

Literature.

LADY OF ABERNETHY HALL

THE MILLINER'S FORTUNE

CHAPTER VIII

FINDING PEACE.

The acquaintance singularly begun between Ruth Mowbray and Mr. Rutherford, progressed steadily, until ripened into perfect confidence.

In the young pastor, Ruth found a kind and sympathizing friend; a tender brother. He encouraged her when she desponded—cheered her when she was sad—led her gently on to seek peace and rest in the eternal arm of God's salvation.

One evening, when she had known him for more than a year, Ruth revealed to this kind friend the little history of her life. She told him of her hopes, her sorrows, her temptations—the rest, he already knew.

He comforted her as none other could have done; then to show her that he fully appreciated her confidence, he gave her his own in return.

"I was born," he said, "in the great, bustling city of New Orleans, of parents who toiled for their daily bread. My father was a house-carpenter; my mother added something to our scanty income by fine needle work."

"Through the kindness of a schoolmaster I was enabled to read many valuable works. Under his auspices I gained an acquaintance with the classics. At length I became a teacher; the salary was better than that which I received from my present employers, and the labor more congenial."

"I accordingly entered upon the charge of the school. Here, again, I owed much to my good old friend. In all difficulties I went to him; and whatever success crowned my efforts, I must attribute to his judicious advice. By degrees, I rose to be assistant preceptor in a flourishing academy in the State of North Carolina, and here I first met Catherine Hazelwood."

"That meeting was an era in my life. Miss Hazelwood was a New Englander, but having family connections in the South, she had come hither to finish her education, and at the same time to benefit her health. I can hardly convey to you a correct idea of her exceeding beauty. She was one of the loveliest creatures I ever beheld. I think it was a case of love at first sight on my part; and I flattered myself that the fair girl was not wholly indifferent to me. She blushed at my approach—her hand trembled when it met mine in friendly greeting."

and charged her with her falsity in no measured terms. She blushed in my face. She hoped, she said, that I was not to follow a foolish fancy of the youthful flirtation. It had come a her first love, she said, and she would not have should have died of grief if it had not been for me, and she most heartily thanked me for the favor I had done her in helping her kill time. Now, she trusted would ignore the past, and regard her simply as a very good friend.

"I went out from her presence a changed man. I had seen my infatuation; my glowing ideal stood before me robbed of the love which had clothed her in the perfection of womanhood; I no longer thrilled at the sound of her name. My passion had died a violent death, and I buried it, and placed upon its sepulchre a stone of indifference. Henceforth, I resolved to live for others rather than for myself. I took the armor of the most high God upon me, and his gospel I took to my heart. In His service I found happiness—happiness such as the world is powerless to give—or take away! Peace, founded on the Rock of Everlasting Love!"

"I thought my mother here to your pleasant New England, and here we have set up our humble home, and here we hope to spend the remainder of my days in content. I ask no higher destiny than that which awaits me as a minister of God's truth, and may I be allowed to express my one last wish that good may be done to my people?"

"After this mutual confidence, a strong attachment grew between Ruth Mowbray and the young minister.

CHAPTER IX

THE MILLINER'S FORTUNE.

Ruth Mowbray went often to the parsonage, and sat at the feet of the mild-mannered woman whom John Rutherford called mother and listened to the teaching that fell from her lips. Mrs. Rutherford was a gentle spirit, trusting all her hopes and wishes unreservedly in God's hands, complaining never of fate, and enduring trials and crosses with saintly patience. Would that there were more like her, that their holy example might lead many, now in doubt, to the true source of all happiness and everlasting safety!

And gradually the heart of Ruth Mowbray took up a new song. As first its notes were low and feeble, but gathering strength with the nurturing age of time, it widened and broadened until its mighty sweep swept the master chords of her being into perfect harmony.

"At the sound of one's footsteps she blushed and trembled; at the touch of one hand she was filled with strange bliss; one voice had power to banish all care and sorrow from her soul!"

Typical fever, of the most violent kind broke out in Windfall. Almost every house was a house of sickness, and perhaps of death. Whole families were swept away, and terror seized upon the whole population.

In this time of universal sorrow, Ruth Mowbray was a good angel. She ministered unceasingly at the bedside of the sick and dying, and many a desolate, suffering one was made comfortable by her kind care. No hand was softer than hers on the hot brow, and no footsteps fell so noiselessly on the distracted ear.

Mr. Rutherford, also, visited the sick unceasingly and administered to their necessities with his own hands; he comforted the living, and prayed for the repose of the dead.

As the cooler weather of autumn approached, fever cases diminished, and the fearful mortality was abated. But there were still scores of the afflicted, and Ruth Mowbray's services as a nurse were all most nightly called into requisition. For two nights she kept a vigil by the bed of an aged woman, and at daybreak closed her eyes in death, and on the third night, she was looking forward to the luxury of undisturbed repose. She retired early to her chamber, and without undressing lay down on the bed. But sleep no more was her lot; she awoke in vain she opened her eyes with her hand, in vain she counted the ticking of the clock, and fancied herself on the verge of death—she was as wide awake as ever. She thought that perhaps the light of the stars shining through her window at the foot of her bed troubled her, and rising she let down the curtain. But no sleep, no rest, no relief. The clock struck one, and almost simultaneously with the sound, a dull red glare shone into the chamber. It was not the moon, for that had set long ago behind the western hills. Brighter and redder gleamed the light. Ruth sprang up and threw open the window. The whole vicinity was glowing like noonday, and the sky glowed with blood.

course, but she sprang clear of them all, and clinging on to the low window leaning into the sitting room, she peeped inside. The apartment through which she looked, was filled with the choking smoke of the fire, and the crackling of the flames in the next room would have dismayed any heart not nerved with superior courage. Up the broad stairs flew the daring girl, and along the corridor to the chamber door of Mrs. Rutherford. The portal was thrown open from within, and the old lady, pale but calm, met her on the threshold.

"Your son? where is he? Ruth asked the question quickly, impatient of a second's delay.

"Wonder! I was going to call him; she indicated a distant door, where the flames were sweeping down hotly from the ceiling and the red columns fell in a thick cloud.

Ruth bounded along the passage, and flung open the door of the chamber. The fire scorched her hair, and the heat of the door burned her feet, but she did not hesitate.

Mr. Rutherford lay on the bed, wrapped in a dressing-gown and sleeping suitably as an infant, all unconscious of the peril which surrounded him.

Ruth grasped his shoulder, and shook him violently.

"Wake up! Wake up!" she cried. "Follow me the house is on fire!"

He sprang to his feet, and gazed around him with blank amazement.

"You here, dear home! Leave me instantly! I will come—stay, where is my mother and Katherine?"

"Your mother is in safety by this time, but Katherine—I had forgotten her!"

"Go then, this moment? I will rescue the girl, dear one, and God keep you!"

They left the room together, and together they met the fiery billow of flame that surged down to meet them. Grasping Ruth's hand firmly in his own, the young minister hurried on to the chamber where the servant girl slept. He pushed open the door—Katherine lay in a swoon in the centre of the floor. The fright had been too much for her. Rutherford raised her up.

"Go help me down the stairs, Ruth, he said; I must save this poor creature, at all hazards."

The trembling girl obeyed him, and they made the descent in safety. But not a moment to soon! With a loud crash the stairway fell in, and the burning rafters of the roof covered their retreat with a sea of fire.

The outer air was reached at last, and scorched and faint, Ruth Mowbray sank down at the feet of Mrs. Rutherford.

A moment more and the once pleasant parsonage lay upon the ground, a heap of blazing timbers, and a pyre of crimson light!

The houseless family went home with Ruth, where they remained until midwinter, when a new home was made ready for them on the site of the old one.

And not long after the removal, John Rutherford, sitting by the side of his fair preserver, asked her to put her hand in his and walk with him through life. Her head sank to rest on his shoulder—she was glad to lay it there; and she did not resist the gentle arm that drew her close to his strong, true heart.

Both had loved before; both had suffered; both had come forth purified.

"I have waited long for this hour, dear Ruth, said the young man. 'I yearned to ask you this question months ago, but I wanted to wait until time should heal the wound your sudden disappointment had left. The tender vine from our resting-place must have sunshine and rain before it will cling to another support; its several tendrils must have time to grow again.'

It was very sweet to hear his voice speaking thus to her; to feel his cherishing arm around her, and know that out of all the world there was one to whose existence she was necessary.

And John Rutherford, when he kissed her brow at parting, in the pale moonlight thought he had never seen so beautiful a being, save in his dreams of heaven.

EXHIBITION.

T. W. SMITH, PLOWS.

FREDERICTON

ON THE

10th, 9th, 10th and 11th October next.

ABOUT \$5,000 IN PRIZES.

A Provincial Exhibition will be held in Fredericton, N. B., on the 10th, 9th, 10th and 11th October next. A large, handsome building is now being erected for the purpose, and ample yard and stand accommodations for stock is provided.

ALLEN & WILSON, Barristers and Attorneys AT LAW.

NOW LANDING FROM CARS.

Locks Locks

ICE. ICE. ICE.

Oats, Bran, Shorts

HEAVY FEED

Express Waggon

Per Schr. Maud & Bessie from Boston.

43 PACKAGES HARDWARE.

Per Schr. "Jessie" FROM BOSTON.

230 BONES Window Glass, running from \$200 to \$300.

BEVERLY'S Bookstore and Bindery HAS REMOVED TO THE CORNER OF QUEEN AND CARLETON STS.

HARDWARE.

CUT NAILS.

160 K EGGS Cut Nails and Spikes.

Mowing Machines.

13 MILLING MACHINES.

BECKWITH & SEELY, Attorneys-at-Law, Notaries Public, etc.

CITY HALL, FREDERICTON.

GLASS.

250 BONES Glass now landing, and for sale by JAMES S. NEILL.

FISHER'S BUILDING, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

EUROPE CANADA, and the UNITED STATES

COTHS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, AND Gents' Furnishing Goods

Notice of Removal.

C. T. WHELPLEY

TAKE NOTICE!

The Highest Prices in Cash paid for HIDES & BEEF TALLOW

F'ton Leather Co., KING STREET, FREDERICTON.

KEEP COOL.

ICE. ICE. ICE.

CASH FOR HIDES

Gibson Tannery.

SALT AND MOLASSES.

ELY PERKINS

100 SACKS SALT.

STRAW GOODS, STRAW GOODS, STRAW GOODS.

50 1/2 Mens' Youths' and Boys' Stock.

PER SCHOONER

60 ROLLS Roofing Felt.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

JUST RECEIVED FROM OSHA, 65 Packages as follows:

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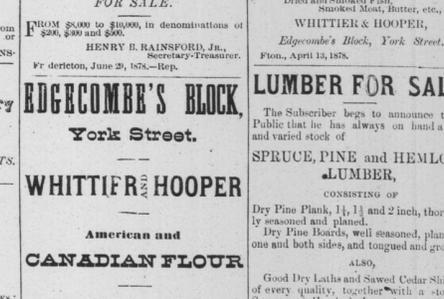
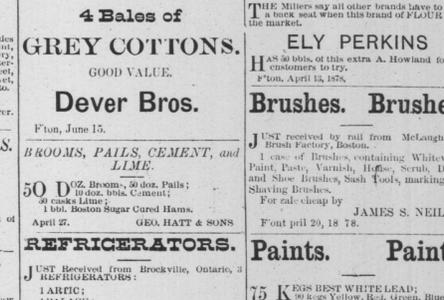
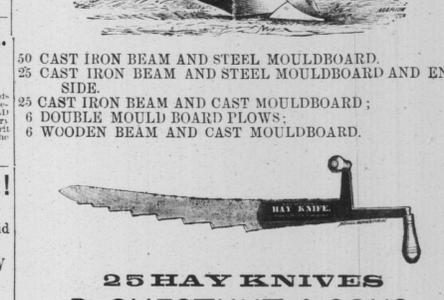
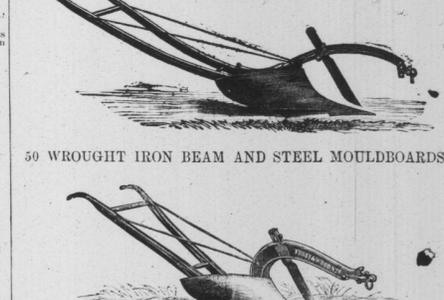
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WROUGHT IRON BEAM AND STEEL MOULDBOARDS;

CAST IRON BEAM AND STEEL MOULDBOARD.

CAST IRON BEAM AND CAST MOULDBOARD;

DOUBLE MOULD BOARD PLOWS;

WOODEN BEAM AND CAST MOULDBOARD.

25 HAY KNIVES

R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

BY RAIL!

JUST RECEIVED BY RAIL FROM BOSTON.

CASSES READY MIXED PAINTS, from 1 to 100.

2 cases VARNISH, in 1 Pint, 1 Quart, 1 Gallon.

1 case WHITE LEAD, in 1 Pint, 1 Quart, 1 Gallon.

1 case COMMON BLACK LEAD, in 1 Pint, 1 Quart, 1 Gallon.

1 case BROWN LEAD, in 1 Pint, 1 Quart, 1 Gallon.

1 case RED LEAD, in 1 Pint, 1 Quart, 1 Gallon.

1 case BLUE LEAD, in 1 Pint, 1 Quart, 1 Gallon.

1 case GREEN LEAD, in 1 Pint, 1 Quart, 1 Gallon.

1 case YELLOW LEAD, in 1 Pint, 1 Quart, 1 Gallon.

1 case ORANGE LEAD, in 1 Pint, 1 Quart, 1 Gallon.

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