

A Woman's Venture.

The moment that Tessie stepped over the sitting-room threshold, she had a conviction that she was interrupting a conversation of which she was the unfortunate subject. Who shall analyze and describe that mysterious warning whereby we know we are breathing air laden with calumnies of ourselves? To the victim, it only remains to assume unconsciousness.

Tessie laid her bundles upon the table, spoke a few necessary words in regard to her morning's shopping, and turned to leave the room.

"Did you go to the post office? Where there no letters?"

"No, except one for myself, aunt Lettie."

Some dim ideas as to what the woman sitting in judgment upon her would say to this admission, brought a faint pink flush into the young girl's face.

"Oh!" Such a word of meaning in the monosyllable! "Well, I want you to take baby outdoors. He has been fretting so. I expected you half an hour ago."

It might have softened the heart of a confirmed bachelor, let alone a mother, to behold how the tiny morsel of humanity kicked out its little red shoes, and flattered its chubby hands, in a vain attempt to fly to the girl, and then to note the soft, silent pressure of her ripe lips on the cheeks. Ah me! What a pity we lose the memory of our babyhood!

Then the backbiting recommenced.

"Do you suppose she receives letters from him yet?" asked the lady visitor, when the door was shut on the victim.

"How can I tell? It would be just like her."

"She was perfectly infatuated about him. It stands to reason he was only amusing himself with her, or he would not have gone off and married some one else."

"Exactly. It is perfectly sickening, the way she carries herself. When I attempted to speak to her about it—to win her confidence, you know—she said, in that mis-ah way of hers, 'If you please, aunt, I would rather not talk about it. At least not just yet.'"

"To shunt you up in that way! When you have brought her up, and given her all her advantages, too!"

"Just so. The other day I happened to go into her room, and the stand-drawer was open, and her journal was there. I just picked it up. I wanted to see what her state of mind was."

"Only your duty."

"Of all the stuff I ever read, that was the worst. Complaints of her dependence, forsooth!"

"You don't tell me so!"

"Yes; and a long string of bosh about her loneliness, and her ungenial surroundings, and her utter wretchedness."

"Well, I never heard of such ingratitude. However, Mrs. Jamieson, you will have your reward for the kindness so thoughtlessly received—rising, and shaking out her skirts."

"'Virtue is its own reward,' Mrs. Elliot."

"Well, I always declared you were an example to the rest of us, and now I have proved it. Good-by, dear."

Good-by. Come again soon."

I do not know whether or not Tessie's ears tingled while her crude, immature character was thus dissected. She had a suspicion, strong as a conviction, that the two women, with their cold, searching eyes, and their sharp tongues, were enjoying themselves by conceiving and uttering all manner of slanders against her. Of course, they were discussing her unhappy love, jeering at her rejection of affection, exulting at her disappointment, and deriding her unhappiness.

Oh, how she hated them. She had been so happy in loving, and believing herself beloved, that she had never dreamed her passion could cause her such keen mortification, such hot shame. The burning tears of regret, loneliness, and self-contempt stood thick in her eyes.

She felt for her handkerchief, found her morning's letter in her pocket, dried her eyes, and began to read. It was a missive from an old schoolmate, now in London, full of all the happy, nonsensical chatter of girlhood. The writer was going to be married, and Tessie must come and be her bridesmaid. Did Tessie remember Hazel in "Fool Play"? Well, the lover was exactly like Hazel. Oh, if only all girls could be so sure of their lovers! Then, bottom-side upward on the lower margin of the last page, the happy, thoughtless writer had scribbled the little postscript:

"And so Louis Gale is married! To an heiress too. Another lover gone from you, Tessie. I am afraid you are a sad bird!"

Tessie let fall the letter. The fresh, sweet wind was rippling all the high grass and clovertops, and rustling the tall, leafy trees. Butterflies, bronze and black, yellow and brown, were fluttering idly past and away; shrill-voiced insects were whirling in the grass, in the distance the glittering lake crinkled and rippled, with great white-winged vessels sailing slowly by, and bearing fortune-tellers to happier spots, away from all this misery. It was too much to bear.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sobbed wretched Tessie; "I wish I were dead!"

Just at this moment the baby opened his mouth, and lifted up his voice with such energy that she was comforted face was rapidly brought to the color of his shoes. He had been enjoying the scene with all the wonderful gravity and dignity of babyhood, when an over-laden bee had stopped to rest on baby's white dress.

Filled with the most honest and affectionate sentiments towards this beautiful creature in black and gold, baby extended one pink, chubby hand to "poor" it. The time when the child should be marvelously familiar with asp and cockatrice not being arrived, this attempt was premature, and the result disastrous.

Tessie was filled with horror at her criminal neglect of her precious charge. She bore him shrieking into the house. They were received at the door by the distracted mother.

"What is the matter? How did you hurt him? Oh, I know he's killed!"

With the baby yelling like a steam-

whistle, there was, to say the least, something illogical in this assertion. The little hurt had having been cared for, and the baby quieted down to a calmness that admitted of refreshment, Tessie offered an explanation of the unfortunate occurrence, which was received in dead silence.

The perfect ignoring of herself, her words, her actions, during continued for a week, Tessie found it even harder work than usual to approach her aunt on the subject of her own wishes. However, she stammered out somehow her desire to attend her friend's wedding.

"Of course, it will be as your uncle thinks best; I have nothing to say about your coming or going," coldly remarked her aunt.

Then she kept her husband annoyed during the whole evening, relating, at great length, Tessie's faults, her ingratitude, her extravagance, and general worthlessness. He replied not a word, but he kept on ruminating over the subject in the morning, while his face was in the bath, and the water in his hand, his patience gave way.

"Good gracious!" he broke out; "what, in mercy's name, do you mean to give me no peace when the girl is here, and when she proposes to go, you won't hear of it. It's my opinion you give me no peace as a pretext for fault-finding."

It must be confessed that this modern job, with his patience and his turn of mind, was a very unpleasant object to view.

"She never spoke so to me before," sobbed the injured wife to Mrs. Elliot at their next interview. "I want to do my duty by the girl, but I really think she will break up the family."

Before she consummated that villainous, however, Tessie was away on her trip. Her husband being an ingenuously little spirit with her needle, had mended and reconstructed, and refurbished, and gone away with a light heart, a light trunk, and a not overburdened purse; and greatly to her aunt's chagrin, had made no application for the increasing of her wardrobe.

"I hope I shall never need it," she said, laughingly to the bride-elect.

"If there was only something you could do to be independent."

"If I had a word of meaning in this little world I drove myself into such a train of thought, and I have been in the train of thought ever since I started. Then my trunk went wandering at its own sweet will, and I received from the isolated human being at the junction station a note that it should be sent after me. The engine broke down half-way here, and we waited eight hours. I asked the news-boy for something to read, say a novel. He turned himself about, and started the stillness of the station-ary train.

"Sally, Bill! I want to know if you have a novel of trollope."

"Whereupon everybody turned and stared at me. I heartily wished I had never learned to read."

"When the relay engine came puffing up, the first thing visible was my trunk, the label being the cynosure of hundreds of weary, impatient eyes."

"Presently the door of the waiting-room opened."

"Close coming down for Miss Tessie Ardson!" shouted the man.

"I thought I would rather lose that trunk than my own possession. Then a man came along, scrutinizing each passenger. Chatham Passengers wishing to return from the Junction by the same train may obtain Tickets for the trip both ways at one fare."

Tickets for the Chatham Railway are sold at the Junction Station as well as at Chatham. The fare and all passengers are required to procure them before going on the train. Tickets not so provided with Tickets will be charged extra.

"All right."

"Yes, it's come, Miss Tessie Ardson, all right."

"At this time I felt very hot, and seemed to have ears, for every whisper and titter, and eyes even for the grins behind me."

"Well, never mind. That's all past," said her friend laughing, and giving her a loving embrace. They were out in the garden, strolling in the twilight with their arms about each other's waist."

"Well, now, let us think. You cannot do plain sewing. Without a machine you could not make enough to keep a canary in seed. You are not strong enough for a shop-girl. Oh, dear! There must be something you can do."

"In afraid I'm like a grasshopper. All he could do was to dance. When it was no longer dancing-time, he starved."

"Sure enough. You were always a beautiful dancer. Tessie, you might support yourself that way."

"No, not that. Why couldn't you teach dancing? Have a class of little children. Why, Tessie!—warning me of the danger of a shop-girl. Oh, dear! I could get you a class of little girls in a day."

"But, a dancing-mistress!"

"But, a dependent."

"All the have service years to come flashed before Tessie's prophetic soul."

"I am determined to earn my living somehow. I shall feel like an organ grinder's monkey, dancing for coppers; but no matter. It is all I can do, and it is respectable."

"So it was settled; and before the bride left on her wedding-trip she had the satisfaction of seeing Tessie preside over the capers of some twenty juvenile. Our little heroine sighed and smiled as she sealed and directed the home letter that told of her new life."

"Poor aunt!" she said, thinking of her aunt's tongue.

"The first few feet were light, it was not always so with the heart of the little dancing-mistress. Ah me! The little income had so many great outgoes. There was the hall rent, and the light, and the fiddler, and the omnibus fare, even before the money was in her pocket. But she smiled and chattered, and wore bright knots of ribbon, and cleaned her own gloves, and nobody suspected it was as hard a life as it was."

But the sharpest pang came when she drilled the stupid little chits by the same times and through the same figures which, when she whirled in Louis Gale's arms, had been a little heaven below."

The winter was ended, and the spring melted into summer, and now that the warm summer evenings preceded dancing, our helpless little dancer began to feel a quaking at her heart, as week by week, the meagre contents of her purse grew smaller and smaller. She tried to find plain sewing. No one wanted a woman without a machine. Oh, if only she could go out and sell papers or vend apples.

One day her landlady came into the room where Tessie sat vacantly staring out of the window. She had been to the city a day or two before, and vainly used all her strength in endeavoring to find a position as shop-girl. Women who keep body and soul together by "keeping lodgers" are generally too hard pressed themselves to have much time to waste in sympathy for others. Tessie's gentleness, poverty and grief had, however, touched the callous heart of the landlady.

"Look here!" she said, handing her a slip of paper. "I've got some friends in Leamington, who always send me the money for their summer and winter linen. The tradesmen allow me a small percentage on the amount, and I dare-

say, my friends would do the same, though I never asked it. Now, if you like, I'll make this bit of business over to you. At least, it will cover your expenses here."

So the end of it was that this order led to others. Tessie solicited and advertised, being keen at seeing an opening, soon had a flourishing little agency for the purchase of ladies' and children's outfits.

There was one enterprising young merchant in Birmingham who labored under the delusion that "T. Ardson" was a gentleman; and so, in his letters, embodied that individual by suffixing an "Esq." to her name, and addressing her as "Dear Sir."

All of which Tessie bore good-humoredly, and never resented the impudence of a man. In fact, a woman's rights convention would have flamed her as a noisily meek.

When, however, this young merchant changed to come to London, and call at Ardson's office, he was nearly petrified between astonishment and mortification. After that, it was wonderful how often business called him there. On one of his visits, not finding the pretty little agent in, he left his order. Tessie, coming in a few minutes after, found a demand, in well-known hand writing, "for a wife, young, pretty, small, and with a genius for business."

"All right. Will come down to see about it."

Answer from London: "Only a sample to be had. Very small one."

Edinburgh: "How high does it come?"

London: "About four feet five inches."

Birmingham: "I'll take it. It will rise on my hands."

Ten days after, when the door opened, the Tessie found her new husband to the level of a brown mustache, six feet from the floor, she concluded matrimonial task had risen, indeed.

Travelers' Column.

Chatham Branch Railway.

WINTER 1879-80.

On and after Monday, November 17th, Trains will run on the Chatham Branch Railway, in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, daily.

GOING SOUTH.

GOING NORTH.

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Law, etc.

Sheriff's Sale.

To be sold at Public Auction, on Thursday 21st day of Feb., at 11 o'clock, in front of the Registry Office, in New Brunswick, between the hours of 12 noon, and 4 o'clock, p.m.

All the right title and interest of Jeremiah Casey, in and to all that piece of land, situated in the Parish of St. John, in the County of Northumberland, known as the upper half of the lot of land, granted to George Platt, Northernly by the southwest corner of the original parcel, and known as the David Mott property, being the parcel land covered by W. L. Stuart to the said Jeremiah Casey and Patrick Casey, junior, by deed dated 18th March, A. D. 1868, and being the land and premises upon which the said Jeremiah Casey at present resides, containing 150 acres more or less.

Also all the right title and interest of Timothy McCarthy, in and to all that piece, parcel or lot of land, situated in and being on the southern side of the Parish of St. John, in the County of Northumberland, known as the Queen's Highway or Great Road, leading from the Southern side of the said Parish, to the lands owned by Michael Maher, Easterly by lands owned by Crown Lands, being the lands and premises upon which the said Timothy McCarthy at present resides, containing 200 acres more or less.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court of the Province of New Brunswick, in favor of Alexander Ritchie, against the said Timothy McCarthy and Jeremiah Casey, by Sheriff John Sherriff, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1880.

Sheriff's Office, JOHN SHERRIFF, Sheriff, Northumberland County, January 5, A. D. 1880.

Sheriff's Sale.

CHATHAM BRANCH RAILWAY.

To be sold at Public Auction on SATURDAY, 27th FEBRUARY, DAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT.

At the Chatham Branch Railway Station, Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, between the hours of 12 noon, and 4 o'clock, p.m.

All the right title, title, interest, claim and demand, in and to all that piece of land, situated in the Parish of St. John, in the County of Northumberland, known as the Queen's Highway or Great Road, leading from the Southern side of the said Parish, to the lands owned by Michael Maher, Easterly by lands owned by Crown Lands, being the lands and premises upon which the said Timothy McCarthy at present resides, containing 200 acres more or less.

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GENERAL BUSINESS.

LATE ARRIVALS

AT J. B. SNOWBALL'S, CHATHAM.

JUST RECEIVED.

PER R. M. STEAMER, VIA HALIFAX:

150 PIECES—

NEW STYLISH PRINTS,

5 Bales UNBLEACHED COTTONS, (various grades.) 1 Bale "HORRICKSES" CELEBRATED LONG CLOTHS, 8-4, 9-4 & 10-4, Bleached COTTON SHEETINGS, (twilled and plain.) 45 inch PILLOW COTTONS,

SCARLET AND WHITE FLANNELS,

NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, LACE LAMBREQUINS, (FOR TOP OF WINDOWS),

Curtain Damasks, Curtain Repps, (WITH TRIMMINGS TO MATCH)

BEST ENGLISH FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,

1 Case Ladies' English Walking Hats (Novelties and cheap.) Children's Sun Hats, Misses' Leghorn Hats, (pretty shapes.) New Flowers, New Mantles,

Gingham, Alpaca, and Silk Umbrellas,

CORSETS,

A LARGE LOT OF—

LADIES' SILK NECK SCARFS,

LADIES' LACE NECK SCARFS,

New Neck Frillings, Bonnet Repps,

GENTS' LINEN COLLARS,

BRIDS, PEARL BUTTONS, PINS, &c.

P. S.—Balance of Spring Stock expected about the 15th inst!

CHATHAM, May 5, 79.

ARGYLE HOUSE,

CHATHAM, MAY 1879.

NOW IN STOCK, \$25,000 WORTH

OF—

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

CHANGE OF TARIFF.

Purchasers are respectfully invited to examine a FULL and COMPLETE STOCK at the LOWEST PRICES ever offered in the market.

IN WAREHOUSE,

SUGAR, TEA,

TOBACCO, MOLASSES,

FISH, FLOUR,

MEAL, PORK,

Parties in want of the above will consult their own interests by enquiring prices before making their purchases.

ON WHARF, A LOT OF—

DRY PINE, IN ONE AND TWO INCH.

Builders and others requiring lumber had better secure what they want before shipping.

WILLIAM MURRAY.

MAY, 1879.

Fish for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale—

MANUFACTURERS, BUILDERS, &C.

MIRAMICHI Foundry Company,

CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.

H. A. MUIRHEAD, Manager.

J. M. RUDDOCK, Mechanical Superintendent.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS

Gang and Rotary Saw Mills, Gang Edgers and Shingle Machines.

We have the sole right to manufacture

Pond's Wisconsin Patent Rotary Saw Carriage.

capable of doing the work of a gang, with 4 men less

Wilkinson's Celebrated Saw Grinder,

Ship & Mill Castings, of all kinds—Brass or Iron.

Presses and Dies for Felt or Metal Cans.

Marine and Stationary Engines and Boilers of all sizes.

Country & House Building—a variety of patterns.

Ploughs in variety. TRESHING MACHINES three different patterns.

As we have every facility for turning out work usually done in a first class Foundry and Machine Shop, parties requiring the same, for Mills, Steamboats, Factories, &c., are invited to send us before purchasing elsewhere.

Chatham, Jan. 9th, 1880.

REMINGTON FIRE ARMS

Received Two Gold Medals at the Paris Exposition 1878.

THE BEST SCORE ON RECORD

MADE WITH A

REMINGTON CREEDMOOR RIFLE,

—45—

Columbia Range, Washington, D. C., Oct. 1st, 1878, by Mr. Partridge.

224 Out of a Possible 225.