

SELECT STORY.

KEEP STEADY.

Keep steady, young man, keep steady—
Nor waver when put to the test.
When Satan assails be ready;
Defeat him by doing your best.
With plausible words he advances;
With cunning he strengthens his chances;
He does all his planning with care;
He's wily and wicked. Beware!

IF HE HAD RULED BY LOVE.

THAT same sweet looking little woman who had given good advice to Edith Devereux, sat in her own sitting-room at Erle's pleasure.
Ten years had not made much outward change in her appearance; she seemed scarcely older than she had looked in those days in Florida, even though at this minute, there was an expression of perplexity and anxiety on her smooth face. She held a letter in her hand.

"So Devereux is coming here," she said to herself. "Well, I am glad; after all these years, he ought to come to his dear home. Yet, it— She leant her chin on her hand. "I must take care he doesn't see that child; not that there is any fear, I should think—it is quite impossible. Come in!" she cried, as a knock was heard at the door, and a footman entered.

"A gentleman wishes to see you, ma'am," the servant told her deferentially. "He gave no name; on business, he said."
Mrs. Erle felt a vague uneasy feeling at her heart; though she said carelessly—
"O, I know, James; it must be my solicitor's new partner; of course ask him in here."

James disappeared, but again opened the door an instant later, and ushered in—not the solicitor's new partner, but—Alfred Royston.
But if Harriet Erle was surprised, or annoyed, or something more than that she kept her own counsel, and only raising her brows a little, held out her hand to him rather listlessly.

"You," she said, "Why, I thought you were in Paris, or New York, or—"

and see how the land is; keep you up to the mark, you know. When you broke your promise to me and then over after Erle's death, it shook my confidence in you greatly."

"You know, Harriet answered, 'I couldn't help it. If I had married you, Devereux would have cut me dead and ignored Percy in his will. Now he has as much as said he shall make Percy his heir to everything.'"

"Well, then, you must take the consequences," said Royston, shrugging his shoulders. "I had rather keep terms with you than with him, but if you force me, I must make them with him, you understand? That is the position and you must bow to necessity. Give me a hundred, just to go on time. I haven't troubled you for some time now."

Mrs. Erle kept her eyes down, lest Royston should see the look in them. She was in his power she knew, and struggle as she might, nothing could free her from him. She opened her desk and took from it several bank notes, which she passed to him.

"That is all I have," she said shortly. "I wanted it for paying household bills, but I suppose you must have it. You are very cruel, her lip quivered and she put her hand over her eyes.

Royston smiled as he took the notes and smiled cynically.
"Pooh Harriet!" he said in a dry tone, "don't trouble yourself to get up a few tears, you know I don't believe in them. You're a little tigger under all your pretty ways, and Devereux and I are the only two people with sense enough to find that out. Good-bye, how is the little one?"

"Oh, same," responded the little tigger, impatiently. "I only dread lest Devereux should come across her. Who knows what he might do? He's got soft-hearted, and might adopt her or something romantic."

"Don't be afraid, he wouldn't leave all his wealth out of the family," returned Royston with a laugh. "Well, good-bye, Harriet, I shall as I told you."

And with that he left her.
"Hold a sword of Damocles over her head," he said to himself, "that'll keep her in order. It might pay to bring these two together after all."

CHAPTER IV.
VERNON'S HEIR.
"Pray, my love, isn't it time to go to the station and meet Vernon?"

through in these ten years; how he had schooled himself to rigid control, how remorse for that one uncompleted act had made him lay an iron hand on the devil within him, and crush the wild temper that had been his undoing.

He saw all his mistakes, and felt with deep bitterness that Edith could never have loved him. That it was too late now to dream of reconciliation; he could not humble his pride to court a rebuff twice. In the grave handed some man of thirty-two, who stepped out of the train this day and greeted his ward kindly and affectionately, one who scarcely had recognized the light hearted callous man of ten years ago who so joyously, so imperiously had wooed and won his young bride, and ruling her by will and not by love, had lost her.

The world wondered why Devereux had never married, and an early disappointment was believed to be the cause of this delinquency. When rallied on the subject, Devereux laughed and said he had not seen any one he cared enough about to marry, and so he turned it off.

Mrs. Erle received him with great cordiality, and Vernon in spite of himself was touched by the welcome given him. He was so terrible heart-broken, his life was so empty that he clung to the semblance of something home-like, even though in the depths of his consciousness he doubted Harriet's sincerity.

"Anyone else coming?" he asked when they were seated at luncheon, and he chatted easily upon different subjects, asking questions about Harriet's affairs, about Percy's progress and various things.

"Why, yes, Vernon," laughed the merry little woman. "You don't suppose I should have a swell like you down to shoot the country by yourself? There is a nice party coming. The Davenants and the Greshams. Lord Gresham you know, and his wife—they are lately married. By the way, I got a letter from her asking if you might bring a friend with her who is staying with them; a very lovely girl, Kate says. They will be astonished to see you, Vernon."

"I am such a nomad," he returned with a laugh. "I did not expect to come over this summer at all, only you wrote such a pathetic note, Harriet, and I had not been to the Pleasureous for years."

"I am glad you did come," said Harriet affectionately. "I hope you will not tear off in your usual fashion after a few days."

"Perhaps this deuced pretty girl will keep you," said Percy with his mouth full of tart, at which his mother looked shocked, but Vernon said quizzically—
"Did you not put you a parcel of manners, my boy, at Eton to bring home in your pocket, do they?"

Percy reddened and muttered that he never knew no one so particular, and Devereux was too merciful to increase his confusion, and so diverted the conversation.

something that lay near her, and which, with a deep pang, Devereux saw was a pair of crutches. So she was lame, this poor pale mite whom he longed to take in his arms and press to his heart.

"Do not be frightened, little one," said Devereux, in a soft tender voice, and the child drew her hands slowly back into her lap, and gazed at him from a pair of the most beautiful and pathetic dark eyes that ever pierced their way straight to man's heart. The strange look, the beauty that appealed so strongly to beauty-loving Vernon—but more than all, a something so wistful, so searching, and a something indefinite beyond these—took his breath and brought a mist to his eyes.

He came and dropped on one knee beside her—she glancing up into his face at first, doubtfully, as though she would look into his soul; the little dog lay quiet; the bird had fluttered away to a more distant perch and stood with its head on one side contemplating Vernon critically.

"I am not going to hurt you my little one," Devereux said quietly and smiling; "come, you are not afraid of me, are you?"

He was putting her tangled hair out of her eyes as he spoke with the softest touch at which the small sad face flushed and the sensitive lips quivered. But she did not speak.

"What are you so busy about; is this a dog's home?" he went on assuringly, and caressing the forlorn little animal, who blinked up at him with something of the same wistfulness as was in his little mistress' eyes and seemed to like the kind touch, though to find it rather wonderful. "Is he yours?"

"I found him," the child explained, with that lovely upward look of half melting shyness or constraint. "Look he has been hurt in a trap you know—have I done him rightly?"

Her voice, though sweet, lacked all the fearless joyousness of childhood, and rang with a sad intonation.
"Let me see," said Vernon, and proceeded to a critical examination of the dog's bandages, which he pronounced quite right. "Where did you find him my child?"

Again that flush and quiver; he noticed this with a sort of wonder—was not she used to being gently spoken to?
"Near here," answered the child—she had a rather deliberate old fashioned way of speaking—he was caught in a trap that the gamekeepers set for creatures. I took him out—his paw was terribly hurt—and made him sit in this little house you see, because—"

She stopped and looked up inquiringly into Devereux's face.
"You will not tell anyone, will you?" said she earnestly.
"Certainly not, if you want to keep it a secret," answered Devereux. He had thrown himself on the grass beside the child and taken her small soft hands in his. "When was this?"

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"But surely," urged Blinks, "seeing is believing." "Not necessarily," responded Jinks. "For instance, I see you every day, but as to believing you—I have never finished that sentence."

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THE CONCLUSION. He—Would you consider it an important question if I should ask you to marry me? She—Certainly not. And would you consider it a pertinent answer if I should say "No?" He—Certainly not. She—Well? And so they were married.

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Yours Respectfully, ALONZO STAPLES, April 29, 1893. Executor's Notice.

DR. R. MCLEARN. Office and Residence, Corner Queen and Regent Sts. Office Hours. 8 to 10 A. M. 1 to 3 P. M. 6 to 8 P. M. Telephone 66. Fredericton, May 6th, 1893.

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