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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 25. No. 51. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 1, 1900. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.50 a Year, if paid in advance, $1.00.

BUSINESS NOTICE

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B., every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada or the United States (Postage prepaid by the Publisher) at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR. If paid in advance the price is One Dollar.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season, are inserted at eight cents per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and three cents per line for each continuation.

Yearly or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $3.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefore with the publisher.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having its large circulation distributed principally in the counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, N. New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agriculture and presents, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

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IN THE FAR NORTH.

With a bright smile the beautiful Eskimo girl left us to join the merry throng in the ballroom.

"Your daughter is a gay butterfly!" I exclaimed, desiring to be very complimentary.

"For my part, I don't think much of this social life!" replied the mother, with sudden vehemence. "The idea of dancing every night till away along in March, and then lying in bed next day until August 1, or such a matter!"

It was on my tongue to say that these young people had too much latitude, but I checked myself.

HIS THINK.

He thought he thought great thoughts and thought
No other thought a thought;
If others ever thought he thought,
They thought he thought he thought.

BARRIERS SWEPT AWAY

No other moment in the course of a woman's life is fraught with such significance, both in anticipation and retrospection, as the one which contains an offer of marriage. It is probably the basis of civilized society, it is certainly the culminating point of all stories, and the points of scenic arrangement and dramatic effect receive much attention from romance writers. In fact I am free to confess that I had not reached my twentieth birthday without having occasionally dreamed of the hour when Sir Launcelot would come riding down. I even pictured in fancy the gorgeous drawing-room (not our own) or the romantic glen, when a manly voice should repeat nonsense and plead for the boon of my regard. He should plead in right good earnest, too, for it was my privilege to be delightfully cruel once in my life. The girl of the period is much too easily won to be valued. My lover should fully appreciate the worth of my consent, it would be so long withheld.

But in my most improbable fancies I had never imagined the possibility that upon a wild and terrible February night, on the way home from the lecture of a popular humorist, as we clung together and hobbled over the icy pavement, Frank Moore should remark, in his usual terse, practical manner:

"I've been promoted, Kate. I'm junior partner now, and father has given me entire charge of the warehouse. That means a great deal to me now."

"I suppose so," I answered, intent upon balancing myself.

"Yes—hadn't we better take the middle of the street here?—it means enough for two, if she isn't killing extravagant. I shall go east the first of April. Can you get ready to go with me by that time?"

The suddenness of the suggestion and the high wind took my breath, but I was able to answer with great dignity, "No, I think not."

"First of May, then?"

"No, sir."

"Good heavens! You don't mean to say that you won't have me, Katie?"

Why couldn't he call me Katherine, as I made every one else do, and spell it with a K?

"You don't mean to say that you thought I would?"

"Why, no, I—well—yes, I rather thought that you might."

I could not see Fred's face in the Egyptian darkness; the little quiver in his voice I did not notice until I recalled it afterwards. We were both so occupied in keeping our equilibrium that neither could analyze the mental state of the other. We walked on in silence, and I was obliged to depend upon Fred's sustaining arm more than ever. I wondered if he had expected me to be so anxious to take the "trip" with him, that I could accept his loveless, unromantic proposition. How I wished that I could tell him that my heart was another's, but it wasn't, and he knew it. I might have said in calm kindness that we should always be friends as in the past, but he gave me no opportunity. His only further remark being, "What a thundering night!" a striking figurative one, by the way.

And I vowed a vow, in the depth of my injured fancy, that before I said "Yes" to Fred Moore that easy-going young gentleman should literally go down upon his knees in the most approved manner, and tell me that he worshipped the ground I walked upon, and that his only hope of life was in my smile. I meant that he should do it, too. If I was not too lightly won, neither was I to be lightly dropped. He left me at my door with a quiet "Good-night, Katie," and a moment later I heard the great hall-door of the Moore mansion slam with much energy, and then the well-known light appeared in his own room.

Mother looked up as I entered, and asked, "Why didn't Fred come in?"

"I didn't ask him," I returned shortly.

"Don't you think you treat Fred rather—well—childishly for a girl of your age? You are not children any more, and yet you tilt and quarrel as you did ten years ago."

"Fred Moore is the most disagreeable young man in town. He is a perfect bear and I detest him," I exclaimed, unbuttoning my boots with a vigor that sent the buttons flying across the room.

"Katherine!" cried mamma, "you are abusing your most faithful friend. He has been like a brother to you for years. You owe him too much to say any such thing."

"I know he has teased and worried and scolded me as devotedly as the most horrid brother would have done."

"Katherine, you shall not go to that skating rink another night. It makes you nervous and cross all the time. I knew you couldn't stand it."

I vouchsafed no reply, but stretched out my slippered feet to the fire and meditated. We sat in silence for nearly half an hour. At the end of that time there was a ring at the door-bell, and when I opened the door there stood Fred Moore.

A flash of triumph came over me. He had come again. I knew he would. Now he should make love in the most approved manner, and he would, for he looked so grave and resolute. He stepped into the hall, saying, "I came over to give the warning. Rob has just telephoned up to get ready for a flood. The river is on a tear and is rising fast. It will be as bad as it was last year, and perhaps worse."

"But it won't come up to Third street," I said.

It is over Second now, and rising. Front and First are six feet under. It is coming fast. Pull up your carpets, there's no time to lose. I will get help for the piano and heavy things if I can, but there's such a panic, I may not be able to. Hurry now," and he vanished into the darkness.

We tired to think of the most important things to do, but found ourselves with trembling, uncertain haste, doing the least necessary. Fred returned very soon with two or three strong men, and under his quick, business-like directions, preparations were made like magic. The piano was hoisted into wooden chairs, the library taken apart and packed upon the dining-table, the carpets were piled upon these, and the parlor furniture was carried upstairs. Mamma and I busied ourselves in carrying provisions and cooking utensils up to my room, which had a grate, the others being heated by registers. In twenty minutes the cozy sitting-room looked like the debris of a hurricane. Then a thin stream of water came under the front hall-door, for our house was low and old-fashioned. Fred turned to mother on the stairs, saying: "Mother is anxious to have you come over and stay with us until the danger is over. She does not consider it safe for you to stay here alone, especially as you are so delicate, Mrs. Burnett."

Mother was about to accept the invitation, but I answered from the top stair, "Oh, no, we shouldn't think of such a thing. We are perfectly safe here, and we have everything we shall need."

"You will both get sick or lonesome," said Fred, pulling his cap over his eyes, and looking at mamma.

"No, we are accustomed to living alone. You had better come upstairs, mamma, I urged."

She came, reluctantly, up a step or two.

Fred came upon the lower step.

"I shall leave my window open, Mrs. Burnett. It is not over ten feet from yours and if you should want help just make a noise. I shall hear you. Good night."

"We shan't disturb you, my dear boy, we are so much indebted to you already," said mother in her sweet voice. "I shall not try to thank you," and she took both his hands and looked into his face. He blushed like a girl, and dropped his eyes. "Good night; call me if you need help."

When we were alone in the blackness of the night, with the water climbing up the starway and beating against the doors, I could have cried out in my longings for the sufficient presence that had been our reliance for so many years. What would life be to mother and me without Fred Moore?

One foot on the parlor floor stood the water, two feet, three! and the piano began to float; the library was bumping around the dining-room. The current had grown swift in the street and all night long came cries for help from boatmen who were upset by the whirlpool at the corner lamp-post.

We could not sleep, but, like thousands of others, sat by the fire and awaited the worst all that weary Thursday night.

It did not take many of those waiting hours to show that I had loved Fred Moore all my life. A childish terror lest he should die or be drowned or go away before I could see him overcame me.

Higher and higher swept the flood. Another foot would reach the parlor ceiling. The frail old house shivered as the waves beat against it. At last the gray, awful dawn of that February morning revealed the "abomination of desolation" that had been wrought by the angry river. A turbid yellow lake lay between us and the brown tops of the hills—a lake that was navigated by a pitiful fleet of lost houses, homes to which some of the inmates were yet clinging as they swept on to destruction. How long before our home would be swept from its foundation and swept down the river? Mother looked wistfully at the staunch brick walls only twelve feet away, but twelve miles would not have seemed farther then.

She busied herself about breakfast with the calm adaptability of her nature. It was hard to think that she had ever cooked upon anything but a smoky grate, or used a larger table than the toilet stand that she spread with a towel.

Suddenly she gave a cry of alarm, "We forgot the bread, dear."

"Make pancakes, then. I brought up flour," I suggested, in my miserable idleness, as I curled up my hair.

"Did you think of baking powder?"

"No, nor soda."

"What shall we do?"

"Hello," cried a voice. I ran to the window.

"How are you this fine morning? Got plenty to eat?" called Fred from his window.

"O, Fred, we haven't any baking powder, nor bread, and we're hungry."

You shall have some of our biscuits, then; we have a store," and he vanished, reappearing with a tempting plateful of hot rolls.

"Now catch them or starve," he called, as one by one he fired them into my hands with the accuracy of a baseball pitcher.

"Shall call for you to take a walk this morning; don't forget your rubbers, it is damp." This was an example of the execrable jokes that flew back and forth during the day; but they had a mission, for we should have died of pure misery if we hadn't joked. A slow rain fell most of the day, and the river rose several inches before nightfall.

We slept that night from sheer exhaustion, and the next morning looked upon the terrible flood that had wrought such havoc.

Our own hastily-gathered supplies began to fail, and we hailed the news that the Government boat was on its way up the river, and the sufferers would be fed. We had not yet considered ourselves sufferers. Looking out at a sound, we saw Fred shove a long plank from his bay-window to our verandah roof and walk across upon it. Tapping at the window he entered, saying:

"Mrs. Burnett"—all his communications were addressed to mamma now—"father telephoned up from the offices that the relief boat is making such waves that all the lower houses are carried from their foundations we are afraid that yours is not quite safe. You must come over right away. Gather up what you can carry and I will come back for more. Be quick."

We made no resistance this time, but went, mamma first, and I the second trip, trembling over the plank, clinging to the strong arm of our rescuer. How good the Moores had always been to us. When Fred put his arm around me to help me in at the window I wanted to tell him how sorry and ashamed I was for my speech of Thursday night, but he helped me down and hurried back for some of our treasures. The house was rocking plainly now—it swayed with every wave.

"Oh! Fred, Fred, come back; it is not safe," I called. He came to the window in answer to my call.

"Dear old home," moaned mamma. "I was married there, and my children were born and died there, and husband lay in that very room," and she waved her hand in a piteous farewell. I am afraid my own feelings wavered between sentiment and regret for my paintings and my new black silk, just home from the dressmaker's.

Fred stepped out upon the roof with his arms full of goods, and before he could put his foot upon the plank the house gave a lunge and a groan, and, careening upon the side, swept out toward the street. I shut my eyes and screamed, while Mrs. Moore dropped upon her knees in an agony of prayer.

Surely no experience in after life can equal the anguish of the next half hour, and when we saw— How convenient to be limited by facts! I could describe a very graceful scene, as my lover, borne in with dripping locks and pallid face, if left to my fancy. But to say that he paddled up to the window alone, in Mr. Murray's water-trough, and was so completely encased in coating of mud that he was unrecognizable, seemed so ludicrous that our sobs of joy cannot be understood. He disdained our open arms and growled, "You women get out of my room, or I won't get in. Camphor sling be—be condemned. Get out, I'm freezing on the roof."

Then, in addition to having mamma crippled with rheumatism, and Mrs. Moore and her servant girl sick with colds, we knew, in a few hours, that Fred, our rock of help, must go down into the Valley of the Shadow with pneumonia. Soon after his icy bath his fever had risen, and I could hear his hoarse whisper as I passed in the hall. What if she should die with my cruel words yet in his ears! Was it on my account that he lay in danger? "O, my darling! my darling!" I whispered over and over again, and I resolved that I would see him before the worst came.

"O, Kate, is my splendid boy to be taken from me?" cried Mrs. Moore, putting her motherly arm around me.

How could I tell her the truth, that I had dared to throw away that good, true life, when it was offered to poor little me? Three agonizing days followed in which his life hung by a thread, and one night every one else was worn out and I had to be asked to sit by him. How I had longed to do it, and yet when the worn-out mother left at midnight and I stole into the dim room, I trembled from head to foot. There was something awful in the sight of the tall, fine form stretched upon the bed, weak and helpless, the sufficient hands idly moving upon the spread.

He turned his head wearily once or twice. Then the brown eyes opened and looked at me. "Kate!"

"Your mother has gone to get some rest," I explained.

"Poor mother!" After a pause—"Katie, you had better go to bed. I don't need any one here. It is night, isn't it?"

"Let me stay, Fred. I want to take care of you a little, I am so sorry for you."

"Never mind, I'll be all right in a day or two."

"Fred—"

"What is it?"

"I am sorry for what I said the other night."

"That's all right, Katie. Don't worry. I had to speak and you had to answer. It is over now—almost."

Clearly the wooing would not be on Fred's side. He turned his pale face away with a pathetic quiver of the lip and blinking of the eye that wrung my heart. I sat upon the side of the bed and touched the limp hand beside me. The situation was growing desperate. I had not anticipated this, at all.

"But, Fred, I am sorry I answered."

"No, Katie." He spoke with short breath and painfully. "I'm sorry, too, for something, but upon my honor it never occurred to me. I've monopolized you for a long time, and have never given other fellows, better ones, perhaps, a chance to know you, and some of the boys were wild about you, too. And I'm not just the sort of a man you would care for, I see now. Of course, we all know that you could marry anybody. You're the prettiest and sweetest girl in Contreport, and I had no business of taking possession of you without finding out how you liked me. But if you'll forgive—"

"Don't say that! I don't want anybody else. I love you. Dear Fred, I have loved you all my life, truly I have, and if you will only get well—"

"Katie," in a tone of quiet incredulity that sent the hot blood up to the roots of my hair, "I am afraid that your sympathy has made you say something that you will regret some day," and he looked at me eagerly in the dim light.

"O, you are cruel to make me say so much. You know that I have loved you always. I couldn't live without you."

I hid my burning face in my hands, but he took them in his and looked at me steadily, although I could feel the quivering of his fingers.

"O, my love, is that true? My blessed little girl at last!"

He closed his eyes for a moment, and then said, as he laid my hands upon his forehead, "Would you mind kissing me, dear, just for once?"

When he fell asleep, soon after, I watched for the dawn in a reaction of happiness as great as the sorrow of the past few days had been. Every care seemed to roll from my heart, and I knew that while Fred lived they could never return.

When Mrs. Moore came in the early morning, I tried to slip away, but Fred caught my dress and then my hand.

"Mother, Katie, will take care of me now. You have done your part."

"But, my dear boy, it will not be—"

"I know it, and you can send for the minister as soon as you like. I guess you won't object then to her sitting by me."

"Well, well, I've always expected it, but it does seem a little sudden. Why didn't you settle it all before this flood and we could have had a reception and everything else—but now—the parlor paper is ruined—and, oh, dear, I can't think of it all. But you are sick, and sick folks must be humored."

My trousseau consisted of a cashmere wrapper that I wore and a white apron, but Fred said we would be select and we shouldn't have over a hundred. At about noon that day Mr. Moore and Bob paddled up from the warehouse where they had watched their goods, and the clergyman having already arrived in a boat, the little party gathered round the bed as I sat upon the edge and was pronounced a wife, while the river played a wedding march outside.

I cannot tell the joy of ministering to my husband's comfort, as he watched me with such loving eyes.

"Ah, Katie!" he whispered. "I have dreamed of this day for twelve years."

"And we were only engaged twelve hours."

What a fairy castle we built during his convalescence, as the river went down and left us in a sea of mud, a foot thick on the very floors, and our windows framed such a scene as Noah must have recognized could he return to look.

The more dreadful the situation outside became as the mud froze and plaster and chimneys fell, the brighter grew our picture for the future. For those days brought a new Fred, lacking the brusqueness of the old, and with such a kindness in his tone, and such love in his eyes, that I hardly knew him. When the springtime came we built the home we had planned, upon the site of the lost one, and mother was reconciled, and thought the dainty Queen Ann cottage almost as nice as the weather-beaten gables of the old house.

Already two summers have flown since the flood, but the water marks can yet be traced all over the valley. Will they last while the happiness they brought us lives?

When it was my turn to go down into the Valley of the Shadow, it was Fred's strong, tender arm that held me back. It was his beloved voice that gave me courage, and in the solemn midnight vigils, when he would trust my life in no other hands but his own, I read the depths of his brave heart, and knew that a marriage bond was knit which neither time nor eternity could sever.

I look up from my paper and ask, "Why weren't you as nice before you were married as you are now?"

A twinkle shines in the brown eyes as he says: "Because I had a theory that people did too much courting in their best clothes. I meant that you should marry the worst of me and learn the best afterward. So I didn't buy you with compliments and presents and nonsense—and was mittened for my pains! It was the flood that helped me.

THE FLY BURIED THE SPIDER.

"While strolling about in my garden the other day I was very much interested in the clever and almost human manner in which a large but ordinary house fly buried a dead spider," said a naturalist recently. "The fly, bearing the lifeless body of the spider in its feet, flew down on a patch of bare sandy soil and laid its load down within a few feet of where I was standing. It then went about 18 inches in another direction from where I stood, and from where it had alighted, and commenced digging a hole in the ground. My curiosity was excited and I stopped to watch the insect at work.

"Well, after the fly had the hole dug half the length of himself he went to where he had left the spider, and apparently took its dimensions. After going back to the hole he found it was not big enough and began digging again. After taking out a quantity of earth he once more went to the spider and again took its measurement. He did this eight times and as often enlarged the hole. When the busy little fellow had the hole too deep for him to throw the earth clear out he would go on the bank and force it back with his feet. At last when he had the excavation large enough for his purpose he went for the spider and brought it to the grave, for such it proved to be, and dragged it to the mouth of the hole. After he had the body in he covered it with fine earth first and finished by placing a tiny piece of cinder on the top. When he had finished the work he flew away, having completed the burial in exactly forty-five minutes by my watch."

STILL HE CAUGHT CUSTOMERS.

A well known portrait painter was not always the receiver of such handsome honorariums as are now paid him for his portraits. Time was when he lived in a common lodging house, at an altitude of no less than seven stories. Necessity is the mother of invention, but how to induce a discriminating public to climb seven pair of stairs?

He put up a placard in the basement of the house, "Portraits taken here. Only ten francs. Studio on the third floor."

When the would be purchaser had arrived at the studio designated he found himself confronted by a placard, "Ten franc portraits. The studio has been removed to the fifth floor."

After much puffing and panting the fifth floor was reached, where a new bill met the inquiring eye, "Ten franc portraits. The studio has, owing to rebuilding of the premises, been temporarily removed to the seventh floor."

Having suffered so much the victim did not mind suffering once more, and the aspiring artist got another customer.

WHEN THE REAL WORK BEGINS.

Of course as woman became more independent it was more difficult to win her.

In these days, said the rough, a man has to work for a bride.

True, replied the benedict, but not so hard as he has to work for a wife when the preliminary task is finished.

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THE BUFFALO MOTH.

In Europe the insect is not especially noted as a household pest, and we are inclined to think that this is owing to the fact that carpets are but little used. In fact, we believe that only where carpets are extensively used are the conditions favorable for the great increase of the insect. Carpets once put down are seldom taken up for a year, and in the meantime the insect developes uninterruptedly. Where polished floors and rugs are used the rugs are often taken up and beaten, and in the same way woollens and furs are never allowed to remain undisturbed for an entire year. It is a well-known fact that the carpet habit is a bad one from other points of view, and there is little doubt that if carpets were more generally discarded the "buffalo bug" would cease to be the pest that it is to-day.

There is no easy way to keep the carpet pet beetle in check. When it has once taken possession of a house nothing but the most thorough and long-continued measures will eradicate it. The practice of annual house-cleaning, so often carelessly and hurriedly performed, is peculiarly favorable to the development of the insect. Two housecleanings would be better than one, and if but one it would be better to undertake it at midsummer than at any other season of the year. Where convenience or conservatism demands an adherence to the old custom, however, we have simply to insist upon extreme thoroughness and a slight variation in the customary methods. The rooms should be attended to one or two at a time. The carpets should be taken up, thoroughly beaten, sprayed out of doors with benzine, and allowed to air for several hours. The rooms themselves should be thoroughly swept and dusted, the floors washed down with hot water, the cracks carefully cleaned out, and kerosene or benzine poured into the cracks and sprayed under the baseboards. The extreme inflammability of benzine, and even its vapor when confined, should be remembered, and fire carefully guarded against. Where the floors are poorly constructed and the cracks are wide it will be a good idea to fill the cracks with plaster of Paris in a liquid state; this will afterwards set and lessen the number of harboring places for the inspect. Before relaying the carpet tarred roofing paper should be laid upon the floor, at least around the edges, but preferably over the entire surface, and when the carpet is relaid it will be well to tack it rather lightly, so that it can be occasionally lifted at the edges and examined for the presence of the insect. Later in the season, if such an examination shows the insect to have made its appearance, a good though somewhat laborious remedy consists in laying a damp cloth smoothly over the suspected spot of the carpet and ironing it with a hot iron. The steam thus generated will pass through the carpet and kill the insects immediately beneath it.

These strenuous measures if persisted in are the only hope of the good housekeeper, as long as the system of heavy carpets covering the entire floor surface is adhered to. Good housekeepers are conservative people, but we expect eventually to see a more general adoption of the rug or square carpet, which may at all times be examined and treated if found necessary. Where the floors are bad the practice of laying straw mattings under the rugs produces a sightly appearance, and, while not as cleanly as a bare floor, affords still fewer harboring places for this insect.

We are in receipt of the following inquiry; Dear editor—our cow has gone dry, do you think we could sell her for dried beef? if so, whear?