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VOL. 13.--NO. 26. SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1882. WHOLE NO. 649.

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THE SIGNOR AMERICAN.

CONTINUED.

Giulio glanced at the doors, and then drawing near to Berry, said in a whisper: "No, it is a great lie; it was the count who said that, and he swore dr—r—r—eadfully—I'm quite frightened! He is a grand villain, this count, and he bullies the signorina; her maid, Ninna, told me last night. But I tell you, sir, Ninna can be a great hypocrite! She also bullies the signorina one-half the time, to please the count, and not be sent away, and cries her eyes out the other half, and prays to the Madonna because she has to be so wicked. Ninna loves the signorina, but the count thinks she is a tiger. Ah!"

A step was heard in the passage and at the door, and Giulio again spoke in his ordinary tone. "It is as I tell you, sir," the signorina says, "tell the Signor American that she cares not for flowers, and when she does Count Barbensi will bring them."

Molina contradicted and denounced Giulio as a blundering pig, sent him from the room and begged that Berry would pay no attention to what had been reported.

"Though the count is peculiar, I know it is the pig's mistake," said Molina, weeping the direst of tears. "You must know that I rented the whole of my hotel to the count, as he wished to feel as though he was at home. But, ah, sir! you came and charmed me, too; I could deny you nothing. I told the count that you were my particular friend—such a friend that always I make you so charge; and he growled much but believed me. Now I shall be ruined if we do not say that Giulio is a blundering pig. I pray you will not refuse me!"

Berry had no desire to be ousted from the Europe, which Molina vowed the count could insist upon for cause; so he said nothing further about the flowers being returned, though mentally resolving various rash projects of revenge.

As Berry went to his room that night, he saw the maid Ninno approaching along the passage. It was the second time he had seen her, the first being an occasion when she had blundered into his dining-room. She was a rather coarse-looking woman of an awkward gait, always appearing with a great ugly hood slouched over her head, though to no loss to the lovers of the beautiful. When Berry and she had nearly met, he slackened his space to have a better look at her. She hesitated, and without turning her head, said in a not unpleasant voice: "Signorina Bianca wishes to thank you for your beautiful flowers; it was very kind in you to send them, and she begs that you will not charge her with the rude message with which they were returned."

Assure the signorina that I did not for a moment; and that if I can ever do her a service, she has but to command me," said Berry gallantly, as Ninna hastily moved away.

III.

Giulio, as Berry learned to know him better, proved far from stupid when safe out of ear-shot of Molina, and as he and Ninna became acquainted, had always some new bit of revelation in regard to Bianca, until the situation was pretty well understood.

Count Barbensi had been left several years before the sole guardian of Bianca and her considerable wealth; and being a powerful though needy person, he had recently made violent love to his ward, with an eye to her fortune. A gentle repulse instead of reminding him of his sacred trust, had only caused him to unmask his true character; and having persuaded Bianca to leave her native city of Ferrara, ostensibly to visit the baths of Lucca, he had brought her to Pisa, away from all knowledge of her friends. Once in the hotel of Molina, a creature of the count's, though he loved anyone's gold, and in the care of Ninna, a supposed willing tool, the count had given Bianca to either favorable consider his suit or the alternative of a convent life at Rome, where, from the near-at-hand port of Leghorn, she could be easily taken in a few hours. Whenever she went out of the hotel the count was at her side, and she therefore preferred to remain within doors, where, safe at meals, she could avoid his presence.

"But the other signor, the one she does admire—where is he all the time?" asked Berry of Giulio, trying to make it appear by the tones of his voice that it was a matter of indifference to him if there was a dozen or so.

"Ninna says there is none; but then Signorina Bianca hates the count. Ninna, sir, has a little dagger, long and sharp, and says if it must be she will so!"—tapping Berry lightly but very suggestively on the breast—"but I think she brags; she is afraid of the count."

"The old gray-headed wretch!" said Berry, half to himself. "What a dastardly action, to work upon the fears of a young tender heart!" Then to Giulio, after a pause, "Why dosen't she appeal to your courts? There are laws that certainly will protect her, troubled as the times are.

"Ah! but, my brave sir, who will tell the law? The next morning he would be missing, and perhaps he would be in the Arno, and perhaps he would be in the sea."

"And has she no friends who will dare this much for her?"

Giulio sorrowfully shook his head. "In England, Ninna says, there are many good friends of the Signorina's; but they tell me England is very far from here, and time is passing. The count is a great man; I would not like to be in his way, I tell you, sir, for he will stop at nothing. Ah, I'm afraid there is no help for the Signorina!"

"There is always help for her," said Berry slowly, and with significant determination.

Giulio started back in alarm and amazement, and a dish fell out of his hand, but safely upon the table.

"Excuse me, sir, but I think that you do not know this count; he is like the lion that roars! You have the brave heart, and can fence and shoot well, no doubt—I hear that all of Signor's countrymen shoot very fine—but you cannot see in the dark; and—ah; certainly! it shall be as you command. I wish you well, but shall weep much if my brave gentleman comes to harm."

Berry smiled and held out a gold piece to Giulio, who stood by him with his countenance troubled and his hands clasped.

"No, excuse me, a thousand pardons!" said he, stepping back from the coin. "I do not wish pay twice, as Melina; my pay will be Ninna. I have said, don't cross the count, with my lips; but by heart says, yes, yes—you see, sir, how it is with me."

Giulio, however, was prevailed upon to take the gold, with the understanding that he was to spend it for a trinket for Ninna, who was to be warned for an opportunity to speak with Berry.

It was not a pleasant prospect for Berry to contemplate what had been done by unscrupulons Italians; but from a call of distressed womanhood, even though she had not been young, lovely and free, all the possible daggers of Italy would not have intimidated him. He possessed, as Giulio had said, "the brave heart." The several specimens of the men of Italy whom Berry had become acquainted with at the different cities he had visited rapidly deepened a preconceived and strong aversion to them as a nation, which to Molina, a Frenchman, he chanced to disclose on his first night in Pisa. Molina had at first strongly endeavored to remove this prejudice, and with a persistent zeal that Berry finally told him with considerable warmth was wasted upon him. Molina for some reason was undoubtedly disappointed at his failure, but on the second day, when they exchanged a few words, he admitted with unblushing inconsistency that he, too, really though very lightly of the Signors; and after that he seemed to take a quiet delight in repeating their shortcomings. Berry's instant repugnance to the count, growing each day, and further increased this antipathy.

That evening he had promised himself a stroll to the cathedral, to note the effect of the moonlight upon its pillared facade. As he stood there, thinking on a very different subject from architecture, he noticed the hooded figure of Ninna cross the piazza and pause in the shade of the leaning tower. Berry was not long in joining her, and heard a corroboration, in vehement language, of all that he had learned from Giulio. If he had entertained the slightest doubt of the propriety of throwing down the gauntlet in Bianca's behalf, it would have all vanished before Ninna's passionately tearful tale. Without a moment's delay, he would have rushed off and implored the aid of the law; but Ninna with sound reason persuaded him of the futility of such a step in Bianca's case, particularly at that time. If the count was to be beaten it was at his own game of plotting; once given the alarm, and Bianca would be spirited away to where the count was all-powerful. Berry scribbled a few lines on a leaf of his note-book, offering his poor services in any way that Signorina Vanni might command, and spoke a number of verbal pledges in Ninna's willing ears.

"The fortune of the brave reward you, Signor! We shall now hope," said the joyful Ninna as she turned away.

"None but the brave deserve the fair," floated through Berry's mind, and somehow was mixed up with his dreams that night.

IV.

Berry's ardor was a little dampened for the moment when, on the next morning, there was cautiously handed him this note:

"I am sorry, and should say displeased, that my loving, foolish maid, and simple, honest Giulio have, unknown to me, undertaken to be my advocates, and would win a far more worthy champion to my cause. Though I cannot chide them, my poor friends, yet I must decline to draw you, a compassionate stranger, into an unhappy plot that can but bring trouble, perhaps death, for your reward. I fully appreciate the nobleness of your offer, shall always remember it, and now thank you from my heart most earnestly. Sincerely indebted,

BIANCA VANNI."

Berry was not long in sending an answer to this note, but Ninna expressed herself as being half wild with despair because of her mistress' continued refusal to expose him to any risk; or rather, as he judged from repeated language, she hesitated from utter hopelessness. Ninna implored on her knees, Giulio reported. "And, I say, sir, 'I believe with all my heart that Signor Berry can outwit the count, and get you to your friends in England.'"

He finally prevailed with Ninna to be granted a moment's interview at Molina's in the count's absence, and spoke with the eloquence of a generous-hearted man. His words well became him, yet there seemed to be something in his bearing and speech, however praiseworthy, that apparently surprised, if not startled the poor woman, and she turned toward Ninna with a questioning look.

"As even walls sometimes have ears," said Ninna, sententiously, "and Signor Berry already knows everything; let us act. Signorina, permit me to introduce you to your brother, Signor Berry."

"We should not accept, but cannot refuse your assistance, brave brother," said Bianca, in charming earnestness. There were tears in her eyes as she endeavored to call up a smile when they shook hands, and a moment later she was strongly affected. But as Nina calmed her Berry saw her face light up with hope and courage, and he left their presence with thanks ringing in his ears.

It was running too much danger of a discovery, Nina thought, to hold another interview with Bianca; but through herself there was always a safe communication, and plans were suggested and gradually matured while waiting for a favorable opportunity to execute them. Berry ventured with success to interpolate the words "sister and servant" after his own name in his passport, which all the powers that be were requested to know was an American citizen's.

A most unexpected opportunity offered when the count confided to his supposed zealous jailor, Ninna, that he would be obliged to be away for a few days at Florence, on some political business. In preparation for assisting the plot, Ninna informed Berry that, with her advice, Bianca had seemingly become more gracious toward the count; and when he spoke of his visit to Florence, Ninna urged him to allow them to go for the time to Lucca, as Bianca had so often requested, where she would answer for the consequences.

When the day was fixed for their visit to Lucca, Wednesday, Berry hinted to Molina that he thought of returning to Florence; he pined for the beautiful Signorinas of Florence. On Monday he took a flying visit down to Leghorn, and there engaged three passages in the Valery & Co.'s weekly steamer to Marseilles, that would sail on Thursday evening. Tuesday evening he left Pisa for Florence, and when Molina begged that he would honor him with his hand at parting, he made that double faced publican wince in his grasp. Arriving at Florence, Berry immediately continued on to Lucca by way of Pistoja.

The agreed signal that all was well was the two candles seen burning in an upper window of a small pension on the Via Rozzotorelli, as Berry strolled down that street on Wednesday evening. While at Pisa he had emptied one of his trunks, and Ninna had smuggled many of her mistress' valuables and clothing out of her rooms and packed them in it. Another large box of Bianca's had been carried out of the hotel, ostensibly to be repaired against their return to Pisa; but it was really well filled, and Giulio was to see that a friend of his drove with it in good time to Leghorn.

It was an easy matter for Berry to call in the Via Pozzotorelli on the next morning, and, as an old friend, to invite Bianca to take the air with her maid, and afterward, toward evening, to be standing with his sister and servant at the *douane* at Leghorn. On one spectacled official asking some questions, Bianca must have them explained in English, and Berry translated her words into Italian, not very lucidly, I doubt, as the official quickly craved his distinguished silence and fees. Ungainly Ninna was not given a notice, other than the remark of a porter that Tuscany was well rid of such statuary.

On arriving at Marseilles, to Berry's secret anger his most valuable trunk, together with that box of Bianca's, were found to have been left on shore by the porters at Leghorn. However, the hope was held out that the missing baggage might arrive three days later, on a sailing vessel of the company's leaving Leghorn at a later hour than the steamer's departure.

Ninna, who seemed to be in a consuming state of unrest to have her beloved mistress quickly reach England, then proposed and arranged that they should hurry on to London, while Berry awaited the arrival of the missing baggage to follow. In England all were friends, and they could not too quickly make themselves safe from any pursuit.

After an unusually quick passage the sailing vessel arrived at the end of but two days, and the missing trunks were found on board. Not many hours elapsed after Berry reached Paris from Marseilles before he continued his journey to London which he reached in the evening. He posted a note to Bianca at her hotel, announcing his arrival, and that he would give himself the pleasure of calling upon her in the morning.

With great promptness to the hour he had mentioned Berry called, was shown into the parlor of Bianca's suite of rooms, and there impatiently waited her appearance.

As she entered, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, Berry rose, and was startled by something familiar in his already-challenged rival's face.

"Yes, it is Ninna—my husband," said Bianca, gayly advancing and frankly offering her hand. She had never looked prettier. "But if you had not known the count's disguise, I am sure that you would not now have recognized him."

Berry tried to smile, but having touched her hand and bowed stiffly to the gentleman, he was glad to drop down on a chair.

"My ever-brave, good sir," she said warmly, "you have saved my husband's life, dearer than my own. How can I ever repay you? what can we do for you?"

"Do? Ah! nothing, nothing. I'll assure you," said Berry lightly. Then getting his eyes on his hat, for which he had been looking. "A beautiful day, isn't it? just the season for you to enjoy England."

There was a knock on the door, and as it proved to be a messenger for the countess, she excused herself for a moment.

"Not going?" said Count C——, as Berry aroused himself and immediately rose. "Stay and go dine with us at Richmond," and the count went on in his smiling, oily way, expressing his thanks for the obligations they were placed under. Berry afterward recalled that he was induced to reseat himself and listen to something about: "Political secrets betrayed—lose my head if caught—all sea-ports and roads watched—hiding at Pisa in woman's apparel—Signor Berry's appearance—plans suggested by wife's father, bald-headed count—Molina, Giulio, all assisted bravely, but nothing could have been accomplished without Signor Berry—very glad letter was satisfactory—must take dinner with them, and be forever as one of the family."

Berry must have declined the dinner, as late in the evening he found himself wandering about St. James' square; and concluding from his weary feeling that he must have walked miles, he drove to his hotel.

The letter alluded to was one that had missed Berry at Marseilles, but was found forwarded on his return to his hotel. The count had thought well to write, and explain that his wife, Bianca, knew nothing of the story that had moved Berry's indignation, nor of Berry's ignorance of what was hidden under Ninna's hood. "We were apprehensive, my father-in-law and I, that as your dislike to us signors was so great, you could not be induced to risk your life to save the life of one of us, and our first idea to confide all in you was abandoned. But we early saw that we had done you a great injustice, my brave sir, in doubting your sympathy, a very great injustice, indeed; yet what then could we do?"

It was a pleasure for Berry to know that Bianca was innocent of any deception; but he soon left London to escape the kindnesses that she, seconded by her husband, was anxious to pay him.

Only last week Berry, who is still numbered among us batchelors, suddenly and without an apparent reason announced that his health—never better in his life—required him to seek a mild climate, such as Italy's, and he posted off without seeing more than half a dozen of his friends. Whether or not Count C——, who did not again enter public life, is sleeping with his fathers, and Berry had learned as much, I have not been able to determine, though availing myself of every source where such a question might be answered.

—A good story is told of Modjeska, now playing in Boston, by an English correspondent of a Washington paper. It appears she was recently asked in a fashionable London drawing-room to give a recitation in her native tongue. At first she was unwilling to comply, declaring that the recitation could scarcely be interesting, as nobody in the room was supposed to know Polish. Yielding to the importunities of those around her, she commenced a Polish recitation. As she proceeded her eyes seemed to flash fire, and her audience was almost spellbound by her impassioned delivery. They could, of course, only imagine what she was saying, but they presumed she was uttering the aspiration of her countrymen for freedom and denouncing the oppressors of Poland. When the recitation was finished, the most enthusiastic plaudits rewarded Mme. Modjeska's efforts. It looked rather suspicious, however, to see her husband and two or three Polish friends in fits of laughter, as the company made their way out of the room. It was then explained she had been only reciting the ordinal numbers from 1 to 100.

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From the Evansville Argus.

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"Is that your field of corn over there?"

"Wal, I calkilate I'll freeze onto a right smart sheer of it. I'm working the piece on sheers."

"Looks like a fine crop."

"It does."

"I presume you are figuring on great prosperity in future, such immense crops indicating plenty for all."

"Prosperity? Stranger, that hain't no name fur the cyclone that's agein' to hit this settlement atween the eyes this season. A tornado mout come jist now an' land every durned bit o' grain in the country over into Tennessee, and yit the smiles o' contentment 'd never shift off'n our faces!"

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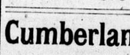

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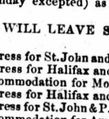

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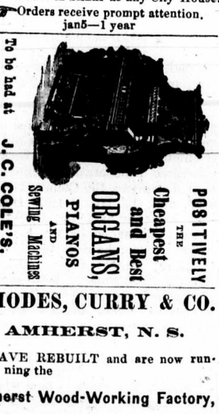

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Excelsior Force Pump.
Cheapest! Most Useful!
WATERING GARDENS, WASHING WINDOWS, CARRIAGES, &c.
Handy Fire Extinguisher!
Price $2 Only.
BLAIR ESTABROOKS,
Sole Agent for Dorchester, Sackville, Westmorland and Botsford.
Goes Off Like Hot Cakes!
aug16-tf

THE PETERS COMBINATION
LOCK COMPANY,
MONCTON, N. B.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Builders' Hardware
—AND—
SHELF HARDWARE,
FROM
Brass, Bronze, and Iron,
INCLUDING
LOCKS, KNOBS, HINGES, LATCHES, SASH FASTENERS, CUPBOARD LATCHES & BOLTS, DOOR BELLS, DOOR SPRINGS, PLATES, &c., &c., &c.
BRASS CASTINGS and Manufacture in all kinds of BRASS GOODS solicited.
Electro, Nickle, Gold and Silver Plating.
Bronzing, Lacquering, and Japaning, of all kinds solicited.
Old Forks, Spoons, Table Service, Harness Mounting, &c., replated. Particular attention given to special orders.
Moncton, Dec. 29, 1880. jan6

Fish. Fish.
JUST RECEIVED:
60 bbls. Prime Split C. B. Herring.
1 ton Dry Codfish.
The Herring are a first class article. The Codfish are good and dry. Come and inspect them for yourself. Codfish, 6 cents per lb.
Sackville, Sept. 27, 1882. JAMES R. AYER. tf

Travellers Column.

Cumberland Hotel,
PARRSBORO', N. S.
TWENTY yards from Railway Station. Sample rooms. Livery stable.
sept7 THOS. MAHONEY.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1882 SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1882

ON and after MONDAY, the 3rd July, the Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

WILL LEAVE SACKVILLE:

Express for St. John and Quebec, 12.12 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 4.00 a. m.
Accommodation for Moncton, . 8.48 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.04 p. m.
Express for St. John & P. du Chene 2.12 p. m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill.....3.54 p. m.

WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER:

Express for St. John and Quebec, 12.36 a.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 3.35 a. m.
Accommodation for Moncton...9.33 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 12.37 p. m.
Express for St. John & P. du Chene, 2.39 p. m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill.....8.10 p. m.

The Express Train from Quebec runs to Halifax and St. John on Sunday morning, and the Express Train from Halifax and St. John runs to Campbellton on Sunday morning.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., June 27th, 1882.

PARTNERSHIP

THE undersigned have entered into Co-partnership as general partners to manufacture and consign goods, under the name and firm of

F. J. HEBERT & CO.

FERDINAND J. HEBERT.
OBELINE HEBERT.
Shediac, N. B., Sept. 15th, 1881.

Snow Shade
Is the Shade that you will Obtain by Washing with
MRS. HEBERT'S
Liquid Blueing
The Best is the Cheapest!
It is the best, because it will not spot the clothes.
It is the best, because it gives a desirable color.
It is the best, because it will not injure the finest fabric.
It is the cheapest, because a can of it contains a half-a-pint.
It is the cheapest, because a can of it will do as much washing as eight boxes of the Pearl Blue.
It is the cheapest, because it shades the clothes, and
MAKES A WRITING INK
which will not corrode the pen.
Keep It Out of the Frost, and Satisfaction Guaranteed.
PUT UP BY
F. J. HEBERT & CO.,
dec29 SHEDIAC, N. B.

DR. FOWLER'S
EXTRACT OF WILD
STRAWBERRY
Cures Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Sea-Sickness and Summer Complaint; also Cholera Infantum, and all Complaints peculiar to children teething, and will be found equally beneficial for adults or children.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
T. MILBURN & CO. Props., Toronto.

MAKE HENS LAY!
AN English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now travelling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powder are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. june21-1y

DIPHTHERIA!
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives, sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me. june21-1y

Cedar Shingles.
1 Car No. 1 Split Cedar Shingles,
For sale low while landing.
june2 JAS. R. AYER.