

THE LADY OF ASHURST.

CHAPTER XXII.

As the lady of Ashurst, Judge Ashley went over the terms of the final trial...

With some of his old sternness, the Judge said:

"My servants, when you first came, know better than to go to a stranger about the dearest object of your lives."

"Where is Mr. Ashley now, and what is his history since he left his native land?"

"He has travelled much, but at this time he is in Italy, and has written to me the strangest confession of his life."

"Until today I believed that Grace was contented with the lot she had chosen, and that she was happy."

"What woman? and what has become of Grace?" asked the deeply interested lady.

"Since Lord Ashley had another child who was the heir to his mother's fortune, he would be likely to leave the abandoned one to those who had so long cared for her."

"The Judge said to me: 'My dear lady, I have recently become the mother of a son, and he has written to me to confess what had been long concealed. It seems that at the birth of her daughter, Grace Arden lost her reason, and she has been in a mad house from that time till her death, which took place about two months ago.'"

"When assured by her physicians that Grace would never recover her reason, Lord Ashley divorced and married an American lady, who, he believed, had made him a most excellent and affectionate wife."

"What was it, Mr. Ashley's object in writing this statement to you?" she steadily asked.

"You know that I am an old man, and he fears that I will make a will in accordance with a promise made to him on that night, to bequeath the whole of my estate to the daughter of his first wife."

"He stated that shortly before Grace left his mind, she gave him a deed which entitles him to the income arising from her property during the minority of her child. Lord goes on to say that his habits are such, that he can have nothing from her, and she has no money, and she is in the hands of the fortune of his first wife in telling the son, just borne to him, will be destitute unless I make some alteration in my testamentary provisions, and divide the estate equally between the two children."

"As the Judge said, his own claim on me is in favor of the daughter, and he demands that I shall make this change in my will."

"It is a strange and exciting story; but what do you intend to do?"

"I will do what I think just. I have made a large allowance, in addition to the large estate I have inherited from the Arden estate, and if he does not choose to quit his own extravagance for the sake of providing for his son, the child must do without fortune. The son of so deceitful and unprincipled a woman as this Augustus must be, shall never out of Frank out of his share, of my estate, by being permitted to come in as co-heir with Bessie."

"A bright flash of triumph came from the eyes of Mr. Ashley, and she lifted his hand to her lips, and said:

"I felt sure that I could trust to your sense of justice to do what was right by little Frank. He is a noble boy, and he will be worthy to represent your family in the world to come."

"I hope so—I believe so—for he is a lad of promise. The present Mrs. Leon Ashley has assisted her husband to carry out his deception by writing to me in the character of Grace, and I think she and her husband are suited to male together. Their son is likely to prove no credit to his blood, and I shall do nothing for him beyond leaving a few thousand dollars to educate him. The bulk of my property I shall bequeath to the two children who brighten our daily life, and as for something to look forward to in the future."

"You love them both tenderly—I can see that every day—and I think you are right to place Frank on a footing with Bessie. I have long wished to make a suggestion to you, and if you will listen to it, I think you will do better for them—they may be likely to do for themselves."

"What do you mean, Daisy? You know that you have only to speak to be listened to with respect at least."

After an agitated pause Mrs. Ashley said:

"Not unfair, if by that means you secure a noble husband for your heir—a lovely wife for your heir," she eagerly replied. "Besides, in that case the estate will remain intact. Frank can assume your name, and sustain the ancient prestige of his family."

Mrs. Ashley knew that in this she was touching the Judge in his most vulnerable point, for he had long resented the extinction of his wife that Frank should share the estate with Bessie because he wished it to remain undivided.

Confident of her power to induce him eventually to yield on both points, Mrs. Ashley had persevered until the first one was gained, and she now set with alarm that unless her plans were speedily carried into effect, a counter influence might frustrate them, and leave the two young creatures whose future she so earnestly desired to rest in her hands, free to choose or reject each other, as their inclinations prompted.

She must give her daughter a legal claim on the Ashley estate, and only by blinding her unwisely to Frank could this be done. The want of fortune, Mrs. Ashley believed, was the greatest of evils, and she had made up her mind that if either of these children ventured to oppose her will in the time to come, the one that she should be bound to the sting of as grinding poverty as she herself had once known.

But she comforted herself with the belief that her child would not be the one to suffer thus. Her training—her influence over Bessie—must prevent her from doing anything to her ruin. She would be the dying wish of her father to his daughter, and she would be the dying wish of her mother to her son.

Mrs. Ashley would not see that any obstacle could hereafter intervene to prevent a union so desirable to herself, and she used all her power over her children to bring him to her own view.

"I will not, poor girl, for you were not one formed in sin and impurity, and your own conscience will suggest all I could say. But where is the child? Hunter told me that he had given her to some rich woman in New York. Tell me where I may find her, for it is my right to claim and protect her!"

Mrs. Ashley had by this time partially recovered from her overwrought condition, and she tremulously replied:

"The child is dead. It is true that I gave her to one who would have provided for her, but she died before she was a year old."

"Martin said that she was a beautiful girl, and that she was a great beauty. He said that she was a great beauty, and that she was a great beauty."

"I remember well your childish pride and vanity—your excessive love of beautiful things, and I understand that you were ready to sacrifice everything to your attainment when the temptation came to you."

With some of her natural fire, Mrs. Ashley replied:

"I sacrificed much—much—but not what you think, John Martin. I believe I had the right to take my fate in my own hands, and I did so. To regret what is irretrievable is but a waste of time. I have determined not to be guilty. I have long ago made up my mind to make the most of what I have, and I will not sacrifice I have made."

"I regret that I cannot give you to Ashurst, but you see yourself that it is impossible. A few miles from here is a good town, where you and your husband can be taken care of. You have pledged yourself to keep the secret, and I know that I may trust you."

"You may say that you are leaving me without shelter, and I believe you are. I have no right to inquire; neither have I the right to learn what you could tell me. Go on your way, and I will not see you again. I will not see you again."

"Stop!" she cried out, impulsively, though her voice vibrated with emotion. "I have no right to inquire; neither have I the right to learn what you could tell me. Go on your way, and I will not see you again. I will not see you again."

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claim on earth? If you can do this, you are more than a match for my poor father's wealth. If he could rise from his grave, he would bitterly reproach you for meddling with what you do not fully understand."

Martin seemed deeply to feel this appeal, and placed himself on the seat beside her, more gently said:

"This appeal to the memory of your father shall not be made in vain, Margaret. I will spare you, and leave you to such happiness as you can find in the degrading shackles that bind you to this superannuated old man, if you will tell me what you have done with poor Frank's child. On my last cruise, I met with a man named Hunter at Oporto. We struck up an intimacy. I told him who reared me from boyhood, and afterward procured me a berth as midshipman in the navy, and incidentally spoke of Frank Wilde. The name struck him, and the mention of it led to his telling me of his acquaintance with you, and your employment as a governess to the wealthy Southern."

When he called the name of Ashley, I knew at once that I had not been mistaken—that the woman I had seen in the hotel in Baltimore, who was the wife of a man old enough to be her grandfather, was indeed the playmate of my childhood."

He paused, but Mrs. Ashley made no reply, and he hurriedly continued:

"Oh, Margaret! Margaret! why have you done this? You have ruined your happiness for the enjoyment of a few shillings, and you have forfeited the esteem of every true man or woman. But why do I reproach you? It is not my right, and if you are the same girl I once knew so well, your own self-reproach is sufficient punishment."

"It is not my fault," she answered. "Do not add a single weight to the load I have to bear, or the additional burden will crush me."

"I will not, poor girl, for you were not one formed in sin and impurity, and your own conscience will suggest all I could say. But where is the child? Hunter told me that he had given her to some rich woman in New York. Tell me where I may find her, for it is my right to claim and protect her!"

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The prejudice against her supposed low birth and humble antecedents had gradually died out, as her exemplary course was observed by the surrounding families. The ladies at last called on her; were surprised and pleased by the quiet grace of her manners at the elegant ease with which she sustained her part in conversation.

The measure of praise they accorded her became rapturous applause, when her husbands had an opportunity to make her acquaintance, for as poor Martin had said, her bright smiles and buoyant humor charmed them all, and not a man among them but thought Judge Ashley the most fortunate of men to possess a creature of such radiant mould.

A thorough and highly accomplished education was bestowed on both Frank and Bessie. Mrs. Ashley would not be contented with superficial attainments; what they understood they must excel in, for gain the enjoyment of the world. Luckily both possessed a fair capacity, combined with sufficient perseverance to enable them to attain the high standard she set up for them, and at the ages of twenty-three and eighteen it would have been difficult to find two more attractive young persons.

Frank had graduated with honor at a college in his native State, and to some extent had earned his way, and was lighter and more graceful, and accomplished, which grace society. He was nearly six feet in height, with a strong and well-knit frame, the activity of a panther, and an untiring love for field sports. He was a crack shot; could wrestle, fence and box in a scientific manner, and he excelled in dancing.

The judge had said that he remembered none of his family. He was fair, with flashing blue eyes, and a profusion of light brown hair that still curled lightly around the massive brow on which a fair intellect was enthroned. Yet with all these attractions, he was far from being the ideal of Bessie, though she loved him with a tender sisterly affection.

Bessie grew up as lovely as her childhood friend. She was of a medium height, with a charmingly rounded figure; a complexion of lilies and roses, a profusion of burnished hair that rippled around her well-proportioned head; and she possessed a most attractive, though they could not boast of perfect regularity.

Petting had not spoiled her, and she was the radiant embodiment of health, good humor and buoyancy of heart. Already had the fame of her attractions been noised abroad, and more than one father of a promising son had hinted to Judge Ashley that an acquaintance with the daughter would be a valuable part of that gentleman. But the old gentleman listened coldly to such intimations, and uniformly gave the speaker to understand that his daughter was already betrothed to her cousin, and on her union with him depended the future she would inherit.

Neither was Frank backward in clearing his position. He had loved her with all his heart, though he misunderstood the nature of his feelings when he imagined that Bessie was the one sweet minister who could alone soothe his restless heart.

He understood her better, and dear as Frank was to her, she often sighed that fate had not left her free to choose her own lot in life. But she was bound to the will of her grandfather, and always obedient to that dominant power which had thus far moulded her life. She had no volition but that of her darling Minny, and such was her entire affection for Mrs. Ashley, that she entirely surrendered herself to her control.

Bessie had been taught to think that her earthly destiny was fixed, and she was bound to the will of her grandfather, and always obedient to that dominant power which had thus far moulded her life. She had no volition but that of her darling Minny, and such was her entire affection for Mrs. Ashley, that she entirely surrendered herself to her control.

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upon an ottoman at the feet of her husband, who reclined in a large cushioned chair, near an open window, in the library.

She wore an embroidered wrapper, fastened up the front with knots of blue ribbon; and a head-dress of filmy lace, with fluttering streamers of the same color, covered her radiant hair. Her face, without a tell tale line to mark the years she had lived on earth, was turned toward her husband with an expression of tender interest which was perfectly simulated, if she was not a truth a devoted wife.

(To be continued.)

Just the Thing. W. J. Guppy, druggist, of Newbury, writes: "Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is just the thing for Summer Sickness. I sold out my stock three times last summer. There was a good demand for it."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is infallible for Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach and Bowel Complaint.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS. Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., Chemists, N. H. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ALL THE FORMS Scrofula, Mercurial, and Blood Disorders, the best remedy, because the most scientific and reliable blood-purifier.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all Druggists; 25¢ bottles, 50¢.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY '85 Summer Arrangement '85. On and after MONDAY, June 1st, 1885, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave St. John: Day Express, 7:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 8:30 a.m.; Express for Summerside, 10:00 a.m.; Express for Halifax & Quebec, 10:15 p.m. A Pullman Car runs daily on the 10:15 p.m. train to Halifax.

Trains will arrive at St. John: Express from Halifax & Quebec, 6:30 a.m.; Express from Summerside, 8:30 a.m.; Accommodation, 10:00 a.m.; Day Express, 10:15 p.m. All Trains arrive by Stationary Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. Moncton, N. B., May 25, 1885.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO. Arrangement of Trains—In effect June 28, 1885.

Leave Fredericton! KARTEN STANDARD TIME.

3:30 A. M.—Express for St. John connecting at Fredericton Junction with Fast Express for St. John, Moncton, and St. Stephen, and with the Atlantic Coast Express for St. John, Moncton, and St. Stephen.

5:30 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting with Train for Bangor and all points westward to St. Stephen, and with the Atlantic Coast Express for St. John, Moncton, and St. Stephen.

12:30 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting with Train for Bangor and all points westward to St. Stephen, and with the Atlantic Coast Express for St. John, Moncton, and St. Stephen.

3:30 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting with Train for Bangor and all points westward to St. Stephen, and with the Atlantic Coast Express for St. John, Moncton, and St. Stephen.

7:00 A. M.—For Woodstock and points North. ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

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HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure disease of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitations, but none have so fully met all the requirements needed for a proper treatment of the hair and scalp. The success can be attributed to but one cause: the entire absence of its premises.

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

For a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improved the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dandruff, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, the tones of alopecia preparations, but remain a long time, which make it a use of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS. Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

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