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W. C. ANSLOW

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Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, October 17, 1888.

WHOLE No. 1093.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9TH, '88.

OPEN TO-DAY.

Ladies' Jersey Cloth, Double width, in Black, Brown's and Navy.
Heavy Black Serge for Dresses.
Fancy Plaids.
Black Astrakans and Ulster Cloths.
A very Large Assortment of Ribbons.
Fancy Wool Goods.

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Wool do. do.
Ladies' Helmet do.
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Boys' Soft Felt Hats.

AT
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October 9, 1888.

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Real Estate & Fire Insurance Agent.
CLAIMS collected in all parts of the Dominion.
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L. J. TWEEDIE,
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AT LAW.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
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J. D. PHINNEY,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
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RICHMOND, N. B.
Office: COURT HOUSE SQUARE,
May 4, 1888.

O. J. MACGILLIVRAY, M.A., M.D.,
M.D., B.S., C.M., 1880.
SPECIALIST.
DISEASES OF EYE, EAR & THROAT.
Office: Church and Main St., Montreal.
Montreal, Nov. 12, '88.

Dr. DESMOND,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence UNION HOTEL, New
castle, N. B.
Newcastle, June 4th, 1888.

GEO. STABLES,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
Goods of all kinds handled on Commission and consignment. Town and Country. A satisfactory manner.
Newcastle, Aug. 11, '88.

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St. John, May 6, 1887.

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(Formerly WILSON'S N.B.)
BATHURST, N. B.
THOS. F. KEARY, Proprietor.
This House has been entirely refitted and re-furnished throughout. Stage connects with all trains. In every respect with the Hotel. Yachting facilities. Some of the best trout and salmon pools within eight miles. Excellent and at low rates for meals. Also, R. B. Porter & Son's Bathing. Good Sample Rooms for commercial men.
TERMS \$1.50 per day; with Sample Rooms \$1.75.
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Princess and 143 Germain Street.
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Considerable outlay has been made on the house to make it a first-class Hotel and travel agency. It is a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of Steamboat Landing and Telegraph and Post Office.
The proprietor returns thanks to the Public for the encouragement given him in the past and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

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For Commercial Travellers and Dealers on the coast.
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To Stockholders of the
Pure Wool Knitting Yarns

Our Fall stock of
Pure Wool Knitting Yarns
are now ready for delivery.
If you desire to order, please send your orders with remittance and price.
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WILLIS, MOY & CO.
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For sale at a bargain, a large
BASE BURNER,
for Soft Coal, Style
"OHIO,"
suitable for a Hall or large Dining Room. Also
only two seasons. Also a
Model Parlor Stove,
in good order.
For particulars apply at the "Advocate"
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situated in Richibucto, Kent County, N. B.
Stock and Fixings
complete, including Soda Fountain, Good
Glasses for one who understands the business,
as it is the only registered Drug Store in town.
Apply to
R. L. BOTSFOED,
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For SUMMER and FALL.

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CHEAP CASH STORE.
New Prints, Flannels, Fancy Velveteens and
Lace Curtains, extraordinarily Cheap, Fancy
Flannels and Wool Shawls.
Moltons, Moltons.
New Dress Goods, Embroideries, Kid and Silk
Gloves, also Blankets, Yarns, Hosiery,
Plaid and Checked Wines, Ladies' Socks,
Wool Underwear, a large assortment of Men's
Top Shirts, Shirts and Drawers, Boots and
Shoes, Crochery and
Staple Groceries.
A few pieces of Mantle and Ulster Cloths.
Thos. Clark & Co.
Newcastle, Aug. 14, '88.

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for Infants and Children.

"Castor A" is well adapted to children that
I recommend it as superior to any prescription
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Is desired and admired by all. Among the things which may best be done to enhance personal beauty is the daily use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. No matter what the color of the hair, this preparation gives it a lustre and pliancy that adds greatly to its charm. Should the hair be thin, harsh, dry, or turning gray, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore the color, bring out a new growth, and render the old soft and shiny. For keeping the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, there is no better preparation in the market.

"I am free to confess that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor has convinced me that it is a genuine article. It has not only caused the hair of my wife and daughter to be

Abundant and Glossy,
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"My hair was coming out (without any assistance from my wife, either). I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, using only one bottle, and I now have as fine a head of hair as any one could wish for."
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"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."
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—Mabel C. Hardy, Delmar, Ill.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
(Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.)

"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."
Is an old proverb and if followed out through life much time, money and suffering may be prevented. A Cough or Cold neglected often leads to Consumption, which is a disease cured in a few days had the proper remedy been used. Don't delay, delays are dangerous. Secure at once a bottle of

ESTEY'S
Cod Liver Oil Cream.
It will cure a cough or cold quicker than anything else you can use.
Dr. E. L. Botsford, Richibucto, N. B., writes as follows: "I have prescribed and sold over eleven dozen of Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream. I have had better results from its use than any other preparation of the kind that I ever used. Ask your druggist for ESTEY'S COD LIVER OIL CREAM. Take no other. Price, 50c. 6 bottles, \$2.50. Prepared only by E. M. ESTEY, Pharmacist, Montreal, N. B."

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your appetite
and your
system being
restored, you
will find that
this is the only
remedy that
will cure you
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Your appetite improved,
your spirits become
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feel and know that every
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ESTEY'S IRON AND QUININE TONIC
Is sold by Druggists everywhere. Be sure
and get the genuine. Price 50 cents, 6 bottles
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New Spring and Summer
MILLINERY.
I have on hand a large and well assorted
stock to which I would call attention of my
customers and the public generally. My stock
comprises—
Ladies' and Children's Trimmed and Un-
trimmed Hats and Bonnets in all the new and
leading shapes.
Shawls and Changeable Silks, Satins, Gapes,
Ribbons, Fashions, and Flowers; Crape and
Mourning Flowers, Fancy Trimmings, Hair
Cherries in Silk and Linen, Children's Collars,
Bibs, Old Lady's Dress Caps, Lace Flouncings
and Hamburgs, and a variety of other articles.
All orders promptly attended to.
MRS. J. DEMERS.
Newcastle, April 16, 1888.

Selected Literature.

NAT.

"Ye're uncle's sudden death must have been a great shock," she observed coldly.
"Yes," he said; "it was a great shock; but 'twas a grader shock to find out all in a sudden what he'd up and been an' gone an' done, an' that I was to be married in a fortnight."

His eye flashed at the recollection, then softened strangely.

"Gawd knows," he went on, "he carried matters wid a high hand. But it's all turned out for the best, an' I'm more satisfied, an' only wishes 'twas to-morrow we weddin' day; 'tis proud an' happy I'd be."

"An' whatever has med ye up an' change yer mind all iv a sudden?" she asked with an indifferent laugh.

"Sure I've seen ye, Eliza Jane," he said somewhat sadly.

She laughed considerably. "I dunno what that have to say to it," she said, "but ye're a queer one."

"An' ye're," said Nat, "before this day fornaight we'll be man an' wife."

His sudden rage, the severity of his voice, the contempt in his eyes, had its due effect; the girl flushed violently, and ceased to laugh.

"Fain, I believe, she said slowly, after a pause, 'as ye've been an' gone an' tuk me for the cousin Eliza Jane's niece, I niver struck me whin ye called me Eliza Jane as ye cud suppose for wad."

With a few swift strokes she sent the boat into the left bank, and in another moment the wretched Nat was following her up the narrow path to the farmhouse.

His suspense appeared more intolerable than ever under the shock of the strangely bitter disappointment he had just sustained.

As he entered the hall Elizabeth Judge said, with all the calmness of profound indifference—

"Eliza Jane Scarlet is waiting for ye in the red parlor; here is th' dure."

CHAPTER IV.
ELIZA JANE SCARLET.

The red parlor was a small square room to the left of the hall with dark red walls and a sanded eastern floor.

There was a sofa in the southern window with a very high back and a red cover.

Some chairs of dark oak with high backs were ranged at decent intervals round the walls.

In the centre of the room stood an old oak table, on which Elizabeth had arranged some books of her own—she had a passion for reading—and on which she had placed an old china bowl filled with fine carnations, rose-colored, sulphur and close.

In the old brass fender she had placed a many-blossomed plant of scarlet geranium, flanked on either side by a tall fern.

In the full glare of summer light, by the uncurtained window near the porch, stood Eliza Jane Scarlet, waiting for Nat.

It was difficult to believe that she was only thirty, so faded she was and wan. Her hollow complexion had acquired a bluish tint, and her thin fair hair was already grey.

Her pale blue eyes were large and prominent and showed an abnormal amount of white, or rather, to be strictly accurate, of yellow, and the pupils were almost invisible. Indeed, she had always had weak sight. She was tall and thin to emaciation. Her pale hands were narrow, and her fingers limp and long.

She was really one of those extremely respectable and suffering women whose lives it is always painful to contemplate. Naturally indolent, there had been in her life no necessity for hard work, and though she had not had any regular illness, she had never known what it was to be strong; nor had she ever known what it was to be glad or to enjoy or to minister in any way to the enjoyment of others.

As Nat came forward and stood for some time talking at the window he gradually understood all these things. His usual quiet penetration—which had been the cause of much of his distaste for women, and which is so rare in men where the softer sex is concerned—had become sharpened into extraordinary acuteness. Since he had arrived in Glenelg a few months before, he seemed to have become endowed with half-a-dozen new senses. He saw more clearly; he thought more profoundly; he reasoned more accurately and faster; and, alas! he felt more, infinitely more acutely, than would have seemed possible, under any circumstances, a week before.

As he stood by the window he felt confused by the rush of new thoughts, thoughts deep and beautiful, thoughts new and fresh, thoughts miserable and despairing.

"I didn't go down to the river to meet ye," said Eliza Jane, as they sat down on the red sofa; "because why? I seldom goes out. Indeed, I thought ye'd look th' row up wid Elizabeth, as yer uncle mentioned in wan iv his letters; we were foud iv th' wather, an' a grade rower, an' swimmer, an' diver. We wanst had a wather-dog called Diver."

"Me uncle's house is on th' borders iv a lake," said Nat.

"It's yer house now, any way," she said. "I'm sure I was niver more surprised n'r whin I read yer uncle's last letter. I'd giv up all klay iv marriage. Indeed, I said to me muther at the time as I didn't feel equal to th' duties iv married life, an' she thin an' there flew into th' most tremendous passion. She's a very warm-timpered woman, Nat, an' that's th' thruth. Oh, Nat, iv ye only heerd harel' an' Mrs. Crashman fightin'!"

Nelly Revel th' fishwoman in Glenelg is make an' moid to 'em. I do declare, she added, 'here's me muther's step down th' passage. She was a hansom girl, I believe; but she's a big woman now, Nat, an' a noisy woman."

This information was very unnecessary, for Mrs. Scarlet immediately entered the room, and began to talk to Nat in a loud, metallic voice. She was tall, stout and fair, though probably over sixty years old. Her complexion was white and pink, her features still handsome, though devoid of all refinement and intellectual charm such as rendered the fine countenance of Eliza Jane Judge so remarkable. She wore a grey linen gown and an enormous blue check cotton apron.

"How are ye, Nathaniel?" she said. "Ye're more bhojful loike nor I expect. Ye're uncle said ye were thirty ye's last birthday."

Nat wished they would not quote his uncle's letters.

"I was sorry for th' pore man's sudden death," Mrs. Scarlet continued, "in the midst iv life we are in death." "Tis seldom ye hears iv a man gettin' his neck broke in that aisy gait manner jist be a fall from th' back iv a horse. But," she said, "I'm sure ye're hungry."

"Not very," he answered.

"Elizabeth has yer dinner ready in th' kitchen. She left it ready on th' table afore ye got out to feed the fowls. I have a hundred head iv fowl altogether, Nat."

pot into blue delf cups with willow patterns. Elizabeth sat at the foot and cut great squares of house-made bread. Nat sat at one side with the indolent Eliza Jane, who appeared to have little appetite.

The conversation was not general; no one spoke except Mrs. Scarlet, and though Nat said nothing, he thought the more.

He saw that Elizabeth's were the strong and capable hands that made up for every one's deficiencies; that Garret Owen and Margaret Hamlin the maid—a giddy girl of sixteen—made it a rule not to perform any duty whatever unless Elizabeth's eyes were upon them; that Mrs. Scarlet was a politician and a violent partisan; and that she was extremely religious, and had a tenacious memory for texts, which she had an unfortunate habit of quoting inappositely on every possible or impossible occasion; that she had innumerable homely proverbs at her fingers' ends, and grotesque sayings of all sorts, which she described as—canta; that, extraordinary to relate, maternal pride was her strongest passion.

Just as the tea was nearly over, she said to her daughter, "Well, thank Gawd, there's no chance iv thin Crashmans this afternoon, any way."

"Perhaps the irony of fate caused Garret Owen to rush at that moment to the window and to roar: 'Thin Crashmans is jist come up to th' front porch, an' Maggotamlin is gone to let 'em in.'"

Elizabeth turned pale.

Eliza Jane fixed a pale glare full of inscrutable meaning upon Nat.

Mrs. Scarlet half rose, then sank into her seat and wrung her large hands.

"Thin Crashmans after all," she gasped. "Th' Lord save us an' purtick us. I see 'tall! Gloriana Grashman have come on a voyage iv discovery, an' to make fierce law to Nathaniel Scarlet, jist to vex an' worry dear Eliza Jane."

Nat did not receive this alarming and delicately conveyed intelligence with indifference; he flushed. Having hitherto carefully avoided female society, he was not unaccustomed to such personalities.

In a moment, however, the Crashmans appeared.

Mrs. Crashman was a small little woman with black eyes and hair. She wore a straight black gown and thin black cap. Her daughter Gloriana was tall and had an extremely high color and rather bold features.

"We come," said Mrs. Crashman, "to inquire for dear Eliza Jane Judge, an' to offer our warmest congratulations on her sudden engagement to wan Nathaniel Scarlet, a northern farmer. This is th' young man, I s'pose, and she pointed at Nat.

"Eliza Jane Judge," repeated Mrs. Scarlet, violently. "Oh! to hear th' terrible suggestions Mrs. Crashman do be makin' iv malice. She knows as well as I know, Nat, that it's me daughter an' not me niece as ye're engaged to."

Nat was silent and flushed again.

"Surely ye're not in earnest," remonstrated Mrs. Crashman. "Surely 'tain't pore Eliza Jane as is goin' to be married at this time iv day. She's not equal to th' cares iv married life, not but what she's a wacker creature still, long an' thin. Sure, whin he stood up jist now to hand aroun' th' griddle bread it struck me as he was givin' at the knees!"

"Givin' at the knees!" repeated Mrs. Scarlet furiously. "He's no sich a thing as givin' at the knees. How dar ye, Mrs. Crashman, iv ye was twenty times a frin' an' naybour, up an' cheek ye're bethers! Gawd knows th' Scarlets is far afore th' Crashmans any day."

"I'll have ye to know, Mrs. Crashman," drawled Eliza Jane with some dignity, "that Nathaniel Scarlet is engaged to me, an' niver wanst thought iv pore Elizabeth or as much as knew that there was sich a person in existence."

Here Nat could scarce repress a groan. His gentleness and bland despair appealed to Elizabeth's pity.

Mrs. Crashman ran a cunning eye over him again and again.

"He haven't a moind at aise," she snapped, "or my name aint Anastasia Crashman! Look, look, Mrs. Scarlet, at his color accumin' an' agoin'!"

"Be thankful, Anastasia," said Mrs. Scarlet, with much dignity, "that ye're daughter's color aint agoin' an' accumin'; that it's a permanent job! I do declare, she added innocently, "Gloriana's gettin' th' elderly spread. She's far all the world loike a big bastin' red paony, full-blown."

"Gloxy, darlin'," said Mrs. Crashman, tenderly, "do take another cup iv tay. Gawd knows ye needs support in th' company iv frinds an' naybours."

"Young man, I'll trouble ye," she gave her daughter's cup to Nat, who presented it to Mrs. Scarlet.

As he returned it to Gloriana, the unfortunate Nathaniel received a smile and glance that covered him with confusion. His dismay became, if possible, greater than ever when Mrs. Scarlet jeered—

"There's ye's an' teeth fur ye, Nat. She bares th' wan an' flares th' other."

Oh, hush, an' hush! I'm ordered Elizabeth.

Eliza Jane glared at Nat with pale sympathy.

"Her poor father whin he named her Gloriana, little bethought him iv th' cruel

insults she'd receive," said Mrs. Crashman. "He med a grade mistake, ma'am," said her friend; "Gloriana's th' name. It's a broad-faced, full-blown, starin' flower wid a velvet bloom upon it. I never denyed as Gloxy have a fine complexion."

"It's more nor pore Eliza Jane have," snapped Mrs. Crashman.

"She's makin' a fine marriage, any way," said Mrs. Scarlet.

"Oh, to think," wailed her friend, "iv th' grand matches Gloxy cut of med!"

Times an' agin I've gone an' me binned knees to her to take this mon an' that!"

"Be all accounts," drawled Eliza Jane, "this man an' that pled her very false."

"Dear Gloriana," said Mrs. Scarlet, "I often felt fur yer disappointments, an' said to dear Eliza Jane, it was sich a pity that ye're arrar niver hit th' goold. I gle loights in archery whin it's successful."

At this moment various influences combined to overthrow Gloriana Crashman's self-control. She burst into noisy tears, and was tenderly led from the scene by Mrs. Crashman.

Nat Scarlet also seemed singularly ill at ease, and in a few minutes sprang to his feet with a violent and profane exclamation. He hastily left the house and rushed down the narrow path to the river.

He asked himself was he going mad? Would the horrid voices of those old women ring forever in his ears? What did this life, which he had been wont to regard as a solemn prelude to a lifetime of joy or sorrow, really mean?

Had his past life been a dream from which he had just been awakened, and to what? Not to dream of Eliza Jane's pale eyes, surely.

He threw himself on the ground with a groan. Then he lit his pipe and smoked and dreamed of what might have been; and after a time, he became increasingly soothed by the sweet solitude around him; the ripple of the water against the bank; the rustle of the water through the sedge; the steady glint of the grey river, and the silence of the deep woods at the other side, where not even a wood-pigeon was cooing.

No one disturbed him until the sunset and the evening shadows deepened into night.

CHAPTER VI.
DREAMING.

The weather continued fine for a few days with fresh southerly winds, drifting clouds, and hot sunshine. In the air there was a fragrant freshness, a subtle sense of promise fulfilled. In Glenelg the autumn comes early and lingering, and the beginning of autumn there seemed already advanced.

Nat Scarlet spent most of his time on the river rowing himself about in Elizabeth's boat. He looked ill and careworn, and seldom spoke. His taciturnity, however, offended no one. Eliza Jane knew that her marriage would be entirely a business transaction, and she did not expect Nat to make love to her. She was selfish and unsympathetic to a degree. Her own physical sensations bounded, as it were, her mental horizon, and she could never soar above them. It did not occur to her that Nat was ill or unhappy.

Elizabeth alone understood him and measured with accurate eye the full extent of his carefully concealed admiration for herself. She saw little of him, however, and never spoke of him to her cousin Eliza Jane. She busied herself with careful preparations for the wedding, which, it was arranged, should take place on the 10th of August.

Cold and reserved to an exceptional degree, Elizabeth had apparently no power whatever of expressing her thoughts in words, and perhaps this was fortunate—for she thought of everything. She was positively afflicted with an acutely logical and penetrating mind that recklessly suggested unto itself all sorts of impossible problems.

She was a striking contrast to Mrs. Scarlet, who was the victim of a restless energy which bore no useful results—her days were spent in rushing aimlessly hither and thither, and in screaming, with many profane and ridiculous exclamations, contradictory orders to Margaret Hamlin and Garret Owen.

There was now a comparatively idle time on the farm before the beginning of harvest, and each day's simple routine was the same. The family, with the exception of Eliza Jane, rose between five and six o'clock. They breakfasted in the kitchen at eight, dined there at one, had tea at five, and oatmeal porridge for supper at nine o'clock.

Sunday, his first Sunday at Glenelg, appeared to Nat the saddest day he had ever spent, though he did not know that before it was over it would be the most eventful.

In the morning he drove into Glenelg to church with Mrs. Scarlet and Eliza Jane. The early hours of the afternoon he was obliged to spend with Eliza Jane sitting by the river.

Finally he proposed that he should row her up to the big lake after tea. She said she would like the row, and suggested that Elizabeth should join them and take an oar. This the latter

consented to do. However, at the last moment, just as they were about to start, Eliza Jane changed her mind, and insisted on returning home on the plea of a headache, brought on suddenly by the glare of the sun on the water, and finally Nat and Elizabeth started alone.

Nat, who was a famous oar, rowed; Elizabeth sat at the stern, and steered.

She wore a scarlet wollen Tann o' Shanter cap, knitted by herself, and her striped cotton gown pinned up as usual over her red petticoat. It was a gloomy evening in spite of the occasional bursts of sunshine, and the brilliant color of her dress and of her eyes contrasted with the background of sullen sky and water.

Nat threw off his coat and hat, and rowed in his white shirt, red necktie, and bright "Nankin" colored corduroy trousers, the latter very wide in the legs.

"I usually take Garretown to row," said Elizabeth coldly. "He's fond iv th' wather."

"Fond iv th' wather indeed!" said Nat scornfully. "He's a dom' young ruffian; that's what he is. Iv a man was after him he'd break his head; but he plays an' ye, Elizabeth."

"He