







THE NIGHT AT OFFORD.

CHAPTER II.—Continued. Raby was unacquainted with the episode in his mother's early life, therefore, the flush that rose to, and dyed his face, was caused only by a sensitive of a stranger with these sensitive nature, it is sure to do so, whether they be man or woman. The bright color only served to render him more like Maria Raby, and Sir Arthur, in spite of the scorn he felt for the treatment had felt, felt his heart warm to her son. A wish half crossed his mind that that son was his—his heir; he had no son, only daughter.

from the Continent, and were as yet far from visitors. Lady Saxony was in ill health, and Mrs. Ashton, the eldest married daughter, was staying with her while her husband was abroad. In a chair, a little behind Miss Saxony, as if conscious of the difference between them—for there was a distance—sat Raby Raby. It was said the house was free from visitors, but he was scarcely regarded as such. Sir Arthur, in the plenitude of his heart, had invited him to come and stay a couple of months at Saxony; the country air would renovate him; he could have the run of the picture-gallery, and copy some of its chefs d'oeuvre. And Raby came. Sir Arthur's early secret was safe with himself, and he could only explain that his interest in Raby Raby was but that which he would take as a rising artist. So the family, even the servants, looked upon him with a patronizing eye, as one who had "come to paint." Raby had accepted Sir Arthur's invitation with a glow of gratification—the far-famed Saxony gallery was anticipation enough for him. He forgot to think where the funds could come from to make a suitable appearance as Sir Arthur Saxony's guest; but these the painter's doubts were destined to furnish. "It is but a loss," said he; "you can repay me with the proceeds of your pencil shall receive."

"He had great wealth once. How could he have been so reprehensible as to dissipate it all, knowing there was one to come after him?" involuntarily spoke Sir Arthur. "These are thoughts that I avoid," replied Raby. "He was my father."

"I do not remember much of your mother?" "I remember her very well indeed. She died when I was seven years old. All the good that is in me I owe to her. I have never forgotten her early lessons or her early love. I seem to see her face as plainly as I saw it then. I see it often in my dreams."

"I had a face that the world does not see too often," said Sir Arthur, whose thoughts were buried in the past. "You were 'in the eye,'" he added, pointing his finger. "Did you know my mother Sir Arthur?" "Yes, when she was Miss Raby," answered the baronet, in an indifferent tone, as he turned again to the painting.

"Where do you live?" he suddenly asked. "I give my address here," answered the young man. "Mr. Coram allows me to do so: though indeed it is never asked for. I have only a room in an obscure neighborhood. I cannot afford any thing better."

"You are not like most people," he said; "they generally strive to hide their faults; you make no secret of yours." "You are not like most people," he said; "they generally strive to hide their faults; you make no secret of yours."

"My father's fortune has been a world's talk," he murmured. "I could not keep them secret if I would." "Have you retained your former friends?" asked Sir Arthur. "Not one. Perhaps it is, in some degree, my own fault; for my entire time is given to painting. Few would care to know or recognize me now: Raby Vermer Raby, the son and heir of the rich and luxurious Vermer Raby, who made some noise in the London world, and Raby, the poor artist, are two people. None have sought me since the change. Not one has addressed me with the kindness and sympathy that you have now, Sir Arthur."

"I shall see you again," remarked Sir Arthur, as he shook him by the hand, and turned away to the great artist and his paintings. "In the evening, Raby turned to his work, and he was not to be called back. Coram had spoken accurately: not half sufficient for what would generally be called the bare necessities of life, remained from the wreck of his father's property. But it was made to suffice for his wants. It would seem that surely his clothes must take it all, and none could conjecture how he contrived to do it. He was always neat, often handsome, always weary; yet his hopeful spirit buoyed him up, and pictured visions of future greatness. He never for a moment doubted that he was destined to become a world's fame; those who possess true genius are invariably conscious of it in their inmost heart: and he would repeat over and over again to himself the words he felt most some time to be applied to him—"The great painter—the painter Raby."

He sat down that evening to his dinner-supper of bread and cheese. It tasted less dry than usual, for his thoughts were absorbed by the chief event of the day, the meeting Sir Arthur Saxony. He attributed, in his unconsciousness, the interest which Sir Arthur had betrayed in him, to admiration of his genius; he knew how warm a supporter of rising artists Sir Arthur was, and he deemed the introduction the very happiest circumstance that could have befallen him. Could he but have foreseen what that introduction was to bring forth!

CHAPTER III. MARIA SAXONY. The golden light of the setting sun was falling on a golden room. It was scarcely wrong to call it that, of the color prevailing in it was that of gold. Gold-colored satin curtains and cushioned chairs, gilt ornaments, mirrors in gilded frames, all glowed with the glow of the richest Italian shades of color. The room looked a blaze of gold. The large window opened upon a wide terrace, on which rose an ornamental fountain, its glittering spray dancing in the sunlight; and beyond that terrace was a fair dole, stretched out far and wide; the domain of Sir Arthur Saxony.

Swinging her pretty foot to and fro, and leaning back in one of the gay chairs, was a lovely girl budding into womanhood, with bright features and a roguish eye, the youngest, the most indulged, and the vainest daughter of Sir Arthur. She was in a white lace evening dress, and wore a pearl necklace and pearl bracelet on her fair neck and arms. They had recently come home after the short London season, which had been half over: when they returned

Medical. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Practical and Analytical Chemists. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine. Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla for the Blood.

General Business. Brandy Brandy! Martell Brandy, Jules Robin Brandy, John W. Nicholson, I. & F. Burpee & Co., Cor. Dock & Union Sts.

Travelers' Column. Chatham Branch Railway. Winter 1878-9. Going South, Going North.

Law, etc. A. H. Johnson, Barrister-at-Law, Solicitor. E. P. Williston, Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.

Manufacturers, Builders, etc. Miramichi Toe Works, Northesk, Miramichi, New Brunswick. Remington Fire Arms, Received Two Gold Medals at Paris Exposition 1878.

Equity Sale. Tuesday, the Twenty-Fifth Day of March next, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the Town Hall, the Town of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, pursuant to the direction of a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1878, in a certain pending, wherein Alexander Loggie is Plaintiff and James Morrison is Defendant, and the said Decree is recited in full in the said Decree.

Intercolonial Railway. 1878. Winter Arrangement 1879. On and after Monday, the 19th November, 1878, the following trains will be run on the Intercolonial Railway, subject to the following conditions:—

International Steamship Company. Fall Arrangement. Two Trips a Week. On and after Monday, Sept. 29th, and weekly thereafter, the splendid steamship "Hesperia" will leave St. John for Halifax, Boston, New York, and London, via Liverpool and Southampton.

General Business. Geo. Robinson, General Agent, Commission Merchant, Groceries, Provisions, Fruit, Etc., Chatham, Miramichi, N. B.

General Business. Hams! A Lot of New Smoked Hams, just received and for sale cheap. F. J. Letson.

General Business. Fresh Salmon. The International Steamship Company in connection with Intercolonial Railway.

General Business. Custom Tailoring. The Subscriber has opened a First-Class Tailoring Establishment in the shops formerly occupied by Mr. Anderson, and assisted by the Hon. Wm. McNeill, near the Royal Hotel, Chatham.

General Business. Chatham Livery Stables. Regular Coaches to trains leaving and arriving at Chatham Railway Station. Office and Stables—Water Street, Chatham.

General Business. Park Hotel, King Square, St. John, N. B. Fred A. Jones, Proprietor. Waverly Hotel, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

General Business. Canada House, Chatham, New Brunswick. Wm. Johnston, Proprietor. Considerable outlay has been made on this house, and the public are invited to see it.

General Business. Vroom & Arnold, Ship Brokers and Commission Merchants, Marine Insurance Agents, Smyth Street, St. John, N. B. W. & R. Brodie, Commission Merchants, Flour, Produce and Provisions, No. 16, Arthur Street, Next the Bank of Montreal, Quebec.

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