Literature.

THE DOUGLAS HEIR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"SHE IS NOT BENEATH ME."

Contrary to her own and Brownie's expectations, and somewhat to the disappointment of the latter, Lady Ruxley decided to return to West Malling the next afternoon. She had taken cold the previous night, and was not as well as usual, and thought she would feel better to be at home.

Lord Dunforth politely urged her to remain, while Lady Dunforth regretted her indisposition, and promised that she should receive every attention, but all to no purpose, and at four o'clock she was assisted to her carriage by Adrian, who had tried in vain to secure an interview with his betrothed.

The exacting old woman, for the first time during Brownie's sojourn with her, had been really cross, keeping her gentle companion in constant attendance upon her, so the young lovers had to content themselves with a fond pressure of the hand, a loving glance of the eye, and a low-breathed farewell.

I shall come soon, my darling, Adrian had managed to whisper as he handed her into the carriage, and then stood wistfully watching it until it was out of sight.

Lady Ruxley reached home about five, where she found awaiting her a summons to Vallingham Hall.

Lady Randal was planning a musical soiree to come off the following week, and requested her aunt to lend her Miss Dundas' services for the occasion. She also stated that it would take three or four days practice to prepare for the occasion, meanwhile they were invited to make the Hall their home, she promising that her ladyship should have every comfort and attention, and be assigned rooms in as quiet a portion of the house as possible.

"It will do the child good; she has perked up wonderfully in the last two days by just going over to Dunforth Castle," mused the old lady, who continued to marvel at the wondrous changes in her usually sad companion.

Truly the mournful eyes had grown strangely brilliant, and the pale cheeks were now tinged with the loveliest pink that ever gleamed in the heart of a sea-shell.

"Poor child!" she continued, as her mind went back over the last two months, "she has been shut up so tight with a withered old woman, that it's no wonder she has drooped; she will die if I don't give her a chance to see some life and gayety. Yes, we will go."

Wholly unmindful of the aches and pains which had hurried her home from Dunforth Castle, she rang the bell a furious peal for her maid.

"Pack up a week's supply of clothing and have it ready by ten to-morrow. We go to Vallingham Hall for a seven days' visit."

With which command, she left the astonished Minnett and hobbled away to find Brownie and impart the news to her.

Poor Minnett, who had but just unpacked, and who knew that my lady hated Vallingham Hall when it was full of company, grumbled, and wondered what new freak would possess her strange mistress next.

Brownie, as soon as she had removed her wrappings, repaired to the conservatory, and was greatly surprised when she heard Lady Ruxley's cane come clicking over the tiled floor, supposing her to be snug in bed, and enjoying the delights of a rousing rum-sweat—her favorite remedy for colds and rheumatics.

"I thought I should find you here," her ladyship said, as Brownie arose quickly and came forward to lead her to a chair. "You like birds and flowers, don't you?" she added, keenly regarding the lovely smiling face and sparkling eyes.

"Yes, my lady, I am exceedingly fond of them. But are you not imprudent to come here where it is so damp, with your cold?" she asked, as she seated her and placed a hassock at her feet. She was ever tenderly mindful of her comfort.

"No, no, child; I'm all right now, I am home again. I never feel well when I'm visiting—that is," she hastened to add, "in strange places. It did you good, though; you have more color, and look brighter."

"Yes, I am much better than when I first came to West Malling," Brownie admitted, with a conscious blush.

"Yes, the trip to the Castle did you much good undoubtedly," persisted her ladyship, nodding and chuckling knowingly.

What could she mean? Brownie wondered.

Had she fathomed her secret with those keen eyes and sharp perceptive faculties of hers?

It seemed like it, surely; but she would not commit herself if she could help it. Adrian must break the knowledge of their engagement to her himself; so she only murmured:

It was a change you know.

"Yes, yes; that's it. Young folks need change. I was a fool not to think of it before. I might have known that a young, bright thing like you would droop and pine, hived up with a crooning old owl like me for company."

"Pray, dear Lady Ruxley, do not talk so!" Brownie interrupted, eagerly, and much distressed at her words. "Indeed, I have been very happy with you—much more so than I was during the five months previous."

"I know—I know all about it. You're plucky, and you will not own it to me. But you've been lonely and sad. I've got eyes, and I can see for myself. You went away from here pale, sad, and quiet you come back rosy, happy, almost gay, and the life, music, and company up yonder was what you needed, and you shall have some more of it. I like to see folks bright and chipper about me.

Brownie felt more and more guilty.

She knew what Lady Ruxley said about her looks and appearance was true; and though she knew that she would soon know the reason for the change in her, yet she felt a trifle guilty to allow her to attribute it to anything else, and blame herself for her former sadness.

But her next words filled her with still deeper dismay.

"They've got a house full of company as usual up at the Hall, and we go there, too, to-morrow, to stop a few days."

"Indeed, Lady Ruxley, I hope you are not going on my account. I do not desire or need company, and I should really prefer to remain quietly here," she said, in distress.

"Oh! I've got eyes—good ones, too, if they are old; besides, Lady Randal desires it. She is getting up a soiree, and desires your services as a musician. She sent a note to-day, asking me."

But—but you are not well. Really, I think it would be best for neither of us to go.

Oh, I'm all right, and I've given Minnett orders to have everything in readiness by to-morrow at ten. You will please be ready by that time, too," returned her ladyship, somewhat impatiently, who thought the young girl hesitated about going only on her account.

That settled it, of course.

Brownie could not refuse point-blank to go, but her heart grew faint within her at the thought of meeting the Coolidges, and particularly under an assumed name.

Of course she could not avoid meeting them, and doubtless she would reveal all the past to both Lady Randal and Lady Ruxley.

They would tell their story about the jewels, and of that scene with Wilbur, and the way she had left their employ.

She grew pale, and silent, and depressed again, and sat a long time after my lady had left her in troubled thought, until suddenly she remembered that Adrian loved her—that she was his promised wife.

She grew strong at once again with the thought. She drew herself proudly up.

What need had she to fear Isabel Coolidge, or, indeed, any one, now that she had him to lean upon and protect her?

The only circumstance she regretted was the false name. She was sorry she had not corrected Lady Ruxley's mistake in the first place, and kept her own.

Aside from that, she was conscious of her own purity and innocence, and felt that she could give back scorn for scorn; while, if worst came to worst, she could tell her own story about the jewels, and and call upon Adrian to corroborate the truth of her statement.

Yes, she resolved to go to Vallingham Hall, and with a feeling of independence such as she had not known since leaving the United States. Perhaps, too, she should be able to get back her jewels.

In a few days every one would know of her engagement, and then they would be obliged to receive her as she ought to be received, or else give the cold shoulder to Adrian, which she did not have the least fear they would do.

She knew she was capable of outshining Isabel anywhere; she was more thoroughly accomplished, and more at ease in company. She resolved to do her very best for Lady Randal until Adrian should come to claim her, which she doubted not, would be in a very few days; then there would be no more toil or care for her—nothing but the bliss of loving and being loved.

With these brighter thoughts in her mind, she sought her own room to prepare for her absence and the approaching gayeties, which, after all, she began to anticipate with something of pleasure and interest.

Meanwhile a very different scene was being enacted at Dunforth Castle.

As soon as Lady Ruxley's carriage was driven from sight, Adrian Dredmond turned to his grandfather, saying, gravely:

"Can I have a private interview with you, sir?"

"Yes, yes, my boy, of course; come into my sanctum at once."

He led the way to the luxuriously-appointed library, where a cheerful fire in the grate toned the chill, air to just the right temperature, and gave the lofty, beautiful room an appearance of home-like comfort.

"Well, now what is it, Ad?" the old man asked, familiarly, as he threw himself into his easy-chair, and bent a look of pride upon the young lover's handsome, animated face.

Adrian colored, but coming to the point at once, said:

"Sir, I desire your permission to marry."

"Bless my soul, my boy! what's this?" and he sat up and stared at his grandson for a moment, as if he had never thought of such a thing before in connection with him.

"Well, well," he added the next, "you took me rather by surprise, that's a fact; but, after all, you couldn't please me better. Aha! that accounts for your hurry to get back to London, doesn't it?"

"Yes—no," replied Adrian, somewhat confused, and yet half-laughing at his grandfather's comical surprise and ready acquiescence to his request.

"Yes—no," repeated his lordship, with a merry twinkle in his eye; "that is rather a doubtful reply. But, seriously, Adrian, my boy, nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to see you settled in life; and I have no doubt but that the lady of your choice is in every way desirable."

"She is, sir, a perfect lady, highly educated and accomplished! and there never was, in my opinion, a more beautiful Countess of Dunforth than she will make, returned the ardent lover, who felt that everything was progressing finely.

"Yes, yes; that is always so with lovers. I remember——"

What he remembered he did not say, but his face grew wan and sad as he suddenly checked himself.

Then he resumed, more gravely:

"The lady is of good birth, of course?"

"Yes, sir, excellent," Adrian returned, recalling what his friend Gordon had said about Miss Mehetabel's "family tree." Then he added: "But misfortune of a very serious nature has deprived her during the last six or eight months of all her property, and death of her last friend."

"That is bad, truly, my boy; but then you will have enough, and to spare, and I would be the last one to put anything in the way of your happiness for the lack of filthy lucre. You love the lady, of course?" and he searched the noble face that he loved so well.

As my own life! Adrian said, earnestly.

Ah! you have been a sly dog to get so far as this and we never suspect it. Who is the fair inamorata?

"You would not deem it anything out of the way, I presume, sir, if a lady of good birth should be reduced to the necessity of becoming a governess or a companion? Adrian asked, ignoring the question, and determined to lay all the facts before his grandfather before telling his darling's name.

"Zounds, Adrian! has it been so bad as that in the case of your lady love?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then the quicker you marry her, and relieve her dire necessity, the better," his lordship said, little thinking how he was committing himself.

"Thank you. Yes, sir, it came to that, as I told you, some six or eight months ago."

"But—what is this? Why, you were in America at that time," and he began to fidget uneasily.

"Yes, sir; I met the lady in America."

"Ah, ha!"

This time Lord Dunforth scowled disapprobation, He had that English prejudice against nobility intermarrying with American plebianism, so called.

Adrian noticed his look, and his heart sank.

My lord, he said, you have seen the lady and acknowledged her loveliness. I heard you tell Sir Charles that she was very beautiful, and too much of a lady for the position which she occupies. I assure you, and I speak advisedly that she is of good birth, and fitted in every way to be my wife. She is companion to Lady Ruxley. Have I still your permission to marry her?"

His lordship stared at his grandson in dismay.

He had, indeed, seen Brownie, and marveled at her loveliness and gentle breeding. He was charmed with her musical accomplishments, and had conversed for ten minutes or more with her, feeling all the time strangely fascinated in her presence. He had felt a sort of sad pity for the beautiful girl in such a position as companion to a crusty, irritable old woman like Lady Ruxley, and he would gladly have befriended her, helping her to a higher place in life; but to have his grandson, the pride of his heart, the one on whom all his future hopes depended, marry her, was not the way he would have taken to do it.

Miss Dundas, Adrian! he exclaimed, aghast, his fine face flushing a deep crimson.

Miss Douglas, my lord, corrected Adrian somewhat proudly.

His lordship did not notice the correction. His head was bent in deep thought, his brow was knotted, his lips compressed. At length, looking up he said with emotion:

My boy, your happiness is of the greatest importance to me, and has always been my first consideration. I know what it is to love deeply, and the anguish which follows the loss of a loved one,—his voice quivered painfully. But, he added, it is better to give up an unworthy love than to marry beneath you, and then repent of it when it is too late.

Sir, the lady is not unworthy, and I shall never repent making her my wife, Adrian said, indignantly, then continued, speaking rapidly: "I told you that she descended from a very highly respectable family. They were English, too, and removed to America many years ago. They were very wealthy at that time, but a series of misfortunes deprived them of this. I learned this from my friend Gordon, whom, you remember, I met two years ago in Germany. He vouched for her respectability, and told me he had seen the "family tree," and that they traced back their ancestry to the Scottish nobility.

But it must be very remote. Besides, she was born and reared in America, and has not a friend living, as you say, to prove her respectability, and all this would be very disagreeable to establish.

The fact that I have chosen her for my wife would be sufficient to establish her respectability without any questioning, replied Adrian, proudly.

But I want you to have an English wife, Adrian—one who will fill her position proudly and creditably.

I am as eager for that, my lord, as you can possibly be, said the young man, with a quiet smile, as he thought how perfectly Brownie would reign in those grand old halls.

How came she to be in England if she was so reduced in circumstances?

She came over as governess with a family, in the same steamer with myself.

How does it happen that they did not retain her—that she left them to be companion to a woman like Lady Ruxley? demanded his lordship, his face beginning to grow stern and set.

Adrian colored vividly. He knew it did not sound well, but he was truth itself, and replied:

She was ill-treated, and insulted—in fact, was accused of taking that which did not belong to her.

Enough, sir! No person with any such record can ever become allied to my family! burst forth Lord Dunforth, rising from his chair in wrath.

But, sir, let me explain——

"No sir!" he thundered; "not another word! I am astonished and disappointed in you, Adrian, that you could so demean yourself as to desire to marry any one so far beneath you.

She is not beneath me, began the indignant lover hotly.

Not another word, Adrain, if you please on the subject, unless you wish to incur my stern displeasure. You, the future Earl of Dunforth, marry a person accused of theft! Never! and he paced the floor with angry strides.

Suddenly he wheeled upon his grandson and demanded:

May I ask have you made proposals to this very estimable person.

I have, my lord. The manly eyes blazed dangerously at this almost insulting question, while his hands worked nervously at the biting sarcasm of his grandfather's words.

Fool!

Sir!

You're a fool, I say.

The two men glanced at each other furiously for a moment. Then Adrian, growing very pale, moved a step or two back, and said in a quiet, though concentrated voice:

Then I am to understand that you refuse your consent to my marrying?

I do, most emphatically refuse to allow you to marry any such doubtful person as Lady Ruxley's companion appears to be. Shame upon you for stooping so low!

Then, my Lord Dunforth, listen to me, Adrian said, flushing angrily, and drawing his proud form to its fullest height. I love this gentle girl with my whole heart; I have told her so, and I have asked her to be my wife. I am of age, and—sir, I shall marry her!

Lord Dunforth suddenly wheeled about and came forward with rapid strides.

The two proud men stood looking steadfastly into each other's eyes for a moment, and each read there a determination never to yield.

Then you are no longer a child of mine, whispered the irate lord, hoarsely, his whole frame shaking from anger, disappointment and mortification.

Grandfather, returned Adrian, sadly, you know I love you, and would gladly do anything in reason to please you; but the happiness of two lives is at stake, and in this matter I must choose for myself.

There was a note of quiet determination in his voice, albeit it was so sad, which told the other that he meant every word he uttered.

Then choose for yourself, he cried, almost beside himself with grief and mortified pride, and choose beggary with your wife, for not one shilling from the Dunforth coffers shall you ever touch.

But I am not a beggar quite yet my lord; I have my own income, returned Adrian, proudly, yet smiling in spite of himself, for his income was no mean one.

Then leave me—begone!

Sir——

Not another word, unless you will yield to me, shouted the earl.

I cannot.

Then go! marry your plebian beggar, and never darken Dunforth's doors again.

Is that your ultimatum? Have you no sympathy nor mercy? asked Adrian, growing very white about the mouth, though his eyes gleamed with a lurid light.

His lordship caught his breath hard at these questions. Who should have sympathy if not he? But he would not yield.

It is my ultimatum. I have no sympathy with anything like that, he said, yet the face of his own lost love arose before him at that moment like a phantom.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"HOW CAME YOU HERE."

Lady Ruxley had said truly that Vallingham Hall was full of company, and as Brownie, why sat reading to her ladyship the next morning after their arrival, caught the sound of fresh young voices and silvery laughter, as they floated up through those lofty halls, she felt her own heart grow warm and light, and she found herself longing to mingle with the gay company. Lady Ruxley had tried to prevail upon her to go down the evening previous and enjoy the music and dancing, but the thought of meeting the Coolidges was so repugnant to her that she preferred remaining quietly in her own room, although it was quite a trial, knowing that Viola and Alma were in the same house, and yet not be able to see them.

Just before noon Lady Randal came bustling in in great haste, bearing a great box in her hands.

Auntie, she began, affably, I want to borrow Miss Dundas for a little while.

What for? demanded the old lady sharply and eying the box suspiciously.

She had no idea of having the young girl imposed on, or made to perform any disagreeable tasks for her too exacting niece.

I can't find an operetta which I had set my heart upon having performed at the soiree. I thought I could put my hand upon it at once, but I have mislaid it, and thought it might be among these papers. Charles wants me immediately to arrange the programme, so that I have not time to look for it myself, and I thought Miss Dundas might be willing to hunt for me. Will you? she demanded, turning to Brownie.

Certainly, if Lady Ruxley has no objections, she answered.

Well, well, child, you'd never refuse, no matter what anybody asked of you. Put down the box, Helen, and she shall look as soon as she has finished the article she is reading, Lady Ruxley replied.

Lady Randal obeyed.

While you see about it, you may as well arrange the papers orderly—they have been turned over so many times that they are all in a muss, she said, and then left the room.

Half an hour after, she took the box to a large table, and began her work.

There were bills of all kinds, letters and notes, all mixed with loose papers and envelopes.

She at length succeeded in finding the operetta, and then proceeded to tie up the letters, bills, and other documents.

She had nearly finished her task, and the bundles were all neatly arranged in the box, when taking up a small package the wrapper immediately gave way, and several little notes and papers fell scattering into her lap.

They were directed to different persons, and all in different handwriting, and Brownie could not held wondering how thay happened to be in Lady Randal's possession.

She began to gather them up, pondering upon the singular circumstance, yet too honorable to take advantage of her opportunity and gratify her curiosity, when her eye fell upon a note, the corner of which had been doubled back, revealing the writing within.

The writing, though irregular, as if a trembling hand had traced it, had a strangely familiar look as she glanced at it. It had been written with a pencil, and was not very distinct. Bending closer, Brownie discovered the words "repentant Meta."

A thrill of intense pain ran through every nerve, and without stopping to consider that she had no moral right to do so, she unfolded the paper—it was yellow and old, and only folded once—and began to read.

Scarce had her eye swept over the few words written within, when every vestige of color faded from her cheeks and lips, while her eyes burned with a fierce, vengeful light.

She had heard of that little note before.

How well she remembered the pain in that dear old face, the quivering of those sweet pale lips, and the note of mortal anguish in the loved voice which had told her of this little message which had never accomplished its mission.

In her mind she went back nearly fifty years, and saw a beautiful young girl lying pale and sick in a lofty room, a deep scar upon her fair temple, but a deeper pain looking forth from the sad eyes, as she watched eagerly for the sound of a footstep which never came.

Yes, it was the very note—that anguished, repentant cry, which Miss Mehetabel had sent from the depths of her soul to the man she had loved.

Yes, come at once, if you can forgive your repentant

"META."

How well she remembered the words, and now she had found them, as her aunt had told her, in the possession of Helen Capel, now Lady Randal.

They had been kept back from the honest, faithful lover, who was only waiting for this permission to fly to the side of his betrothed and comfort her, by the hand of this treacherous woman, who had thus ruthlessly wrecked a human life, yea two lives.

How strange, Brownie thought, that the note should thus have fallen into her hands.

"Surely there is Providence in it," she murmured, as with one swift glance to see that Lady Ruxley was not observing her, she hid it in her bosom, and then hurriedly completed her task.

The operette was sent to Lady Randal, and the box of papers returned to their accustomed place, but all day long Brownie felt as if a mountain was crushing her heart, with that little paper lying in her bosom.

She felt she could not breathe in the same house and under the same roof which sheltered the woman who had deliberately planned to entrap a young and guileless girl into disgracing both herself and her lover, that she might separate them forever, hoping to win him for herself.

She wondered if Lady Ruxley knew of her share in the event, or if Lord Dunforth had ever found it out.

Probably not, since they were still good friends, and had he known of it, he could not have forgiven so bitter a wrong.

The more she thought of these things the more her heart rebelled against them, until she grew so restless and nervous that she nearly cried out with pain whenever any one spoke to her.

About four o'clock, finding that Lady Ruxley was sleeping, she stole out, thinking to get away into the sunshine and calm herself, and perhaps Adrian would come ere long, and she could share her burden with him; at all events he would comfort her.

She opened the door and passed noiselessly out into the hall.

She had nearly traversed the long corridor leading to the grand staircase, when she almost ran against some one who suddenly came out of a room she was passing.

"I beg pour pardon," Brownie murmured, and then looked up to see who it was.

It was none other than Isabel Coolidge!

Instantly the two girls braced themselves for the encounter, and looked the surprise which neither of them for the moment could speak.

"You here?" Isabel exclaimed at length, growing white, while her eyes emitted a lurid light.

"Yes, Miss Coolidge," gently replied Brownie, yet with lifted eyebrows and a calm, scornful look into her enemy's face.

"How came you here!"

"Pardon me, but I have neither the time nor the inclination to relate the train of circumstances which brought me here," she said, coldly.

"Insolence! then it was you whom I heard singing down at Lady Ruxley's villa the other day!"

"Doubtless, since I sing to her ladyship every day."

"What an appreciative listener you must have in that old crooked back," sneered Isabel,

Brownie's eyes blazed dangerously.

"I presume Sir Charles Randal would be much edified with Miss Coolidge's remark regarding his aged aunt," she said.

Isabel looked frightened for a minute, then replied, with a short laugh:

"He might be, if he should hear it, that's a fact. Then you're her companion. I remember now hearing that she took a sudden shine to a young woman who met with an accident, and would have her stay with her. You're mighty lucky about getting into fine places, it seems to me."

A curl of those beautiful red lips was all the satisfaction she received for this insulting speech, and then Brownie made as if she would have passed on.

"Wait," commanded Isabel, peremptorily, and laying her hand upon the young girl's shoulder.

She was inwardly boiling with rage that she could not move or browbeat the haughty governess.

"Wait," she repeated, "I have not done with you yet."

"Please remove your hand from my shoulder, Miss Coolidge," Brownie commanded, in tones that she dare not disobey.

"Mr. Dredmond called upon you at our house the day you left; he said he had something belonging to you which he came to return," she went on, as her hand fell by her side, and droopiug her eyes before the other's iudignant gaze.

She was very curious about the object of that visit.

"I know it," replied Brownie, much amused, as she saw that Isabel was almost afraid of her in her haughty pride.

"You know it? How?"

"Yes, and I have my property back again," and she deftly shifted her cuff, bringing the glittering button upon the upper side of her sleeve.

Miss Coolidge started slightly on beholding the elegant trifle.

"Ah, that was it, then? It is very elegant, isn't it? I presume it belongs with the collection we have in our possession," she said, spitefully.

"It does, Miss Coolidge, and I will thank you to return my property."

"When you prove it is yours I will."

"These buttons are marked with my name on the back."

"That may be; you have had plenty of time, doubtless, to get them marked," sneered Isabel.

"I shall compel you to return that casket to me," retorted Brownie, with flashing eyes.

"Ha, ha! perhaps you will, and then again perhaps you won't. But we have discussed that subject sufficiently in the past. When did you see Mr. Dredmond?" Isabel asked, insolently, and noting how exquisitely lovely Brownie had grown since she saw her last.

"Really, Miss Coolidge, if I remain here longer I shall lose my walk, and that I cannot afford to do.

With which tantalizing remark, Brownie, her figure proudly erect, moved down the corridor, leaving her interlocutor beautifully in the dark as to how or when she had seen Mr. Dredmond.

"I suppose you thought by coming down here you'd have a better chance to practice your wiles upon that young gentleman; but, mark my words, you won't succeed, for I shall feel it my duty to inform Lady Randal of the very suspicious character which she is harboring" hissed the irate girl after her.

She might just as well have talked to the winds, for Miss Douglas never gave a sign that she heard, but passing swiftly down the stairs, she was suddenly greeted with joyful exclamations, and then found herself encircled by two pairs of arms, and fresh, dewy lips kissed her with delight.

Her captors were Viola and Alma, who at once besieged her with questions, until she laughingly covered the mouth of each with her little hands.

"Rest your tongues and my ears, you chatter-boxes, and come with me, and you shall have the whole history of my proceedings," she said, gayly.

Then, suddenly remembering, she grew very grave and added:

"But perhaps your mamma would object."

"Let her object, then," retorted Viola, undutifully. "I know you are as good as an angel, and it would be better for all of us if we had been more in your company," and linking their arms within hers, they bore her almost forcibly out of the hall and off into the park.

An hour passed in pleasant chat, during which Brownie told them of her accident, and how strangely she came to be in Lady Ruxley's employ; then she said she must return, and left the delighted girls, promising to see them often if Mrs. Coolidge offered no objections.

As she entered the vestibule she heard Isabel's gay laugh in the drawing room, and heaved a sigh of relief that she should not meet her again, and, speeding up the stairs, she hastened toward Lady Ruxley's apartments.

As she passed Isabel's room again, she saw that the door was open.

Her maid had gone out a few moments before, had carlessly left it standing open, and was now in the servants' hall flirting with the butler's assistant.

Involuntarily Brownie paused and glanced within, and her heart stood still as her eye almost instantly caught sight of her own little ebony casket standing upon the elegant dressing-case, its tiny key in the lock, with the delicate chain attached.

Swift as light the impulse came upon her to enter and seize it, and bear it away to her own room.

She glided quickly and noiselessly forward.

There was no one in the corridor, there was no one in the room.

She crossed the threshold, and with a few fleet steps cleared the space between herself and her treasures.

She lifted the lid.

All were there in their glittering beauty.

She closed the box again, turned the key in the lock, removed it, and fastened the chain about her neck, concealing it beneath the folds of her dress.

The next moment she had the precious casket in her hands, and turned, to find herself face to face with Mrs. Coolidge.

(To be continued)

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THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

S Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

ALWAYS READY TO Alleviate OUR PAINS AND ILLS.

PAIN KILLER

That Old, Reliable Killer of Pain,

Whether Internal or External, Perry Davis' Pain Killer should have a place in every Factory, Machine Shop and Mill, on every Farm, and in every household, ready for immediate use, not only for Accidents, Cuts, Bruises, etc., but for Bowel Complaints, such as Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, sudden Colds, Chills, Neuralgia, etc., etc. Sold everywhere. Price, 20c, 25c and 50c per bottle.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. Limited. Wholesale Agents, Montreal.

WELCOME SOAP

(TRADE MARK.)

Acknowledged the "STANDARD" of LAUNDRY SOAP. There is but One. Every bar is stamped with a pair of hands, and no Grocer should be allowed to offer any substitute. In the use of WELCOME SOAP people realize "VALUE RECEIVED" and discover that superiority in WASHING QUALITY peculiar to this Soap.

Skates, Skates.

Just to hand, a fine lot of

ACME CLUB SKATES,
IMPERIAL CLUB SKATES,
WOODEN SKATES, AND SKATE PARTS.

For sale at Lowest Prices.

Z. R. EVERETT.

Fredericton, Nov 19, 1884

HELP WANTED. 1 Agent wanted in every place to sell our new goods. Big pay. 40 samples only 10c. None Free. Cut this out. ACME NOVELTY CO., Clintonville, Conn

New Goose Feathers Wanted.

WANTED 100 lbs. new Goose Feathers. Cash or trade at

LEMONT'S.

KING'S EVIL

Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only powerful and always reliable blood-purifying medicine. It is so effectual an alterative that it eradicates from the system Hereditary Scrofula, and the kindred poisons of contagious diseases and mercury. At the same time it enriches and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and rejuvenating the entire system. This great

Regenerative Medicine

Is composed of the genuine *Honduras Sarsaparilla*, with *Yellow Dock, Stillingia*, the *Iodides of Potassium* and *Iron*, and other ingredients of great potency, carefully and scientifically compounded. Its formula is generally known to the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe AYER'S SARSAPARILLA as an

Absolute Cure

For all diseases caused by the vitiation of the blood. It is concentrated to the highest practicable degree, far beyond any other preparation for which like effects are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest, as well as the best blood purifying medicine, in the world.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

[Analytical Chemists.]

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'84 Winter Arrangement '85

On and after MONDAY, December 1st, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will Leave St. John.

Day Express,	7.30 a. m.
Accommodation,	11.20 a. m.
Express for Sussex,	4.35 p. m.
Quebec Express,	7.20 p. m.

ON TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, a Pullman Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will arrive in St. John.

Express from Quebec,	7.00 a. m.
Express from Sussex,	8.35 a. m.
Accommodation,	1.30 p. m.
Day Express,	7.30 p. m.

☞ All Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, *Chief Superintendent.*

RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., Nov. 27, 1884

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.

(Operating 443 miles.)

WINTER TIME TABLE.

All trains are run on Eastern standard time, which is 36 minutes slower than Saint John actual time.

COMMENCING OCTOBER 18th, 1884, Trains run as follows:

St. John Division.

DEPARTURES.

8 10 A. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Express for points West, and for Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and all points North and South.

3 30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Express for Fredericton.

8 30 P. M.—From Water Street, St. John—Night Express for points West, and for St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North.

2 00 P. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.

25 A. M.—From Fredericton for St. John.

00 A. M.—From Fredericton for points West, North and South.

7 20 A. M.—From Gibson, for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVALS.

6 30 A. M., at St. John—Express Train from all points West, and from St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton, and all points North

10 10 A. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from Fredericton.

5 40 P. M., at St. John, Water Street—Express from points West, and from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton, Fredericton, and all points North and South.

4 35 P. M., at Fredericton from points West, North and South.

7 00 P. M., at Fredericton from St. John.

11 50 A. M., at Fredericton from St. John.

5 35 P. M., at Gibson, from Woodstock and points north.

☞ Pullman Sleeping Cars on Night Trains, and Drawing Room Cars on Day Trains, to and from Bangor. Berths secured at ticket office, Water Street—G. A. Freeze, agent.

No train leaves St. John Saturday night or Sunday morning.

A train arrives at St. John from the West Sunday morning and a train leaves for the West Sunday night.

Through connections are made from Boston on Sunday nights.

Connexion is made at Vanceboro with trains of the Maine Central Railway to and from all points West, at Fredericton Junction for Fredericton, and at Gibson by branch line, for all points North.

Tickets for sale in Fredericton at New Brunswick Railway Ticket Office.

Passengers for points north of Grand Falls will have to remain over at Grand Falls until next morning.

E. R. BURPEE, Gen'l Manager.

N. T. GREATHEAD, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., October 18, 1884

84 FALL & WINTER 85

New Goods!

I have just received a specially selected stock of

BEAVERS AND MELTONS,

In Plain and Fancy Colors.

Pilots, Black and Blue Naps, Scotch Suitings, Worsted Coatings, West-of-England Trouserings.

And a Fine Selection of

Canadian TWEEDS.

WM. JENNINGS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley.

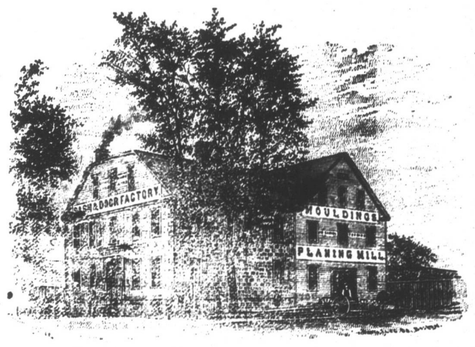
F'ton, Aug. 13, 1884

KNABE PIANO-FORTES.

UNEQUALLED IN Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.

Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.



J. C. RISTEEN & CO.,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

DOORS, SASHES, AND BLINDS,

—ALSO—

FURNITURE.

Moulding, ig Sawing, Planing and Turning done to order.

Dressed Clapboards, Flooring and Sheathing constantly on hand

Corner Queen and Smythe Streets, Fredericton, N. B.

FAY CURRANT HEAD-QUARTERS. GRAPES BEST STOCK IN THE WORLD

SMALL FRUITS AND TREES. LOW TO DEALERS AND PLANTERS. EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS. FREE CATALOGUES. GEO. S. JOSSELYN, FREDONIA, N. Y.

CARRIAGE and SLEIGH FACTORY!

King St., - - Fredericton, N. B.

R. COLWELL, Proprietor.

CARRIAGES, WAGGONS

SLEIGHS and PUNGS

Built to order in the latest and most durable styles.

MATERIAL and WORKMANSHIP of the BEST

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO

Painting, Trimming and Repairing Carriages, etc

ON HAND:

FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE

A LARGE LOT OF

IVERS, PIANO BOX, TOP PHÆTONS, WAGON CONCORDS, GENERAL GRANDS

AND A LARGE LOT OF

SLEIGHS AND PUNGS

TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

☞ *Terms to give satisfaction.*

NEW

Fall and Winter Goods.

JAS. R. HOWIE,

the Fashionable Tailor and Clothier, has now received his Fall and Winter CLOTHS, including

English and Canadian

TWEEDS,

Diagonals,

BROAD CLOTHS,

Cashmeres, Doeskins, Oxford Suitings, and Venetians.

And would respectfully invite the public to visit his establishment and make a selection.

A Specialty made of

GENTLEMEN'S Wedding and Mourning Outfits

My Furnishing Department is the Largest and most complete in the city.

The best quality of Goods and Perfect Fits are guaranteed.

JAS. R. HOWIE,

PRACTICAL TAILOR,

Fredericton Oct 22 1884

JAS. D. FOWLER'S

Is the cheapest place in the city to buy

Gold and Silver Watches

GEM RINGS, SIGNET RINGS, SCARF PINS.

Elegant Gold suits of Jewellery, Fine Gold Necklets and Lockets, Rolled Plate Silver and Jet Jewellery.

The finest stock in the city of

SILVERWARE

All new patterns, in

Tea Setts, Pickle Jars, Cake Baskets, Card Receivers, Jewel Cases, Toilet Stands, etc.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere

JAS. D. FOWLER,

Successor to John Babbitt,

Opp. New Post Office, Queen Street.

Fredericton, Dec 12

Rhine Stones!

Just opened from England, one case of

ELEGANT JEWELRY

IN

Rhine Stones, Colored Gold and Silver Sets, Bar Pins, Solatairs, Bracelets, Lockets, &c.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

**