

# WHAT CAN SHE DO?

By E. F. Roe.

(Continued.)

A cloud of care seemed to rest on Mr. Hart's brow as he entered the dining-room, but he banished it instantly, and with the quaint stately gallantry of the old school, pretended to be deeply smitten with Edith's loveliness. And so lovingly she appeared that their eyes continually returned, and rested admiringly on her, till at last the blushing girl re-monstrated.

"You all keep looking at me so that I feel as if I were the desert, and you were going to eat me up pretty soon."

"I speak for the biggest bite," cried Mr. Hart, and they laughed at her and petted her so that she said:

"I feel as if I had known you all ten years."

But ever and anon, Edith saw traces of the cloud of care that she had noticed at first. And so did Mrs. Hart, for she said:

"You have been a little anxious about business lately. Is there anything new?"

"No," said Mr. Hart, who, in contrast to Mr. Allen, talked business to his family, "things are only growing a little worse. There have been one or two bad failures to-day. The worst of it all is, there seems a general lack of confidence. No one knows what is going to happen. One feels as if in a thunder-shower. The lightning may strike him, and it may fall somewhere else. But don't worry, good mother, I am safe as man can be. I have only got a million in my safe ready for an emergency."

The wife knew just where her husband stood that night.

At nine o'clock, Edith was talking earnestly with Mrs. Ranger, whom she had expressed a wish to see. There were a few other people present of the very highest social standing, and intimate friends of the family, for her kind entertainers would not expose her to any strange and unsympathetic eyes. Annie was fitting about, the very spirit of innocent mischief and match-making, gloating over the pleasure she expected to give Edith.

The bell rang, and a moment later she marshalled in Gus Elliot, as handsome and exquisitely dressed as ever. He was as much in the dark as to whom he should see as Edith. Some one had told Annie of his former devotedness to Edith, and so she innocently meant to do both a kindness. Having a slight acquaintance with Elliot as a general society man, she invited him this evening to "meet an old friend." He gladly accepted, feeling it a great honor to visit at the Hart's.

He saw Edith a moment before she observed him, and had time to note her exquisite beauty. But he turned pale with fear and anxiety in regard to his reception.

Then she raised her eyes and saw him. The blood rushed in a hot torrent to her face, and then left it in extreme pallor. Gus advanced with all the ease and grace that he could command under the circumstances, and held out his hand.

"She cannot refer to the past here before them all," he thought.

But Edith rose slowly, and fixed her large eyes, that glowed like coals of fire, sternly upon him, and put her hand behind her back.

All held their breath in awe-struck expectation. She seemed to see only him and the past, and to forget all the rest.

"No, sir," she said, in a low, deep voice, that curdled Gus' blood, "I cannot take your hand. I might in pity, if you were in the depths of poverty and trouble, as I have been, but not here and thus. Do you know where my sister is?"

"No," faltered Gus, his knees trembling under him.

"She is in Bellevue Hospital. A poor girl was carried from thence to Potter's Field a few days since. And," continued Edith, with her face darkening like night, and her tone deepening till it sent a thrill of dread to the hearts of all present, "in Potter's Field I might have been had I listened to you."

Gus trembled before her in a way that plainly confirmed her words.

With a grand dignity she turned to Mrs. Hart, saying, "Please excuse my absence; I cannot breathe the same air with him," and she was about to sweep from the parlor like an incensed goddess, when Mr. Hart sprang up, his eyes blazing with anger, and putting his arm around Edith, said sternly:

"I would shield this dear girl as my own daughter. Leave this house, and never cross my threshold again."

Gus slunk away without a word. As the guilty will be at last, he was "speechless." So, in a moment, when least expecting it, he fell from his heaven, which was spiced; for the news of his baseness spread like wildfire, and within a week every respectable door was closed against him.

Is it cynical to say that the well-known and widely-honored Mr. Hart, in closing his door, had influence as well as Gus' sin, leading some to close theirs? Motives in society are a little mixed, sometimes. Mr. Hart went down town the next morning, a little anxious, it is true, on general principles, but not in the least apprehensive of any disaster. "I may have to pay out a few hundred thousand," he thought, "but that won't trouble me."

But the tide of financial suspicion was directed toward him; how, he could not tell. Within half an hour after opening, checks for twelve hundred thousand were presented at his counter. He telegraphed to his wife, "A run upon me." "Kater, the danger!" Then came the words to the up-town palace, "Have suspended!" In the afternoon, "The storm will sweep me bare, but courage, God, and our right hands, will make a place and a way for us."

The business community sympathized deeply with Mr. Hart. Hart, cool men of Wall street came in, and, with eyes moist with sympathy, wrung his hand. He stood up through the wild tumult, calm, dignified, heroic, because conscious of rectitude.

"The shrinkage in securities will be great I fear," he said, "but I think my assets will cover all liabilities. We will give up everything."

When he came up home in the evening, he looked worn, and much older than in the morning, but his wife and daughters seemed to envelope him in an atmosphere of love and sympathy. They were so strong, cheerful, hopeful, that they infused their courage into him. Annie ran to the piano, and played as if inspired, saying to her father:

"Let every note tell you that we can care for ourselves, and you and mother too, if necessary."

The words were prophetic. The strain had been too great on Mr. Hart. That night he had a stroke of paralysis and became helpless. But he had trained his daughters to be the very reverse of helpless, and they did take care of him with the most devoted love and skilled practical energy, making the weak, brief remnant of his life not a burden, but a peaceful evening after a glorious day. They all except the youngest, soon found employment, for they brought superior skill and knowledge to the labour market and such are ever in demand. Annie soon married happily, and her younger sisters eventually followed her example, but Ella, the eldest, remained single; and, though she never became eminent as an artist, did become a very useful and respected teacher of art, as studied in our schools as a refining accomplishment.

To return to Edith, she felt for her kind friends almost as much as if she were one of the family.

"Do not feel that you must go away because of what has happened," said Mrs. Hart. "I am glad to have you with us, for you do us all good. Indeed, you seem one of us. Stay as long as you can, dear, and God help us both to bear our burdens."

"Dear, heavy-laden Mrs. Hart," said Edith. "Jesus will bear the burdens for us if we will let Him."

"Bless you child, I am sure He sent you to me."

As Edith entered the ward that day, the attendant said, "She's herself, Miss, at last."

"Edith stole noiselessly to Zell's cot; she was sleeping. Edith sat down silently and watched for waking. At last she opened her eyes and glanced fearfully around. Then she saw Edith, and instantly shrank and covered as if expecting a blow."

"Zell," said Edith, taking the poor, thin hand, "Zell, don't you know me?"

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Zell, in a voice full of dread.

"Take you to my home—take you to my heart—take you deeper into my love than ever before."

"Edith," said Zell, almost cowering before her words as if they hurt her. "I am not fit to go home."

"O Zell, darling," said Edith, tenderly, "God's love does not keep a debt and credit account with us, neither should we with each other. Can't you see that I love you?" and she showered kisses on her sister's now pallid face.

But Zell acted as if they were a source of pain to her, and she muttered, "You don't know, you can't know. Don't speak of God to me, I fear Him unspeakably."

"I do know all," said Edith, earnestly, "and I love you more fondly than ever I did before, and God knows and loves you more still."

"I tell you, you don't know," said Zell, almost fiercely. "You can't know. If you did, you would spit on me and leave me for ever. God knows, and he has doomed me to hell, Edith," she added, in a hoarse whisper. "I killed him—you know who; and I promised that after I got old and ugly I would come and torment him for ever. I must keep my promise."

Edith wept bitterly. This was worse than delirium. She saw that her sister's nature was so bruised and perverted, so warped that it almost amounted to insanity. She slowly rallied back into physical strength, but her hectic cheek and slight cough indicated the commencement of consumption. Her mind remained in the same unnatural condition and she kept saying to Edith, "You don't know anything about it all. You don't know."

She would not see Mrs. Hart, and only agreed to go home with Edith on condition that no one should see or speak with her outside the family.

At last the day of departure came. Mrs. Hart said: "You shall take her to the depot in my carriage. It will be among its last and best uses."

Edith kissed her friend good-bye, saying, "God will send his chariot for you some day, and though you must leave this your beautiful home, if you could only have a glimpse into the Mansion, preparing for you up there, anticipation would almost banish all thoughts of present loss."

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Hart, with her old humor, "I hope your Mansion will be next door, for I shall want to see you often through all eternity."

Then Edith knelt before Mr. Hart's chair, and the old man's helpless hands were lifted upon her head, and he looked to Heaven for the blessing he could not speak.

"Our ways diverge now, but they will all meet again. Home is near to you," she whispered in his ear as she kissed him goodbye.

The old glad light shone in his eyes, the cheery smile flitted across his lips, and thus she left him who had been the great, rich banker, serene, happy, and rich in a faith that could not be lost in any financial storm, or destroyed by disease, or enfeebled by age, she left him waiting as a little child to go home.

(To be Continued.)

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IN SHORT LENGTHS,  
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Shorts, Bran

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W. E. MILLER & Co.,

Feed, Seed and Lime Merchant's, Opposite People's Bank, Queen Street.

Fredericton, Oct. 29, 1884.

M. A. FINN,

IMPORTER OF

Wines, Liquors

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April 18, 1883.

## THE NEW BOOK STORE.

The Finest Line of Books & Stationery

To be had in the City and at Lower Prices than Ever.

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ALL NEW PATTERNS.

ORGANS FOR SALE AT THE VERY LOWEST CASH PRICES.

W. T. H. FENETY.

Orders for Job Printing of All Kinds will Receive Prompt Attention

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GENTLEMEN:

Get your Clothing made at

W. E. SEERY'S. For nice Stylish Suits

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For Spring and Summer,

In all the Latest Shades and Patterns. These Goods will be made into SUITS or SINGLE GARMENTS to order, in FASHIONABLE STYLES, at the SHORTEST NOTICE, and at VERY LOW PRICES FOR CASH. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Also, Hats, Shirts, Ties, Collars, Braces, Gents' Underclothing, &c. VERY CHEAP.

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NEW FURNITURE WAREHOUSES.

Received this Day:

Two Car Loads Assorted Furniture

WHICH WILL BE SOLD FOR CASH ONLY AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER OFFERED

JAMES C. FAIREY.

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BOILRE PLATES

RECEIVED and in store, Ex. Barque "Paramatta," and S. S. "Hibernian" and "Caspian":—

17,750 Bars Refined and Spike Iron.

Boiler Tubes and Rivets, 435 Bils Steel Sheet, 47 Bils Toe Chalk Steel, 751 Steel Pipe Plates, 27 Bils and 15 Feet Round Machine Steel, 15-16 to 3 Inch.

TO ARRIVE PER "PHENIX," FROM ANTWERP: 25 Casks Sheet Zinc, Nos. 6 to 10.

200 Bundles Navy and Hand Picked Oakum.

318 Bundles No. 20, 22, 23, 24 and 25.

210 Sheets Nos. 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18 Sheet Iron.

3 Cases Galvanized Sheet Iron.

I. & F. BURPEE & Co.

30 Boiler Plates, Best B. D., and B. B. B. and Lowmoor.

Boiler Tubes and Rivets, 435 Bils Steel Sheet, 47 Bils Toe Chalk Steel, 751 Steel Pipe Plates, 27 Bils and 15 Feet Round Machine Steel, 15-16 to 3 Inch.

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## New Brunswick Railway.

Operating 443 Miles.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time, which minutes slower than St. John actual time.

COMMENCING OCTOBER, 19th, 1884. Trains will 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—Accommodation for St. John.

6 25 A. M.—From Fredericton—Passenger and Mail for St. John.

9 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—Out Express Train from all points West, and from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, Houlton, Fredericton, and all points North and South.

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

7 00 P. M.—At Fredericton—Accommodation from St. John.

11 50 A. M.—At Fredericton—Passenger and Mail from St. John.

5 35 P. M.—At Gibson from Woodstock and points North.

Fullman Sleeping Cars on Night Trains, and Drawing Room Cars or Day Trains to and from Banquet. 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 night.

Connection is made at Vancouver 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.

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

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

N. T. GREATHREAD, E. R. BURPEE, Genl. Pass and Ticket Agent.

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

New Brunswick Railway Co.

(Operating 443 Miles.)

SPECIAL LIMITED TICKETS.

GOOD TO GO BY CONTINUOUS TRAINS ONLY. Will be sold at the undiminished ticket stations at the following reduced rates:

ST. JOHN TO WOODSTOCK, \$3.00

CARLETON TO ST. JOHN, \$3.00

WOODSTOCK TO ST. JOHN, \$3.00

ST. JOHN TO ST. STEPHEN, \$2.50

ST. STEPHEN TO ST. JOHN, \$2.50

N. T. GREATHREAD, E. R. BURPEE, Genl. Pass