

THE ADVERTISER.

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TIME AND TIDE.

A clear brook sparkled in haste along,
And the little child who sprang by
Heard sweetest notes in the rippling song
That trilled its notes where the oresses lie;
Trouble and grief were yet unborn—
That was the song of life's glad morn.

A school-girl passed by the gurgling flood,
Which kissed the stones at her anise feet,
And the song it sang was glad and good,
As she bounded over, light and fleet,
Singing in turn her child's play—
That was the song of a later day.

A maiden walked by the brooklet's side,
And heard the song of the silver stream:
Fair, and soon to become a bride,
Every impulse a golden dream;
Heard no echo of sin or remorse,
Naught but the sweetest psalm of life.

A woman passed by the brooklet's side,
Walking in sorrowful grief alone,
Hearing means in its rapid tide,
Echoing those her life had known;
Changed the sound of its restless rill—
Life had reached to the bright of noon.

Aged and bent, a woman roamed,
Flowed with wrinkles and creased with care;
Over its rapids the water foamed,
Pierced and swift from its woodland lair;
Sadly she listened, then wept and sighed—
Life drew near to its eventide.

Once again did she come that way,
All her beauty and brightness hid,
Fair from faded and hair turned gray,
Sifted under a cotter's lid;
Wind and water in dirges blend,
Life was over and this its end,
Still the brook in its restless flow
Chants its anthems or murmurs low,
Just as it did in the long ago.
—Philadelphia Progress.

STEP-MOTHER AND STEP-SON.

A Story of Love, Jealousy, Hatred, Revenge and Heroic Self-Sacrifice.

By the Author of "Dora Thorne," "A Bridge of Love," "At War With Herself," "A Golden Dawn," "Which Loved Him Best?" "A Rose in Thorns," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

Ross Cumnor began to realize that his position was entirely changed. He was too loyal to blame his father, even in thought; but more than once it had occurred to him that there had been a fatal mistake in his own bringing up, that he ought not to have had so much power in his hands, that he ought not to have been made so completely master while there was any chance of his father's marrying again.

He walked silently up and down the broad terrace. Though Christmas had gone, the snow and the frost were still lingering. It was a lovely day; the sky was as blue as that of Italy, the air clear, cold and bracing, the sunlight pale gold. From the terrace there was a fine view of the neighboring country. The broad sheet of water shone like silver, and the dark woods in the distance and the hills were covered with snow.

How fair and grand it was, this stately home of his! Could any stranger send him from it? He told himself that he had not half appreciated it before, but that he would love it more dearly than ever now. He looked sad and sorrowful; and some one, gazing at him from the dining-room window, longed to go and comfort him.

"Of what is he thinking," asked Leam of herself. "He looks sad. Is he thinking of Lady Viola, 'Queen by the gold on her head'? I must go to him. I cannot bear that look on his face."

A few minutes afterwards there was a light touch on his arm, and a beautiful face looked up into his.

"Ross, I have been watching you so long, and wondering why you looked so unhappy. What can you have to sadden you?"

He turned to her with a glad smile. How could he, even for a few minutes, have forgotten her?

"Can I do anything for you, Ross?" the sweet voice went on. "You do not look as you did on the night we came home. Why has the brightness gone from your face? I thought on that night it was the brightest face I had ever seen."

As she recalled his kindly greeting and the touch of his lips on her face, the girl's heart warmed to him. She laid her hand upon his arm.

"Ross, you said I was to be your sister, a real, living, loving sister. Sir Austen said so, too. That gives me the privilege of speaking. I cannot help seeing what is wrong. May I tell you what I think?"

"Say what you will to me, Leam," he replied. How sweet it was, this sisterly affection!

"I can see," she said, simply, "that Lady Cumnor makes you unhappy; she opposes you in every way."

He was too manly to complain of a woman; but she had guessed his sorrow so correctly that it was not unmanly to speak of it.

"We certainly are not in harmony," he replied. "Our wishes and desires seem to clash. I am often very unfortunate in forgetting to consult her before I give an order. I do not mean it; but the habit is strong upon me, and I forget. It always happens to be something very displeasing to her."

"I have noticed it," said Leam. "In my own mind I always take your part."

"Do you? You are very kind to me, Leam. I am hot-headed and impetuous. I wish I could change my character."

"I do not," interrupted Leam. "I would not have you change one thought, even; I like you best just as you are."

"The truth is," said Ross—"and it dawns upon me more clearly every day

—that mine is a false position, completely false in every way. I have been brought up as heir to Larchton Mere; there was never a question of anything else; and since I left college I have devoted myself to the care of the estate, and my father, finding that everything had gone well with me, gradually let all authority fall into my hands. While he was absent I did everything; and on his return he said that things could not be in better order. He was delighted when he looked through the books and papers. Then, after all this, I suddenly find myself less than a cipher—in fact, an intruder—all power suddenly taken from me, the servants frowned upon if they obey me, and any little order I may give resented in a hundred different ways. I cannot even ring for anything I want without certain opposition from her ladyship. I cannot understand it. Do you think she dislikes me, Leam?"

"I know what I think; but I hardly know whether it would be wise to tell you," said the girl, kindly.

"Yes; tell me. We are brother and sister; we are firm allies. Tell me what you think."

"I think this—I say nothing disparaging of Lady Cumnor; but I do not think she is one of the women fit to be a second wife. A man should be careful in choosing his first wife, but doubly careful in choosing a second. If Lady Cumnor had been Sir Austen's first wife, she would have been devoted both as a wife and a mother; probably she would have lived and died one of the best of women. She would have been jealous of her husband's honor and jealous of her children's rights—for, unless I am greatly mistaken, the foundation of her character is jealousy."

"Do you think so, Leam?" he asked, a sudden light breaking in upon him.

"Yes, I do, indeed; and I feel sure that her opposition to you arises from the fact that she is jealous of Sir Austen's affection for you, jealous of your place in the house, jealous even of your very existence; and, above all, jealous of your dear mother, Ross. That which makes me think jealousy of your dear mother has something to do with it is that she dislikes me, also."

"Dislikes you?" he cried, looking at the beautiful face. "How can any one have such a feeling?"

"Lady Cumnor has," said Leam. "She does not show it so much in word as in deed. The other day I went into the nursery and took little Hugh in my arms. When she saw me kiss him, she told the nurse to take him away. I do not approve of children being so much kissed and petted," she said.

A few minutes afterwards Lady Viola came in, and she took master baby. She kissed him more than I had done; but there was no rebuke for her. Lady Cumnor smiled all the time."

"But, Leam," cried Ross—"you know much more of these things than I do—are the living ever really jealous of the dead?"

"I am afraid so," she answered, gently. "I can understand it now with a nature like Lady Cumnor's. She loves your father very much; and it would be intolerable to her to know that he had preferred any one else. Jealousy is worse than madness, in my opinion."

"Leam, I cannot see my way clearly at all. It is cowardly to make war on a woman; it is cowardly, also, to submit, like a slave, to a woman's caprice."

"There must be a happy medium," said Leam; "and you must find it."

"Will you help me?" he asked.

"Yes, with all my heart," she answered.

"I must think it all over," said Ross. "Whatever may happen, or whatever the result may be, I hope I shall come out of the ordeal like a brave man. It seems horrible to me to have a contest with a woman! I wonder whether Lady Cumnor thought of me at all when she married my father?"

"If she took you into consideration," said Leam, "I should not think that she knew you were quite what you are, Ross."

"It is quite understood then," he said, "that we are friends and allies, Leam?"

"Yes—the best of friends and the staunchest of allies," she replied. And then Sir Austen came up to them, and they could say no more.

CHAPTER V.

While the under-current of bitter jealousy remained all was outwardly brilliant and happy at Larchton Mere. The whole county welcomed its new and beautiful mistress. She was admired exceedingly; and people said how fortunate it was for Sir Austen to have found so beautiful a wife, one so accomplished, so stately, and so well fitted for her position.

The Baronet never thought again of the little scene before the picture. To his indolent, happy nature everything seemed to be going well; his beautiful wife was admired and liked, the pretty baby-boy grew and thrived, his handsome, gifted son took almost all trouble from him, and his ward grew every day dearer to him. What more could he wish or desire? He had not the faintest idea of the jealousy that was hidden in his wife's breast. Everything seemed right to him and to others.

At length the day came when Lady Viola and Mrs. Pitt were to leave the mere and return home. Lady Viola tried her best to be happy as usual; but there was a cloud on her face. It seemed to her that nothing would ever be the same again. She loved Ross Cumnor with all her heart; they had been more than friends, yet not lovers. She had made him her ideal; and, in her bright, hopeful fashion, she had always believed that in time he would love her and ask her to be his wife. She had had many admirers, but she

had never given a thought to them. If Ross liked any one, so did she. "If he disliked any one, she was sure to imitate him. Her life was colored by his, her thoughts and ideas were all shaped by his. Ever since the day when, as children, they had met, played, quarreled and made friends, she had loved him with the love of a woman rather than of a child.

Her visits to Larchton Mere had always been very pleasant ones; but now that this visit was drawing to a close, she felt that she was disappointed with it. The new elements had not been altogether harmonious. Ross had been, as he always was, most kind to her; nevertheless there was a difference. He had talked and laughed as usual with her; but how often it had happened that, when she had raised her head quickly to look at him, she had found his eyes fixed upon Leam Dynevor—how often she had asked him a question, and he had answered her at random, because his whole attention had been given to Leam!

As Leam had wondered about her, so she wondered about Leam. Did he love her, this lovely Southern girl, who had come so suddenly amongst them? Did he prefer her? How Lady Viola longed to know! She little dreamt how often those sweet eyes of hers asked the question.

Lady Cumnor had resolved to give a small dancing-party on the last evening of Lady Viola and Mrs. Pitt's visit. She liked Lady Viola, her chief reason being that she had fair hair; for her ladyship's jealousy of the dead and the living had reached such a pitch that she even began to dislike dark-haired people. She decided that, as Mrs. Pitt and her niece were leaving the next day, a ball would be too fatiguing, especially, she observed—quite ignoring Leam—as Lady Viola would be the belle.

Lady Viola was sad at heart when the evening came. In the gloaming they were all together in one of the prettiest rooms at the mere. It was called the blue drawing-room, and was never used on state occasions—only when the family were alone or with intimate friends; it was not a large apartment, but it was unique in its charm. On one side was a large window which looked out upon the mere and upon a waterfall that fell over some picturesque rock-work. The silvery spray, the sound of the falling water, and the mere with its borders of drooping trees, made this window a favorite spot. The room itself was magnificently furnished; all that art could suggest or money obtain was procured for its decoration. Lady Cumnor preferred it to any other.

The shades of evening had fallen, and a gray light lay over the mere. In the grate burned a bright fire, which filled the room with ruddy light, and before which sat three lovely women. Two of them—the girl with the sweet Southern face and dark passionate eyes, and the fair English girl whose face was like a rose and whose eyes had the purple light of the heartsease—were seated side by side. To the third Mrs. Pitt was busily engaged retailing the last and most piquant scandal, a scandal that was just going the round of society. Lady Cumnor was interested. Sir Austen, in a lounging-chair near them, wondered why women rejoiced in scandal; and Ross, buried in reverie, sat watching the two girls.

Her ladyship would not have the lamps lighted. Nothing could be better, she said, than the ruddy glare. The whispered words of Mrs. Pitt had come to an end. Sir Austen looked very much as though he were enjoying a nap, and Lady Cumnor thought it high time she fired a shot at the enemy.

"Viola," she said, in her gentle, caressing voice, which was sweetest when it had a sting, "in this light every hair on your head shines like gold. You have no idea how beautiful the effect is."

Lady Viola looked up with a little pleased laugh, hoping that Ross would have something to say about it; but his eyes were fixed upon the dark hair near him.

"He does not care," she thought; and the pang that went through her heart was so great that it sent hot tears to her eyes. "He does not care whether my hair is woven gold or raven black. It is all the same to him. He has lost his interest in me since that other face has bewitched him." And the girl gave a long, low sigh, for the dream of her life had been sweet.

No, he had not one word to say. He was thinking how fair that Southern face looked in the ruddy light, with its dark eyes and full curved lips.

"Viola," said Mrs. Pitt, "what flowers are you going to wear to-night?"

"I do not know, auntie," she replied. And then she spoke to Ross. "You have spoiled me so much in choosing flowers for me that I hardly know how to choose them for myself."

"I should not have thought that Ross had any great taste in that way," remarked Lady Cumnor. Leam looked up quickly.

"You are mistaken, Lady Cumnor," she said. "Ross has very great taste."

"Then I can only say he is careful never to show it," returned Lady Cumnor.

"I think he shows it always," said Leam, undaunted by the scorn on her ladyship's face.

"Your defense is not strange," replied Lady Cumnor, with an almost cruel smile that sent a deep flush into Leam's face and an angry glance into the eyes of her kinsman.

Lady Viola hastened to throw oil on the troubled waters. She looked at Ross.

"It is not too late now," she said; "and it is my last evening. Will you come and choose for me?"

He looked at the fair face and then at Leam's.

"Certainly I will go," he replied. "Come with us, Leam. I will choose one for you." But his face burned more hotly when he heard a low, significant laugh from Lady Cumnor.

The three walked slowly together towards the conservatory. Lady Viola thinking to herself that if she had known that he would ask Leam to accompany them she would certainly never have mentioned the matter at all. She had dreamed of a few minutes' quiet conversation with him, and already it seemed to her that he had forgotten she was there. They entered the conservatory; and Lady Viola, finding it inconvenient for the three to walk together, went first. Ross did not seem to miss her; he went on quite contentedly, his eyes never leaving Leam's face.

"I believe," said Lady Viola to herself, "that if I went away he would not even know that I had gone. He would not miss me. He has come purposely to choose flowers for me, and I verily believe he does not remember that I exist."

There was no anger in her heart against the beautiful rival who had so suddenly appeared; she was far too noble for that. There was in her mind a dull wonder as to why Ross preferred this dark-eyed girl to herself.

"I have loved him nearly all my life," she thought; "and in a few days he has learned to care more for her than he does for me."

As she walked on some few words of their conversation reached her ears. She heard Ross ask Leam what she thought the highest attribute of love; and she answered:

"Self-sacrifice. That is the noblest attribute of love," she said. "Indeed, to my thinking, there is no love without it. If we disclose that we love another and have made no sacrifice to prove it, I think little of it. I believe that every good woman has naturally a great amount of self-sacrifice in her disposition; the daily, hourly life of a true woman is self-sacrifice, and nothing else. But I am speaking now rather of those grand acts which mark a life than of the smaller ones which ennoble it. Have you seen a play called 'Mary Warner'? She is just the type of heroine I mean."

"I have not seen it. What does 'she do'?" asked Ross.

"She takes upon herself a crime—a theft—that it seems quite clear her husband has committed. She is punished and imprisoned; and he believes her guilty. The truth is never known until the real thief confesses. The husband for long years suffers from the thought that his beloved wife is a thief; she suffers from the same belief as regards him; and to that is added the pain of believing that he lets her suffer in silence for his sin. I call that self-sacrifice."

"And would you do that for any one you loved?" he asked.

"Would I?" said Leam. "Yes, for one whom I loved well—most certainly I would."

"The one whom you love is to be envied," said Ross, with a deep sigh.

"So self-sacrifice is your favorite virtue, Leam?"

"Yes; it has always been," she answered.

"I wonder," thought Lady Viola, "if he remembers I am here. Of course he has no time to speak to me—has forgotten even that I want a flower; but I should like to know if he does remember my existence."

Still the two went on, engrossed in each other.

"Their conversation will last all the evening," thought Lady Viola, "if I do not interrupt it."

She turned round impetuously.

"How many sweet flowers have you chosen for me, Mr. Ross?" she said; and he blushed, conscious of his remissness.

"My dear Viola, I am quite ashamed. I will gather them at once. Leam," he continued, in a low tone, to his companion, "you will draw me into terrible mischief some day. You make me forget everything in the wide world except yourself."

A thrill of happiness went through the girl's heart. Would that he might so forget for ever!

Ross Cumnor did not understand the meaning of the word "deceit." In all his life he had never deceived or betrayed any one. He had never told a falsehood, nor had he ever affected that which he did not feel. Lady Viola had long been his chosen friend and play-fellow; but he had never flirted with her. It had been a very honest, kindly affection; and he was vexed with himself now that he had neglected her even for a few minutes.

"What shall I find for you, Viola?" he asked. "It will be difficult to find any flower beautiful enough or fine enough to match with what Lady Cumnor calls the gold threads of your hair. Leam, do you wish that you wore this crown of burnished gold?"

"It would be of little use wishing," she replied. "Though I am dark myself, and ought to believe in the supremacy of brunettes, I think fair women are far the prettiest."

"I am thinking of every variety of color, Lady Viola," said Ross—"white and gold, green and gold. I cannot tell which is the prettier combination."

"Find something that will suit Miss Dynevor first," said the Earl's daughter.

"I do not think that will be so difficult with black hair and a Spanish face; one thinks instinctively of a rose. Here is one—deep crimson in color, with a delicious perfume. May I place it in your hair, Leam—just where it ought to be?"

"Yes," she replied.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—The worst thing a farmer can raise—A glass.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The first volume of General Beauregard's history of the war is completed.

—Mrs. Jane G. Austin is reported to be the author of the novel, "The Nameless Nobleman."

—Recent investigation tends to show that "Goody Two Shoes" was written by Oliver Goldsmith.

—Sarah Bernhardt claims to have made money at the rate of nearly half a million dollars a year while in America.

—Mr. W. D. Howells is reported to be traveling in the mining regions of the West with a view to 'local color.' He intends to bring some mining characters into his next novel.

—Rev. Joseph Cook has decided to remain abroad for another year, and will finally return to this country by way of India and Japan. He is now in London, preparing for another series of lectures there.

—Mr. Longfellow called the compass plant, in "Evangeline," "delicate," and when some one told him that the plant was a large, coarse, rough-leaved shrub, he substituted "vigorous" for "delicate" in the later editions of the poem.

—Mr. Sidney Lanier's health has again broken down, and he has fled to Florida in the hope of restoration. His recovery from a similar pulmonary trouble several years ago gives his friends hope that the atmosphere of that region may again prove efficacious.

—The will of the late Thomas Carlyle, in a paragraph expressing his strong feeling of good will toward America, and especially New England, gives the books he used in writing the lives of Oliver Cromwell and Frederick the Great to Harvard University.

—General Cheatham, of Tennessee, is writing a history of the advance of General Hood's army to Nashville and subsequent retreat. He commanded a corps in General Hood's army, and until now has kept silent in regard to the effort to make him responsible for the failure of the campaign.

—J. T. Trowbridge leads a very quiet life at Arlington, Mass., in his pleasant home on the banks of the picturesque pond which has been dignified by the name of Arlington Lake. He writes a good deal, but does not hurry into type. It is said that he has a novel under way.

MUHOUS.

—It is terribly embarrassing to come into town from a fishing excursion and find there is not a trout in the market.

—Now is the springtime of our discontent. The season of marrying and giving in marriage is upon us.—Oil City Derrick.

—Here is another attempt to deprive woman of her rights. A male wretch has got up an invention to prevent the slamming of doors.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

—Although early in the season it has already been noticed that the iceman gives good weight to the family keeping a handsome servant girl.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

—The Law and the Prophets: When asked his belief, a law student replied, in a way most imprudent, "That his creed could be written in brief form, and to wit: 'In the Law and the Profits.' Poor student!—Harvard Advocate.

—A Somerville little boy, while looking out of the window of his home, saw a fat-tailed pigeon alight in front of the house. "O mother, come here!" he cried; "and see a pigeon with a bustle and trail on."—Somerville Journal.

—We know nothing in nature so homely to look at as a clam's head, always excepting a plug hat, and the two resemble one another so closely that but for the difference in size it would be hard to tell them apart.—Boston Transcript.

—Some one having offered a prize for a poem in which the word "butter" would be made to rhyme with "oleomargarine" the Washington Republican churns out the following:

Please pass the butter, e'en
If it's oleomargarine.

—Gillholly bought a cigar the other day, and, as he lit it, the tobaccoist said, with pride: "That's a fine imported cigar." "Is it?" responded Gillholly. "It has always been a mystery to me why Galveston does not raise her own cabbages."—Galveston News.

—How wonderful are the revelations of science. It has been estimated that a boy can hear a call to dinner, though half a mile away, in a thousandth part of a second. But a call to duty. Well, we don't wish to be hard on the boy, but it often takes a life time for him to understand it.—New Haven Register.

—Genevieve Ward is shocked beyond all expression because men and women are compelled to sleep in the same sleeping car. It is dreadful. We have often worried over the same thing, and been afraid to go to sleep, lest some woman should chloroform us and kiss us in our dreams. No man is safe in a mixed sleeping car.—Burlington Hawk-eye.

—The Aeroplane Company for navigating the air of San Francisco continues to issue weekly announcements of progress, but in terms so vague that the public is unable to tell whether the matter is a joke or a swindle. "The committee of incorporators," says the last bulletin, "have finally decided that the first starting station of the aerial carriage shall be made from Woodward's Gardens and from thence to Menlo Park, on the Southern Railway, and return to the gardens. The day cannot for a week or two be fixed."