

THE GYPSY QUEEN'S VOW.

By JANIE O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER I.

"The night grows wondrous dark; deep-drearing shadows fall on the hills, while our heads the black and heavy clouds roll slowly on. This surely bodes a storm."

Overhead, the storm-clouds were scudding wildly across the sky, until all above was one of dense pall of impenetrable gloom. A chill penetrating rain was falling, and the wind came sweeping in long, faint gusts—piercingly cold; for it was a night in March.

It was the north wind to London. A thick, yellow fog, that had been rising all day from the bosom of the Thames, wrapped the great city in a gloom that might almost be felt; and its innumerable lights were shrouded in the deep gloom. Yet the solitary figure, flitting through the pelling rain and bleak wind, seemed to have a life of his own.

The night lingered and lingered, the gloom deepened and deepened, the rain splashed dismally; the wind blew in moaning lamentable gusts, penetrating through the thick mantle she held closely around her. And still the woman fled, on stopping neither for wind nor rain, nor storm—unheeding, unfeeling them all—keeping her fierce, devouring gaze fixed with a look that might have pierced the very heavens, on the still far-distant city.

There was no one on the road but herself. The lateness of the hour—for it was almost midnight—and the increasing storm, kept pedestrians within doors that cheerless March night. Now and then she would pass cottages in which lights were still glaring, but most of the houses were wrapped in silence and darkness.

And still on, through night, and storm and gloom, fled the wanderer, with the pitiless rain beating in her face—the pitiless rain beating in her face—the chill blasts flustering her thin-worn garments and long, wild black hair. Still on, pausing not, resting not, never removing her steadfast gaze from the distant city—like a lost soul hurrying to its doom.

Suddenly, above the wailing of the wind and splashing of the rain, arose the thunder of hoofs' hoofs and the crash of approaching carriage wheels. Rapidly they came on, and the woman paused for a moment and leaned against a cottage porch, as if waiting until it should pass.

A bright light was still burning in the window, and it fell on the lonely wayfarer as she stood, breathing hard, and waiting with burning, feverish impatience for the carriage to pass. It displayed the form of a woman of forty or thereabouts, with a tall, towering, commanding figure, gait and bearing, her complexion was dark; its naturally swarthy hue having been tanned by sun and wind to a dark brown. The features were strong, stern and prominent, yet you could see at a glance that the face had been a handsome one.

Now, however—thin, haggard and fleshless, with the high, prominent cheekbones, the gloomy, over-hanging brows; the stern, set, unyielding mouth; the rigid, corrugated brow; the fierce, devouring, maniac black eyes—looked positively hideous. Such eyes—such burning, blazing orbs of fire, never were seen in human head before! They glowed like two live coals in a bleached skull. There was utter misery there, there was despair unexpressed, mingle with fierce determination, in those lurid, flaming eyes. And that dark, stern, terrific face was stamped with the unmistakable impress of a despised, degraded race.

The woman was a gypsy. It needed not her peculiar dress, her wild, unkempt hair to tell this, though that was significant enough. Her thick, coarse, jet-black hair, streaked with threads of gray, was pushed impatiently off her face; and her only head-covering was a handkerchief of crimson and black silk, knotted under her chin. A cloak, of coarse, red, woolen stuff, covered her shoulders, and a dress of the same material, but in color blue, reached hardly to her an. As the brilliant head-dress and unique costume, suited well the dark, fierce, passionate face of the wearer.

For an instant she paused, as if to let the carriage pass; then, as if even the delay of an instant were maddening, she started wildly up and keeping her hungry, devouring gaze fixed on the vision of the still unseen city, she sped on more rapidly than before.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE ROAD.

"He bears him like a portly gentleman; and, to say the truth, Verona looks of him. To be sure, he is well-governed youth."

The vehicle that the gypsy had drawn approaching was a light wagon drawn by two swift horses. It had two seats capable of holding four persons, though the front seat alone was now occupied. The first of these (for his age and the precedence) was a short, stout, burly, thick-set little man, buttoned up in a huge great-coat, suffering under a severe eruption of capes and pockets. An immense fur cap, that by its anti-diluvian looks, might have been worn by Noah's grandfather, adorned his head, and was pulled so far down on his face that nothing was visible but a round, respectable-looking bottle-nose, and a pair of small, twinkling gray eyes. This individual, who was also the driver, rejoiced in the cognomen of Mr. Bill Harkins, and made it his business to take belated wayfarers to London (either by land or water), when arriving too late for the regular conveyance. On the present occasion his sole freight consisted of a young gentleman with a brilliant-lod carpet-bag, glowing with straw-colored roses and dark blue lilies, rising from a back-ground resembling London smoke. The young gentleman was a very remarkable young gentleman indeed. He was exceedingly tall and thin, with legs like a couple of pipe-stems, and a neck so long and slender that it reminded you of a gander's, and made you tremble for the safety of the head balanced on such a frail support. His hair and complexion were both of that inimitable color known to the initiated as "redly-brown"—the latter being profusely sprinkled with large, yellow freckles, and the former as slick and straight as bear's grease could make it. He might have been eighteen years old as far as years went, but his worldly wisdom was by no means equal to his years.

"By jingo! that 'ere was a blast!" said Mr. Harkins.

"Yes, it does blow, but I don't mind it. I'm very much obliged to you," said the pale young man, holding his carpet bag in his arms, as if it were a baby.

"Who said you did?" growled Bill Harkins. "You'll be safe in Lannon in half an hour, while I'll be a drivin' back through this 'ere win' and rain. If you don't mind it, I does, Mr. Toospegs."

"Mr. Harkins," said Mr. Toospegs, "I'm very sorry to put you to so much trouble, but if two extra crows—"

"Mr. Toospegs," interrupted Mr. Harkins, with a sudden burst of feeling, "give us yer hand; yer a trump. You're one o' the right sort; oughter be a lord, by jingo! Get up, hold lay bones!"

There's plenty of room for her on the back seat," said Mr. Toospegs, unheeding Mr. Harkins' astounded look at his philanthropy. "A woman traveling on foot in such a storm! Why, it ain't right!" repeated Mr. Toospegs, getting still more excited.

"Mr. Toospegs, Hamericans don't never be a little hot in their mind, do they?" said Mr. Harkins, blandly.

"No, offer, Mr. Harkins, I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. Toospegs, with a courteous politeness.

"Because if they did, you know," said Mr. Harkins, in the same bland tone, "I should say you wasn't quite right yourself, you know."

"Good gracious! Mr. Harkins, what do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Toospegs. "You don't think I'm crazy do you?"

"Mr. Toospegs, I don't like to be personal, so I'll only say it's my private opinion you're a brick," said Mr. Harkins, mildly. "I thought you was very sensible a little while ago, when you gin me them two pound."

"I'm very much obliged to you for your good opinion," said Mr. Toospegs, blushing. "And if you will only call to that woman to get in the wagon I'll be still more so."

"And have your pockets picked?" said Mr. Harkins, sharply. "I shan't do it no more."

"Mr. Harkins," said Mr. Toospegs, warmly, "she's a woman—ain't she?"

"Well, wot if she be?" said Mr. Harkins, sullenly.

"Why, that no woman should be walking at this hour when men are riding, more particularly when there is a back seat with nobody in it. Why, it ain't right," said Mr. Toospegs.

"Well, I don't care," said Mr. Harkins. "Do you 'pose I have nothing to do but buy wagons to carry such lumber as that 'ere. Likely as not she's nothin' but a gypsy, or something as bad. This 'ere wagon ain't goin' to be ported with no such trash."

"Mr. Harkins," said Mr. Toospegs, bravely, "what will you take and bring her to London?"

"Hey! 'A fool and his money—huh! What'll I give?"

"There's a crown."

"Done!" said Mr. Harkins, closing his digits on the coin. "Hallo you, woman!" he shouted, raising his voice. "The gypsy, who, though but a yard or so ahead, was indistinguishable in the darkness, sped on without paying the slightest attention to his call. 'Hallo there! Hallo!' again called Mr. Harkins, while Mr. Toospegs followed with:

"Stop a moment, if you please, madam."

But neither for the order of the driver, nor the request of Mr. Toospegs did the woman stop. Casting a fleeting glance over her shoulder, she again flitted on.

"You confounded old witch! Stop and take a ride to town—will you?" yelled Mr. Harkins, reining in his horse by the woman's side.

The dark, stern face, with its fierce, black eyes and wildly streaming hair, was turned, and a hard, deep voice asked what he wanted. "A gypsy! I know it!" muttered Mr. Harkins, shrinking from her glowing eyes. "Ugh! What a face!" Then aloud: "Get in 'em, and I'll take ye to town."

"Go play your jokes on some one else," said the woman curtly, turning away.

"I ain't a jokin'. Nice time o' night this to be playin' jokes—ain't it?" said Mr. Harkins. "This 'ere young man, which is a Hamerican, and the New-Knighted Ketur, has paid your fare to Lannon. So jump in, and don't keep me waitin'."

"Is what he says true?" said the dark woman, turning the sharp light of her stiletto-like eyes on Mr. Toospegs.

"Yes, madam, I'm happy to say it is," said Mr. Toospegs. "Allow me to hand you in."

And Mr. Toospegs got up to fulfil his offer; but Dobbin at that moment gave the wagon a malicious jerk, and dumped our patriotic American back in his seat. Before he could recover his breath the gypsy had entered the wagon unassisted.

"I know that tramp," said Mr. Harkins, to Mr. Toospegs. "It's the gypsy queen, Ketur, from Yetholm; most wonderful woman that ever was, 'cept Deborah, the woman the Bible tells about, you know. Heard a minister take her for his tex' one. Our cow's name's Deborah, too," said Mr. Harkins, absently.

"And she's a gypsy queen? Lord bless us!" exclaimed Mr. Toospegs, turning around in some alarm. "Does she tell fortunes?"

"Yes; but you'd better not ask her tonight. Her son's in prison, for robbin' the plate of the Heart De Coucy. He's goin' off with a lot of lothens airy to-morrow mornin'. Now, don't go exclaimin' that way," said Mr. Harkins, as he gave his companion a dig in the ribs.

"Poor thing!" said Mr. Toospegs, "Why, it's too bad; it really is."

"Served him right, it's my opinion," said Mr. Harkins. "Wot business had he to go for to rob Heart De Coucy? His mother set him up for a gentleman, and see wot's come of it. She, a holy gypsy queen, goin' and sendin' her son to Heton and makin' believe he was something above the common. And now see wot her fine gentleman's come to! Wonder what she'll think of herself, when she sees him takin' a sea voyage for the good of his 'ealth at the 'spence o' the government's honor!"

"What made him steal if his mother was so rich?" said Mr. Toospegs. "His mother wasn't rich, no more'n I be. 'Spos she made enough tellin' fortunes, pochin', and stealin' to pay for 'im at school, had then, when he growed big, and his cash gone out, he took hand stole the heart's plate. He denied it all but the trial; but, then, they'll hold that. 'Twas no go though hand hover the water he goes to-morrow."

"Poor fellow! I'm sorry for him—I really am," said Mr. Toospegs, in a tone of real sympathy.

Mr. Harkins burst out into a gruff laugh. "Well, hit this ain't good! Wot folk looks ill! Sorry for a cove yer never saw! Wonder 'im hall Hamericans is as green as you be?"

After this sentence Mr. Harkins, relapsed into silence and the collar of his great-coat, and began singing "The Devil Among the Tailors" in a voice like a frog with the influenza.

They were now rapidly approaching the city. The gypsy, who had not heard a word of the foregoing conversation, had wrapped her coarse cloak around her, while the gaze of her devouring eyes grew more intense, as the lights began to appear. One by one they came gleaming out through the dense fog with bugle stars, here and there; and in every direction.

The city was soon gained. The wagon stopped, and Mr. Toospegs sprang out to assist the woman to alight.

"It ain't for me to assist you, and without one word or look of thanks, turned and flitted again in the chill night wind."

"There! I knowed that would be all the thanks ye'd get," said Mr. Harkins. "Hoff she goes, and you'll never see her again."

"That don't matter any. I didn't want thanks, I'm sure. Good-bye, Mr. Harkins. Give my respect to Mrs. Harkins."

"Good-night, hold fellow," said Mr. Harkins. "You're a brick! How I'd like to come across one like you hevry night. Go right to Bob's sign o' the Blue Pig!"

"Well, I don't care," said Mr. Harkins. "Do you 'pose I have nothing to do but buy wagons to carry such lumber as that 'ere. Likely as not she's nothin' but a gypsy, or something as bad. This 'ere wagon ain't goin' to be ported with no such trash."

"Mr. Harkins," said Mr. Toospegs, bravely, "what will you take and bring her to London?"

"Hey! 'A fool and his money—huh! What'll I give?"

"There's a crown."

"Done!" said Mr. Harkins, closing his digits on the coin. "Hallo you, woman!" he shouted, raising his voice. "The gypsy, who, though but a yard or so ahead, was indistinguishable in the darkness, sped on without paying the slightest attention to his call. 'Hallo there! Hallo!' again called Mr. Harkins, while Mr. Toospegs followed with:

"Stop a moment, if you please, madam."

But neither for the order of the driver, nor the request of Mr. Toospegs did the woman stop. Casting a fleeting glance over her shoulder, she again flitted on.

"You confounded old witch! Stop and take a ride to town—will you?" yelled Mr. Harkins, reining in his horse by the woman's side.

The dark, stern face, with its fierce, black eyes and wildly streaming hair, was turned, and a hard, deep voice asked what he wanted. "A gypsy! I know it!" muttered Mr. Harkins, shrinking from her glowing eyes. "Ugh! What a face!" Then aloud: "Get in 'em, and I'll take ye to town."

"Go play your jokes on some one else," said the woman curtly, turning away.

"I ain't a jokin'. Nice time o' night this to be playin' jokes—ain't it?" said Mr. Harkins. "This 'ere young man, which is a Hamerican, and the New-Knighted Ketur, has paid your fare to Lannon. So jump in, and don't keep me waitin'."

"Is what he says true?" said the dark woman, turning the sharp light of her stiletto-like eyes on Mr. Toospegs.

"Yes, madam, I'm happy to say it is," said Mr. Toospegs. "Allow me to hand you in."

And Mr. Toospegs got up to fulfil his offer; but Dobbin at that moment gave the wagon a malicious jerk, and dumped our patriotic American back in his seat. Before he could recover his breath the gypsy had entered the wagon unassisted.

"I know that tramp," said Mr. Harkins, to Mr. Toospegs. "It's the gypsy queen, Ketur, from Yetholm; most wonderful woman that ever was, 'cept Deborah, the woman the Bible tells about, you know. Heard a minister take her for his tex' one. Our cow's name's Deborah, too," said Mr. Harkins, absently.

"And she's a gypsy queen? Lord bless us!" exclaimed Mr. Toospegs, turning around in some alarm. "Does she tell fortunes?"

"Yes; but you'd better not ask her tonight. Her son's in prison, for robbin' the plate of the Heart De Coucy. He's goin' off with a lot of lothens airy to-morrow mornin'. Now, don't go exclaimin' that way," said Mr. Harkins, as he gave his companion a dig in the ribs.

"Poor thing!" said Mr. Toospegs, "Why, it's too bad; it really is."

"Served him right, it's my opinion," said Mr. Harkins. "Wot business had he to go for to rob Heart De Coucy? His mother set him up for a gentleman, and see wot's come of it. She, a holy gypsy queen, goin' and sendin' her son to Heton and makin' believe he was something above the common. And now see wot her fine gentleman's come to! Wonder what she'll think of herself, when she sees him takin' a sea voyage for the good of his 'ealth at the 'spence o' the government's honor!"

"Poor fellow! I'm sorry for him—I really am," said Mr. Toospegs, in a tone of real sympathy.

Mr. Harkins burst out into a gruff laugh. "Well, hit this ain't good! Wot folk looks ill! Sorry for a cove yer never saw! Wonder 'im hall Hamericans is as green as you be?"

After this sentence Mr. Harkins, relapsed into silence and the collar of his great-coat, and began singing "The Devil Among the Tailors" in a voice like a frog with the influenza.

They were now rapidly approaching the city. The gypsy, who had not heard a word of the foregoing conversation, had wrapped her coarse cloak around her, while the gaze of her devouring eyes grew more intense, as the lights began to appear. One by one they came gleaming out through the dense fog with bugle stars, here and there; and in every direction.

The city was soon gained. The wagon stopped, and Mr. Toospegs sprang out to assist the woman to alight.

"It ain't for me to assist you, and without one word or look of thanks, turned and flitted again in the chill night wind."

"With his fierce, passionate nature, it will turn him into a perfect demon," said Villiers; "and if ever he escapes, woe to the wretches who have caused his disgrace! He is as relentless as a Corsican in his vengeance."

"Has he any friends or relatives among the gipsies?"

"I don't know. I think I heard of a mother, or brother, or something, I intend paying him a last visit to-night, and will deliver any message he may send to his friends."

"Will your rigorous father approve of such a visit?"

"Certainly, Jernyngham. My father believing in his guilt, thought it his duty to prosecute; but he bears no feeling of personal anger toward him," said Lord Villiers, gravely.

"Well, I wish Germaine a safe passage across the ocean," said Captain Jernyngham. "Let me see completely out with that pretty little prison-ward of old Sir Rob Landers; but I'll be magnanimous and forgive him now. Oh, by Jove! Villiers, there goes Lady Maude!"

"The handmaid girl in London, and the greatest heiress," said the guardsman, resuming his half-drawn. "What an intensely enviable fellow you are, Villiers, if rumor is true!"

"And what says rumor?" said Lord Villiers.

"Why, that you are the accepted lover of the fair Lady Maude!"

Before the reply of Lord Villiers was spoken, a young lady, suddenly entering the room, caught sight of them, and addressed the guardsman with: "Gee, you're about as lazy fellow, have you forgotten you are engaged to this set to Miss Ashton? Really, my lord, you and this idle brother of mine ought to be ashamed to make hermits of yourselves in this way. Lady Maude is here, and I will report you."

"The dancing was at its height as he passed from the music room. Standing at the head of one of the quadrilles was the object of his gaze—the peerless, high-born, Lady Maude Percy. Eighteen summers had scarce passed over her young face, yet a thoughtful, almost sad, expression ever lingered on her forehead, and her eyes were full of tears. Her form was round, elegant, perfect, her oval face pale, feebly colorless, save for the full, crimson lips; her eyes large, dark, and lustrous as stars, and fringed by long, silken-black lashes; her shining hair fell in soft, glittering, spiral curls, like raveled silk, round her fair, moonlight face; and her pale, serene, deepened by its own love. Quickly, needless, dazzling, she moved through the brilliant train of beauties, eclipsing them all."

Drinking in the enchanting draught of her beauty, Lord Ernest Villiers stood until the dance was concluded; and then moving toward her, he bent over, and whispered, in a voice that was low but full of passion:

"Maude! Maude! why have you tried to avoid me all the evening? I must see you! I must speak to you in private! I must hear my destiny from your lips to-night! Come with me into the music-room—It is deserted now," he said, drawing her through her. "There, apart from all those prying eyes, I can learn my fate."

The pale face of the lady grew paler; but without a word she suffered herself to be led to the deserted room he had just left.

"And now, Maude, may I claim an answer to the question I asked you last night, while the music was playing over her?"

"I answered you then, my lord," she said, sadly.

"Yes, you told me to go to forget you; as if such a thing were possible. Maude, I cannot, I will not, take that for an answer. Tell me do you love me?"

"O Earnest! O my dear love, you know I do!" she cried, passionately.

"Then, Maude, will you be mine—my wife?"

"Oh, I cannot! O Earnest, I cannot!" she said with a shudder.

"Cannot! And why, in Heaven's name?"

"My lord, that is my secret. I can never reveal it to you. Choose some other worshiper of you, and forget Maude Percy." She tried to steady her voice, but a sob finished the sentence.

For an answer he gathered her in his arms, and her head dropped on his shoulder. "My poor, little, romantic Maude, what is this wonderful secret?"

"The factored area from which this cannot you be my wife?"

"You think me weak and silly, my lord," she said, raising her head somewhat proudly; "but there is a reason, one sufficient to separate us forever—one that neither you nor any living mortal can ever know."

"And you refuse to tell this reason? My faith and yours are eager for the truth; I love you passionately, and still you refuse. Maude, you never loved me," he said bitterly. Her pale, sweet face was bent in her hands now, and large tears fell through her fingers. "Maude, you will not be so cruel," he said, with sudden hope. "Only say I may hope for this dear hand!"

(To be Continued.)

Notes. Fiction. News. Facts. Fancy. The Harvest of the Editorial.

Called salmon from Oregon and tonates from New York are now shipped to the Congo.

On one occasion Gordon told the Maldi to die upon the Nile and come across the world, which the real prophet, at that time (Gordon) would then surrender.

Francis D Moulton, the Mutual friend of the Tilton and Beecher trial, died at New York City, on the 18th of May. He was a tall man of stalwart build, with blue eyes, abundant Auburn hair and a military moustache.

The fortune left by the Duke of Buccleugh to the youngest son—\$200,000—represents just about two months of an income which the Duke had enjoyed over sixty years. That to his daughter, who married Cameron of Lochiel, represents six weeks' income, and that to the two other daughters one month's income.

Among the questions put to Sir George Sitwell, at the recent election for Scarborough, was this: "Would he be prepared to support a bill rendering it lawful for a man to marry his widow's niece?" "Well," said Sir George, "I have not yet given the matter serious consideration, but— Here he was interrupted with shouts of laughter.

St. Michael's Cemetery, Toronto, was the scene of an unprecedented and agonizing scene, on Sunday afternoon. Shortly after two o'clock a covered carriage drove up Yonge street to the cemetery, and stopping a short distance inside the gate, a middle-aged lady, accompanied by a young lady, was handed out.

Mr. Light, C. E., and his staff of assistants had just returned from their exploration of the country from Quebec across the northern part of the State of Maine to Portland, N. B., in connection with the selection of a route for the proposed Short Line Railway. They experienced considerable difficulty in their provisions and other supplies having been stolen. Mr. Light will make a report to the Government.

A staff of engineers assisted by Caughnawaga Indians are busily engaged in taking surveys on the site of the proposed bridge across the St. Lawrence at Lachine. The river at this point is only 2,300 feet across to the Caughnawaga shore. The great height of the banks on either side will also complicate the considerable labour otherwise required to make the abutments of sufficient height. The soundings taken have proved entirely satisfactory also.

The fenatory States of the British Empire in India, consist of a population of less than 50,000,000, which maintain a large army of 100,000 men, and 250,000 more, while the English Crown in India has barely 100,000 native soldiers in force, but 25,000 European troops of the Crown. The native princes have manifestly been taking all the advantages of their military privileges, either from a secret desire to shake off the rule of England, or else from the hope of some pecuniary advantage of England to maintain it.

The punishment inflicted on the Swiss Mormons, so far from having diminished the energy of the propagandists, seems rather to have stimulated the zeal of the converts. In a village near the Rhone the people have embraced the tenets of Mormonism in such numbers that the police are watching the chief apostles at Bern. The police are especially vigilant in their surveillance over an American convert named Simon, a native of the Swiss. It is probable that these two men will be soon arrested and expelled.

Miss Eva Mackay, daughter of the California millionaire, has been declared to have been engaged more frequently, perhaps than any young woman of her age. Paris gossip has interested them in the details from the Mackay family have been long engaged to follow each other, and the Americans only smiled the other day when the French minister of the most conspicuous bachelor.

The Quebec Government have been obliged to keep the matter very quiet, or to limit it altogether, but it has nevertheless leaked out that a memorial has been lately presented to Lieutenant Governor Masson, making very grave and circumstantial charges of gross misadministration of office for personal gain against the most conspicuous Ministers of the present Cabinet, and tendering conclusive proof of the same. It is understood that the presentation of this memorial has caused the delay in the appointment of the new Governor. Lieutenant Governor Belmont went out of office, and Masson came in, in order that the case might be dealt with in a spirit of justice and independence which is said to characterize the new incumbent.

In conversation with a reporter a delegate to Roman Catholic Plenary the council said: "The religious world will be surprised at the liberal and broad views of the council. Catholics want to lead the way to subject prosperity, and in all matters that tend to make living less laborious and religion less irksome to liberal-minded Americans. We are alive to the knowledge that the narrow ideas of a century ago will not pass current in this enlightened age, and you will contradict the rumor that the council will pass measures enforcing the canon prohibiting mixed marriages, and also the idea of our recommending that Catholics ask for a division of the public school. These subjects will not be touched."

The other lady was Mrs. Quinlan, and her errand to the burying ground was to reinter the little hand of child, Madeleine, which the cruel father and husband had amputated last April, having laid the body of his little daughter exhumed two months after its death and buried to accomplish his horrible purpose. Walking a short distance south of the main drive the ladies came to a freshly opened grave, and on the side was a little coffin. The lid was removed, displaying the body of a child. A glass jar was produced, and from it was taken a little hand with long tapering fingers. The mother held it a few seconds, sobbing bitterly, and kissing it fondly, muttering "My darling," and then it was taken a little hand with long tapering fingers. The mother held it a few seconds, sobbing bitterly, and kissing it fondly, muttering "My darling," and then it was taken a little hand with long tapering fingers. The mother held it a few seconds, sobbing bitterly, and kissing it fondly, muttering "My darling," and then it was taken a little hand with long tapering fingers.

SPENSER'S Ophthalmoscopic Test LENSES.

Just Received, by John M. Wiley, DRUGGIST, OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL, Queen Street, Fredericton.

WILSON'S CHERRY BALM

DAVIS, STAPLES & Co. BAZAAR.

THE Ladies of St. Dunstan's Church, grateful for past favors, propose holding a BAZAAR in St. Dunstan's Hall, on or about the 1st of February, in aid of the following Committee:

Conservation Dept. Sisters' Ex. Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Dyer, Mrs. O'Connell, Mrs. Mather, Mrs. Neill, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Burns.

MISS HUDSON, Sec'y. MISS DEFFY, Sec'y. Concentration Dept. Sisters' Dept. Nov. 18, 1884.

THE GLASGOW & LONDON Fire Insurance Co'y OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Capital £2,500,000.00 Annual Income £1,500,000.00. Losses Special Favorable Policies, covering Farm Stock and all kinds of Insurances in the Field.

Sun Life & Accident Insurance Co. OF CANADA. Assets over £1,000,000.00.

John M. Wiley, DRUGGIST, OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL, Queen Street, Fredericton.

WAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM.

THE subscriber offers for sale valuable real estate in Linn, England and Lower Maine, being the property of W. Carey also a Store and Lot in Liberty Village; also the Tree Lot two miles out of the Village; also a valuable Timber Lot containing four hundred acres, being at or near Plimpton's Mills, in the Town of Lincoln; also a Farm in Lincoln containing fifty acres, being a Timber lot in Lowell. For further particulars and terms apply to J. CLIFF, of Lincoln, Me., or J. M. WILEY, of Fredericton, N. B.

Special Notice. As we intend closing our book for the last of December, all cash paid on account and remittance must be received before that date will be highly appreciated.

The limit we propose is thirty days after the date of the issue of the book for cash. We trust by strictly adhering to the rule we may avoid some wrong principle and are not in a position to do business in that way. We have determined to make a new order from the first of the year.

</