

POETRY.

GOOD ADVICE.

Said Farmer Jones in a whining tone, To his good old neighbor Gray— "I've worn my knees through to the bone, But it ain't no use to pray. "Your hens look twice as good as mine, Though you don't pretend to be A shining light in the church to shine, And tell salvation's free. "I've prayed the Lord a thousand times For to make my darned hens lay; And why your'n beats them so and climb, Is more than I can say. "Your yards are dirty and houses all, In spite of all your prayin', You may pray for eggs till the heavens fall, If you don't clean nests to lay in. "I mix my prayers with a little toll, And I clean out every house. And I work with a will and good phenyle To scare away every louse. "And I've discovered, though still in sin, As sure as you were born, That hens will thrive and profit win If fed on good sound corn. "So while I'm praying for hens to lay, I do my level best; I get them green food once a day, And the Lord he does the rest: "It is well to pray both night and morn, As every farmer knows; But the place to pray for eggs and corn, Is in the house and rows. "You must use your hands when praying though, If an answer you would get, For prayer-worn knees and a lousy house Ne'er filled egg basket yet."

SELECT STORY.

GOLDEN CHAINS.

CHAPTER IV.

"Not more than he paid me—not as much as he paid Charlotte. He likes to talk to me all, because he may hear from me something about Tina." "Rubbish!" "It's true, Flossy." "Well, if it's true, it's our duty to guard her from fortune seekers. Mr. Linden is going to London to-morrow; everyone is in town now; I wish we could go for a change. Do you know, I think I shall suggest that you and I take a trip together." "But papa won't take us about." "Yes, he will; he is rather proud of showing how full his purse is." "Charlotte would be better than papa; we should have our own way with Charlotte." "Yes, but if Charlotte comes Tina will leave. No, no, Minnie, my plan is the best; let us leave Charlotte and Tina and the children in the country, and make the best of things in London with papa. I shall suggest the scheme to-morrow." On the morning, accordingly, the scheme was proposed. It seemed to afford general satisfaction. Mr. Mabin was weary and restless beneath a rule that did not permit him to tyrannize; Ernestine and her mother fell in readily with a plan which would leave them for a while alone and happy together. Early the next day, Mr. Mabin and his two elder daughters started for town. On the afternoon of that same day, Captain Beamish walked up the avenue of Mount Lipson and met Ernestine strolling down the garden. "I was coming to call upon you," he explained as he shook hands. "My mother is indoors; will you come in?" "Presently. Here is a little summer house, we will sit here for a few minutes; we can say what we have to say to one another better alone than in the house." Ernestine entered the little thatched rustic house with its rough table and circular seat, and Captain Beamish following her, sat down by her side. "I waited to call upon you, Miss Heather, until I had thought out your proposal. I have thought it out now." She sat with her hands folded on the table before her and waited. "I have come to the conclusion that your proposal is impracticable," he added. "I cannot accept anything from you unless you agree to become my wife." He sat regarding her. The color came and went in her face; her slender willowy figure had never looked more graceful. How dainty was the curve of her snowy cheek and throat; how charmingly her simple black gown fitted her. He bent forward; his face was animated; his dark eyes glared softly and eagerly into hers. "I will teach you to love me. Only trust me." "You mustn't talk to me like that," she answered quietly. "We need not talk of love to one another. Captain Beamish, if you wish it I am ready to marry you on one condition." "Make a thousand conditions." "He was about to embrace her, but she rose abruptly. Standing with her hand on the round rustic table she faced him. "One condition. It is this. Although I am anxious that the property should be yours and am willing to make it yours in the easiest way, I do not and cannot love you as a woman should love the man she marries. I am ready to go through the marriage ceremony with you, if you will promise to part from me on my wedding-day, to let me live at home with mother, and never to claim me as your wife. Will you do this?" "But—" "It is the only condition on which I can become your wife." He looked up at her with a strange expression in his eyes. "So be it then," he answered at last. "You promise?" "I promise." "Mount Lipson will be yours, but you will never see me except when business connected with the property renders an interview absolutely necessary." "I agree to the condition." The girl drew a deep breath. Then she held out her hand. "It's a compact," she said with a very little smile. He took the hand and held it for a moment. "It's a compact," he repeated. "And since our marriage is to be so strange, I have in my turn one condition to beg you to agree to. Let the ceremony be as private as possible. Oh, by-the-by, Tina, there was nothing in what Flossy tried to make you believe that night. I thought it very mean of her. We had a quarrel yesterday and I told her so, and I told her I should tell you. Mr. Linden will never care a fig for Flossy while you are in the world. He is over head and ears in love with you." The letter fell from her hand; she grasped hastily at the high-backed chintz-covered chair before her. "You are faint, Nessa." "No, no, no. I shall be better presently." "You will be better when you have drunk this glass of wine." She took it from him listlessly and touched it with her lips.

"Quite possible; quite easy. You are your own mistress; you can go where you like and do; no one opposes your wishes so I hear. There is an old servant who used to live here in my mother's time, Susan Triggs—you remember her?" "Very well; she was very kind to me when I first came here, but she quarrelled with—with your mother—" "You can trust her?" "Yes, yes, Captain Beamish, I am not following you; I don't know what it is that you propose." "Susan married an old servant of mine, and they have taken a pretty quiet little inn in the north of Devon. The old woman was ailing when last I heard of her, which was only a week ago; I will run up and see how she is now; and I think she may write and beg you to come and see her. You might stay there in her pretty clean rooms for three Sundays, and our banns might be called in the little parish church and no one be a bit the wiser. You agree?" "I—I don't like the plan." "But I have agreed to your plan which it cannot be said I like very much." "Yes, I must not be selfish. And I shall not mind staying with Susan." "That is settled then. And I, in the meantime, will take lodgings somewhere in London—in some unfashionable neighborhood where—the banns will be called amongst a crowd of others and attract no one's attention. And now—take me in and introduce me to Mrs. Mabin—" "Mrs. Mabin was much troubled during the next few days. She could not understand why Ernestine was so depressed, so nervous, so restless. When one morning at breakfast the girl without a word passed a letter to her, she caught eagerly at the change which the writer of the letter proposed. "Dear Mrs. Ernestine— "It was evening when Ernestine again awoke. She opened her eyes slowly and looked about her in a dazed way. She started into a sitting posture and tried to collect her thoughts. Where was she? The place was unfamiliar. How and when had she come here? She rose to her feet and moved hastily towards the window. Her limbs were strangely weak; her steps tottered; a terrible feeling of nausea made her shudder. With a trembling hand she drew aside the heavy crimson curtains; but the window had closed shutters across which a heavy bar was drawn. She turned quickly towards the door. She found it locked. As she shook the handle a step came slowly through the passage. The next minute Captain Beamish stood within the room. "Well, Nessa, awake again?" he questioned, and she shrank back from his smile. "Where am I?" she demanded. "Here with me. This is my house—a little place of six rooms which I bought a few months ago as a shooting-box. It stands in the heart of Dartmoor, and the nearest cottage is just a mile away." "You—have chased me?" she gasped, as she stood again upon the sofa. "In love and war, Nessa, all things are fair. And I—foolish though it may be—love you." He came and seated himself beside her, bending forward a little and looking at her with smiling eyes. "You were the wrong way to work, Nessa, if you meant to win my indifference. Some women have been good enough to love me, I have been good enough to love some women; but those whom I love have always been those who hated me. They have begun by hating, and have ended by adoring—as you will do." "Oh, hush! I told you I had no love to give—I told you. I married you on one condition, that I should be free. You promised—" "Who says that I promised?" She looked at him with dilated eyes shrinking back from him. "But you know—you know—I know that you promised—faithfully—faithfully." "I don't remember the promise," he returned with a straight glance and a growing smile. "You would have had to wait for more than an hour. It's a draughty little place with no waiting room." "I hope I shall catch the other train at Exeter." "You will be sure to do that," he answered. "If I do I shall reach Mount Lipson in time for this evening. You must tell me how long you can let us remain there; we will move as soon as possible." "Here we are." The carriage drove up before the inn door, and a buxom rosy faced woman came out to meet the bride and groom. Ernestine turned towards the window, and stood looking out at the strip of back garden with its rows of cabbages and turnip tops. "How cold it is," said Captain Beamish pouring out a glass of wine and holding it in his hand. "Ah! by-the-by, I will see if they can't find a foot warmer to put into the carriage for you." Glass in hand he went into the passage. A few minutes later he returned. "You are shivering, Nessa, drink this." "No, thank you," she said, at that moment Mrs. Grigg reappeared in the doorway. "A letter for you. I'd clean forgotten it till this instant; it came just as you were getting up to church. The correspondent little knew you no longer Miss Heather." Ernestine had taken the letter, which was in Minnie's hand writing and had opened it. She held it mechanically, and as she did so her eye fell on the postscript and took in its meaning. "We have met Mr. Linden two or three times in town. Oh, by-the-by, Tina, there was nothing in what Flossy tried to make you believe that night. I thought it very mean of her. We had a quarrel yesterday and I told her so, and I told her I should tell you. Mr. Linden will never care a fig for Flossy while you are in the world. He is over head and ears in love with you." The letter fell from her hand; she grasped hastily at the high-backed chintz-covered chair before her. "You are faint, Nessa." "No, no, no. I shall be better presently." "You will be better when you have drunk this glass of wine." She took it from him listlessly and touched it with her lips.

"Drink it," he urged hastily, and she obeyed. A few minutes later the carriage drove up again before the door; Mrs. Grigg came to announce its arrival and to bid good-bye and good wishes to the bride and bridegroom. Captain Beamish, offering his wife his arm, led her through the passage, and put her into the carriage, closed the door after him, and the horses started at a gallop. "You are coming as far as the station with me?" she asked. "Yes." "It was not necessary." "Perhaps not. But it will prevent gossip in the village." "Yes, that's true," she acquiesced. She leant back in her corner for some minutes; and he seated beside her, did not glance at her, but looked from the window beside him at the high tangled hedgerows which seemed flying past. "Is this the right way?" she asked in a languid but anxious voice. "Yes, quite right," he answered. "But I have agreed to your plan which it cannot be said I like very much." "Yes, I must not be selfish. And I shall not mind staying with Susan." "That is settled then. And I, in the meantime, will take lodgings somewhere in London—in some unfashionable neighborhood where—the banns will be called amongst a crowd of others and attract no one's attention. And now—take me in and introduce me to Mrs. Mabin—" Mrs. Mabin was much troubled during the next few days. She could not understand why Ernestine was so depressed, so nervous, so restless. When one morning at breakfast the girl without a word passed a letter to her, she caught eagerly at the change which the writer of the letter proposed. "Dear Mrs. Ernestine— "It was evening when Ernestine again awoke. She opened her eyes slowly and looked about her in a dazed way. She started into a sitting posture and tried to collect her thoughts. Where was she? The place was unfamiliar. How and when had she come here? She rose to her feet and moved hastily towards the window. Her limbs were strangely weak; her steps tottered; a terrible feeling of nausea made her shudder. With a trembling hand she drew aside the heavy crimson curtains; but the window had closed shutters across which a heavy bar was drawn. She turned quickly towards the door. She found it locked. As she shook the handle a step came slowly through the passage. The next minute Captain Beamish stood within the room. "Well, Nessa, awake again?" he questioned, and she shrank back from his smile. "Where am I?" she demanded. "Here with me. This is my house—a little place of six rooms which I bought a few months ago as a shooting-box. It stands in the heart of Dartmoor, and the nearest cottage is just a mile away." "You—have chased me?" she gasped, as she stood again upon the sofa. "In love and war, Nessa, all things are fair. And I—foolish though it may be—love you." He came and seated himself beside her, bending forward a little and looking at her with smiling eyes. "You were the wrong way to work, Nessa, if you meant to win my indifference. Some women have been good enough to love me, I have been good enough to love some women; but those whom I love have always been those who hated me. They have begun by hating, and have ended by adoring—as you will do." "Oh, hush! I told you I had no love to give—I told you. I married you on one condition, that I should be free. You promised—" "Who says that I promised?" She looked at him with dilated eyes shrinking back from him. "But you know—you know—I know that you promised—faithfully—faithfully." "I don't remember the promise," he returned with a straight glance and a growing smile. "You would have had to wait for more than an hour. It's a draughty little place with no waiting room." "I hope I shall catch the other train at Exeter." "You will be sure to do that," he answered. "If I do I shall reach Mount Lipson in time for this evening. You must tell me how long you can let us remain there; we will move as soon as possible." "Here we are." The carriage drove up before the inn door, and a buxom rosy faced woman came out to meet the bride and groom. Ernestine turned towards the window, and stood looking out at the strip of back garden with its rows of cabbages and turnip tops. "How cold it is," said Captain Beamish pouring out a glass of wine and holding it in his hand. "Ah! by-the-by, I will see if they can't find a foot warmer to put into the carriage for you." Glass in hand he went into the passage. A few minutes later he returned. "You are shivering, Nessa, drink this." "No, thank you," she said, at that moment Mrs. Grigg reappeared in the doorway. "A letter for you. I'd clean forgotten it till this instant; it came just as you were getting up to church. The correspondent little knew you no longer Miss Heather." Ernestine had taken the letter, which was in Minnie's hand writing and had opened it. She held it mechanically, and as she did so her eye fell on the postscript and took in its meaning. "We have met Mr. Linden two or three times in town. Oh, by-the-by, Tina, there was nothing in what Flossy tried to make you believe that night. I thought it very mean of her. We had a quarrel yesterday and I told her so, and I told her I should tell you. Mr. Linden will never care a fig for Flossy while you are in the world. He is over head and ears in love with you." The letter fell from her hand; she grasped hastily at the high-backed chintz-covered chair before her. "You are faint, Nessa." "No, no, no. I shall be better presently." "You will be better when you have drunk this glass of wine." She took it from him listlessly and touched it with her lips.

"Drink it," he urged hastily, and she obeyed. A few minutes later the carriage drove up again before the door; Mrs. Grigg came to announce its arrival and to bid good-bye and good wishes to the bride and bridegroom. Captain Beamish, offering his wife his arm, led her through the passage, and put her into the carriage, closed the door after him, and the horses started at a gallop. "You are coming as far as the station with me?" she asked. "Yes." "It was not necessary." "Perhaps not. But it will prevent gossip in the village." "Yes, that's true," she acquiesced. She leant back in her corner for some minutes; and he seated beside her, did not glance at her, but looked from the window beside him at the high tangled hedgerows which seemed flying past. "Is this the right way?" she asked in a languid but anxious voice. "Yes, quite right," he answered. "But I have agreed to your plan which it cannot be said I like very much." "Yes, I must not be selfish. And I shall not mind staying with Susan." "That is settled then. And I, in the meantime, will take lodgings somewhere in London—in some unfashionable neighborhood where—the banns will be called amongst a crowd of others and attract no one's attention. And now—take me in and introduce me to Mrs. Mabin—" Mrs. Mabin was much troubled during the next few days. She could not understand why Ernestine was so depressed, so nervous, so restless. When one morning at breakfast the girl without a word passed a letter to her, she caught eagerly at the change which the writer of the letter proposed. "Dear Mrs. Ernestine— "It was evening when Ernestine again awoke. She opened her eyes slowly and looked about her in a dazed way. She started into a sitting posture and tried to collect her thoughts. Where was she? The place was unfamiliar. How and when had she come here? She rose to her feet and moved hastily towards the window. Her limbs were strangely weak; her steps tottered; a terrible feeling of nausea made her shudder. With a trembling hand she drew aside the heavy crimson curtains; but the window had closed shutters across which a heavy bar was drawn. She turned quickly towards the door. She found it locked. As she shook the handle a step came slowly through the passage. The next minute Captain Beamish stood within the room. "Well, Nessa, awake again?" he questioned, and she shrank back from his smile. "Where am I?" she demanded. "Here with me. This is my house—a little place of six rooms which I bought a few months ago as a shooting-box. It stands in the heart of Dartmoor, and the nearest cottage is just a mile away." "You—have chased me?" she gasped, as she stood again upon the sofa. "In love and war, Nessa, all things are fair. And I—foolish though it may be—love you." He came and seated himself beside her, bending forward a little and looking at her with smiling eyes. "You were the wrong way to work, Nessa, if you meant to win my indifference. Some women have been good enough to love me, I have been good enough to love some women; but those whom I love have always been those who hated me. They have begun by hating, and have ended by adoring—as you will do." "Oh, hush! I told you I had no love to give—I told you. I married you on one condition, that I should be free. You promised—" "Who says that I promised?" She looked at him with dilated eyes shrinking back from him. "But you know—you know—I know that you promised—faithfully—faithfully." "I don't remember the promise," he returned with a straight glance and a growing smile. "You would have had to wait for more than an hour. It's a draughty little place with no waiting room." "I hope I shall catch the other train at Exeter." "You will be sure to do that," he answered. "If I do I shall reach Mount Lipson in time for this evening. You must tell me how long you can let us remain there; we will move as soon as possible." "Here we are." The carriage drove up before the inn door, and a buxom rosy faced woman came out to meet the bride and groom. Ernestine turned towards the window, and stood looking out at the strip of back garden with its rows of cabbages and turnip tops. "How cold it is," said Captain Beamish pouring out a glass of wine and holding it in his hand. "Ah! by-the-by, I will see if they can't find a foot warmer to put into the carriage for you." Glass in hand he went into the passage. A few minutes later he returned. "You are shivering, Nessa, drink this." "No, thank you," she said, at that moment Mrs. Grigg reappeared in the doorway. "A letter for you. I'd clean forgotten it till this instant; it came just as you were getting up to church. The correspondent little knew you no longer Miss Heather." Ernestine had taken the letter, which was in Minnie's hand writing and had opened it. She held it mechanically, and as she did so her eye fell on the postscript and took in its meaning. "We have met Mr. Linden two or three times in town. Oh, by-the-by, Tina, there was nothing in what Flossy tried to make you believe that night. I thought it very mean of her. We had a quarrel yesterday and I told her so, and I told her I should tell you. Mr. Linden will never care a fig for Flossy while you are in the world. He is over head and ears in love with you." The letter fell from her hand; she grasped hastily at the high-backed chintz-covered chair before her. "You are faint, Nessa." "No, no, no. I shall be better presently." "You will be better when you have drunk this glass of wine." She took it from him listlessly and touched it with her lips.

"Drink it," he urged hastily, and she obeyed. A few minutes later the carriage drove up again before the door; Mrs. Grigg came to announce its arrival and to bid good-bye and good wishes to the bride and bridegroom. Captain Beamish, offering his wife his arm, led her through the passage, and put her into the carriage, closed the door after him, and the horses started at a gallop. "You are coming as far as the station with me?" she asked. "Yes." "It was not necessary." "Perhaps not. But it will prevent gossip in the village." "Yes, that's true," she acquiesced. She leant back in her corner for some minutes; and he seated beside her, did not glance at her, but looked from the window beside him at the high tangled hedgerows which seemed flying past. "Is this the right way?" she asked in a languid but anxious voice. "Yes, quite right," he answered. "But I have agreed to your plan which it cannot be said I like very much." "Yes, I must not be selfish. And I shall not mind staying with Susan." "That is settled then. And I, in the meantime, will take lodgings somewhere in London—in some unfashionable neighborhood where—the banns will be called amongst a crowd of others and attract no one's attention. And now—take me in and introduce me to Mrs. Mabin—" Mrs. Mabin was much troubled during the next few days. She could not understand why Ernestine was so depressed, so nervous, so restless. When one morning at breakfast the girl without a word passed a letter to her, she caught eagerly at the change which the writer of the letter proposed. "Dear Mrs. Ernestine— "It was evening when Ernestine again awoke. She opened her eyes slowly and looked about her in a dazed way. She started into a sitting posture and tried to collect her thoughts. Where was she? The place was unfamiliar. How and when had she come here? She rose to her feet and moved hastily towards the window. Her limbs were strangely weak; her steps tottered; a terrible feeling of nausea made her shudder. With a trembling hand she drew aside the heavy crimson curtains; but the window had closed shutters across which a heavy bar was drawn. She turned quickly towards the door. She found it locked. As she shook the handle a step came slowly through the passage. The next minute Captain Beamish stood within the room. "Well, Nessa, awake again?" he questioned, and she shrank back from his smile. "Where am I?" she demanded. "Here with me. This is my house—a little place of six rooms which I bought a few months ago as a shooting-box. It stands in the heart of Dartmoor, and the nearest cottage is just a mile away." "You—have chased me?" she gasped, as she stood again upon the sofa. "In love and war, Nessa, all things are fair. And I—foolish though it may be—love you." He came and seated himself beside her, bending forward a little and looking at her with smiling eyes. "You were the wrong way to work, Nessa, if you meant to win my indifference. Some women have been good enough to love me, I have been good enough to love some women; but those whom I love have always been those who hated me. They have begun by hating, and have ended by adoring—as you will do." "Oh, hush! I told you I had no love to give—I told you. I married you on one condition, that I should be free. You promised—" "Who says that I promised?" She looked at him with dilated eyes shrinking back from him. "But you know—you know—I know that you promised—faithfully—faithfully." "I don't remember the promise," he returned with a straight glance and a growing smile. "You would have had to wait for more than an hour. It's a draughty little place with no waiting room." "I hope I shall catch the other train at Exeter." "You will be sure to do that," he answered. "If I do I shall reach Mount Lipson in time for this evening. You must tell me how long you can let us remain there; we will move as soon as possible." "Here we are." The carriage drove up before the inn door, and a buxom rosy faced woman came out to meet the bride and groom. Ernestine turned towards the window, and stood looking out at the strip of back garden with its rows of cabbages and turnip tops. "How cold it is," said Captain Beamish pouring out a glass of wine and holding it in his hand. "Ah! by-the-by, I will see if they can't find a foot warmer to put into the carriage for you." Glass in hand he went into the passage. A few minutes later he returned. "You are shivering, Nessa, drink this." "No, thank you," she said, at that moment Mrs. Grigg reappeared in the doorway. "A letter for you. I'd clean forgotten it till this instant; it came just as you were getting up to church. The correspondent little knew you no longer Miss Heather." Ernestine had taken the letter, which was in Minnie's hand writing and had opened it. She held it mechanically, and as she did so her eye fell on the postscript and took in its meaning. "We have met Mr. Linden two or three times in town. Oh, by-the-by, Tina, there was nothing in what Flossy tried to make you believe that night. I thought it very mean of her. We had a quarrel yesterday and I told her so, and I told her I should tell you. Mr. Linden will never care a fig for Flossy while you are in the world. He is over head and ears in love with you." The letter fell from her hand; she grasped hastily at the high-backed chintz-covered chair before her. "You are faint, Nessa." "No, no, no. I shall be better presently." "You will be better when you have drunk this glass of wine." She took it from him listlessly and touched it with her lips.

"Drink it," he urged hastily, and she obeyed. A few minutes later the carriage drove up again before the door; Mrs. Grigg came to announce its arrival and to bid good-bye and good wishes to the bride and bridegroom. Captain Beamish, offering his wife his arm, led her through the passage, and put her into the carriage, closed the door after him, and the horses started at a gallop. "You are coming as far as the station with me?" she asked. "Yes." "It was not necessary." "Perhaps not. But it will prevent gossip in the village." "Yes, that's true," she acquiesced. She leant back in her corner for some minutes; and he seated beside her, did not glance at her, but looked from the window beside him at the high tangled hedgerows which seemed flying past. "Is this the right way?" she asked in a languid but anxious voice. "Yes, quite right," he answered. "But I have agreed to your plan which it cannot be said I like very much." "Yes, I must not be selfish. And I shall not mind staying with Susan." "That is settled then. And I, in the meantime, will take lodgings somewhere in London—in some unfashionable neighborhood where—the banns will be called amongst a crowd of others and attract no one's attention. And now—take me in and introduce me to Mrs. Mabin—" Mrs. Mabin was much troubled during the next few days. She could not understand why Ernestine was so depressed, so nervous, so restless. When one morning at breakfast the girl without a word passed a letter to her, she caught eagerly at the change which the writer of the letter proposed. "Dear Mrs. Ernestine— "It was evening when Ernestine again awoke. She opened her eyes slowly and looked about her in a dazed way. She started into a sitting posture and tried to collect her thoughts. Where was she? The place was unfamiliar. How and when had she come here? She rose to her feet and moved hastily towards the window. Her limbs were strangely weak; her steps tottered; a terrible feeling of nausea made her shudder. With a trembling hand she drew aside the heavy crimson curtains; but the window had closed shutters across which a heavy bar was drawn. She turned quickly towards the door. She found it locked. As she shook the handle a step came slowly through the passage. The next minute Captain Beamish stood within the room. "Well, Nessa, awake again?" he questioned, and she shrank back from his smile. "Where am I?" she demanded. "Here with me. This is my house—a little place of six rooms which I bought a few months ago as a shooting-box. It stands in the heart of Dartmoor, and the nearest cottage is just a mile away." "You—have chased me?" she gasped, as she stood again upon the sofa. "In love and war, Nessa, all things are fair. And I—foolish though it may be—love you." He came and seated himself beside her, bending forward a little and looking at her with smiling eyes. "You were the wrong way to work, Nessa, if you meant to win my indifference. Some women have been good enough to love me, I have been good enough to love some women; but those whom I love have always been those who hated me. They have begun by hating, and have ended by adoring—as you will do." "Oh, hush! I told you I had no love to give—I told you. I married you on one condition, that I should be free. You promised—" "Who says that I promised?" She looked at him with dilated eyes shrinking back from him. "But you know—you know—I know that you promised—faithfully—faithfully." "I don't remember the promise," he returned with a straight glance and a growing smile. "You would have had to wait for more than an hour. It's a draughty little place with no waiting room." "I hope I shall catch the other train at Exeter." "You will be sure to do that," he answered. "If I do I shall reach Mount Lipson in time for this evening. You must tell me how long you can let us remain there; we will move as soon as possible." "Here we are." The carriage drove up before the inn door, and a buxom rosy faced woman came out to meet the bride and groom. Ernestine turned towards the window, and stood looking out at the strip of back garden with its rows of cabbages and turnip tops. "How cold it is," said Captain Beamish pouring out a glass of wine and holding it in his hand. "Ah! by-the-by, I will see if they can't find a foot warmer to put into the carriage for you." Glass in hand he went into the passage. A few minutes later he returned. "You are shivering, Nessa, drink this." "No, thank you," she said, at that moment Mrs. Grigg reappeared in the doorway. "A letter for you. I'd clean forgotten it till this instant; it came just as you were getting up to church. The correspondent little knew you no longer Miss Heather." Ernestine had taken the letter, which was in Minnie's hand writing and had opened it. She held it mechanically, and as she did so her eye fell on the postscript and took in its meaning. "We have met Mr. Linden two or three times in town. Oh, by-the-by, Tina, there was nothing in what Flossy tried to make you believe that night. I thought it very mean of her. We had a quarrel yesterday and I told her so, and I told her I should tell you. Mr. Linden will never care a fig for Flossy while you are in the world. He is over head and ears in love with you." The letter fell from her hand; she grasped hastily at the high-backed chintz-covered chair before her. "You are faint, Nessa." "No, no, no. I shall be better presently." "You will be better when you have drunk this glass of wine." She took it from him listlessly and touched it with her lips.

GLADSTONE AND THE LORDS. Gladstone spoke at Edinburgh on Thursday evening. Regarding the home rule bill he said: "The fact that the people's chamber deliberately and advisedly passed a bill of such vast importance is a most significant step in connection with the whole subject of contentment, happiness and peace of Ireland. (Cheers.) The fact is the present parliamentary institutions are too weak for their purpose. There is something wrong and defective in the present institutions. The condition is intolerable and demands concentrated attention of the nation with a view of removal of the defects. On one hand is the nation expressing just demands; on the other hand are the necessary measures to satisfy their demands. But between the two there is a great barrier. The Irish question, which has taxed the energy and mortgaged the time of parliament for a generation continued to exist and who is answerable for its remaining before us? There is only one reply; the responsibility rests with the house of lords. (Cheers.) After a reference to the intelligence and incomparable unity of the liberals, Gladstone continued: "I was not so sure when Lord Salisbury threatened a year ago to destroy the home rule bill that the lords recognized that this might involve the question of their own independence and responsibility. (Prolonged cheers.) If it ever happens in political affairs that the house of lords by some accident or collateral process should bring about a dissolution of the house of commons, depend upon it the people will not consider the home rule bill alone. They will mix with it another question on which the lords may bitterly lament, when it is too late, that they ever raised an issue."

A HEARTFELT WISH. Mother—Here, son, is a cake for you and your brother. Divide it equally. Son—Why do you make cakes with holes in the middle, mamma? Mother—Just to look pretty, I suppose. Don't you like them so? Son—Yes'm; they're good enough, only I wish I had to divide with somebody that could eat the holes.

CORNS! CORNS! Tender, corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns, hard corns, corns of all kinds and of all sizes, are alike removed in a few days by the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Never fails to cure, never causes pain, never leaves deep spots that are more annoying than the original discomfort. Give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. Beware of substitutes. Sold by druggists everywhere.—Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors.

THEY WERE FAST COLORS. Jeremy Weighback—Them last shirt I bought here is just as ye said. Salesman—Our goods are always just as we say. Ye said they were fast colors. Yes, sir. An they be. Why, mother she put 'em in the wash, an by golly when she took 'em out them colors had run so fast they was purty near out of sight.

A GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY SAYS: "My children have been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years! Our physicians first recommended it and now whenever a child takes cold my wife immediately resorts to this remedy, which always effects a cure."

HE WAS PLEASED. Uncle Sam was at the theater. It was with intense delight that he saw the actor go across the stage on his hands. Turning to his wife, he said: "Well, I am glad I found it out at last. Found out what?" "How they do it. I've often read in the funny papers about actors walkin' on their hands, but I never knew before what it meant."

W. J. Garnett, of Pembroke, Maine, U. S. A., writes to say that he suffered for years with Dyspepsia in its worst form, which finally developed into Jaundice. He was wasted to a shadow, and so nervous that the slightest noise made him start and tremble. He tried doctors and many remedies without receiving benefit. Three bottles of Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic and a box of Hawker's Liver Pills cured him and restored him to health. He says, I continue to use the Liver Pills and find them a sure cure for sick headache, sour stomach, and pains in the side or back.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. Winslow's SCORCHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night by their rest, by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's SCORCHING SYRUP for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's SCORCHING SYRUP" for children teething, is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's SCORCHING SYRUP."

PAT'S SEAT. An Irishman was once asked by a friend to go to a concert with him. Pat consented to go. They had not proceeded far on the way before Pat asked how much the seats were. His friend said the front seats were a shilling each and the back seats were sixpence each; the programs a penny each. All right said Pat; I will sit in the programmes.

ARE YOU DEAF? Or do you suffer from noises in the head? Then send your address and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure costing comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address: Prof. G. Chase, Orillia, Ont.—13 w.

Mamma's wisdom.—Aunt (shocked)—Do you send your sister quarrel over your candy this way when at home? Little Johnny—No'm. Mamma always gives us so much we both has plenty.

A RAILWAY MANAGER SAYS: "In reply to your question do my children object to taking Scott's Emulsion, I say No! on the contrary, they are fond of it and it keeps them pictures of health."

Too Much So.—And this maid—is she truthful? asked the lady of the reference. Very. That is why I discharged her. She wouldn't tell people I was out when I was in.

Many a fond parent does not get to sleep until after the bowl is over.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE.

196 Queen Street. 5 Gross HIRE'S ROOT BEER Daily expected. Just Received: LACTATED FOOD, MELLIN'S FOOD, BUTTER COLOR, DIAMOND DYES. JOHN M. WILEY, Druggist. R. C. MACREDIE, Plumber, Gas Fitter, AND TINSMITH, WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has opened business on Queen Street. OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE, where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL BELL HANGING, Speaking Tubes, &c. It is BEYOND QUESTION! That Our PAPER ENVELOPES are the Best for the Price, you can get. For QUALITY and VALUE. OUR SCHOOL BOOKS are Unexcelled. YOU WANT THE BEST GOODS AT THE BEST PRICES, THEN BUY YOUR SCHOOL BOOKS AT Hall's - Book - Store. F am for Sale. THE subscriber's Farm at St. Mary's, near the Railway Station, containing 800 acres, 100 of which are under cultivation. There are two houses, barns, and outbuildings on the premises, all in good repair. For further particulars apply to JOHN A. EDWARDS, Queen Street, Fredericton, N.B. BICYCLES. WE have several Bicycles on hand from last year which we will sell at a bargain to any one in want, on Easy Terms. We prefer having some other goods, and are reminded of the wisdom of the old injunction, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Now this is our last try, and if not sold this month, we will either Auction them off or send them to Great Britain. Come early and get a bargain. R. CHESTNUT & SONS. McMurray & Co. Have Just Received A CAR LOAD OF WALL PAPERS, And are now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in Canadian American Makes. CALL and SEE the GOODS. Also a lot of REMNANTS, Which will be sold Low, to make room for New Goods. P. S. Expected daily a Large Stock of INGRAIN paper with BORDERS to match. Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines in Great Variety at the Lowest Prices. No Agents. McMurray & Co.

No! No! No! SCOTT'S EMULSION. Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. It will STRENGTHEN WEAK LUNGS, STOP THE COUGH, AND CHECK ALL WASTING DISEASES. A remarkable flesh producer and it is almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure to get the genuine put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Prepared only by Scott & Bown, Baltimore.

NEW DRUG STORE, 2 DOORS BELOW PEOPLES BANK, QUEEN ST. FREDERICTON. Having severed my connection with the firm of DAVIS STAPLES & CO., I have opened up business on my own account, in the store formerly occupied by the CANADIAN Express Company, two doors below People's Bank. With my experience of twenty-one years in the Drug Business and being manager of the business of the late firm for thirteen years, I feel with every confidence that I can fully meet the requirements of my friends and the public generally. Yours Respectfully, ALONZO STAPLES. April 29, 1893.

Executors Notice. NOTICE is hereby given that I, the undersigned, have been appointed Executor of the last will of the late John A. Morrison. All persons indebted to such Estate will please arrange with me at once, and all persons having any legal claims against such estate are requested to hand the same to me, or to the undersigned, within three months from the date hereof. FRANK L. MORRISON, Executor of last will of late John A. Morrison. June 19.

MIXED PATNS. JUST received several cases Ready Mixed paints, all of the popular colors in one and two gallon cans, quart, half and one gallon tins. They are easily applied and dry quickly. Very handy for house keepers who have painting to do. Call and get one of our sample cards. For sale by R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

VIGOR OF MEN. Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE. Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural method. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

McMURRAY & Co. Have Just Received A CAR LOAD OF WALL PAPERS, And are now prepared to show the largest stock of Wall Paper in the city, in Canadian American Makes. CALL and SEE the GOODS. Also a lot of REMNANTS, Which will be sold Low, to make room for New Goods. P. S. Expected daily a Large Stock of INGRAIN paper with BORDERS to match. Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines in Great Variety at the Lowest Prices. No Agents. McMurray & Co.