

## SHAPING THE WHEELWIND.

BY MARY CROOK, HAY.

## CHAPTER I.

The breakfast-table was drawn quite into the window-recess, though a fire blazed in the low grate; and the window was thrown wide open, though over the bare uplands behind this pretty little lodging-house the chill November shadows crept. For it was very soft and tenderly that the wind sailed inland from that gray line of autumn sea; and they were very gentle kisses that it left upon the two young thoughtful faces lifted with such readiness to meet it.

"Who would imagine this a November morning?" Joyce Heringham said. Her hat lay on a chair beside her, her hands were locked upon the table, and her delicate face was tinted daintily by that early walk of hers by the sea. "Why should we go abroad in search of summer, Eryl, when summer is here in Vermont?"

Eryl Carmichael sat nominally presiding over the little table breakfast, but her eyes were wandering far over the sea, and her hands lay idly on an open letter. For a few moments Joyce watched her face with a half-smile; then, happening to catch sight of an empty envelope, Eryl's eyes opened widely and she looked at him.

"Why, Eryl, have you really and truly received a letter at last? My dear, this is the only one you've had since I knew you first, nearly—how many years ago?"

"Just nine years," Eryl answered, quietly.

"Yes, nine years; and yet I never saw you receive a letter before, Eryl," she added, with a swift change of tone, as she saw how her companion's face had paled, "suppose we begin breakfast, dear, if you had been with me in my walk."

Yet even as Joyce spoke, her own delicate color faded, and her knife and fork were laid untouched.

"I want to tell you about this letter," Eryl said, speaking slowly, as she filled the coffee-cup, "and it is not the only one I received since you and I first met, nine years ago. It is the second; and, like the last, it has followed me from place to place, until my writer must imagine that it is lost—I hope he does."

"Then," said Joyce, calmly, though she wondered over the last few hurried words, "you never answered that one. Are they now letters, Eryl?"

The girl's face broke into a smile, but it was so sad and dreamy that her friend would rather have seen her ever so grave.

"What should I do if they were?" Joyce went on, turning her suddenly to her plate. "How could I spare you? I have two girls as together, we are so thoroughly alone in the world, Eryl, that if one of us found either of these interests, I—I cannot fancy solitude more intense, or loneliness more utter, for the one who would be left."

"If we ever separate, Joyce," said Eryl, with the old natural smile which her friend felt it so good to see again, "I will be your wife, or your sister, or your friend, for nine years you have been my—my—"

"My own, my guiding star," hummed Joyce, intent upon her breakfast. "My own good angel in every way," said Eryl, carrying one of the cups to her lips and sipping. "Think what a desolate, unloved child I was on that first night at school, when you, the favorite there, took me to one of those little friends, I—I cannot fancy solitude more intense, or loneliness more utter, for the one who would be left."

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didn't I—he was the great friend of Horace Rohan. A strange, disappointed shadow fell over Joyce Heringham's listening face. For fourteen years she had been Evelyn Carmichael's nearest and dearest, indeed, to all appearance, only friend, yet never before had she heard these two names which Eryl uttered now so thoughtfully. Still there was no taint of suspicion in her heart and it was only in real sympathy that she questioned once more.

"Do you remember this Mr. Pratman?"

"Yes, I should know him, I think; though, of course, he could not know me, as I was a child when I used to see him at Hilton Guise. I was only ten when—when I left it forever."

"Eve," said Joyce, laying one hand gently on her friend's, as she looked into her anxious face, "all me of that time. I have never asked you before, all through these nine years, and I would not ask you now in idle curiosity. But, if I had had a trouble, dear, however long ago, I should tell it all to you, and feel better for doing so."

There was a little pause, but Joyce was not discouraged by this. She seemed to feel the difficulty for Evelyn as if it had been her own, and helped her then, as she had helped her ever.

"Eve," your mother married a Mr. Rohan, of Hilton Guise, did she not? I remember long ago (when we were girls at school, and I used to tell you so much of my mother and my home, while you told me nothing) that I grew to feel quite certain that your mother's could not have been a happy marriage for her."

"For her?" echoed Evelyn, looking her fingers tightly in her lap, while her breath came quickly and irregularly.

"For my mother? Oh, Joyce, she might have been very, very happy!"

"Then," asked Joyce, understanding now (as she saw her old friend broken into atoms) why she had never heard a word of blame of her step-father uttered by Evelyn, "your step-father was not unkind to you?"

"Never," Evelyn answered, in a tearless sob. "He was always good and kind to me. It was—oh, Joyce, dear, do not make me say hard words of my own mother!"

"No, dear. And Mr. Rohan, your mother's husband, had a son, had he not?"

"Yes, one son, an only child. Oh, to think, Joyce, of my mother separating from her father and son!"

"Perhaps," began Joyce gently.

But Eve stopped her, speaking low, with a great sadness in her far off gaze.

"I know what you would say, Joyce, but it was not so. Mr. Rohan took us—his wife and her little girl—from our small home and narrow life to his beautiful home. Oh, Joyce, think what it was to me to live my child-life at Hilton Guise, with such a father at his head, and with such a—such a brother!"

"And were you not happy?"

"Ah, so happy—so very, very happy—for a time, though I seemed to know how each day the happiness grew less, as she slowly set his father's heart against him!"

"But why? Could she have been jealous of her husband's love for his own son?"

"Jealous of his place in his father's heart, and—jealous of his right to his father's home and wealth; jealous in many ways," she repeated, dreading, of him who, while he was so good to her little girl, was so—so unsuspicious of her. At last—I say at last, and yet it came so quickly—the secret work was finished, and the open rupture came. Oh, Joyce, often even now that hour comes back to me in my troubled dreams, though so many years lie over its grave."

"They quarrelled, you mean?" asked Joyce, gently laying her hand upon her friend's bent head.

"They quarrelled," Evelyn answered, in a sobbing whisper—"the father and son; while my mother, who had caused it, stood and listened. Oh, Joyce, if through all his years of exile Horace Rohan had hated every woman, I—I could never blame him!"

"But, Eryl," pleaded Joyce, "are you so sure that she only was to blame?"

"So sure," faltered Evelyn, with a pain in every uttered word, "that you will be merciful to me, Joyce, and ask me no more."

"I must ask you more, dear," Joyce persisted, in real kindness, while she interrupted her own words with a gentle kiss; "I must ask you more. And you will tell me not only to-day, but on other days too, as we two live our quiet life together; for never again, my dear, never again, shall any painful secret be kept between us. Did Horace Rohan leave his home in consequence of what—Mrs. Rohan said?"

"Yes he could do nothing else, after his father's wrath had so skillfully been turned against him. Yes, he went, and there was no one then to stand between her and her ambition."

"Rush, dear! Had they—the father and son—been loving and united before this?"

"Before my mother's marriage," spoke Evelyn, very low, "they were—I could have often and often heard, and as most used, even I, so young a child—and true, and generous. Every one loved them."

"The son was grown up, Eryl; a companion to his father?"

"Yes, he was one-and-twenty, I think, when I, a child of nine saw him first."

"What was he like?" asked her friend, speaking almost cheerfully now, as she seemed to be busily cutting bread.

"I—forget."

"Then," pursued Joyce, determined not to be silenced just yet, nor to let the cloud of secrecy and solitude fall again on Evelyn's thoughts, "you would not know him now?"

"I—I know not; but he could not know me."

"I suppose not; your face seems even to me quite different from what it was fourteen years ago," said Joyce, with a smile.

"Yet, do you know," observed Evelyn, with a faint reflection of the smile, "only yesterday I was mistaken for you—youth, of whom we were so proud at school, you know, while I was such a sickly, puny child."

"I almost wonder," mused Joyce,

passing this speech by, as her thoughts fled back to the arrival at the little school of the shy, trembling child to whom her heart had gone out so pitifully, and in whom she had never since that day felt a moment's disappointment, "how it was that your mother could spare her only child from that great, beautiful home she had won."

"I fretted, I fretted myself ill," said Evelyn, below her breath, "and she was obliged to send me away."

"As you never went home afterwards?"

"Never. I have never been home since—oh, Joyce, how could I go?"

"I see," said Joyce, almost cheerfully. "I know all about your leaving, dear, and how you came to me—as, of course, it was wise and kind of you to do. And we've been together ever since, haven't we? So now tell me, what you say, from the gentleman who is both a lawyer and a friend, Mr. Rohan, of Hilton Guise? I suppose that first letter told you of your mother's death a year ago?"

"At that time," returned Evelyn, avoiding her friend's gaze, "Mr. Pratman wrote me a letter of advice; a very kind letter it was, and wise, perhaps, but he gave no advice which I could follow. He said that as Mr. Rohan was alone at Hilton Guise, it would be wise of me to return to him, and take his absent son's place. Take his son's place!" reiterated the girl, with intense bitterness. "The son whom we had driven from his home!"

"Yes, we, the strangers to whom Horace had been so kind. I—I cannot follow. He said that as Mr. Rohan was alone at Hilton Guise, it would be wise of me to return to him, and take his absent son's place. Take his son's place!" reiterated the girl, with intense bitterness. "The son whom we had driven from his home!"

"Then you took no notice of this advice?"

"I took no notice—but Mr. Pratman said more than that, Joyce, and I should like to tell you all now. He said that Mr. Rohan wished for my return at once, as he was about to make his will, and he said that as he was the sole heir, and I should have no care or responsibility for my future, from the day I returned to him. He told me also—it almost seemed as if he had suspected how I should receive his offer—that a reconciliation between Horace and his father was utterly impossible; that Horace had no chance of being reinstated in his father's affections or mentioned in his father's will, and so it would do no harm to him if I took his place, and that it would be discreet and politic in me to do so."

"I suppose," put in Joyce, as Evelyn, almost breathlessly, ceased speaking, "Mr. Pratman must have fancied that you never received that letter?"

"I suppose so. I never heard again until this morning."

"And now?"

"Now he writes to tell me that my—Mr. Rohan, of Hilton Guise, is dead, and urges me to return for the funeral; as I—the whole, troubled words sank to a very whisper here—as I inherit Hilton Guise and the whole of his property."

"My dear," cried Joyce, involuntarily, starting to her feet, "can this be true?"

To be continued.

Medical.

**DR. CHANNING'S Sarsaparilla**

FOR THE BLOOD.

CURES  
SYPHILIS,  
SCROFULA,  
SALT-RHEUM,  
ALL  
SKIN-DISEASES,  
TUMORS,  
ENLARGEMENT  
OF THE  
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CATARRH,  
AND  
ALL DISEASES  
RESULTING  
FROM A  
DEPRAVED  
AND  
IMPURE  
CONDITION  
OF THE  
BLOOD.

North—Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla is put up in large bottles, with the name blown in the glass, and retails at 25¢ per bottle, or Six Bottles for Five Dollars. Sold by Druggists generally, and most Country Stores. Be sure, and ask for Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla, and take to other. If not readily obtained in your locality, address the General Agent.

Perry Davis & Son & Lawrence,  
377 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

## Medical.

## SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH

6,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

The following testimonials are from Messrs. J. O. BROWN & Co., Denver, Col., large and reliable sales and distribution houses, and the only ones of the kind in the West. They speak of the following gentlemen as among their best customers:

**SORELY AFFLICTED.**

J. O. BROWN & Co., Denver, Col., Gentlemen—Prompted by a desire to do good, we have been afflicted with this terrible disease for over three years, and have tried every remedy without avail. I bought a bottle of the above medicine from your office, and used it as directed. I believe it to be all that is claimed for it. I am now well, and can testify to its efficacy. Very truly yours, W. M. ARMITAGE, Denver, Sept. 1, 1878.

**GREATLY AFFLICTED.**

Messrs. J. O. BROWN & Co., Denver, Col., Gentlemen—Prompted by a desire to do good, we have been afflicted with this terrible disease for over three years, and have tried every remedy without avail. I bought a bottle of the above medicine from your office, and used it as directed. I believe it to be all that is claimed for it. I am now well, and can testify to its efficacy. Very truly yours, W. M. ARMITAGE, Denver, Sept. 1, 1878.

**TRIED EVERYTHING.**

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**REV. J. H. WIGGIN SAYS:**

One of the best remedies for Catarrh, say the best I have ever used. It is a simple remedy, and is SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. It is not a secret, and is sold by all druggists. It is a simple remedy, and is SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. It is not a secret, and is sold by all druggists. It is a simple remedy, and is SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. It is not a secret, and is sold by all druggists.

**COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER**

For Local Pains, Lameness, Soreness, Rheumatism, Headache, Neuralgia, Spasms, Blisters, Bladder, Heart, and Muscles, are equal to an army of doctors and scores of plants and shrubs. Even in Paralysis, Epilepsy or Pile, and Nervous and Voluntary Muscular Action, this Plaster, by Halting the Nervous Forces, has effected a cure in every other known remedy has failed.

**Consumption Cured!**

In his private office, Dr. J. H. Wiggin, having been cured of the most dreaded disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, and is now making known to his fellow-sufferers the means of curing it. He has a large stock of the medicine, and is prepared to prescribe it, free of charge, with directions for preparing and using it. He is a resident of New York City, and is a member of the New York Medical Society.

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## Travelers' Column.

## Chatham Branch Railway.

**SPRING 1878.**

ON and AFTER MONDAY, 29th APRIL, 1878, until further notice, Trains will run on the Chatham Branch Railway, daily (Sundays excepted) as follows—

**GOING SOUTH.**

STATIONS. EXCESS. ACCOMMODATION.

Chatham, Depart, 11.35 p.m., 11.40 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 12.40 p.m.

Chatham, Arrive, 12.40 p.m., 1.10 p.m., 1.40 p.m., 2.10 p.m.

**GOING NORTH.**

STATIONS. EXCESS. ACCOMMODATION.

Chatham, Depart, 4.10 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 5.10 p.m., 5.40 p.m.

Chatham, Arrive, 5.40 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 6.40 p.m., 7.10 p.m.

**CHATHAM & NEWCASTLE.**

Trains between Newcastle and Chatham run as follows—

Chatham, Depart, 11.35 p.m., 11.40 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 12.40 p.m.

Chatham, Arrive, 12.40 p.m., 1.10 p.m., 1.40 p.m., 2.10 p.m.

**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**

1878. Summer Arrangement. 1878.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, 29th APRIL, trains will leave CHATHAM JUNCTION STATION as follows—

**GOING SOUTH.**

STATIONS. EXCESS. ACCOMMODATION.

Chatham, Depart, 11.35 p.m., 11.40 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 12.40 p.m.

Chatham, Arrive, 12.40 p.m., 1.10 p.m., 1.40 p.m., 2.10 p.m.

**GOING NORTH.**

STATIONS. EXCESS. ACCOMMODATION.

Chatham, Depart, 4.10 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 5.10 p.m., 5.40 p.m.

Chatham, Arrive, 5.40 p.m., 6.10 p.m., 6.40 p.m., 7.10 p.m.

**STMR. "NEW ERA,"**

Will run as follows until further notice.

Leave Newcastle at 8.30 p.m., 11.30 p.m., 1.30 p.m., 3.30 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 7.30 p.m., 9.30 p.m., 11.30 p.m.

**TIME TABLE—1878.**

**STMR. "ANDOVER."**

Leave Newcastle for Chatham at 8.30 p.m., 11.30 p.m., 1.30 p.m., 3.30 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 7.30 p.m., 9.30 p.m., 11.30 p.m.

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## Hotels.

## PARK HOTEL,

KING SQUARE,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.  
(Of the late Barnes Hotel).

## TORRYBURN HOUSE,

Nearly opposite the Ferry, Chatham,  
JOHN MCGOWAN, Proprietor.

## Waverley Hotel,

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Good Stabling on the Premises.

ALEX. STEWART, Proprietor.

## Canada House,

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.  
WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

## ROYAL HOTEL,

King Square.

THOS. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

## M. ADAMS,

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law  
NOTARY PUBLIC, & C.

## WM. A. PARK,

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, & C.

## E. P. WILLISTON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, & C.

**L. J. TWEDDIE,**  
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER,  
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, &c., &c.

## Insurance.

## INSURANCE BLOCK.

Fire and Marine Insurance Agency,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

## Imperial Fire Insurance Co.

OF LONDON, ESTABLISHED 1803.

Capital and Cash Assets exceed £2,000,000 sterling.