the side, and looked out on the waters

the whole night through. Mr. Douglas followed at a more leisure ly page; when his son ran off and left him his mind was busy with this new problem. Could it be possible that he had indeed been mistaken-that Honor loved him, with his five-and-forty years to look back upon, better than Archer? Had her assertion that it was but a passing fancy, a weakness that she had conquered, been

the simple truth? If so-It was not long before he found that his son had disappeared, and one or two enquiries left no doubt as to where he

had gone. On the following day he was again at Hastings, and held Honor in his arms. "Are you convinced now?" she whispered. "Am I really quite forgiven?" His sole answer was to press her closer

But though they have been married four years, and a curly-haired little Archie builds houses for baby with bricks of wood, Archer Douglas has never been 31.00 to see his stepmother. Never since that night has he set foot in England, though doings in Australia, and are full of glowing descriptions of the climate, and of the pleasures of the wild, free life out in the

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