

POETRY.

THE KETTLE.

There's many a house of grandeur,
With turret, tower and dome,
That knows not peace or comfort,

SELECT STORY.

MISS MIDDLETON'S LOVER.

PARTED ON THEIR BRIDAL TOUR.

By the author of 'A Forbidden Marriage,'
'That Pretty Young Girl,' etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE BANKER'S NICE.

And yet, oh, strange, inconsistent
Human heart, he would have suffered for it,
if it would have saved her.

The innocence in the dark eyes as they
turned often from Rutherford to himself,
fairly staggered him, bewildered him.

"My uncle," Miss Middleton went
slowly, "had fallen on his face to the floor.
I helped him to his feet glancing at the safe as I did so,

"Oh uncle, dear uncle!" I cried, falling
on my knees beside him, "let me comfort you."

"Irene, my poor child," he groaned;
"how shall I find words to tell you, to break
to you what will follow, I am a ruined man;

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On that occasion, a little spaniel belonging
to her, had bounded over the lawn,
barking furiously at the tall, dark, handsome
stranger as he swung open the iron gate.

"Call the dog off!" he exclaimed,
angrily, to the gardener, who stood near,
but the dog wouldn't be called off, barking
more furiously than ever at the unwelcome guest.

With a fierce muttered imprecation,
ground out between his white teeth, he
hunted the luckless spaniel to death, with
one blow from his polished boot heel and
passed haughtily on the paved walk.

From that moment, the housekeeper
had cherished a secret dislike toward Mr.
Karl Heathcliff. "He is not a man to be
trusted," she told herself, and she very
seldom changed her first impressions,
which usually proved correct.

CHAPTER III.
HOMELINESS AND PENITENTS.
Esmond parted from the detective at
the great corner. It would never do
for him to notice the suppressed excitement
he was laboring under, and which he was
doing his best to control.

When he reached his office again, the
old secretary looked at him in alarm.
"Are you sure you are quite well, sir?"
he asked anxiously; "your face flushes
and pales and your eyes have a very feverish
look in them."

"Nonsense, of course I am well," he
answered, impatiently, adding, "Where
is that paper you were reading when I
left the office? I should like to look it
over."

"I beg your pardon, sir," began the
secretary, "but if you wish to read about
the robbery that occurred last night, I
would suggest to you to glance over the
times; here is one of the extras, giving a
more explicit account of the Middleton case.
It is thought now by one of the detectives who
took a survey of the premises, and as the
body of the banker just as it lay upon discovery,
that he was murdered instead of
having committed suicide, and that the
person who opened the safe and took the
money did the deed; there is strong circumstantial
evidence on that point."

It was a great relief to Esmond that
the secretary was called from the office at
that moment.
"Is it true or do I dream?" he groaned,
crushing the paper in his hand, starting
up from his chair, and pacing the room
hurriedly; "the web seems to be tightening
around me; yet I would face the whole
thing if it were not for her."

"So man in the world had a greater
horror of crime than he, yet could he
betray this girl no matter what her
sin might be, for he realized that he
loved her as he had never loved a woman
before and should never love another
woman again, though in the face of all
the circumstances he almost cursed him-
self for it, but alas, to love or not to love,
is beyond the control of mortals. Love
goes where God listeth, and he was destined
to love her madly, hopelessly to the bitter end."

It seemed cruel to charge Irene Middleton
with this tragedy, even knowing all.
"I would give every penny of my fortune
for the knowledge that she is innocent,"
he groaned, burying his face in his
hands. He was trying to convince his
own heart that she was, even against his
better judgment.

He knew that he held her fate in his
hands, yet he would as soon have thought
of plunging a dagger into his own heart
as of betraying her.
Mighty, unrequited love, had gained
in the conflict, and duty was vanquished.
And yet he told himself "never was an
honorable man placed in such a predicament."

"There is but one way to cure myself
of this mad passion, and that is to leave
London at once," he concluded, and
without trusting himself to look at that
beautiful face again.
It was quite a surprise to the old secretary
when he announced his decision.

He watched Esmond, as he stepped into
a hansom cab, which stood before the
door, shaking his gray head dubiously.
"Cannot make out what is coming
over him of late," he muttered, "he acts
like a man demented."

Esmond left London by the next outgoing
express, caring little whether he
went, so place which he went to. He
visited France, Italy, and sunny Spain,
where the olive and the myrtle ripen
luxuriantly under the golden sunshine.

He journeyed to Savoy, that marvellous
valley which lies under the bosoms
of Mont Blanc; where the sturdy
romance with the wind at the edge of
the frowning glaciers. He visited the
monastery of St. Bernard. His one idea
being constant motion would bring him
forgetfulness; but so where he would,
do what he might, the memory of that
fair, girlish face, with its great dark
innocent eyes, was ever before him. It
was evident he could not escape from
his thoughts and they were with her
when he slept.

He had added to his strictly to his resolution
that he would read no London
paper—he would know nothing about
the affair—then this great lesson that
he had set himself to learn, to forget, might
be more readily accomplished in time.

At the end of the sixth week a telegram
reached him summoning him back
to London on important business con-
nected with the company. There was
nothing for it but to return at once.

Human nature is strangely erratic; as
Esmond neared the great smoky city,
his one thought was—that each mile
brought him nearer Irene Middleton—he
would soon see her.

For the first time since his enforced
exile he bought a London paper, but his
eyes were too full of conflicting emotions
to put his mind on reading just then.
Where was she now? he wondered.
Was she living in dread from day to day,
lest he—the only person who knew her
secret—would expose her?

And Mr. Middleton's nephew entered
the room. He paused a moment on the
threshold, and as he stands, he is an
object well worth studying; tall, well
made, with a fine erect figure and easy
bearing that would attract attention even
among a crowd of men.

His face is handsome but not good;
the eyes are dark and piercing; the
brows are arched and thick, and the
mouth, the key to the whole face, is a
bad one; but it is not visible, being
concealed by a thick, curling, dark mustache.

It is the face of a man who lives en-
tirely for himself; who knows no re-
straint, who consults his own inclinations,
and who would sacrifice every one and
everything to himself.

There is but one tender spot in his
nature, and that is his love for Irene Mid-
dleton; and, though he feels assured that
the girl positively dislikes him, he does
not despair of winning her at last.

He nods carelessly to Mrs. Grey, the
housekeeper, glances impatiently at the
group of waiting servants clustered about
the door of their late master's room, then
calls abruptly for Miss Middleton.

"She is in her room, sir," the house-
keeper answered, "quite sick with a head-
ache; she has done nothing but walk the
floor and weep since master died."

Heathcliff frowned but made no com-
ment.
During the three days that followed,
Heathcliff saw very little of Irene. It
was plainly apparent to him that she
avoided him on every possible occasion,
but he seemed to take no notice of the
girl's aversion outwardly, but inwardly
he resented it fiercely.

The day following the funeral, Irene,
Mr. Heathcliff, Mrs. Grey, and a few of
the family servants were called together
by Lawyer Marsh to read the reading of
Mr. Middleton's will.

Irene, robed in heavy black, sat next
the lawyer, her fair young face bent on
her hands, a knot of dark ribbon fasten-
ing back her dark heavy curls.

Karl Heathcliff sat opposite her, livid,
striving to maintain a careless expression,
as he moved restlessly about in his seat.

The banker, John Middleton, had al-
ways been recognized as one of the most
eccentric of men; therefore it was not to
be wondered at that his will should have
a peculiar character. Yet every one
united in it was the most peculiar, cruel,
as well as the most unjust will ever
brought to light.

The will was dated several months
back, and Lawyer Marsh's partner, who
had drawn it up, had since passed away.
At this time the banker was a wealthy
man.

The document, after directing that a
few hundred pounds to be divided
amongst the old-time family servants
read—"And to my niece Irene, I be-
queath my villa in Hyde Park, upon one
condition, and that is, that Irene shall
marry my nephew Karl Heathcliff, not
later than six months after my demise,
at farthest. This is the earnest request
of an uncle who has his niece's welfare at
heart. Should Irene refuse to comply
with this condition, she is to receive but
no more; said property in Hyde Park, and
the expiration of the stipulated six
months, to pass in the possession of my
nephew, Karl Heathcliff."

The remainder of the will, after some
other bequests, both real and personal,
Irene, beguiled and deceived to Karl Hea-
thcliff, unconditionally.

"In conclusion, I urge the speedy con-
summation of said marriage. I request no
mourning worn for a fortnight after
my demise; no exhibition of grief by
closing the house and eschewing society.
I wish everything to follow in its usual
routine."

The will appointed the deceased lawyer,
Lawyer Marsh and Karl Heathcliff, as
executors. No word was spoken
during the entire reading of the will; at
its close Irene rose to her feet with a
low cry, her hands clasped, gazing fixedly
at the lawyer. He was pale as death,
and there was a look of horror and dis-
may in the great, dark expanded eyes.

For that, she never realized in that
moment that she was disinherited, cut off
with a paltry pound, hurled in a single
hour from the height of influence and
wealth to face the world as best she
might.

She did not realize this, God help her,
she only realized that her uncle had so-
lemnly requested her to marry a man she
could never love; whom, on the contrary
she quite disliked.

She looked at Heathcliff with a low,
shuddering cry, took one step forward
to quit the room, and fell at the old lawyer's
feet in a deep swoon.

For once in his life Heathcliff had the
grace not to intrude his presence too soon
on the grief-stricken girl.
To Mrs. Grey he left the delicate task
of unfolding to Irene by degrees, the
truth that this home which she had con-
sidered hers so long was hers no longer,
unless she accepted him with it.

He bent his dark, handsome head over
the little hand he held; he looked at the
beautiful face, but dared not touch it with
his lips, lest he should feel that cold
politeness, and the knowledge that he
had her love to win, there he must not
be too precipitately demonstrative.

Though his heart was beating wildly
with triumph, he merely said, "Thank
you, Irene; you have made me one of the
happiest of men. The career you must be
performed immediately; we will go to
the nearest rectory. You shall not walk;
I will lift a hansom cab," he said, plac-
ing her on one of the park seats close by
the entrance. "Wait for me here, Irene,
I shall be but a few moments."

She watched him as he walked away.
He was tall, handsome, with a well-pro-
portioned figure, and a wonderful vul-
garly, if she were not like him, she
thought not. How strange it was, within
the hour she was to be his wife; yet, this
would be her wedding day. Like all
young and romantic girls, she had had
day-dreams of what her wedding-day
would be like, and of the bridegroom who
would come to claim her. How widely
different the reality was. Why should
her heart sink as she looked at the sun-
shine and listened to the birds? Why did
a faint shuddering cry escape her pale
lips? She did not realize that it was the
cry of a young heart sick and faint with
its own forebodings, the prophetic cry of a
soul seized for the first time with unutter-
able dread, and yet, no one could wonder
at it, for marriage is a very solemn thing
to a young girl.

Heathcliff walked rapidly towards the
nearest cab-stand. He was triumphant;
he had barely hoped for so great a success.
Irene was so beautiful, so haughty, that
he had hardly dared to hope that she
would listen to him. There was that in
the dark, checked lines of Karl Hea-
thcliff, which should have made him pause
and consider well, ere he linked the life
of this bright young girl with his. He
thought of her high spirit, her noble na-
ture, and wondered how she would endure
the night that lay before; he wondered
whether it were not better to let her dis-
like him, hate him—loathe him. He
wondered over all these things; yet the
idea of sparing her, of saving her, was be-
yond him; he was not capable of the sacrifice.

As he walked hurriedly down the street,
once or twice he gave a quick start, glance-
ing uneasily about him.
"The conviction has haunted me all
day long that I am watched by unseen
eyes," he muttered, "I have been a fool
to seem nervous as long as I have."

Suddenly a hand fell on his shoulder.
Heathcliff started by with a low-breathed
imprecation, but an expression of relief
spread over his face as he saw who it
was who had accosted him, and he muttered,
"Is it only Lennox?"

The young man standing before Hea-
thcliff was a very fair specimen of a good-
natured Englishman, good-natured, in fact,
for his own welfare.

Ms. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been
used by millions of mothers for their chil-
dren while teething. If disturbed at
night and broken by a fit of a sick child
crying with pain of Cutting Teeth,
send at once and get a bottle of "Ms.
WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children
teething. It will relieve the poor little
sufferer immediately. Depend upon it,
mothers, there is no mistake about it. It
cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach,
and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens
the Gums and reduces Inflammation.
It is pleasant to the taste. The prescription
of one of the oldest and best female phy-
sicians an uncles in the United States, and
of the world. 25cts per bottle. Be sure and ask
for "Ms. WISLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

British ship Parthia, Capt. Carter, from
Liverpool, June 25, for San Francisco, was
burned at sea Oct. 1st. Part of her crew
have arrived at Valparaiso, but the captain
and first officer, with nineteen of the
crew, also left the ship in open boats at
the same time and have not been heard
of since.

A SAVING OF \$4,000 PER ANNUM
In his nomination day speech at Hamp-
ton Hon. Mr. White, referring to the
office of Queen's printer, said that the
Royal Gazette sometimes netted \$4,000
per year to Mr. Fenety for any little over-
sight on his part, and the government
thought this sum should be saved the
province. Since Mr. Fenety's retirement
the province would receive the money
that formerly went to that gentleman,
and he thought the province would ap-
prove of that arrangement.

A SCARCITY OF SEALS.
Sailing vessels and revenue cutters from
revenue cutters from Behring Sea report
greater scarcity of seals this season than
usual. Around the rookeries, where
thousands of seals formerly rested,
not a seal can be found. Herds in the
open sea are greatly diminishing likewise,
and practical and scientific sealers aver
that in five years the seals will be wholly
exterminated.

A WOMAN COMMITS SUICIDE.
CHARLOTTEWYN, P. E. I., Oct. 11.—Mrs.
John Rogers, of Misouche, aged 56, com-
mitted suicide last evening by tying a
rope around the bed-post and hanging
herself out of an upstairs window. She
had been dependent for some time. Her
husband was away at the time.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases.
Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment."
No internal medicine required. Cures
tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the
face, hands, neck, etc., leaving the skin
clean, white and healthy. Its great heal-
ing and curative powers are possessed by
no other remedy. Ask your druggist for
Swayne's Ointment.

BUILD UP.
When the system is run down, a person
becomes an easy prey to Consumption, or
Scrofula. Many valuable lives are saved
by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a de-
cline in health is observed.

A shipment of apples was made Mon-
day to Sydney, N. S. W. The Board of
Control of the Ontario Fruit Experiment
station, is making this experiment in the
hope that it may be the means of opening
up a good market for Ontario apples just
at this season when the markets of Aus-
tralia are bare of fruit.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

ROYAL Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Strange, but True
The child that cannot
digest milk can digest
God-liver Oil as it is pre-
pared in Scott's Emul-
sion. Careful scientific
tests have proven it to be
more easily digested than
milk, butter, or any other
fat. That is the reason
why puny, sickly chil-
dren, and thin, emaciated
and anæmic persons grow
freshly so rapidly on Scott's
Emulsion of Cod-liver
Oil and Hypophosphites
when their ordinary food
does not nourish them.

Wiley's ... EMULSION ...
COD - LIVER - OIL.
Gives Best Results.
Purest and Best Materials
used in Manufacture.
Best Value for the Money.
The Best Preparation
in the Market.
Readily taken by Children.
No preparation equal to it.
For Building up the System.

PRICE 50 CENTS.
Everywhere SOLD.
JOHN M. WILEY, Manufacturer
196 Queen Street, Fredericton.

Featherbone Skirt Bone.
For Giving STYLE and SHAPE
To LADIES' DRESSES.
A light, pliable, elastic bone made
from quills. It is soft and yielding,
conforming readily to folds, yet giving
proper shape to Skirt or Dress.
The only Skirt Bone that may be
worn without injury.
The Celebrated Featherbone
Corsets are corded with this material.

THE OLD SAYING
R. C. MACREDIE,
Plumber, Gas Fitter,
TINSMITH,
Would inform the people of Fredericton
and vicinity, that he has re-
sumed business on Queen
Street,
Opp. County Court House.

ALONZO STAPLES,
Druggist and Apothecary.
HAS IN STOCK—
New, Fresh Drugs
—AND FULL LINES OF—
PATENT MEDICINES.
A CHOICE LINE OF HAVANA AND
DOMESTIC CIGARS.
And all requisites
found in a First-class Drug Store.
Physician's prescriptions com-
pounded with utmost care at all hours.
Opposite Randolph's Flour Store.

W. E. SEERY,
Merchant Tailor,
Has Just Received a splendid new
stock of
CLOTHS AND TWEEDS,
—COMPRISING—
Fall Overcoating,
Suitsings,
and Trouserings,
Cornmeal.
Which he is prepared to MAKE UP
in the
LATEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE
STYLES.
AT MODERATE PRICES.
W. E. SEERY,
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