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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE, CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JANUARY 15, 1880.

Rotels.

KING SQUARE,

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ST. JOHN

2-52

After Many Days.

1

"And your husband has been dead four years?' "Yes, four years." -

Nothing could be lovelier than Angelique Wharton's pale, pensive profile, seen in the twilight. Hubert Knox looked at it earnestly,

and Elsie White, a sadness and vague fear coming over her happy heart, gazed too. She had not known before that Angelique was beautiful; but life at Neptune House seemed to change at Neptune House seemed to change her. Her loose, shadowy hair, and a all the rest. No ! Hubert Knox had not come, and Looking up, they saw leaning in the doorway.

" And it is pleasant at Linden Walks?" asked Knox. "Oh, yes," cried Elsie; "it is beauti-

ful. But Knox continued to look at Mrs. Wharton.

"Elsie has told you," she said, looking up and meeting his eyes. After a moment she rose, sighed heavily, and walked slowly down the expected visit at Linden Walks, he had long verandah.

' My cousin is very handsome-don't you think so?" asked little Elsie, wistfully.

Knox was silent for a moment. 'She is a very handsome woman, no

a gentleman leaped out. doubt. Something in the cool voice cheered Elsie a little. She slipped a warm little to the mirror. Her cheeks were as red hand into her companion's, and he received and held it tenderly.

"Angelique's health is much better than it was at Linden Walks. She is Mr. Hubert Knox. very nervous, and never likes to be alone.

She chattered on merrily now, reassured by that warm handclasp.

"Your cousin is not much like you." "No; it is strange that we are of the same blood, for Angelique is not at all might have discovered that he was

Elsie yielded to the caressing arm She began to look a little bored. and pillowed her young cheek on the "There was a runaway son, not of wrote to me an appeal, begging me to

2 4

Knox has come ?"

Well, there was a large family of us came there visiting, she took me home she spoke to Hubert Knox. But she with her. Linden Walks was lonesome. she said, though Angelique was quite a felt the clasp of his warm hand and stranger to me—I had never seen her looked into his face. until then that summer-I finally consented. Papa was willing. He has four daughters left now."

"And how long have you lived there ?" "Two years this summer."

of Elsie White's circumstances, it was more womanly and less a child. none the less true that they were lovers. But the old, care-free, confiding days Wharton went to London.

frozen upon the trees, and sheathed get you well settled in life. What do every branch and twig with silver. At you say?" the end of this sparkling drive the "I will go home," answered Elsie PARK HOTEL stately gray mansion stood, the draw- faintly. ing-room window clothed with crimson . The gathering twilight hid her pallor silk and frosty lace, between which a and trembling. She could not move to

woman's face looked out. leave the room and her cruel cousin's A cold, covert face, with silken pale presence just then, for the walls were hair and agate-blue eyes-Angelique swimming round and round her. Wharton's. It was Christmas morning. "Mrs. Wharton," said a deep voice, Her guests had all arrived save one- "there is a third party to this little and for that one she cared more than arrangement." Looking up, they saw his tall form

dress of black velvet made her loveliness in her dressing-room little Elsie was "I wish now to be known in my true piling up her chestnut braids with a character," he said, advancing into the heavy heart. What did it matter that room. "Please address me no longer her beautiful rose-pink dinner dress was by my literary name. I am Hubert done, and that she looked like Hebe Wharton, the runaway son of Ismael herself in it? It did not matter if all Wharton ; and madam, to-day my susthe rest of the world cried approval if picions have been verified. My father his blue eyes did not look gratified. did not die by fair means."

Linden Walks. A profuse rain had you know, and I would do my best to

It was nearly twelve o'clock, and "How dare you thus insult me? though she had a letter referring to his cried Angelique, angrily. "I have the proof!" he cried. not arrived. Gradually, as the minutes " Proof!" she faltered. went by, her heart sank in her bosom " Unmistakable he responded.

until it felt like lead. There was a thud upon the velvet Suddenly a rapid wheel ground sharpcarpet. Elsie lay there senseless. ly on the drive. The driver sprang "My little darling !" and Rupert down and opened the carriage door, and Wharton bent over her.

Angelique escaped from the room. Little Elsie turned from the window That night she left Linden Walks In the confusion of finding the misas roses, and they matched so beautitress absent, the next morning, Wharfully the pink silk. She was glad that ton drew Elsie aside. it was done now, for the new comer was "She has gone forever. She has

fled. And this confirms my lelief. He was talking with Angelique in the Idreaded to come to Linden Walks, drawing-room when she came down. which I left six years ago in boyish "And Mr. Israel Wharton had no anger. I should not have come but for

your dear sake. But my father never The words were uttered by Mr. Knox | would have cut me off penniless, Elsie, in a casual manner, but a close observer but for the wiles and plottings of that

woman. She married the old man for intently listening for the lady's reply. his money, and then deprived him of his life by slow insidious poison. He

children ?"

strong breast, all unseen in the star- age. I never saw him, and Mr. Whar- return to his relief, for he suspected the ton did not remember him in his will. truth ; but for some reason the letter light. "How did you come to make her ton did not remember min in his with you tot to the light was never posted. I found it yesterday in the ebony cabinet. Well, Elsie

Elsie was waiting to give her heart she has gone, to save her life, for she at Fern cottage, and, when Angelique time to calm its rapid beating before is a cruel murderess. But she is of your blood; and you shall have a word was at ease and happy as soom as she in this. Shall we let her go ? "The law would have no mercy,

Rupert ?" Yet Elsie was hardly the confiding "None !" child she had been six weeks before. " Pray let her go !" She had received still other hints and

"As you say my little Elsie." warnings from Angelique. But Knox In two days more the mansion of did not understand. He missed her Linden Walks was closed. Elsie White Chatham Branch Railway. Though Hubert Knox knew so little frank glee, and thought she seemed returned to the humbler but safer retreat of Fern Cottage, and Rupert

WINTER 1879-80.

A little tenderness, and the strong, fear-less man had won her heart as the lily is opened by the sunlight. Shows a synthesis of the strong rest of the strong rest





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She was very young--only seventeen history or circumstances. She only pale, half-tint of widowhood. Her knew that she had never feared him, as dinner dress, of azure silk, made her she did most men, and he was kindness alluringly handsome. Constantly Knox and tenderness itself.

ship over him, and yet he had little peer than she-foolish, adoring little whought beyond the happy present. thing ? Did he dream of loving her-She only knew that she loved him, the heiress of Linden Walks? never troubled herself about his "intentions," and let the days go by, never days. Elsie had certain duties to perrealizing that she might be laying up a form, and among them was the superstore of misery.

Afterward she remembered that evening-the white surf rushing up the beach, the rocking and glimmering cold She was in Mr. Knox's chamber next morning, giving the servant some inin the moonlight, the sky piled with structions concerning it, when his foot It was getting late in the season, and the place was less crowded than usual.

but for these two.

feel the strong beating of his heart ed toward her. against her temple By-and-by, Knox looked at his watch.

the verandah. Still in your corner, truants?

"Still in your corner, trand I said Elsie. Everybody is on the beach, and I "No, it is not that." I want to speak to you a moment,' said Mrs. Wharton, for he was turning

He came toward her.

week ; it is the last of September. ebony, with mosaic pictures upon the This much for its past history. Pray come and see us at Linden. Walks." panels. Elsie who had not before known the

lessly for the answer. It came. to London."

Two rosy lips paled and broke apart.

continued Knox.

that time ?" "I intend to."

"Well, then you will need a vacation superscription. It was "Rupert I am to have a dinner party at Christmas," continued Mrs. Wharton, "and should be very glad to have you join us." "Thanks, again."

" But will you not come ? asked the

Knox stood with his head bent down. Suddenly he lifted it, and cast a glance at Elsie's drooping little figure.

murmured.

the room.

without him.

" I will come, I think."

"Well it is an engagement then. I shall expect you. Come, Elsie, it is time for little children to be in bed." "It makes their eyes bright," laughed

Knox, as happy Elsie went away. Angelique's arm was around her as she went up the stairs.

"Dear, are you engaged to Mr. Knox ?" she whispered.

"No," answered truthful Elsie.

"My love, my love, you must be more prudent.' She opened the door of her room.

Elsie followed her with drooping head. "I must warn you, my child. Of

course. Mr. Knox admires you very much ; but men weary of a girl who shows her preference as openly as you do. If you want to marry this Mr. room. Knox-though they say he is pooryou must not follow him about so like a pet kitten. You must not sit at his noticed Mr. Knox's increasing attention Knox would not let me do anything

that was wrong." Angelique laughed merrily.

"You little simpleton ! Well I have You must have a rich husband, Elsie. warned you, and if he tires of you I I have been thinking that for the shall not be to blame. Help me to take present, to relieve the awkwardness of down my hair, Elsie ; I have a dreadful this affair, you would like to go home has b head-ache."

a shadow which she could not dispel. Angelique was so beautiful! No Wharton's wedding dinner took place She never thought to ask him of his longer she wore mourning, and the there, and little Elsie was his bride. There is no link in the chain of railtalked with her. Was he fascinated by

Her young heart held a perfect wor- this mature woman, so much more his He remained at the old mansion four

> vision of the sleeping rooms of the river at Omaha. establishment.

began walking the floor, his hands lock-The long verandah was quite desolated ed behind him, his head bent, evident- forced construction across the then un-

"Elsie, are you here ? "

"Yes. "You said that Linden Walks was a "It is past ten o'clock, little pet. beautiful place," he said, after a mo-Here came a sudden light step along ment, "but I think it a very melancholy place, Elsie."

"Is it because of the time of year ?"

"What is it then ?" "Perhaps I will tell you sometime, the shorter or inside line. It started Elsie. Do you know where the key is its trains last from termini and arrived

to this cabinet?" first. It has ever been the most ac-"Elsie and I go back home next It was an old Louis XIV, cabinet of commodating for the through passenger

The last two or three years, in its "There is a bunch of keys in the roadway, its rail, its equipment, has time of their departure, listened breath- house-keeper's room. I will go and get witnessed the most wonderful change them."

of any road in the east or west. It is "Thanks ! but I am going directly She came back with the string of now the First Class Railroad ; second Sarsaparilla keys, believing that he wanted to ex- to none, the equal, we think the supeamine the quaint structure of the rior, of any which justly entitles it to "I shall be very closely occupied cabinet, But with an impetuous move- the appellation, The Model Railroad. with my new book until Christmas," ment he received them, and applying Gravel Ballast, white oak ties, steel them to the principal doors, unclosed rails, stone culverts, iron bridges, first-"And you will have it finished by aperture after aperture with a ready class engines, coaches that are airy and Suddenly a hidden drawer emptied a elegant for comfort, having Miller letter into his hand. Elsie saw the superscription. It was "Ruport brakes, and attached to each train is one or more of those marrels of splendor, Wharton.' Knox examined it eagerly, seeming the Pullman Fatace from the second sloeps in more the traveller eats and sloeps in more quite unconscious, in his strange eagerluxurious apartments than old world ness, of the wondering eyes of the girl potentates ever dreamed of. The matchbeside him. less track, the scientific equipment, "A message from the dead !" he

has won for this road, for its case and His hands were shaking violently. comfort, that mead of praise the triumph To her amazement he broke the seal, of art in railway travel. Its praises glanced at its contents, and strong from should be ever sung in the far Orient, and especially those near lands that Amazed, puzzled, and half-frighten- owe so much to the continental railioad ed. Elsie hastily locked the cabinet, and the distant occident. that all may know of its well deserving of the pubthe strange transaction. The guests of the previous day still lic's patronage. Quite in place will it remained at Linden Walks. But when be here to say, that that much travelthey assembled at dinner, Mr. Hubert | ed, observant and skilful officer of the United States Army, Major-General Knox was not of their number, and no one knew where he had gone. A ser- Irvin McDowell, in passing over it the vant saw him go down the avenue, but other day, on his way to San Francisco,

he' could not be found in the grounds, and the family were obliged to dine in the family were obliged to dine in Europe or America." The road has additional praises to In the afternoon the remainder of

the guests went away, and Angelique those of its excellence of construction, and Elsie were alone in the drawingthe esprit du corps of its employes lends "I have a delicate matter to explain, a charm in their care, attention and Elsie," said the former. "But it is gentlemanly deportment, which adds best to be frank. You must have noticed Mr. Knox's increasing attention For a year past it was a road with-"There was no one on the verandah," cried Elsie, her cheeks on fire. "Mr. to me. I have reason to believe that he will soon make an offer of marriage; Increasing through travel and immense and I-well, I can afford to marry a way business will soon require a double track--Republican, Dec. 7th, 1878;

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who has for so many years eluded the most accomplished and skilful detectives, has been caught at last in Buffalo, N. Y. to your father's house." read-ache." The frees were sparkling with ize at
the set of the s

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 Chatham.
 Depart, 1. 25 a. m., 0. 35 a. t.

 Chatham Junc'n, Arrive
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All freight for transportation over this road, was the pioneer to coffnect with the Union Pacific Railway; it virtually was that media production over this road, above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery at the Conion Wharf, Chatham, and Jorwardd fr of Truckage, Custom House Entry or other charge in the moonlight, the sky piled with silver-edged clouds, and all along the pale beach people sauntering to and fro.

At first he did not see her. He began walking the floor, his hands lock-ed behind him, his head bent, evident-

ut for these two. Knox was very quiet, yet she could dromy her was be held and he turn-d torwad her was be held and he turn-d torw

for some time as its later day and would-be rivals smilingly put it, "a streak of rust." Yet its history, on a review, shows it to have ever been, as to time

and to absence of accidents, a "Cunard D. T. JOHNSTONE. line" for safety, speed and regularity at terminal arrivals. This may be accounted for from its having less gradients and

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