

# The Gleamer.

JAS. H. CROCKET, Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1884.

VOL. I, NO. 96.

**Professional Cards.**  
**GREGORY & BLAIR,**  
 Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,  
 NOTARIES PUBLIC,  
 FREDERICTON.  
 GEO. F. GREGORY. ANDREW G. BLAIR.  
 Fredericton, March 28th, 1883.

**J. H. BARRY,**  
 BARRISTER-AT-LAW,  
 CONVEYANCER, &c.  
 OFFICE—FISHER'S BUILDING, (op. stairs),  
 FREDERICTON.  
 December 12, 1883.

**J. M. O'BRIEN**  
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
 Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.  
 AND  
 LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.  
 CLAIMS PROMPTLY COLLECTED.  
 OFFICE: NEAR CORNER HORN, WATER STREET,  
 BATHURST, N. B.  
 Bathurst, Nov. 21st, 1883.—1 yr.

**Business Cards.**  
**F. St. John Bliss**  
 LAND SURVEYOR  
 Fredericton, N. B.  
 Residence, corner of St. John and Brunswick  
 Streets.  
 Fredericton, July 8th—3 m

**QUEEN HOTEL,**  
 Fredericton, N. B.  
**J. A. Edwards,**  
 PROPRIETOR.  
 FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION.  
 ALSO—  
 A FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.  
 Coaches at trains and boats.  
 Aug. 25, 1882.

**JAMES C FAIREY,**  
 Auctioneer & Commission Agent,  
 Newcastle, Miramichi.

**Michael Donohue,**  
**BLACKSMITH,**  
 HARVEY STATION, York Co.  
 Wagon Work, Sled Shoeing, Horse Shoeing, Etc.  
 Promptly done at moderate rates.  
 Feb. 2, 1883.

**R SUTHERLAND, Jr.**  
 MANUFACTURER OF  
 SCHOOL DESKS,  
 SCHOOL FURNITURE,  
 CHURCH FURNITURE,  
 OFFICE FURNITURE.  
 Merit Books and Cards used in Public Schools,  
 and authorized by the Board of Education,  
 Price \$2.00.  
 All orders by mail will receive prompt attention,  
 General Repairing and Jobbing promptly attended  
 to.

**QUEEN STREET,**  
 Fredericton - - N. B.  
**Hand Bags,**  
**WISP HOLDERS,**  
**Wall Pockets,**  
**JUST OPENED AND SELLING**  
**CHEAP FOR CASH, AT**  
**G. W. Schleyer's**  
 Fancy Goods Store,  
 OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL,  
 Fredericton, Oct. 22, 1884.

**FRUIT JARS:**  
 Self-Sealing FRUIT JARS  
 In 4 sizes, at  
**LEMONT'S VARIETY STORE**  
 Nails, &c.  
 100 KEYS Cat Nails, 1 case Acme Skates,  
 1 case Empire Skates, 1 bl. pure Codfish Oil,  
 1 case Sheet Zinc, 1 case Sheet Steel, 12 pair  
 1 bl. 1 Hinges, assorted sizes; 1 case Wrought  
 Iron Hubs, Chest Hinges, Hinges and Staples.  
 By Last Steamer.  
 R. CHESTNUT & SONS,  
 Nov. 25, 1884

**D. BREEZE**  
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**GROCCER,**  
 Wine and Spirit  
 Merchant,  
 No. 1 KING SQUARE,  
 SAINT JOHN, - - N. B.  
 Saint John, N. B., Aug. 25, 1882.

**"NONPAREIL"**  
**Billiard Hall!**  
 SHARKEY'S BUILDING,  
 OPP OFFICERS' BARRACKS, QUEEN ST.,  
 FREDERICTON, N. B.  
**I. E. FOSTER,** Proprietor

THIS HALL has been newly fitted up and  
 handsomely furnished, and for room, light,  
 ventilation and neatness, compares most favorably  
 with any Billiard Hall in the Dominion. The Billiard  
 and Pool Tables are pronounced by players to be  
 superior to any now in use in this Province.  
 They are the BRILLIANT NOVELTY, size, 41 x 9  
 feet.  
 The main object in the construction of the Brilliant  
 Novelty, and the one most noticeable, is that  
 it embodies all the more salient and most important  
 features that have rendered popular all the other  
 styles of tables. The Brilliant Novelty has all the ad-  
 vantages and good points, including the respective  
 inlays claimed by the "Nonpareil" and "Exposi-  
 tion" Novelty, and "Assault" tables. The Brilliant  
 Novelty is a happy combination  
 of all those celebrated tables, and has rapidly taken  
 the foremost place in the estimation of all players  
 of Billiard and Pool Tables. The "Novelty" is dis-  
 tinguished and handsomely inlaid in many different  
 colors, made up from California Laurel, hard Ash,  
 French Walnut, Birds Eye Maple, Mahogany,  
 Rose Wood, Tulip Wood and Ebony. It is sup-  
 plied with the finest Vermont Slabbed bed, Sinoan  
 cloth, and a first-class outfit of everything neces-  
 sary.  
 A call is respectfully solicited from lovers  
 of the game.  
 Boys under sixteen not allowed in the  
 Hall.  
 Temperance drinks of all kinds, Cigars, etc.

**T. E. FOSTER,**  
 Proprietor.  
**JULY 8th.**  
**Jeremiah Harrison & Co**  
 SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
 OFFER  
 BARBADOS and EASTERN TRINIDAD Grocery  
 MOLASSES and REFINED SUGARS, all  
 brands, at greatly reduced prices;  
 FLOUR all qualities; Tilbury and Rockwood  
 Out Meal; New England A Corn Meal; Mess  
 Pork, Clearbacks Pork; Lard; Tallow; Tobacco;  
 Pined Apples, etc.  
 At lowest wholesale prices for cash or approved  
 bills, and a first-class outfit of everything neces-  
 sary.  
 All goods sold by us guaranteed as represented.  
 North Market Wharf and Portland  
 Bridge.  
 June 28th.

**FALL 1884**  
**Fred B. Edgcombe**  
 NOW OPEN  
**65 CASES**  
 New and Fashionable Staple and  
 Fancy  
**Dry Goods**  
 Consisting of the latest produc-  
 tions of the  
**HOME & FOREIGN MARKETS.**  
**PRICES LOW.**  
 More goods to arrive by coming  
 steamers.  
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
**FRED. B. EDGECOMBE,**  
 Queen St., Fredericton.  
 Branch—St. Mary's Ferry.

**Shovels. Shovels.**  
 BY RAIL FROM BOSTON.  
 6 DOZEN RAILROAD SHOVELS just to  
 hand, and 12 dozen more to arrive.  
 Pick Mattocks, Railroad Spiking Manis,  
 and Pick Pointed Mattocks, daily expected.  
 R. CHESTNUT & SONS,  
 Fredericton, Aug. 20

**Organs! Organs!**  
 THE DOHERTY ORGANS take the big  
 buzz. The prettiest and the best  
 music for the money. Call and examine or write  
 for prices to.  
 LEMONT & SONS,  
 Fredericton, Nov. 5, 1884.

**BLOCKS.**  
 12 SETS PAT. BLOCKS:  
 Common Blocks;  
 15 Bbls Portland Cement;  
 20 " Rosendale Cement;  
 3 " Calumet Plaster;  
 1000 Feet Wrought Iron Pipe, 7 inch;  
 1000 " Mattocks for Railway Work;  
 4 Doz Pick Axes for Railway Work;  
 1 Case Mixed Putty; 40 Boxes Horse Nails;  
 10 Boxes Wrought Iron Nails;  
 3 Boxes Wrought Iron Washers;  
 30 Keap Horse Shoes 30 keap more daily  
 expected;  
 6 Rolls Leather Belting.  
 Just Received and for Sale by  
**R CHESTNUT & SONS.**  
 Fredericton, Oct. 1st, 1884.

**30th APRIL, 1884.**  
 Just Received by  
**ELY PERKINS,**  
 HALF BLS. HERRINGS,  
 ALSO:  
 CODFISH, OATMEAL,  
 RICE, RAISINS,  
 TEA, SUGARS, &c.  
**FOR SALE LOW.**  
 Fredericton, April 30th, 1884.

THE NEW ADVERTISEMENT OF  
**Jas. D. Fowler,**  
 WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER,  
 Will appear in the next issue.

**CHOICE CLARET,**  
 ETC., ETC.  
 Just Landing:  
**50 Cases**  
**CHOICE CLARET**  
**100 Barrels**  
**Bass Ale,**  
 QUARTS AND PINTS.  
**100 Barrels**  
**Guinness' Porter,**  
 QUARTS AND PINTS.  
**100 Cases Burke's Irish Whisky**  
 Quarts, Pints and Half Pints.  
 FOR SALE LOW BY  
**LEE & LOGAN,**  
 SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
**NOV. 1884.**  
**LANDING:**  
**Dried Apples!**  
 NEW CROP.  
 Very Cheap—Wholesale.  
**JEREMIAH HARRISON & Co.,**  
 11 and 22, North Wharf,  
 SAINT JOHN, - - N. B.  
 Nov. 25, 1884.

**WHEELBARROWS.**  
 WHEELBARROWS, Pickaxes, Mattocks,  
 Sledges, Handhammers, Drills, Poles, Pow-  
 der, Steel in quantities, square and round  
 on hand. Also—Shovels, round and square points,  
 lines and steel, both steel and iron, as low  
 as any other house in the city.  
 July 23.  
 R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

**HOT AIR FURNACES!**  
 AND—  
**REGISTERS**  
 Always in stock. Furnaces fitted up in the most  
 thorough and workman-like manner.  
**J. & J. O'BRIEN.**  
**Varnish. Varnish.**  
 JUST TO HAND.  
 1 Case Young's Rolling Varnish;  
 1 case Crown and Anchor Rolling Varnish;  
 Finishing Varnish;  
 Wearing Body Varnish;  
 Black Jacon; Pure Shellac;  
 Pure White Lead in 12 lb. tins.  
 (Z. K. EVERETT)  
 Aug. 21.

**A. LIMERICK & Co**  
 GAS FITTERS,  
 Plumbers, Tin Plate and  
 Sheet Iron Workers,  
 Dealers in Stoves &c.  
 Gas Fitting, Plumbing and Well-  
 Boring will receive special attention.  
 Hot-Air Furnaces Fitted up.  
 YORK ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.  
 July 5th, 1884.

**GENERAL INSURANCE**  
 AND—  
**TICKET AGENCY.**  
 Insurance effected on all kinds of  
 buildings.  
 ISOLATED RISKS AT SPECIAL THREE  
 YEAR RATES.  
 Tickets issued direct to all Points  
 North, South, East and West.  
 Hard and Soft Coal always on hand.  
**JOHN RICHARDS & SONS,**  
 City Agency New Brunswick Ry.  
 July 5th, 1884.

**ITCHING PILES—Symptoms and Cure.**  
 The symptoms are moisture like perspiration,  
 intense itching, increased by scratch-  
 ing, very distressing, particularly at night,  
 seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and  
 about the rectum; the private parts are some-  
 times affected. If allowed to continue very  
 serious results may follow. "SWAYNE'S  
 OINTMENT" is a pleasant, sure cure. Also  
 for Tetter, Itch, Salt-Rheum, Scald-Head,  
 Erysipelas, Barber's Itch, Blisters, all scaly,  
 crusty skin diseases. Box, by mail, 50 cts.  
 3 for \$1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON  
 Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by druggists.

**1884. 1885.**  
**FALL & WINTER.**  
**CLOTHING**  
 IS AT THE  
**Imperial Hall,**  
 Where there is always a large and varied assort-  
 ment of CLOTHS, consisting of  
**BLACK & BLUE DIAGONALS,**  
**English, Scotch, and**  
**Canadian Tweeds, &**  
**Broadcloths,**  
**Doeskins, &c**  
**'TROUSERINGS,**  
 In all the latest shades and designs. Also  
**OVERCOATINGS**  
 BLACK, BRONZE and GREEN DIAG-  
 ONALS, NAP CLOTHS, BEAVER, &c.  
**MELTON'S IN ALL SHADES.**  
 The above Goods will be made up in the most  
 fashionable styles at very short notice, at VERY  
 LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.

**THOS. STANCER,**  
 OPPOSITE POST OFFICE,  
**QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.**  
 September 27, 1884.

**REGISTERS.**  
 Hot Air Registers and Ventilators.  
 JUST Received a full line of Hot Air Registers,  
 Stove Pipe Registers, and Ventilators for Bed  
 Rooms from the manufacturer. Price Low.  
 Parties fitting up furnaces can be accommodated.  
 R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

**WHEELBARROWS.**  
 A quarter of an hour later he ascended  
 the steps of his mansion on Hamil-  
 ton street, and, cautiously letting him-  
 self in, stole to his study.  
 The lights were still burning dimly in  
 the apartment—just as he had left them.  
 Raising them, he muttered:  
 "One more drink of the generous  
 brandy, and then to bed sure—there to  
 sleep with an untroubled conscience."  
 But he suddenly replaced the decanter,  
 to which he had already had such  
 frequent recourse, and arose.  
 At that moment the front door was  
 opened in a rude, bustling manner, and  
 Basil Frone, partly sobered, stumbled  
 along the passage.  
 "What, you! What the deuce does  
 this mean, Basil?" exclaimed the rich  
 man, as he saw his son. "And your face?"  
 "Tis bleeding! How—" "Tis nothing, father," interrupted the  
 young man, bluntly though endeavoring  
 to drive away the thickness from his  
 tongue. "I befriended a poor girl who  
 was insulted by roughs, and took her  
 home. Her rascally old father miscon-  
 ceived my motives in the face of my ex-  
 planation, and struck me. Furious!"  
 "Who was this old man, my son?"  
 "Why, old Richard Marsh! May the  
 devil seize him! and with this foul lie  
 upon his lips, Basil Frone staggered up  
 the broad stairs in search of his room.  
 "Richard Marsh! But Basil is telling a  
 falsehood. He inherits the faculty. But  
 this will answer my purpose."  
 Extinguishing the light, he left the  
 room.  
 But old Frone had not noticed the  
 raised window.

**CHAPTER XII.**  
 A FRUITLESS ERRAND.  
 The dawn of another day broke. It  
 was clear, cold and wintry in the extreme.  
 The great clouds of the night before  
 which had been portentous of storm, had  
 been blown away; but white frosts, simu-  
 lating snow, covered lanes and housetops;  
 and a thin skin of ice glistened upon the  
 bosom of the old Merrimac.  
 Winter was, indeed, setting in in earnest;  
 and there are many now living—  
 especially in Lowell—who remember  
 how harsh was the winter of '48 upon the  
 suffering ones who could not get work  
 in the mills, which, in that year were run-  
 ning on "short time."  
 It was a bright and happy day to the  
 humble family in the rickety tenement  
 upon the River Road, bright and happy

**MAGGIE.**  
 OR  
**The Loom Girl of Lowell.**  
 By William Mason Turner, M. D.  
 (Continued.)  
 "Will you walk now?" he said to his  
 partner. "We can go together part of  
 the way at least, and 'tis late."  
 "No, not yet. I have two letters to  
 write. But, Mr. Frone, one moment."  
 The rich man paused.  
 "Is it possible to take back old Richard  
 Marsh, and give him work again? In this  
 matter I defer to yours as the older and  
 more experienced judgment in these  
 matters."  
 The rich man started and frowned.  
 "I daresay, my friend," he said, with a  
 sly, malicious smile, "that you would be  
 easy on the old man, because his pretty-  
 faced daughter once—" "No, not yet. I have two letters to  
 write. But, Mr. Frone, one moment."  
 The rich man paused.  
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 Marsh, and give him work again? In this  
 matter I defer to yours as the older and  
 more experienced judgment in these  
 matters."

in some respects, but gloomy and fore-  
 boding, despite its clear sky and bril-  
 liant sunlight, in others. George Hart's  
 gift of five dollars brought the glow and  
 the cheer there; and the news which he  
 had whispered in old Richard Marsh's  
 ear about his probable return to the mill  
 and to work, had likewise thrilled the  
 old man with hope.  
 But Richard Marsh awoke with a wrin-  
 kled brow; he recalled, with painful vivid-  
 ness, the scenes which had taken place  
 in his house the night before. He re-  
 membered and, under the circumstances,  
 almost regretted that he had lifted his  
 horny hand against Basil Frone. He  
 feared that would weigh much against  
 his chances.  
 However, he consoled himself by tak-  
 ing George Hart's advice. He hoped for  
 the best.  
 At an early hour, Tom went in search  
 of drift wood by the river bank, for kind-  
 ling purposes, while Maggie started out  
 to buy some coal and provisions.  
 Old Mrs. Marsh was dull and despond-  
 ent. No cheering ray lit up the recesses  
 of her feebly pulsating heart; for with an  
 inward intuition that she could not drive  
 away, she felt that her days, perhaps her  
 hours, were numbered.  
 Still she tried to look cheerful, to be  
 happy, seeing others so.  
 Her old husband sat and watched her  
 closely. His eyes dimmed with moisture  
 more than once; and more than once,  
 too, he glanced toward the mantel where  
 the bottle, his comforter, had lately stood.  
 But he resolutely shook his head.  
 He was fighting a battle: what was  
 more, he was winning a victory.  
 He was watching his poor white-faced,  
 thin-checked wife, and his heart sank  
 within him for he was reading exactly  
 the sadder thoughts that were filling her  
 mind.  
 He sighed, and turned his head away  
 to let the tears filling his eyes fall unseen  
 and unheeded.  
 Maggie walked rapidly. She soon ful-  
 filled her errand and turned back to-  
 ward home.  
 As she left Pawtucket Bridge and en-  
 tered the River Road, not far from her  
 father's house, she came almost in con-  
 tact with an old, decrepit woman.  
 "It was Elsie Harebell."  
 "Charity! charity! young woman—  
 only a few pennies to keep her head!"  
 pleaded the old creature, paying no heed  
 to Maggie's tattered garments.  
 The kind-hearted maiden paused. She  
 was holding in her little hand the change  
 from the five dollars. What must she  
 do?  
 "I have not much, my good woman,"  
 she said at last, "and that was given—  
 that we got, only last night. But father  
 will not care; so here is some, and you  
 are welcome to it."  
 She held out a silver quarter dollar.  
 Old Elsie took it; her aged eyes dim-  
 med and she murmured:  
 "You shall lose nothing by this! No!  
 I'll remember you. Heaven bless you,  
 Maggie Marsh; for you are a noble girl!"  
 Before the astonished maiden could  
 answer, old Elsie turned and hobbled  
 toward the Mammoth Road, straight to-  
 ward the line of forest trees that marked  
 the country.  
 "How came she to know my name?"  
 murmured Maggie, resuming her way.  
 "At all events, I am glad that I gave her  
 the money; I could not help it."  
 Before nine o'clock that morning old  
 Richard Marsh left his humble home,  
 and wended his way across the river into  
 the town.  
 He was sad, however, and sick at heart.  
 He could not, do what he could, couple  
 scarcely a hope of success with his trip;  
 nor could he drive from his mind the  
 thin, pinched face of his invalid wife.  
 He felt that she was dying by inches,  
 that the sands of her life were almost  
 spent.  
 He went on his way to the Merrimac  
 Mills, there, by promises and apologies,  
 to make a final effort to be reinstated in  
 the humble position which he had lately  
 held.  
 The clock, high up on the river face of  
 the great mill, was just striking nine  
 o'clock when the old man paused before  
 the closed doors, and hearkened to the  
 din of the whirling machinery within.  
 He was fearfully excited, and his old  
 heart pulsated wildly. He dreaded the  
 interview which lay before him.  
 For a moment he stood undecided; he  
 was half inclined to abandon all hope,  
 and retrace his steps to his poverty-  
 stricken home.  
 But then he recalled the poor ones who  
 were there awaiting his return, and pray-  
 ing for his success. Still, he hesitated.  
 At that moment the great doors opened  
 and George Hart, who had looked for the  
 old man's arrival for some time, appear-  
 ed. He beckoned his old friend to him.  
 "Glad you are here," he said in a low  
 voice, as old Richard Marsh ascended the  
 steps and stood by his side. "Mr. Frone  
 has been here a quarter of an hour, and I  
 fear he is getting impatient."  
 "How does he look, George? What  
 does his face indicate?" hurriedly whis-  
 pered the poor old man, trembling de-  
 spite all he could do.  
 The sturdy foreman turned his head  
 away and frowned.  
 He shrank from telling the truth, but

he was a man that would not tell a false-  
 hood.  
 "To be honest, Mr. Marsh," he said, in  
 a deprecating voice, "I don't like Mr.  
 Frone's face; he has heard of that fuss  
 last night. But go to the office; he is bold,  
 but respectful. If I could help you  
 any by being present, I would go with  
 you. I know, however, that it would do  
 no good, and then my presence would  
 injure you. Old Philip Frone does not  
 like me; and he has good cause. But,  
 Mr. Marsh—"  
 He paused, while his brow wrinkled.  
 "Yes, George?"  
 "Why, only this: if occasion calls for  
 it, and it will advance your interests any,  
 you can mention it to Mr. Frone, that I,  
 too, struck his rascally son, and that I'd  
 do it again under similar circumstances."  
 Perhaps—  
 "No, no, George! I'll say nothing  
 which may injure you. But now, I'll go."  
 "And the Lord be with you," answered  
 Hart, closing the door, and gazing after  
 the old man as he took his way down the  
 passage toward the office. "But I fear  
 —yes, I fear," he continued in a low dis-  
 tressed voice.  
 He seated himself on a bale of goods  
 and waited in silence.  
 Richard Marsh's heart beat more  
 violently than ever as he drew toward  
 the door of the counting-room. But he  
 had gone too far to retrace his steps.  
 He walked on, and now he could see  
 the form of Mr. Frone through the glass  
 door, as he strode up and down the room  
 within.  
 The old man reached the door. After  
 a slight indecision, he rapped softly. No  
 response. He rapped louder.  
 "Come in!" came a harsh voice that  
 the old man readily recognized.  
 He turned the bolt and entered the  
 room. He drew back, and a startled  
 look came to his face as he looked around  
 him.  
 No one was in the room except the  
 rich mill-owner and himself. The clerks  
 were absent, and Ellwood Gray, upon  
 whom the poor man had reckoned much  
 was not there. His heart sank within  
 him; he knew that all this was the work  
 of design upon Mr. Frone's part.  
 Such was the case.  
 "Close that door, old man, and state  
 your business," said Philip Frone, gruf-  
 fly, and with an icy coldness.  
 We need not linger on the interview,  
 brief and to the point, that followed; we  
 need not tell how poor old Richard Marsh  
 begged and pleaded for work—for that  
 which would give bread to his wife and  
 children—we need not tell how Philip  
 Frone spurned him, how his taunting  
 laugh rang in his victim's ears, how his  
 wicked triumph broke from him in words  
 which he will not even transcribe.  
 At the end of fifteen minutes, old  
 Richard Marsh flung open the office  
 door, and tottered into the passage; the  
 bitter laugh of his persecutor followed  
 him even there. With his rugged face as  
 white as drifted snow, the old man tot-  
 tered on. He reached the spot where  
 George Hart sat quietly awaiting him.  
 The kind-hearted foreman read, in an in-  
 stant, the tale of anguish in the pallid  
 countenance and the staring eyes; and his  
 lips shut like a vise.  
 "You need not tell me, Richard Marsh;  
 I see it all," he ejaculated, grasping the  
 old man's hand. "But I'll never desert  
 you."  
 "Oh! George!" broke in the wretched  
 man, "I failed! He spurned me. His  
 dastardly son had gone to him with a  
 blackened lie upon his lips. And now  
 all is lost! lost!"  
 "No, no, my old friend, I—"  
 But old Richard Marsh, with a wail  
 upon his ashen lips, tore himself away  
 and fled from the mills.

**CHAPTER XIII.**  
 A LETTER TO MAGGIE.  
 But old man Marsh recovered himself  
 gradually. His first impulse when he left  
 the Merrimac Mills—once his own prop-  
 erty, and which he was destined never  
 to enter again—was to throw himself in  
 the deep river current, seeking oblivion  
 and release from trouble and suffering  
 under its dark bosom. This he quickly  
 conquered. His second was to have re-  
 course to his old comforter, strong drink,  
 that in it he might, at least for a time,  
 drown his sorrow and lift his sinking  
 heart. This, too, he conquered, for the  
 memory of his invalid wife and haggard-  
 faced children arose like pallid, appeal-  
 ing specters before him.  
 The cruel, crisp air, and the bright,  
 glad sunlight, too, sent yet a ray of hap-  
 piness and of hope into his soul. He  
 would not despair yet. He remembered,  
 too, that in his extremity he might apply  
 for relief to Ellwood Gray—also that in  
 George Hart, the foreman, he possessed a  
 friend who was as true as steel.  
 He checked his headlong pace, and  
 seated himself to rest and to think by  
 the cold, wind-blown curbstone.  
 "I'll try them again!" he muttered,  
 at last, starting up, a bright, hopeful look  
 spreading over his face. "I'll tell them  
 all the whole tale; will appeal to them.  
 Certainly all will not have hearts of stone.  
 And they can but turn me away. I'll go;  
 and may Heaven help me."  
 (To be Continued.)