

APRIL 3rd, 1882

NEW GOODS!

FRESH STOCK!!

LOW PRICES!!!

THOS. W. SMITH & SON,

Clothiers and Boot & Shoe Men,

have opened a very large stock of goods for the spring and summer trade, consisting of

New Tweeds, nobby patterns, German & French Coatings, French Vestings, Fine "Simon pure" Trouserings.

Best West of England Broades

AND

DOESKINS.

Also, Venetian Finish

CANADIAN & DOMESTIC GOODS

in great variety.

Latest Fashion Plates,

JUST RECEIVED.

As an No. 1 Fit in the Custom Tailoring Department every time, or no trade.

Ready made clothing from one of the best makers of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

We never had a better assorted stock. Very cheap.

HATS! CAPS!!

Latest spring styles, in Fur, Wool and Felt. A job lot of Zinc, Wood and Leather

TRUNKS.

Fifty cases Gents', Youths' and Boys'

BOOTS AND SHOES,

from all the leading Canadian and Domestic manufacturers. Competition defied.

Drop in and see us. Only too pleased to show you our stock.

T. W. Smith & Son

OPP. NORMAL SCHOOL.

Frederickton, April 3

March 30, 1882

ALBION HOUSE.

WHOLESALE.

NEW GOODS!

We beg to announce to our friends and the trade generally, that having largely extended our premises, our facilities are thereby increased and improved, which place is in a better position to attend more fully to the wants of our numerous customers. The stock is the largest and most varied ever shown in the city, and the prices are unusually low. We call special attention to our

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT!!

which is now well stocked with a splendid assortment of

Ready Made Clothing,

Sootch, English and Canadian

TWEEDS,

DUCKS, OVERALLS,

JUMPERS, &c.

STRAW AND FELT HATS

for Men and Boys at such low prices as must command the attention of buyers.

Trunks, Valises,

with a complete assortment of

LUMBERMEN'S GOODS.

Orders by mail will be carefully and promptly executed.

F. B. EDGECOMBE,

Wholesale and Retail,

Queen St., Frederickton, N. B.

March 10, 1882

Communications.

To the Editor of the Maritime Farmer:

DEAR SIR.—As the General Local Election is near at hand, and people are naturally asking you for coming, for the information of my friends, and it may be of interest to the County in general, I will here say, that I will be a candidate at the approaching Local Election, and will not fail to contest it to the end. My card to the Electors will be issued in due time.

Yours, very truly,

LEONARD ESTABROOK.

Prince William, April 3rd.

Maritime Farmer.

FREDERICTON, N. B., April 3, 1882.

The Legislative Season.

The Legislative season, with its cares, troubles and anxieties, its hopes and fears, its victories and defeats, its divisions and reunions, its dinners and dances, its public and private parties has come to an end, or is so near its close that it may be said that it is all but finished. Now the hotels will be deserted by the representatives of the people, and they will leave the scene where they acted the parts of stars, walking gentlemen, or mere supernumeraries, for their usual places of abode, and ordinary associations with a little sinking of the heart, and the question pressing on their mind, "shall we ever return to take part in the play again?" No longer will they in the offices sit, after meals, ruminating, smoking the digestive pipe, scanning the papers, discussing with each other the progress of some debate, or congregating in groups on the landings to talk over the topics of the hour and the day, nor in the seclusion of some room, sit and watch the antics of the night, and relieve their anxiety regarding the political situation by a fresh shaft of the cards.

No longer for a season, will deputations from all parts of the Province, Aldermen and common council men from St. John and Portland, jovial and social men, one and all, in the interest of bills before the house, or farmers and gentlemen from country parts, doctors, lawyers, bankers, eager to come on the notice of the government, some railway scheme or some private claim or some amendment to some bill, or the insertion of some saving clause in a bill—invade their hotels, crowd the committee rooms, appear in the lobby and galleries of the House, and the more restless spirits of them, startle the silence of the deep hours of the night by their excited voices. No more will be seen in the yards, empty baskets, suggesting the thought, who paid the Piper, and was the Heideck of any member who helped to empty it, but slum on the benches. No longer will be seen fair members flitting through the passages, or heard, the sound from the ladies' parlors, of the piano, or the bleeding of voices in songs; ended are the pleasant recollections, the extempore dances, the amenities of the Legislative season.

The Legislative season of 1882, will be ever memorable, for no other reason, than for the opening of the New Legislative Buildings, and the Grand Ball which marked their inauguration. There was an attempt made by the agricultural member of Westmorland, the advocate of the man in black, to cast contempt upon the inaugural festivities. From the altitude of his intellectual superiority he looked down upon the brilliant scene where the youth and beauty of the Province mingled in the dance, and thought the halls of debate were desecrated by their presence. He was shocked by the sounds of joyous revelry, and his soul was shocked, that in the Library where a perpetual feast of reason is laid on the shelves, tables should have been seductively garnished and spread with delicate and solid materials which delight and sustain the grosser part only of the human organization. As the first mover of the Ball, we are bound to say, that in no other way could the New Buildings have been so brilliantly and successfully opened. An ornamental-political display would have been a tame and dull affair in comparison. The few ladies who would have visited the capital to be present at such a celebration, would have been compelled to sit bored listeners to the long set addresses, and carried away not one pleasant impression. Besides a fitting occasion on which to revive the political memories of the past will present itself next year in St. John, when the centenary of the Province will be celebrated; it would make the eloquence that will be poured forth then flat, if much of its subject matter had been anticipated this year at the opening of the New Buildings.

It is right and proper to remember the past, and its memorable acts, and its dead great ones, at a fitting season. But faint is the interest which most people take in the past, compared with that they have in the events and men of the present, and among which and with whom they live. It would be possible for an accomplished orator to produce among a mixed audience something like a thrill when picturing the political deeds and actors of the past, when describing how stout Sir Archibald Campbell and the Family Compact stood up against the surrender of the Canal and Territorial Revenue, and how Wilnot got the better of Mr. Street in Downing Street, and secured it; how Wilnot began the fight for Responsible Government and Fisher carried it to a close; how Confederation was lost and won in this Province, and Tilley with the aid of Governor Gordon, Peter Mitchell, and the Legislative Council, triumphed over A. J. Smith, Geo. L. Hatheway, and the Anti, But most people would rather hear a set to between Blair and Hannington over such a trivial matter as the fees of the office of the Clerk of Pleas. Far be it from us to say that the ladies do not admire oratory, or take no interest in politics, past or present. The regularity with which many of the fair sex took their seats in the lobby and in the front row of the gallery of an afternoon, or evening, when the light of the chandeliers gave life and glow to the scene, testifies to the contrary. Their insatiable curiosity was stirred by the frequent encounters provoked by the resolutions of the opposition and its able leader. We are afraid that the discussions on mere bills, the useful part of the business of the House appeared to them flat and tame. What a buzz would arise from the fair "lobbyists"; representatives, not interested would leave their desks to do the agreeable, and the interest would center in the *seto roco* conversation "the bar." But when the debates ran on general questions or matters having a personal bearing, the fair audience outside the bar would listen with rapt attention, and during the session they had many opportunities to hear the best speakers at their best; to hear the leader of the Opposition with indignation in his mien, make his trumpet voice heard on charge upon charge against the government, and roll out his statements, arguments, refutations, without flinching for a word; to hear the doughty champion of the government, the fiery member from Westmorland, answer in a torrent like rush of words that washed out of the halls of the listeners the impression made by the charges of the Opposition leader. It must have been a relief after such tempestuous speakers, to listen to the calm, quiet, convincing, delivery of the Attorney General, sometimes attaining to earnest warmth, but never rising to passion. The fair lobbyists had seldom an opportunity to hear the orator of the House, the cultured scholar the

elderly member of St. John, but they could not complain of this lack of attention to their side of the House. But they had the opportunity of hearing several styles of speaking, the full, rich periods and aristocratic thrusts of the Secretary, the very best of the direct style of one member of Charlotte, and the balanced argumentation and the wit of another; the dash and audacity of the government member of Northumberland, the logical ability and the acumen of a Ritchie, and the swiftness and redundancy of a Willis, etc.

The Legislative season of 1882 has come to an end, and finds the Province in a fairly prosperous and soundly financial state, and the Government standing before the House as strong, if not stronger, than it did four years ago, and after the score or more of votes of want of confidence that have been moved against it during the term. How it stands before the country will in no long time be proved.

The Railway Facility Bill.

The Bill "to aid in the construction of Railways and other works in the Province," introduced by the Attorney General, last Thursday, is much such a measure as we shadowed forth. Every county of the Province is remembered in it, not in the city of St. John, forgotten, for a bonus of \$2,500 a year for twenty years, to aid in the construction of a Dry Dock at Charlton is offered, as an offset to the \$50,000 bonus for a foot passenger and carriage bridge across the St. John, at or near Fredericton. Seventeen other places mentioned including the Miramichi Valley, Central, Woodstock and Harvey, Sackville and Cape Tormentine line etc., to which Provincial aid, to the extent of \$5,000 a mile will be given. The lines to be subsidised will not exceed 260 miles in all, and if all the lines are built the Province will have a network of the Province will amount to \$32,000 a year. The Bill was criticised, but not opposed by the Opposition, a sure proof that they knew that the measure was acceptable to the country. The moderate amount of subsidy will encourage enterprise in the localities where railways are absolutely needed, while it will discourage anything like building lines on speculation. We must say we sympathised with Mr. Blair in his endeavour to move the government to increase the bonus to a bridge to \$60,000, but still, cannot but allow that the measure which has secured such fine permanent buildings as the Normal School and Legislative Buildings is, as well as York, handsomely treated in the Bill. With aid from city and county the bonus will build a highroad bridge, and it is hoped, that not a long time will elapse before the work is commenced.

Mr. Black M. P. as a Moralist.

One of the most wonderful spectacles witnessed during the present session of the Legislature has been that of Mr. Jos. L. Black, M. P. of Sackville, posing as a moralist, to which the Assembly was treated in the debate on the Clerk of the Pleas matter last Friday evening. We were prepared for almost anything but that, which was a reminder of us of Satan rebuking sin. We know Mr. Black arrogates to himself the position of political and moral censor, and that he possesses an unlimited amount of confidence in his ability, to discharge such a duty but when he attempts to impose on the House and public, as he does, we feel that we are only doing our duty, in uttering a solemn protest.

Here this newly fledged missionary lecturing the Hon. Attorney General and the government from his moral standpoint; said he: "We will see what we can do for the resolution says? By it we are asked to resolve what has been done, but the Consolidated Statutes say all fees shall be paid by the Clerk of the Pleas to the Receiver General. What was that law put there for? Objections to that is the first demand on the part of the official acting as Clerk of the Pleas."

Now Mr. Black if not expressing the idea, implied a "moral delinquency" on the part of Mr. Fraser, and that was the case he and his fellow members of the Opposition sought to give the charges of Mr. Blair. But how miserably they failed in that, as we saw in establishing a charge of any kind is well known. Mr. Black forgot, in his lecture on the observance of moral or statutory laws. Did the Hon. gentleman ever hear of anybody in Westmorland to whom might properly be addressed, his admonitions? "People who live in glass houses, should not cast stones."

We were however, amused, as well by Mr. Black's religious mien, as by his words, when he delivered himself of the following: "He had no desire to give a vote that would in any way wound the feelings of any member of the Government, but if he was called to pass a vote of censure on the Government for their course it was a duty he had to perform."

A duty to perform indeed. Alas for the moral duty that has for its mouthpieces the hon. member from Sackville. But further than this we are informed by Mr. Black, that there was a higher principle involved, and a shock was given to our belief and faith.

The principle of honesty and integrity in man in his dealings with his fellow man, is surely the highest, and when that virtue exists, his possessor may assume the position of moral dictator to governments and individuals. How cruel, how terrible, inconsistent in the government to "stock" a gentleman in Mr. Black's extremely scientific moral feelings.

The public are "shocked" by the details of malfeasance, dishonesty, and crime of men in private and official capacities. The daily papers are called upon almost continually to record these, and many of them are covered up and entirely hid from the public view. Some of the perpetrators repent and strive to become respectable members of the community in which they live, but these individuals would scarcely be looked upon as proper educators of the people.

Now what we object to most emphatically is Mr. Black appearing in the Assembly as a corrector of the morals of the Hon. Attorney General, whose private and political character his most bitter opponents will admit is above reproach, and who stands as much his accusers' superior in these regards, as he is in intellectual ability.

Sad Accident.

John Leslie, of Grand Falls, was instantly killed at 6 o'clock last night at the Railway Station.

Several German officers have sent challenge to General Skobloff to fight duels. On Tuesday night, the "Deceased Wife's Sister Bill" passed the Dominion Senate, by a vote of 14 to 10. Winnipeg is overcrowded with immigrants and every available place is used for their accommodation.

An enterprising Chicago firm has secured the services of Sergt. Mason as clerk, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. Kansas is taking comfort from New Mexico to board at her penitentiary, at the rate of 20 cents each per diem, and is making money out of it.

The Massachusetts Assembly last week, the bill prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors were defeated by a vote of 110 to 110.

A Dublin dispatch, dated March 30th, says, Arthur Herbert, an active anti-League, was shot dead yesterday while returning from the Castle Island Sessions.

That two large British steamships filled with Chinese passengers have started from Hong Kong for Victoria British Columbia. About 4,000 more are coming this season.

Miss Mary Power O'Connor, a sister of the Irish M. P. of that name, has been prosecuted for advising tenants not to pay rent. She went to jail in default of finding bail.

Officers having in their possession supply boxes and barrels in which small arms and ammunition have been issued are to return all such boxes and barrels to the nearest district store.

The Most Rev. the Metropolitan of Canada has summoned the Provincial Synod to meet in Montreal on the 27th inst. to elect a successor to Bishop Fauteux in the Missionary Diocese of Algoma.

WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Influenza, Consumption, and all diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Chest. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle.

Despatches from Ireland report that a disguised hand out of the nose of a man because in a poor law guardian court he was in opposition to the candidate of the Land League.

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LENA RIVERS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ARRIVAL AT WOODLAND.

It was a warm September night at Woodland. The windows were open, and through the richly-voiced curtains the balmy air of evening was stealing, mingling its delicious perfume of flowers with the odor of those which dropped from the many costly vases which adorned the handsome parlors. Lamps were burning, casting a mellow light over the gorgeous furniture, while in robes of snowy white the mistress of the mansion fitted from room to room, a little nervous, a little fidgety, and without meaning to be so, a little cross. For more than two hours she had waited for her husband, delaying the supper, which the cook quite as anxiously as herself, pronounced spoiled by the delay.

According to promise, the party from Maple Grove had arrived, with the exception of John Jr., who had generously remained with his grandmother, she having been purposely omitted in the invitation. From the first, Mrs. Graham had decided that Mrs. Nichols should never see at Woodland, and she thought it proper to have it understood at once. Accordingly, as she was conducting Mrs. Livingston and Carrie to Lena's room, she casually remarked, "I've made no provision for Mrs. Nichols, except as an occasional visitor, for of course she will remain with her son. She is undoubtedly much attached to you family, and will be happier there."

"This Lena!" interrupted Mrs. Livingston. "I've never seen her. Is she the mother of that little girl?"

"The very best chamber in the house—Brussels carpets, marble and rosewood furniture, damask curtains. Why, she'll hardly know how to ask," she continued, half unconsciously, as she gazed around the elegant apartment with its view of the sea, "I've never seen her. Is she the mother of that little girl?"

"Yes, this is Lena," said Mrs. Graham, complacently. "Will it compare at all with her chamber at Maple Grove? I do not wish to see inferior!"

"Carrie bit her lip, while her mother very coolly replied, "Yes, on the whole quite as good, perhaps better, as some of the furniture is new."

"Have I told you," continued Mrs. Graham, bent on tormenting them, "have I told you that we are to spend the winter in New Orleans, where the climate will be the reigning belle? You ought to be there, dear," laying her hand on Carrie's shoulder. "It would be so gratifying to you to witness the sensation she will create."

"Spectral old thing—she tries to insult us," thought Carrie, her heart swelling with bitterness toward the ever-hated Lena, whose future life seemed so bright and joyous.

The sound of wheels was now heard, and the ladies reached the lower hall just as the carriage, which had been sent to the station at Midway, drove up at a side door. Carrie's first thought was for Durward, and shading her eyes with her hand, she looked anxiously out. But only Mrs. Graham alighted, gently lifting out her daughter, who had been waiting for that was not in keeping with her nature, but very tenderly he looked into her eyes, and said, "You know Lena, that I am glad—most glad for you."

Unconsciously as this was greeting, Lena felt that there was more sincerity in it than all that had gone before, and the tears gushed forth involuntarily. Mentally styling her, the one "a baby," and the other "a fool," Mrs. Livingston and Carrie returned to the parlor, where Mrs. Graham, calling a servant, bade her show Lena to her room, and said, "You know Lena, that I am glad—most glad for you."

"Hadn't you better go up and assist your cousin," whispered Mrs. Livingston to Carrie, who forthwith departed, knocking at the door, an act of politeness she had never before thought it necessary to offer Lena. But she was an heiress, now, fully, yes, more than equal, and that made a vast difference.

"I came to see if I could render you any service," she said, in answer to Lena's look of inquiry.

"No, I thank you," returned Lena, beginning to get an inkling of the truth. "You know I'm accustomed to waiting upon myself, and if I want anything, Durward can assist me. I've only to change my soiled dress and smooth my hair, and I'm ready to go."

"You know I'm glad—most glad for you," Lena continued, as she shook out her long and now rather rough tresses.

"What handsome curls you've got," said Carrie, taking one of the curls in her hand. "I'd forgotten it was so beautiful. Ham'll be proud of it. You know I'm glad—most glad for you."

"A course of fever has unusually benefited to one's hair, I believe," answered Lena, as she proceeded to brush and arrange her long locks, which really had lost some of their luster.

Foiled in her attempt at toadyism, Carrie took another look at Lena, and then at the face, she said, "What it is! I can't make it out, but—somehow you've changed; you don't look so much as you used to."

"So well you would say, suppose," returned Lena, laughingly. "I've grown thin, but I hope to improve by and by."

"Durward said the two girls as they stood side by side, and her large eyes sparkled as she thought her young mistress "a heap the best looking," and in an unsteady voice she replied, that "she did not know."

"Not know?" repeated Carrie, her own countenance brightening visibly. "Haven't you seen her? Wasn't he at that funny, out-of-the-way place, where you were?"

"Yes, but he left before I saw him," returned Lena, her manner plainly indicating that there was something wrong.

Carrie's spirit rose. There was a chance for her, and on their way down stairs she laughed and chatted so familiarly, that Lena wondered if it could be the same haughty girl who had seldom spoken to her except to repulse or command her. The supper-bell rang just as they reached the parlor, and Mrs. Graham, taking Lena on her arm, led the way to the dining-room, where the entire silver tea-set had been brought out, in honor of the occasion.

"Haven't Lena changed, mother?" said Carrie, feeling interested, and knowing no better way of showing it. "He had! Her sickness changed her."

"It has made her grow old; that's all the difference I perceive," said Mrs. Livingston, satisfied that she'd said the thing which she knew would annoy herself.

"How old are you, dear?" asked Mrs. Graham, leaning across the table.

"Eleven," was Lena's answer, to which Mrs. Graham replied, "I thought so. Three years younger than Carrie, I believe."

"Two, only two," interrupted Mrs. Livingston, while Carrie exclaimed, "Horror! How old do you take me to be?"

Adroitly changing the conversation, Mrs. Graham made no reply, and soon after they rose from the table. Scarcely had they returned to the parlor, when John Jr. was announced. "He had!" she said, "got his grandmother to sleep and put her to bed, and now he came to pay his respects to Mrs. Graham."

Catching her in his arms, he exclaimed, "Little girl! I'm as much delighted with your good fortune as I should be had it happened to myself. But where is Lena?"

"She continued, looking about the room."

Mr. Graham replied that he was not there.

"Not here?" repeated John Jr. "What have you done with her, Lena?"

Lifting her eyes, full of tears, to her cousin's face, Lena said, softly, "Please don't talk about it now."

"There's something wrong," thought John Jr. "I'll bet I'll have to shoot that dog yet."

Lena longed to pour out her troubles to some one, and knowing she could confide in John Jr., she soon found an opportunity of whispering to him. "Come to-morrow, and I'll tell you all about it."

Between ten and eleven the company separated. Mrs. Livingston and Carrie taking a most affectionate leave of Lena, urging her not to fail of coming over the next day, as they should be expecting her. The ludicrous expression of John Jr.'s face was a sufficient interpretation of his thoughts, as he whispered to Lena, "I can't do it justice if I try!"

The next morning Mr. Graham got out early to carry Lena to Maple Grove, taking her with them. But she excused herself, on the plea of a headache, and they set out without her. The meeting between Lena and her grandmother was affecting, and Carrie in order to sustain the character she had assumed, walked to the window, to hide her emotions. The first transports of her grief were over, Mrs. Nichols fastened her eyes on the young girl, who had been so long absent, and she said, "Lena, to the garden, where he claimed she told him unreservedly."

"Oh, like the old times, compared with my experience," said John Jr., plucking at the rich purple grapes which hung in baskets on the trellis, "I've faith to believe that you and Durward will be married about the same time that Nellie and I were engaged—did I tell you?"

Involuntarily Lena's eyes wandered in the direction of the sunny slope and the little grave, as yet but nine months made. "I know what you think," said John Jr., rather testily, "but hang me if I can help it. I've never intended for you to be except by mother. I suppose there is in the world somebody for whom she was made, and it wasn't I, and that's the reason she died. I am very anxious, and every night in my life I think of poor Nellie, who loved me so well, and who met with so poor a return. I've bought her some grave-stones, though, as if that were an ample atonement for the past."

While they were thus occupied, Mr. Graham was discussing with Mrs. Nichols the propriety of her removing to Woodland.

"I haven't lived long to trouble anybody," said John Jr., when asked if he would like to go, "and I'm not sure that she should go with him, and when Lena returned to the house, she found her grandmother in her chamber, packing up, preparatory to her departure."

"We'll have come again," said she, for I've as much as two loads."

"Don't take them, interposed Lena. "Lena, when she said, and nothing will harm them here."

After a little, grandma was persuaded, and she left charge to Mrs. Livingston and Carrie, who kept her the dumplings from her things."

With Mrs. Nichols was everything, and she was as good as gone. And every niche and corner of her room she understood. She knew the black and white tiles, and she was half-way to Woodland, she was to wish she had not started. Politely, but coldly, Mrs. Graham received her, saying, "I thought, perhaps, you would return with me to spend the day," laying great emphasis on the last words, as if, that of course, was to be the limit of her visit. Grandma understood it, and it strengthened her resolution of not remaining long.

"Mrs. Graham don't want to be pestered with me," said she to Lena, the first time they were alone, "and I don't mean that she shall be. 'Tisid is used to me, and she don't mind now, so I shall go back after long. You can come to see me every day, and once in a while I'll come home."

That afternoon a heavy rain came on, and Mrs. Graham remarked to Mrs. Nichols, "I hope she will be home, as there was every probability of her being obliged to stay over night," adding, by way of comfort, that she was going to read the new day to day to the papers for Lena, and would take her home."

Accordingly, the next morning Mrs. Livingston was not very agreeably surprised by the return of her mother-in-law, who Mrs. Graham said, was so homesick, they couldn't keep her."

That night when Mrs. Graham, who was naturally generous, returned from the city she left at Maple Grove a large bundle for grandma, consisting of dresses, aprons, caps, and the like, which she had purchased at a great sacrifice, and as a reward, rather, for her having departed so quietly from Woodland. But the poor old man did not like to wear them. Both her mind and body were greatly impaired, and for two or three years she had been failing gradually. There was no particular disease, but a general breaking up of the springs of life, and a few weeks after Lena's arrival at Woodland, they made another grave on the sunny slope, and Mabel no longer slept alone.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DURWARD.

From place to place and from scene to scene Durward had hurried, caring nothing except to forget, if possible, the past, and knowing where he was going, until he at last found himself in Richmond, Virginia. This was his mother's place, and as several of her most distant relatives were still living here, he determined to stop for awhile, hoping that new objects and new scenes would have some power to rouse him from the lethargy into which he had fallen. Constantly in terror lest he should hear of Lena's disgrace, which he felt sure would be published to the world, he had, since his departure from Laurel Hill, resolutely refused to read a newspaper, and until one morning some weeks after his arrival at Richmond.

Entering a reading-room, he caught up the Cincinnati Gazette, and after assuring himself by a hasty glance that it did not contain what he so much dreaded to see, he sat down to read it, paying no attention to the date, which was three or four weeks back. Accidentally he cast his eye over the list of arrivals at the Burnside Hotel, seeing among them the names of Mr. H. R. Graham, and Miss L. R. Graham. He glanced at the date, and saw that it was a strange voice, having in it the sound of a familiar one. He remembered to have heard that his grandmother's aunt had married, died, and left a daughter in Richmond, who determined if possible, to find some trace of her. Accordingly, he had come on to that city, making his theater his headquarters, and operations. These alone not being sufficient, he supported him, he had lately turned his attention to the pursuit of painting, being at present engaged in making a book after the Sam Slick order, which, to use his own expression, he expected would have a thundering sale.

In order to sustain the new character which he had assumed, he came every day to the reading-room, where he took books and papers, generally carrying one of the former in his hand, affecting an air of indifference to his personal appearance, dabbling his fingers with his wiping them on the pocket of his coat, and doing numerous other things which he fancied would stamp him a distinguished person. On the morning of which we have spoken, Durward's attention was attracted toward Durward, whose daughter he had seen at Maple Grove, and though he did not recognize the original, he fancied he might have met him before, and was about making his acquaintance, when Durward's action drew from him the remark we have mentioned. Thinking him to be some important fellow, Durward paid him no attention, and was about leaving, when, hatching his chair a little nearer, he said, "Be you from Virginia?"

"No."

"No, New York state?"

"No."

"From Pennsylvania?"

"No."

"Mebby, then you are from Kentucky?"

"No answer."

"Be you from Kentucky?"

"Yes."

"Do you know Mr. Graham's folks?"

"Yes said Durward, trembling lest the next should be something concerning his step-father—but it was not."

Settling himself a little further back in the chair, Joel continued: "Wall, I calculate that I am some relation to Miss Graham. Be you acquainted with her?"

Durward knew that a relationship with Mrs. Graham implied a relationship with himself, and feeling little or nothing for her, he said, "No, I'm not."

"You are a great one, ain't you?" said he. "I've been looking for you all over Christendom, to tell you the news. You've got a new sister. Did you know it?"

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