YOLANDE.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of "Shandon Bells," "Macleod of Dare," "White Wings," "Sunrise," etc.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XI.

ISOLALION.

And as for Mr. Winterbourne himself? Well, he was not blind. He could see as far ahead as any of them. If his imagination was not captured by any picture of Yolande in black velvet, and if he knew nothing about the desirability of buying back Corrievreak, his hope and prayer for the future was clear and definite enough. To secure for Yolande a peaceful, safe, and happy life—that was his one aim and thought; and already he clearly recognized, and in his own mind strove to make light of, in a sadly humorous way, the necessity of a separation between him and her. It was the way of the world—why should he complain? If she was securely settled in life, that would be enough happiness for him. And this young fellow, who was paying her so much obvious attention, was a nice enough young fellow, as things went; of good birth and breeding, well-mannered, good-natured, and otherwise unobjectionable. And Yolande seemed to be on the most friendly terms with him.

But even now it was a strange thing to find himself being ousted, in however slight a degree, from Yolande's companionship. It was his own doing, and he knew it; and he knew that he was acting wisely in preparing himself by small degrees for the inevitable; and yet he had to confess to himself that the operation was not a pleasant one. Then it was a slow process. Yolande herself did not notice how, whether they were in the Cairo bazars or in the balcony at the hotel, her father managed to hang back a little; and how the Master of Lynn had come quite naturally to take his place; and how it was the latter, and not the former, who knew where her travelling bag was, and called her maid for her, and bought her fruit at the stations. On this very morning, for example, on their arrival at Asyoot, when they had seen their luggage packed on the camels' backs by the tall and swarthy Arabs, and when they set out to walk down to the Nile, over the burning sands, it was, as usual, Mr. Leslie who happened to be her companion. Her father had lingered behind, under pretense of once more counting over the articles of luggage, along with Ahmed the dragoman; and when he overtook the other members of the party, it was the Grahams that he chose to accompany. Mrs. Graham was complaining of the discomfort of travelling by night, and declaring that she would not undertake such another journey to avoid all the heat that ever was heard of; and her husband was observing, with the candor of husbands, that her hair certainly did look like a hay-rick in a gale of wind.

"There's Archie," she said, glancing at the two white figures in front of them, "he's always spick and span. No matter what happens, he always looks as if he'd come out of a bandbox.

"And a very proper thing too," said Mr. Winterbourne. "To be careless about one's appearance is no great compliment to one's companions. Mrs. Graham" he added, in his timid and nervous way, "I wish you would tell me frankly—you see, there is scarcely any one I can ask—would you tell me honestly if you think that Yolande dresses fairly well?"

"Oh, I think she dresses charmingly," said pretty Mrs. Graham, in the most good-natured way. "Quite charmingly. She is so very original."

"But I don't want her to be original," he said, with a slight touch of querulousness. "That is just it. I want her to go to the very best places, and get what is most correct, and not to mind about the cost of it. I don't care about the cost of it; we have no establishment to keep up; no horses or anything of the kind; and why should she be so particular about the cost of this or that?—Really, Mrs. Graham, it would be so kind of you to give her a word of advice—"

"Oh, but dear Yolande and I have had long talks about that already, you know, Mr. Winterbourne," said she. "Do you suppose two women could be so much together without? And I know what she thinks. First and foremost, she wears what she thinks will please you; and I think she is rather clever at finding out what you like."

"Oh, but that is absurd," said he, peevishly. "What do I know about it? Sometimes I have made suggestions; but—but I want her to be well dressed."

"I would not blame her much for being economical," said Mrs. Graham, with a smile. "It is a very useful quality in a girl. She might marry a poor man, you know."

He glanced at her with a sort of fright in his eyes.

"Oh, but she will never marry any one who—whose position will cause her embarrassments of that kind," he said, hastily. "Oh no. I do not value money much; but she must never be subjected to embarrassments. Besides, I can provide against that. That at least is one of the troubles of life she will be safe from. I hope there is no fear of that in her mind.

"Oh, probably not—doubtless not," Mrs. Graham said, cheerfully; for she was sorry to have caused this alarm by a chance remark. "And you know I promised on board ship to buy a lot of silks and things for Yolande when we are going home again through Cairo—"

"And silver," he suggested. "She ought to have different belts and bracelets and things of that kind. I suppose Cairo might not be the best place for getting some more expensive jewelry, would it, do you think? Yolande ought to have more jewelry. She is a woman now. Her school-girl trinkets were all very well; but now she is a woman she must have some proper jewelry."

"If I were Yolande," said Mrs. Graham, demurely, "and if I had a very generous papa, I think I know what I should do."

"What, then?" said he, with his eyes brightening; for to give something to Yolande likely to please her was one of the gladnesses of his life—perhaps even the chief.

"I would take him to a shop in Cairo—Abderahman, was it?—and I would ask him just to look again at that wonderful piece of Syrian embroidery—"

"I remember," said he, quickly. "I remember quite well. Of course she shall have it. I had no idea she cared for it."

"Do you think any living woman could look at it without coveting it with her whole soul? But she was not likely to say that to you. It was horribly expensive—I forget how much."

"She shall have it," he said, briefly.

"It would make the loveliest opera cloak," she suggested.

"An opera cloak?" he repeated, with a sudden change of manner.

"It would be perfectly gorgeous," she said.

"Oh, but I don't think she will want an opera cloak," said he, coldly. "It would be a pity. It would be throwing it away."

"Are you never going to take her to the theatre, then?" said Mrs. Graham, with a stare.

"I hope Yolande will not live much in cities," said he, somewhat hastily, and evidently wishing to get rid of the subject. "She has lived always in the country—look at the health of her cheeks. I hope she will never live in a city; she will live a far quieter and happier life in the country; and she will do very well without theatres or anything of the kind."

Then he seemed to think he had been unnecessarily harsh in his refusal; and so he said, in a lighter way:

"No, no; I have my own plans, Mrs. Graham. I want to induce a very estimable lady to persuade that girl of mine into buying a lot of things that are necessary for her now that she is a young woman. And I want a bribe for the purpose; and I have discovered that she has a fancy for a piece of Syrian needle-work. Very well—now I am going to have my own way, and there is no use of protesting—you are going to take that piece of embroidery home with you, and you will make something of it at Inverstory; and perhaps Yolande and I will pay you a visit some day—if it is not too far to drive from Allt-nam-ba—and then we shall see how a bit of Cairo looks in Inverness-shire."

They could not pursue the subject further, for they now found themselves on the landing-stage by the side of the river, and there was a fearful shouting and yelling over the unloading of the luggage from the camels' backs. But from this Babel of confusion there was an easy escape. Among all the trading vessels moored by the river's bank there was but one dahabeeyah (the tourist season being long over), and they made no doubt that this gayly colored thing—looking like a huge state barge, with long yards sweeping up to the sky both at the bow and astern—was the vessel which the Governor of Merhadj had sent for them. They eyed it, every feature of it, curiously—the rows of the cabin windows with their sun-blinds of a most vivid green; the vast awning on the upper deck; the enormous yellow dragon at the prow; and everywhere a blaze of gaudy colors, blue and white. And while they were thus examining it, a tall and grave person, in a white turban and garment of sombre black, who proved to be the captain, came ashore, and after a word or two in Arabic with Ahmed, came up to Colonel Graham, and respectfully presented him with a letter.

"Hillo," said he, "this is from young Ismat. Rather queer English. He is in 'an abysm of d spair.'" Father gone into the interior—important meeting with some shieks—despairs he must remain in Merhadj—hopes to see us when we come up—hopes we shall find the dahabeeyah comfortable—has heard of Ahmed—very good man—hopes we bring good news from Cairo—if we are at all afraid, his father will give us a guard of soldiers. What the mischief does he mean? Come on, Polly; let's go and take possession."

And indeed it was with great delight that they got away from the noise and bustle, the heat and dust, of the outer world, into the spacious and cool interior of this barge; and great was their curiosity in exploring cabin after cabin, and finding each one more like a little French boudoir—in a cheapish kind of style—than anything else. There was nothing at all Eastern about the fittings or decorations of this dahabeeyah, except a green and scarlet rug here and there; the saloons, and state rooms were all of white and gold, with flimsy French-looking mirrors, and French-looking little curtains, and aniline-dyed table covers and sofa cushions. But everything was very clean and bright and cool; and the circular open space at the stern was a veritable Belvedere, from which, sitting in the shade, they could gaze abroad on the wide yellow-green waters of the Nile, and on the picturesque scenes along the banks; and when, in due course, breakfast was brought them—an interminable meal, with three or four kinds of wine on the table—they forgot that the *menu* and the dishes were French, when their attendant was an Albanian-looking person in embroidered cap and baggy breeches of yellow silk, and when they heard outside the hoarse chorus of a Nubian crew laboring at the long oars of one of the trading boats.

Then they went away to their respective cabins to see about the unpacking of their luggage; and at the same time the Reis Mustapha and his swarthy crew began to unfurl the vast breadth of sail on the forward yard, for the north wind was now blowing steady and fair. And then, by-and-by, when the members of the party assembled again—on the upper deck, under the wide awning—they found that they were out in the shallow lake-like waters of the Nile, the mighty sail in front of them bellying out and straining at the sheets, and a rippling sound at the prow making a soft and monotonous music. And there were the well-known features of the famous river; the brown mud-walled villages; the dark green palms, with their branches slowly moving in the breeze; the arid wastes of sand; the tall jet black figures of the Arabs marching along with stately stride; now and again the glimpse of a minaret telling of some town or village further inland: a group of fellaheen, driving before them their horses, donkeys, and camels; a drove of buffalo brought down to water themselves, nothing visible of each of them but a shining back, a snout, and a pair of horns busy with the flies; goats sheltering themselves in the shadow of the sand-banks from the heat of the noonday sun; unknown birds floating afar on the surface of the river, or stalking unconcernedly along the yellow shoals; and over all this abundant and curious life the pale distant heat-obscured turquoise blue of the African sky, so different from the deep and keen and quivering blue of the storm-washed atmospheres of the North.

"Well, now, Miss Yolande," said Colonel Graham, lying back in the cane-bottomed easy-chair, and carefully regarding the ash of his cigar, "what do you think of Ahmed's arrangements? Are they satisfactory? Does the turmoil of Nile travel fatigue you? Of course you can not expect to penetrate the deserts of Africa without suffering privations. I hope the meagre fare will not make a skeleton of you. The rude accommodation of these cabins—"

"Oh, I think everything is delightful," said she, "and this cool wind is delicious."

But then she fixed her eyes on him solemnly.

"I wished to ask a question, however, Colonel Graham. Did you hear a shriek? No? Well, this is the question: I found a cockroach in one of the drawers as big as—as—well, I thought it was an alligator out of the river—you did not hear Jane shriek?—and I would like to know if all the beasts are similar in proportion—"

"My dear child!" broke in Mrs. Graham. "Thank goodness you know nothing about it—you never were in India. Here you haven't to twitch off the bedclothes before going to bed to make sure that there isn't a snake waiting for you. Why, what is there here? Nothing. The heat is bad, but it is dry; it does not sap the life out of you like the Indian heat. The flies worry; but they are not nearly so bad if you don't lose your temper. The mosquitoes are pretty considerable, I admit; but you have your Levinge—"

"Do you think I was complaining?" exclaimed Yolande. "Complaining?—as we are now!"

"No, it was Jim, I dare say," said the other, most gratuitously. "Men always do complain, because they have so little to complain about. But it would take an Al complainer to find anything wrong with a day like this, or with such a pleasant setting out; and I do hope, Jim, you will be civil for once, and let that young fellow and his father know how much we are obliged to them for the loan of the boat. They expect it, those Eastern people. They are not all grumpy, like Englishmen and Scotchmen. I do hope you'll be polite to him."

"All right," said her husband, with his lazy good-nature; "I'll Bismallah him within an inch of his life."

So the calm and shining and dreamlike day went pleasantly by, the slowly moving panorama around them constantly offering objects of new interest. In the afternoon they passed some ranges of bare and arid limestone hills; and on the face of them—now catching a faint pink or lilac glow from the westering sun—they could make out the entrances of ancient tombs, placed high above all possible inundations. It was not far south of this portion of the river that the Reis resolved to come to an anchor; for the sunset (which was somewhat chromo-lithographic in character, like most of the atmospheric effects in Egypt) was of brief duration; and the twilight was even briefer; so that night, with all her stars, was upon them ere they had begun to think of preparing for dinner.

That was a pleasant enough meal too, in the cheerful little saloon, the spurious colors of which were in a measure subdued by the yellow radiance of the swinging lamp. The two women had put on their lightest and coolest and brightest costumes; and now, for the first time perhaps, they recognized how completely the little group of them was shut off from the world. On board ship they had plenty of neighbors; in hotels they sat at the *table d'hote*; but here they were really a family party; and Colonel Graham, in addressing Yolande, dropped the "Miss" quite naturally, and it seemed as though these people had known each other all their lives through, and that they had come away for their holiday trip, and were to be together until they returned again together to their proper home in the Highlands. The Grahams, indeed, talked as if they had already annexed and adopted Yolande.

After dinner they adjourned to the upper deck for the sake of coolness; and there coffee was brought them; and the women-folk lay idly in their rocking-chairs and used their fans; and the men lit their cigars. There was plenty of light; for two large swinging lamps had been hung from the iron bars; and these threw a reddish-golden glow on the canvas of the awning and on the deck. But one had only to step to the side of the vessel and look out from this yellow glare to find all around the darkness and the silence of the desert, and overhead the solemn heavens with their multitude of throbbing stars. The Nile could scarcely be heard as it ran swiftly and noiselessly and unseen beneath.

By-and-by the Master of Lynn, who had been leaning on the railing, and looking out into the clear dark night, came back, and said to Yolande:

"Miss Winterbourne, I wish you would come and look at this constellation. I think it is the Southern Cross. Do you know it? I think this must be the Southern Cross."

She instantly rose and followed him to the side of the deck, where they were at some little distance from the others. They talked about the constellation, but could make nothing of it. Of course what he had asked her to come there for was to fulfill his resolve of the night before—to hint to her that if the charm of home had such great attractions for her, there was one home he knew that would be glad to welcome her and cherish her, now and throughout all her life. But some compunction seized him—some sudden qualm of conscience. The doubt occurred to him as to whether it was quite fair. It was like trying to steal away the affections of the girl; and she the only daughter and companion of this solitary man. Ought he not to speak to her father first, and get to know what his plans were, and so be able to approach her in a franker way? Perhaps he might be able to gain Mr. Winterbourne's approval and thus be twice armed.

Yolande's father, who had regarded these two as they stood there by the rail, looking out into the star-lit night, watched them as they came back again, and he looked at the girl with a strange and wistful look. Had she said "Yes" already? Was she going away from him? But there was no sign of any emotion on the fair young face—neither alarm, nor concealment, nor maiden hesitation, nor any thing of the sort. Quite frankly and naturally she came over to her father's chair, sat down beside him on the deck, and put her hand on his knee.

"I wish I knew a little more about the stars," she said.

(To be continued.)

The Fortunate News Vender.

Schaeffer, the book and news man, who made the big hit in The Louisiana State Lottery, the other day, got his money yesterday per Central Express Company. It wasn't much of a package, the amount consisting of three $5,000 bills. Mr. Schaeffer will continue in business, and not allow his good fortune to spoil him one bit. Thus far he has made a great success out of a small beginning through hard work.—*Allentown (Pa.) Chronicle and News, March 28.*

Nihilism and Socialism, which appeared to be on the wane in Europe, are rapidly coming to the front again with redoubled vigour. It was thought that the Nihilist trials were approaching an end in Russia, but fresh arrests are daily made. A large mine under the Kremlin, where the coronation will take place, has been discovered. The premature termination of the Socialist Congress at Copenhagen was precipitated by an intimation from the Danish authorities that it was necessary for the foreign members to leave Danish soil within a few hours.

The Mystery Explained.

Nothing succeeds like success. This explains why Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has risen so rapidly into public favor. It positively succeeds in accomplishing all that is claimed for it. Corns are as easily and painlessly cured by its use as the greatest sufferer could desire. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Mark the name. Sold by druggists everywhere. N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Proprietors.

Paper houses are coming into use in England, where for some purposes they are found greatly superior to tents. Shooting boxes twelve feet square were found convenient both to use and transport, and, the materials being impervious to moisture, the little cottages are satisfactory from a sanitary point of view. It is said that they will be used at the seaside during the coming season, not only for bathing houses, but as "residences" for quiet bachelors of contemplative habits.

Persons of weakly constitutions derive from Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda a degree of vigor obtainable from no other source, and it has proved itself a most sufficient protection to those troubled with a hereditary tendency to consumption. Mr. Bird, Druggist, of Westport, says: "I knew a man whose case was considered hopeless, and by the use of three bottles of this Emulsion his weight was increased twenty pounds."

While discussing the matter of camp casualties recently, a Michigan gentleman related a peculiar accident, of which he had been an eye-witness, in substance as follows: A tree was sawed down, and in falling, struck the crotch of another tree. A large limb was broken off, rebounded, struck a large dead stump about 20 ft. in height, knocking it down. This stump fell upon and killed a horse quite a distance from the tree which they had felled, and where he was considered entirely out of danger.

Ulcers and Old Sores.

These painful disfigurements disappear totally under a course of Dr. Herrick's Sugar-Coated Vegetable Pills, which restore the impoverished blood and sluggish circulation. These remedies are sold all the world over, and remove all internal pains and aches. They never fail!

China possesses the longest bridge in the world. It is at Langang, over an arm of the China Sea, and is 5 miles long, 70 ft. high, with a roadway 70 ft. wide, and has 300 arches. The parapet is a balustrade, and each of the pillars, which are 75 ft apart, supports a pedestal on which is placed a lion, 21 ft. long, made of one block of marble.

Mr. T. C. Wells, Chemist and Druggist, Pott Colborne, Ont., writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure sells well, and gives the best of satisfaction for all diseases of the blood." It never fails to root out all diseases from the system, cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, &c., purifies the blood, and will make you look the picture of health and happiness.

There is a pine tree in Montmorency county, Mich., the owners of which are offering 140 dols. to any party or parties who will deliver the butt log in Alpena. The tree is over 9 ft. in diameter, and it is thought to be the largest tree in the state.

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrp & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, &c., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor.

Thomas Robinson, Farnham Centre, P. Q., writes: "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for the last ten years, and have tried many remedies without any relief. I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and found it gave instant relief, and since then have had no attack. I would recommend it to all."

In the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia judgment was delivered by Judge McDonald in the case of Crosskill vs. the Halifax *Morning Herald* Publishing Co., for libel, refusing to set aside a verdict of $3,000, previously given for the plaintiff.

A. M. Hamilton, Warkworth, writes: "For weeks I was troubled with a swelled ankle, which caused me much pain and annoyance. Mr. Maybee, of this place, recommended Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for it. I tried it, and before one bottle was used I was cured. It is an article of great value."

A policy dealer in Philadelphia attempted, by offers of money to the jurymen, to get an acquittal, instead of which he secured his conviction and the arrest of all his agents.

General Business.

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Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,
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OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq
CASTLE STREET
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

NEW GOODS!!
—AT—
J. B. SNOWBALL'S.

Just received per late Steamers from the Manufacturers.

New Ulster Cloths,
For Gents Ladies and Children:
Boys' Woollen Knickerbocker Hose,
Very Heavy.
A very large stock of
German and Canadian Clouds and promenade Scarfs.
Ladies' Berlin Wool Shawls,
Ladies Berlin Wool Jackets,
Ladies' and Children's Wool Scarfs.
Irish Frieze,
For Heavy Overcoats.
Irish and Scotch Tweeds,
Newest Styles.
Moscow Homespun, Costume Cloths,
Wool Serges, French Cashmeres, French Merinoes,
Black Scicillians, Black Grecian Cords,
Colored Cloth Debeges,
100 pairs Best White
ENGLISH BLANKETS,
50 pairs Best Twilled
Canadian White Blankets
A few pairs of Super Extra BATH BLANKETS, at reduced price
ALL CHEAP FOR CASH!
Chatham, Oct. 18, 1881.

G. A. BLAIR,
has on hand, a superior assortment
READY - MADE CLOTHING.
—COMPRISING—
Men's, Youths' & Children's Suits,
IN CLOTH, TWEED & VELVET.
Which he is offering at prices suitable to the times.

FOR SALE.
50,000 BRICKS.
50,000 Face and Common Bricks.
AT THE
MIRAMICHI BRICK YARD.
HARVEY FLETT,
NELSON, N. B.
Nelson, Sept. 15, 1882.

CHAMPAGNE.
Just arrived per steamer "Hibernian" via Halifax
20 baskets Finest Champagne.
Pints and Quarts;
10 Cases Sparkling Burgundy & Hock.
JOHN W. NICHOLSON.
Victoria Wharf, Smyth Street

SAD IRONS.
MRS. POTTS' SAD IRONS.
Plain,
Polished and
Nickle-plated.
For Sale at Lowest Prices by
H. P. MARQUIS,
Cunard St., Chatham.

CHAMPION PORTABLE SAW MILLS.

ADDRESS WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD CANADA

W. A. Vernon Garret writes from Huntsville, Muskoka, Dec. 15th, '79. The 16 H. P. Mill run well. The other day we cut 1,039 feet in 45 minutes. The mill gives me entire satisfaction.
Over 250 Fire Proof Champion Engines sold in 2 years. Only perfect Threshing Engine in the world.
Address for full particulars,
W. H. Olive, Agent, St. John, N. B. or Waterous Engine Works Co. Brantford, Canada

Birthday Cards.

Felt Hats, Fur Hats,
WOOL HATS.

NEW SPRING GOODS
NOW OPENING
—AT—
Commercial House.
W. B. HOWARD.
March 22nd, 1883.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time." $55 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make pay all the time, write for particulars to H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

Manchester, Robertson, & Allison,
IMPORTERS OF
DRY GOODS,
AND
MILLINERY
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
MANUFACTURERS OF
SHIRTS OF ALL KINDS.
7 & 29 KING STREET SAINT JOHN.

PROVISIONS
—AND—
GROCERIES.
IN STORE AND TO ARRIVE:
260 Brls. Heavy Mess Pork.
300 Tubs and Kegs Lard.
200 " Dairy Butter.
600 Boxes Rich Yellow Cheese.
1 Car Flour.
1 " Oatmeal.
1 " H. P. White Beans.
1 " Pot Barley.
1 " Sugar.
500 Packages Teas (Different Grades).
75 " Tobacco.
50 Brls. D. Apples.
1 Car Evaporated Apples.
1200 Boxes V. Raisins.
650 " London Layer and Lose Muscatel Raisins
350 Cases Canned Goods.
100 Sacks Rice.
100 Kegs B Soda
250 Qls Codfish.
Ginger, Mustard, C. Tartar, etc.
FOR SALE BY
C. M. BOTTWICK & Co.
7 WATER STREET, ST. JOHN

NEW GOODS!
Cases Mens Hats,
CASES
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
BALES
GREY COTTONS.
JUST RECEIVED:
First Instalment of a Lot of
200 HALF CHESTS TEA,
(Exceptional Value.)
TO ARRIVE:
Per "British Queen,"
4000 Sacks Coarse
SALT.
WILLIAM MURRAY.
Chatham, April 4th, 1883.

LATHE FOR SALE.
A power Lathe with back motion in good order.
J. B. SNOWBALL.