

ONLY ONE

The world moves on as it has always done. In the morning it rises and follows along. My gaze is fixed on a single face. A picture, a poem, a rapturous song—A single face in the human mass, And yet the faint under the sun. Oh, what to me, as they pass, Were the rest without my only one?

Each fondly struts on life's great stage. A final actor in the play. From mingling youth to garish age, There never a one could pass away. But the world must stop and fold its hands, Its tumult cease and the toll be done; And the drama end with the sundered bands, And the exit of only one.

Yet the world moves on at a steady pace, And the ranks close up as one drops out, And another fills the vacant place. And will the end of time, no doubt, A star may fall from the starry sky, And we are sure that the world will run; But the world must stop and fold its hands, And the drama end with the sundered bands, And the exit of only one.

To the world we may be only a part, A drop in humanity's swirling sea; But there are those who will sadly, sorely miss, I'm glad some heart's pure love to have won. To know I never shall be forgotten, Nor die unloved, though I'm only one.

And as I watch for a single face, A picture that draws me to its shrine, A poem replete with love and grace, And a heart that sings its song with mine, I'm glad in my grief, and sad, and glad, And laugh at the mischief that will mine, I throw to the winds my doubts and fears, And as I look in the eyes of this only one.

Literature.

RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XI.

A BLISSFUL MOMENT.

Nina Leicester looked a little light of satisfaction, and leaped back against the rich dark cushions, without a thought of the lovely picture she was making of herself.

"What a delightful little nook!" she cried, looking up at Kenneth with a smile. "It seems like some scene of enchantment, of which I read years ago in the Arabian Nights." "There is a story on the figure further," the young lord said, with a thrilling look into the lovely eyes, "you must be the enchanting princess of the enchanted castle."

"And you the knight," she retorted, quickly, then, wonder of wonders! the self-proclaimed Miss Leicester blushed rose at her own words.

"A sudden gleam fell upon them, a sense of premonition, and in which each felt that their hearts were beating in unison."

Kenneth stood like a statue, his eyes riveted with eager longing upon the girl, his whole mind and body thrilled with the sense of her presence, and unconsciously sealed when he would have spoken the words which he was consuming him, and which he knew he could not restrain.

"Speech is silver, but silence is golden," laughed Nina, when the silence began to be tedious; "please turn your golden thoughts into silver speech for my benefit, or I might of the enchanted castle."

Should he tell her? Dare he risk his whole future upon that moment? How superbly beautiful she was, looking up at him from among the rich cushions, that outlined her perfect form to such advantage.

Would it not be asking too much to see for rare a gift? And yet he knew that the wealth of his own great heart was worthy of a gracious return.

"Shall I tell you my thoughts, Miss Leicester?" he asked, with grave, tender earnestness.

She noticed the tone, a ripple of color stole into her cheeks, and her white face dropped and quivered, as her woman's heart told her what was coming.

"Yes, if you wish," she returned in a low tone.

He bent before her, until he rested upon the little footstool in front of her, and with a quick, impatient movement, he gathered the little white gloves from his strong, warm clasp.

In his eyes shone her face with a firm, noble resolve in them, though his own had grown very pale with the intensity of his emotion.

"That listen," he said, in low, concentrated tones, which made her feel bound. "I can tell them all to you in few simple words. I love you, Nina Leicester!"

He paused an instant, scanning the drooping face earnestly; then he went on and poured out all the strength of his manly love.

"It is the same old, old story of love told by lovers since the days when Adam first won Eve in Eden; but, Nina, my darling, the regal music heaven on earth to me—the rejection will make my life the dearest blank in existence. My heart is too full for words, dearest, but if your own can respond to the wealth of love I have to offer you—the strong enduring love which will outlast time and fill eternity, you will know all that I would say and cannot. Tell me, Nina, will you crown my life with happiness, or must you send me forth with my heart seared and burned to ashes in my bosom?"

Nina Leicester sat like a statue of marble beneath those fervent, fierce words. Her face had turned to ashen, fierce words, and the scarcely seemed to breathe.

She knew that every word he had uttered meant more than volumes spoken by ordinary men. She knew that his whole soul bowed before her in a deep and mighty love that would never end.

She did not withdraw her hands from his clasp, they did not even tremble in his grasp. She knew that her heart had responded to every word he had breathed, and she was so truthful and upright to tell him, or keep him from that knowledge for which he was so eagerly waiting.

Lifting her deep, expressive eyes to his she let him read the beautiful sequel to the story which he had just told her.

A grave, almost holy sweetness stole into her look and over her whole face, and tremble in her lovely lips.

"I do love you, Kenneth Malcolm, with all the strength of my heart." "In an instant his arms had encircled the stately form, and the proud head was drawn where but a moment before the little hands had rested.

"My darling, my own! May God forgive me if I have made an idol of you; but to Him I render thanks for the gift of your precious love," he murmured, reverently.

"He bent his head until his lips met hers in a mute caress.

For one blissful moment Nina Leicester rested in that fond embrace, her head pillowed upon his strong, manly breast, her heart beating against his, and his breath fanning her cheek.

Then, putting his gently away from her, she sat upright, the light of a great new happiness shining from her glorious eyes, but with an expression of resolution in the lines about her lovely mouth.

"Kenneth," she said, simply, and as if the words were perfectly natural to her, "it is a great happiness to me never sound had thrilled him before."

"Kenneth, I must be truthful in everything, therefore I must confess my love for you—you have drawn me toward you from the very first by the power of your mighty love, and I could not have resisted you if I would."

Were our words sweeter than these to mortal ears? No simple, so true and tender.

"But," she continued, her face clouding, "my lips quivering, 'I am afraid I cannot do this for you.'"

"What?" he asked, a sharp agony in his tone.

"May, listen to me," she said, just touching his pale lips with her hand. "I have been taught to regard marriage as a very solemn thing—have been taught that position, wealth, or fame would not bring happiness, but that the pure true love of an unselfish heart was more to be desired than all else in the world. But I know that the world regards these things differently, and that it is thought unfitting for a poor girl, without name, position, or wealth, to mate with one far above her in a worldly point of view."

"Well," her lover said, as she hesitated.

"You are Earl of Melrose, Viscount Dore, Baron Malcolm; you have unlimited wealth at your command, and will occupy one of the highest positions of the realm."

"Yes, dear, all that you say is very true," Kenneth assented, as she stopped again, as if it was hard for her to go on. But the color had come back to her face, the light to her eyes, and the least smile of amusement hovered on her lips, as he put forth his arms and encircled her again.

"I have heard this," the young girl proceeded, "while I am simply Nina Leicester, the daughter of a school-teacher, with neither dowry nor illustrious ancestry of which to boast. The world will not approve, and if I should become your wife it would result in trouble for you in the future. Kenneth, I cannot consent to bring trouble upon you; I would rather suffer anything than do that."

"Do you really mean all that you have said, my darling?" Kenneth asked, gravely.

"Yes, Kenneth."

You would sacrifice all your own happiness rather than bring trouble upon me?"

"Yes."

"And yet you love me—I am really first in your heart?"

He had drawn back, and was looking into her eyes with deepest earnestness, though his arms were still clasped about her.

"Kenneth, I cannot tell you how much I love you," she breathed.

"Then let me tell you, my darling, that if you refuse to give me yourself you will bring upon me a trouble which will blight my whole future. You have become a part of my very being. Will you destroy my life?"

"I have heard this," the young girl proceeded, "while I am simply Nina Leicester, the daughter of a school-teacher, with neither dowry nor illustrious ancestry of which to boast. The world will not approve, and if I should become your wife it would result in trouble for you in the future. Kenneth, I cannot consent to bring trouble upon you; I would rather suffer anything than do that."

"Do you really mean all that you have said, my darling?" Kenneth asked, gravely.

"Yes, Kenneth."

You would sacrifice all your own happiness rather than bring trouble upon me?"

"Yes."

ingly," he concluded lifting his head with the air of a king.

"You are very independent, my lord," Nina said, regarding him with a fond smile, she was very proud of him, he looked so grand, so noble.

"And why should I not be? His lordship, if he choose, may annoy me somewhat regarding the management of my estates for the next two years, yet I can control even now sufficient for all our reasonable wants and desires, and, though I regret that I cannot devote you at once to the position I would like to, and which will be yours in the future, yet I feel we can be very happy and contented with things just as they are for the present.

And, dearest," he added, reaching out his arms to her again, while he spoke with almost stern decision, "I could never allow any man, except Kenneth Malcolm himself, to choose my bride for me. Nina, you will—you must be my wife."

"Must, Kenneth?"

"A very tender, loving must, dear; you will not spoil both our lives," he pleaded.

"No, I will not," she responded, lifting her head and looking at him with a smile.

"If you do not care what the world says why need I? My heart tells me that I can make you my happy wife, and name, money, or position would not make me other than I am in character; and so, Kenneth, I have decided, with a shy smile, 'I think you have won the battle.'"

He laughed a triumphant, happy laugh, and his face lightened with a wondrous joy as he folded her close to his heart.

"You mean that I have won my bride. Of course I have. A Malcolm never yields a point when he knows he is right. Do you know the meaning of my Christian name?"

"Kenneth?"

"Yes."

"I know," she returned, a solemn joy in her deep eyes, "that to me it means a whole future of joy, in which it will stand out bold and clear—the one name dearest in all the world to me. It means to me protection and tenderest care, honor and blessing. It shall be my crown and scepter, with which I shall reign queen of the noblest heart in the realm."

"My darling, my darling, do you love me like that?" he said, almost awed by the solemn eloquence of her language.

"You do not know the half," he cried, not tell you the half, Kenneth, my king. But you have not yet told me the true meaning of your name."

"You have glorified it so that it will ever seem to me after this. It means a leader, a commander."

"It is a good name to give you, but—"

"But what, dearest?"

"You shall lead me whithersoever you will, but please do not command me, but with a slight blush on her cheek, he said, "But you just called me king," he said, with an amused smile on his handsome mouth.

"A gracious sovereign will issue his commands in the form of requests," she laughed.

"You shall only follow your own sweet will, my queen. But are you so very proud?"

"I am afraid I am. A command always angered me from my earliest infancy, but a word of love will melt my sternest mood."

"That is why you are so stately, my darling. You were born to rule, and ought to be gentlest words of love shall ever fall upon your ears."

Oh, why did he remember his own words in the dreadful time which came afterward?

The clock on the mantel struck the hour of twelve.

The lovers started.

Time had sped so swiftly that they did not dream it could be so late.

"We shall have all this Belgravia in commotion if we do not return to the ball-room. But how can I let you go? This hour has crowned my life with the richest blessing I have ever had, or ever expected to have," the young girl exclaimed.

"It is pleasant to hear you say that," Kenneth said, and with a sweet, shy glance she lifted her white hand to his forehead, and drew his face against her soft cheek.

Another white hand at this moment parted the heavy velvet curtains behind them, and a pair of fierce, lurid eyes gleamed out upon them, as they stood thus, wholly unconscious of aught save the new-found happiness.

The spirited strains of a galop came to their ears from the ball-room, mingled with the sound of many voices and gay laughter, and again Kenneth said, wistfully and regretfully:

"Must we go back?"

"No, I do not wish to return to the ball-room to-night, Kenneth, if you will, and Lady Ascan and I will remain here, and will remain in the dressing-room until she is ready to retire."

"I will tell her you will remain here, dear. If you are weary, what more comfortable place can you find?" he said, with a meaning smile, and she knew he wanted to come back to her.

"Very well; just as you please," she returned.

He seated her in the luxurious chair, bent down and pressed one lingering kiss upon her coral lips, and then, with a look from her presence, the happiest man in London, while she sat in a sweet dream of joy awaiting his return.

"My dear child, what is this? Who has poisoned your mind against me thus?" Nina asked, with infinite kindness in her tones.

"Friends!" cried Caroline, shrinking from the light touch as it had burned her. "Friends!" she repeated, "why, I count you my dearest friend!"

"My dear child, what is this? Who has poisoned your mind against me thus?" Nina asked, with infinite kindness in her tones.

"Friends!" cried Caroline, shrinking from the light touch as it had burned her. "Friends!" she repeated, "why, I count you my dearest friend!"

"My dear child, what is this? Who has poisoned your mind against me thus?" Nina asked, with infinite kindness in her tones.

"Friends!" cried Caroline, shrinking from the light touch as it had burned her. "Friends!" she repeated, "why, I count you my dearest friend!"

"My dear child, what is this? Who has poisoned your mind against me thus?" Nina asked, with infinite kindness in her tones.

"Friends!" cried Caroline, shrinking from the light touch as it had burned her. "Friends!" she repeated, "why, I count you my dearest friend!"

"My dear child, what is this? Who has poisoned your mind against me thus?" Nina asked, with infinite kindness in her tones.

"Friends!" cried Caroline, shrinking from the light touch as it had burned her. "Friends!" she repeated, "why, I count you my dearest friend!"

"My dear child, what is this? Who has poisoned your mind against me thus?" Nina asked, with infinite kindness in her tones.

"Friends!" cried Caroline, shrinking from the light touch as it had burned her. "Friends!" she repeated, "why, I count you my dearest friend!"

"My dear child, what is this? Who has poisoned your mind against me thus?" Nina asked, with infinite kindness in her tones.

"Friends!" cried Caroline, shrinking from the light touch as it had burned her. "Friends!" she repeated, "why, I count you my dearest friend!"

"My dear child, what is this? Who has poisoned your mind against me thus?" Nina asked, with infinite kindness in her tones.

"Friends!" cried Caroline, shrinking from the light touch as it had burned her. "Friends!" she repeated, "why, I count you my dearest friend!"

"My dear child, what is this? Who has poisoned your mind against me thus?" Nina asked, with infinite kindness in her tones.

"Friends!" cried Caroline, shrinking from the light touch as it had burned her. "Friends!" she repeated, "why, I count you my dearest friend!"

"My dear child, what is this? Who has poisoned your mind against me thus?" Nina asked, with infinite kindness in her tones.

"Friends!" cried Caroline, shrinking from the light touch as it had burned her. "Friends!" she repeated, "why, I count you my dearest friend!"

ances, for the accommodation of guests.

"While I was there," she went on, "you and Kenneth came here. How could I help listening, Miss Leicester, with only these curtains between us? I think you that I would have gone down liberally to my doom! Think you I would desire to listen to what has been said during the last hour, and suffer the tortures of the rack, had I known what would be the nature of your interview? And once there, how could I escape? I tell you I had to listen, and, oh, I do not know what you have done!"

And overcome with mortification and wounded affection, she hid her suffering face in her trembling hands, with a hard sob of misery.

Nina Leicester was ready to weep with her, and, oh, how she longed to see that bright, beautiful girl to her heart and comfort her, but she knew that she would only be angrily repulsed.

"Forgive my sharp words, Caro," she said. "I am sorry I wounded you, but you must know that I have a natural feeling of sensitiveness regarding what has just occurred."

"Now, dear," she went on, speaking very gravely and tenderly, "let us look at things just as they are. What is to be made of this? Believing that I can make Lord Malcolm's future a happy one, I have consented to become his wife. I cannot unsay what has been said; but, believe me, Miss Durward, I would be willing to sacrifice a great deal to see you suffer less, and make the blow lighter for you."

"I do not need any sacrifice from you, Miss Leicester; I will not have any pity. You know that Lord Malcolm's future happiness rests entirely upon you. Happy thought! I trust he, at all events, will not be disappointed. But what think you the world will say? Will it not rather think the color man who I know is revealed to them?" sneered the reckless girl.

Nina's face burned a vivid crimson for an instant, then she said:

"I hardly understand what you mean by these last words. I should prefer, however, that Lord Malcolm should be the first to reveal what has just transpired, and I trust your own sense of what is proper, Miss Durward, will induce you to permit him to do so. Under any other circumstances I should feel justified; but while I reiterate that I feel the deepest sympathy for you, yet, considering that, personally, I am fully capable of making his lordship's future life a happy one, without regard to position or social influence."

After a moment's silence she resumed:

"I do not mean to be unkind, Caro, and I would say nothing to wound you, but I have felt a deep interest in you ever since you became one of mamma's pupils, and I really desire that you may be friends."

The words seemed to arouse Caroline's fury anew.

"Friends! friends! You prate to me of friendship!" she cried. "I told you, Miss Leicester, that I hated you. I hate you now, I shall hate you all my life, and my spirit shall hate and haunt you when I am dead! You have shorn my life of all its glory. I should have desired no heaven than to have made myself worthy, as I was toiling to do, and to have gained Kenneth Malcolm's love. I suppose in your haughty pride, you think I ought to feel a maidly delicacy," she went on, more recklessly, as she saw Nina's color rising.

"About revealing the secrets of my heart, but I care not who knows it. I am a desperate mad—tortured with the torture of death; yet I cannot die."

She wrung her hands until Nina heard the joints crack.

"I hope," and her voice rose to a wild wail, "I hope the day will come when you may experience something of agony which this hour has brought home to me."

"Caroline, my will you feel thus?" Miss Leicester pleaded, the tears glittering upon her long lashes, and her sensitive lips quivering with pain.

"Now I know what it is like to be like the bitterest of you, but let me tell you of one who can heal even such wounds as these—the 'Man of Sorrows,' you know. He will take the sting from your soul; He will wipe your tears, and give you peace."

"Peace! Do you talk to me of peace, shall I tell you what alone will give it to me?" she exclaimed, a cunning, cruel look taking the place of pain in her eyes.

"Revenge!" she whispered, bending toward her. "Revenge; and rest assured, Miss Leicester, my life shall henceforth be devoted to the working out of a terrible retribution for you for this night's work."

"Caroline!"

The word was uttered in tones of stern displeasure, and both young girls started violently, and turned at the sound.

Kenneth Malcolm stood as if transfixed beneath the parted curtains, which separated the place from the hall, his face pale and severe with indignation at the words which had just been uttered.

"What does all this violently and un lady like behavior mean, Caroline? He demanded, regarding her with amazement.

With a moon like that of a hunted fawn, she sprang forward and dashed past him, leaving the lovers alone, regarding each other with pain and sorrow depicted upon their faces.

(To be continued.)

AYER'S PILLS.

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightley, Haverhill, Mass.

For years I have relied upon Ayer's Pills, and they are invaluable.

Regulate the bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect. I have used them with good effect. I have used them with good effect.

The Bowels. Last spring I suffered greatly from a severe attack of dysentery, and was unable to get on my feet. I was cured by Ayer's Pills, and I can now do my usual work.

Ayer's Pills. I have used Ayer's Pills in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—C. D. Darden, Darden, Mass.

Ayer's Pills. I have used Ayer's Pills in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—C. D. Darden, Darden, Mass.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. '88 Winter Arrangement '87.

On and after MONDAY, November 22nd, 1886, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave St. John: Express from Halifax and Quebec, 7.00 a.m. Express from Montreal, 8.30 a.m. Express from Boston, 9.30 a.m. Express from New York, 10.30 a.m.

Trains will arrive at St. John: Express from Halifax and Quebec, 7.00 a.m. Express from Montreal, 8.30 a.m. Express from Boston, 9.30 a.m. Express from New York, 10.30 a.m.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.

Arrangement of Trains—In effect October 24th, 1886.

LEAVE FREDERICTON: (Eastern Standard Time)

7.00 A.M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

7.30 A.M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

8.00 A.M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

8.30 A.M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

9.00 A.M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

9.30 A.M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

10.00 A.M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

10.30 A.M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

11.00 A.M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

11.30 A.M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

12.00 P.M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

12.30 P.M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

1.00 P.M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

1.30 P.M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.

EBEN MILLER & CO.,

BUILDERS OF FINE CARRIAGES.

King Street, Fredericton, N. B.

Concord Wagons, Miller Spar Wagons, Brewster Wagons, Piano Box Wagons, White Chapel Wagons, Cronin Wagons, Iver's Wagons, Top Phaetons, Open Phaetons.

Sole Manufacturers of Miller's Patent Shifting Ball.

These Shifting Balls have no rival, as a glance at the cut will show for itself. It requires only one person to take it off or put it on, and when off no one would think a top had been on, as no irregularities are visible on the top.

Particular attention given to orders. Repairing done in the best manner, and at the shortest notice.

Price List.—BUGGY TOPS, \$32 to \$50; CANOPY, \$15 to \$25. Patented in Canada, March 1st, 1877, and in the United States, Dec. 10th, 1878.

ALL WORK WARRANTED. EBEN MILLER & CO.

CALL AND SEE THE NEW "RAYMOND," With Large Improved Arm, at D. MCATHERIN'S SALES ROOM. Phoenix Square, Fredericton, N. B.

These machines can be had at the following offices, viz:— Fredericton, N. B., Newmarket, N. B., Miramichi, N. B., Chatham, N. B., Miramichi, N. B., Gloucester, N. B., N. S., Campbellton, New Brunswick, N. S., N. B., Stephen, N. B.

Agents wanted for P. E. Island and Nova Scotia. D. MCATHERIN, Manager for Maritime Provinces. Address all communications P. O. Box 104, Fredericton, N. B. Fredericton, May 15, 1888.

ROSSMORE, L. O. L., No. 21. Meets at 7 o'clock, 1st Monday of each month, at 7.30 p.m. Visiting brethren welcome.

Corsets, Bustles and Skirts. JUST OPENED—A new Corset, Bustle and Skirt. A new Corset, Bustle and Skirt. A new Corset, Bustle and Skirt.

WANTED. Ladies and Gentlemen to take notice of my new Corset, Bustle and Skirt. A new Corset, Bustle and Skirt. A new Corset, Bustle and Skirt.

TRUNKS AND VALISES. JUST OPENED: THE best and cheapest assortment of Trunks and Valises and Satchels, just offered to the public. Please call and examine.

May 25. S. NEALIS.

Piano and Organs. ONE very superior 7-1 Octave SQUARE. TWO high toned double reed ORGANS. These instruments are first class in every respect, and will be sold at a sacrifice to clear away.