GOING TO THE BAD.

BY EDMUND YATES.

"Well," said Walter King, after a prolonged survey, stepping back, but not removing his gaze, "old Macpherson was pretty right, I think—it is a bad face, sure enough; cold, hard, and cruel to a degree. If I know anything about physiognomy, it is a mercy for human nature that this man was taken away so soon—he cannot be more than eight and twenty—and I should think there are very few crimes at the commission of which he would have stopped.—What killed him I wonder? How stupid of me not to have looked at Phillimore's entry of the case. I have half a mind to—great God, what was that!"

He sprang forward and stared eagerly at the placid features, but after a moment's survey he regained his composure.

"The shadow thrown by the flickering lamp, no doubt," he muttered, "though it had just the effect of a mocking smile passing over the fellow's face. By Jove, I begin to suspect that old Macpherson is even shrewder than any of us believe him to be. He gave some hint that this man was well born and courtly his features, bad as they are, look thoroughly high bred. Some aristocratic scamp, no doubt, who, having run through his property, and declining to demean himself by accepting honest labor went in for a little easy forging, and thus came to grief. I have had many of that sort through my hands since I have held this delectable appointment; and talking of hands, let me have a look at his! I recollect Macpherson alluding to them in support of his theory of the rascal's antecedents."

He pulled the coverlet lower down as he spoke, and lifting up the nerveless arm, took the fingers between his own and examined them closely.

"As I thought," he said; "hand as well bred as the face, and without its wicked expression. There is not much to be read from hands, though the chiromancers pretend there is; but one can tell easily enough that those fingers have never done any useful work, and that this pink, soft palm—how much of the vital heat it still retains! When did this man die, I wonder? Macpherson omitted to tell me that, and yet—great Heavens, what can be the matter with me to-night? Am I losing my senses?"

In obedience to a professional impulse, and without giving it a thought, Walter King had slipped his fingers down from the hand to the wrist, and under their encircling touch it seemed to him that he felt the faintest, feeblest, beating of the pulse. Yes, he felt it distinctly. He held his own breath to make more certain of it, but this time there was no responsive throb.

He laid the hand gently down in its former position by the side of the body, and bending down within an inch of the face, looked into the glassy eyes, and taking his lancet case from his pocket, held one of the highly polished instruments in front of the parted lips; but on inspecting it no sign of human breath had dulled the lustrous steel.

Dead—he must be dead! The body spread out before him showed every sign of having succumbed to death—and yet, that pulsation!

Walter King threw himself upon his knees, and again holding his breath, laid his ear lightly on the left side of the chest.

For the first minute after he placed himself in this position he heard nothing. Then a tingle ran through all his frame as his ear, highly trained and accustomed to such duty, detected a faint muffled heart-beat. Again! Then silence, and let him strain ever so much he heard no more.

But Walter King had heard and felt enough to nerve him to immediate action. He sprung quickly to his feet muttering to himself:

"Catalepsy! this is a case of catalepsy, that wondrous disease of which I have heard so much, but of which I never saw an example. Now, then, to prove whether the experiences which I have read were triumphs of science or mere lying legends served up for the gratification of the credulous!"

As he spoke he picked up the lamp from the floor, and was hurrying towards the door of the cell, when he suddenly stopped.

"Stay," he murmured reflectively, "what am I about to do? This poor wretch feels nothing, knows noting; even if there be a faint spark of vitality left within him, he has to be left alone and it will soon be extinguished, swiftly and and painlessly. Why should I try to blow it into a flame? Life to him, if he were to recover it, must for some time henceforth mean noting but the corridors of this jail, or the stone quarries of Portland! Better let him ebb away, and—no, by Jove, I will try for it."

The prospect of a gladiatorial contest with the Destroying Angel, whose sworn foe he was, settled the question at once, in the young man's mind. Be the result what it might, he was determined to use his professional skill, and he rushed away to his room to procure the necessary appliances.

Within five minutes he returned, bearing with him, in addition to the lamp, a small galvanic battery.

All was as he left it; the figure motionless on the bed, with the head and chest uncovered and the arms stretched out stiffly over the sheet.

The doctor placed the lamp on the table, and at once commenced getting the galvanic apparatus into working order.

"It scarcely has sufficient power, this battery," he muttered to himself; "but one must make the best of what tools one has. Now, if this fellow were only laid out on the table at the lecture theatre of St. George's, and old John was working at the battery, and I had the directing of the wires, we could give him a shock that might be of some service to him! Let me see, now where shall I make the first application?"

He turned round as he spoke, and made one step towards the bed, but instantly stopped and reeled back against he table.

The eyes of the prostrate figure, no longer dim and glassy, but full of expression, half curious, half imploring, were turned towards him—were shining full upon him.

Then, as Walter King, breathing hard (through his set teeth. and trembling in every limb, despite his efforts of self-control, stood speechless, gazing at this fearful sight, the lips of the figure slowly parted, and the faintly uttered words, "Where am I?" issued from them.

At the sound of the voice, scarcely human though it was in its faintness the doctor seemed to recover himself. He stepped swiftly and silently forward, and the next instant was kneeling by the figure's side.

"Where are you?" he whispered; "in safety and with a friend; but you must be silent, or your life is not worth an hour's purchase—you hear me?—do you follow me? I must leave you for a minute; but while I am away you must not attempt to move hand or foot, or to speak. Give me some sign that you understand me."

The man had apparently not sufficient strength to make any movement; but he looked up with a glance which was intelligent enough, and Walter King rising to his feet, left the room.

He hurried along the corridor until he reached a large press, warmed with hot air, in which the linen, blankets, and bedding of the prisoners were placed to dry, and which was always kept at a very high temperature.

Opening the press, and rapidly scanning its contents, Walter King selected two large, thick blankets, which he felt to be thoroughly penetrated with heat, and throwing them over his arm, retraced his steps to the cell.

Closing the door behind him, he stripped the sheet from the still motionless body, and enveloping it from head to foot in the blankets which he had brought with him, raised the head on his arm, and taking a silver flask from his pocket, poured a little of its contents into the mouth.

The man's eyes at once opened and dilated, and a faint streak of color dawned in the wan and ghastly cheeks.

"Good, so far," muttered the doctor to himself. "I never thought the dear old governor's best liqueur brandy would ever be put to such base use as that—for it is a base use to save a poor devil from death, and hand him over again to transportation. However, my work is not half done yet."

As he spoke, he stripped off his coat, and kneeling upon the bed, and passing his hand under the blanket, commenced rubbing the chest, and all the region round about the heart, with his palm.

Under the friction, the chill rigidity of the flesh gradually gave way, and in the course of half an hour a genial warmth diffused itself throughout the body; the stiffness of the limbs dissolved, and the man, bending himself into a natural, easy attitude, laid his arm under his head, and fell into a soft, quiet slumber, during which Walter King, seated by the bedside, kept his gaze intently fixed on him.

His sleep lasted for about ten minutes; at the end of which time the patient uttered a low moan, shifted himself uneasily to and fro, and finally opened his eyes. As they rested upon the doctor, a semi-consciousness of his position seemed to break upon him. He glanced round the walls, and a visible shudder passed through his frame.

Not one of these movements was lost upon Walter King. He leaned forward, placed his arm under the man's head, and looking into his eyes, seemed to invite him to speak.

"Where am I?" he asked, in a low, faint voice. "In the prison?"

"Yes, you are still in the prison, Russell."

"And you; who are you?"

"I am the surgeon of the jail."

"The surgeon of the jail," repeated the man, with a great effort raising himself up on to his elbow; "no, surely not! Where is Dr. Phillimore?"

"Dr. Phillimore was only here for a time," said Walter, looking hard at him; "and I, as I tell you, am the regular surgeon of the jail."

"And you are going to remain here on duty now?"

"Certainly, it is my place, I tell you."

The man gazed at him for a moment with a despairing look, then muttering, "Too late, too late!" fell back upon the pillow.

"You must not excite yourself in this way, my good fellow," said Walter King, compassionately, "or you will undo all the good I have been able to accomplish for you. Do you know that you have been within the very jaws of death? Do you know that you have had a very near chance of undergoing a worse fate even than death itself—that of being buried alive.?"

With his head hidden in his hands, the man moaned forth:

"That fate is reserved for me still. I shall be buried alive within these prison walls for the next seven years; no life, no light, no hope! O, God! how much more preferable were death to that!"

He spoke with such keen agony in his voice that Walter could not help pitying him, though he was a felon. He laid his hand softly upon the man's head, muttering, "'Tis a hard fate, indeed!"

Instantly the man raised his head and looked the doctor full in the face.

"Do you think so?" he said. "If so why not release me from it?"

"I, how could I release you, even if I would?"

"Easily enough. If you had only delayed your return for twenty-four hours, and that cursed attack of catalepsy—I know what it was, you see well enough—had not come upon me, I should have been free now."

As the man spoke he frowned heavily, and with the contracting brows appeared immediately above them on his forehead three plainly defined parallel bars of red. Where, and on whom, had Walter King seen these marks before? The action of the hand, too, as though tossing something lightly away from him, with which the speaker concluded his sentence, was also strangely familiar to the doctor. Who was this man, and where had they met before?

"You would have been free!" he said, after a moment's pause. "Indeed! how would you have gained your freedom, and how did my coming back interfere with it?"

"There is no need for me to tell you that," said the man doggedly. "Suppose I had known your substitute, Dr. Phillimore, years ago; suppose my name was not what I have given it here, and that I were not what I seem to be, and that I had met Dr. Phillimore in society, and that, for old acquaintance sake, he had consented to square it for me so that I should get out of this infernal place undetected—I don't say that it was so, and only ask you to suppose such a thing, mind—then you can see how your return and my attack, from which you have just recovered me, and, small thanks to you, interfered and upset the plan."

Again the contracted brows and the parallel red bars—again the lightly tossing motion of the hand!

"I am very sorry to have been in any way the cause of thwarting your admirable scheme," said the doctor, sardonically; "but you see my business is to attend to criminals—not to connive at their escape. It is much to be regretted, for your sake, Mr. Russell, or whatever your name may be, that the surgeon of this prison is not Richard Phillimore, but Walter King."

"Walter King!" cried the man, springing up into a sitting position, and glaring eagerly at him. "You are Walter King?"

"That's my name."

"That's what it was," muttered the man to himself; "I could not make it out. And so it is not your business," he continued, with a sneer, "to connive at the escape of criminals? Now, sir, I demand, as a right that you help me to get out of this place."

"As a right!" cried Walter King, in astonishment. "And by what right, pray?"

"A life for a life," said the man, bringing his hand down with force upon the bed. "Is your memory good Walter King? Threw it back sixteen years, and conjure up to yourself a bright, sunny August day; the scene, the river Thames, just above the weir at Penton Hook; the actors, a knot of laughing boys, who have come up there from Laleham grammar school to bathe. The little ones paddle near the bank—those older and bolder swim merrily out into mid stream. Suddenly a cry is raised. The best swimmer of the school has passed across the the river twice, and he is coming back for the third time. When he has traversed half the distance his strength fails him, he loses his presence of mind, he splashes and fights with the water, instead of striking out with deliberate skill. Some of his comrades see him and raise the alarm. The young lad who has finished his bathing and is dressing himself on the bank hears it. Without stopping to take off his clothes, he plunges in; a few rapid strokes take him to the spot, and then he disappears. The drowning boy is older and heavier than he, and seizes him in his grasp, but the lad manages to shake himself free, and just as the struggles of the exhausted boy are becoming fainter and fewer, he seizes him by the hair, and drags him safely to the shore. The name of the boy so nearly drowned was Walter King; the boy who preserved him, Frederick Randall; and they are both here, looking at each other, in this prison cell, to-night."

The mystery of the three parallel red bars on the forehead, and the free light motion of the hand was solved now.

In the words he had just heard, Walter King recognized and admitted the truth.

"Good God! Are you Fred Randall?"

"Yes, sir," exclaimed the prisoner, bitterly. "Russell, the convict forger, is Fred Randall, late a captain in the army, and nephew and heir to Sir Compton Randall, baronet."

"And do none of your friends know of the plight in which you are?"

"Not a single one, I am happy to say. Directly I found things going to the bad, I changed my name, and gave out I had gone to Australia. I should have gone, if that infernal bill on which I had written the wrong name, had not turned up in the very nick of time, and got me arrested. However, let us be practical, and talk about the present. I saved your life once, King, and you must save mine now. You must get me out of this at once."

"But how?" said Walter; "how is it to be done? I allow my indebtedness to you, and your claim upon me; but how am I to serve you?"

"It will not be very difficult," said Randall, after a few minutes' consideration; "the people here believe me to be dead, do they not?

"Well?"

"Mine is a curious case, in which you have taken a great interest; you wish to investigate it further, to ascertain the real cause of death after so sudden and apparently so slight an illness. In your researches you wish to be assisted by Dr. Phillimore, and in order that you may be undisturbed in your operations you have the—the body," and he smiled grimly as he said the word—"you have the body conveyed across to his house, just outside the prison gates. You see the idea!"

"I do," said Walter King very slowly. "Do you believe Dr. Phillimore is to be trusted?"

"I know it," said Randall with emphasis: "I have a hold over him, which compels him to be obedient to me. Say, will you do this? If so, not merely will you be repaying the debt of life which you owe me, but will be providing magnificently for yourself in the future. Sir Compton Randall is very old, his estates are vast, and when I am master of them, I will take care that you——"

"Stay," said the doctor, holding up his hand; "I owe my life to you, and I consent to repay the debt in the way you wish; but if you should grow to be as rich as Crœsus, I would hold no further communion with you! Nor will I even do as you wish, unless you make one bargain with me; and that is, you swear to me that if I restore you to freedom, you will consent to forego your evil courses and endeavor to lead a life worth of your name and position in the world."

"I swear," said Randall, solemnly.

"Mind," said the doctor; "if you break this oath and return to vice, so sure as I am a living man, I will revenge myself for this breach of trust and duty, which you have put pressure upon me to make, and will hunt you down. Remember that," he cried, holding his finger menacingly in the air; "for, as sure as I stand here, I will be as good as my word."

Shortly after daybreak the next morning Macpherson and another warder issued from the sideportal of the prison bearing between them a hand litter, on which lay a muffled, shapeless burden.

With this they crossed the road, and as they approached Dr. Phillimore's residence with Walter King walking by their side, the door softly opened, and the doctor appeared in the passage. In obedience to a beckoning motion of his finger, the warden then entered the house and depositing their burden in the library, withdrew.

No sooner had they gone than Dr. Phillimore, locking the door, pulled off the coverings of the litter, and assisted its occupant to rise.

When Frederick Randell, for it was he, sat up, he shook hands heartily with Dr. Phillimore; and then turning to Walter King, offered to repeat the action.

But Walter King drew back; "What I have done," said he, "Mr. Randall, has been purely a matter of duty on my part, and I wish to hold no further communion with you. I have performed my portion of the contract, now it is for you to keep your oath!"

(To be continued.)

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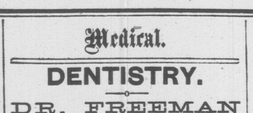

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Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy, &c., &c.
OFFICE:—SNOWBALL'S BUILDING,
WATER STREET,
CHATHAM.
2-52

JOHNSON & FRASER.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
NOTARIES PUBLIC, CONVEYANCERS.
Insurance Agents, &c.
UNION BUILDING.
WATER ST., CHATHAM, N. B.
A. H. JOHNSON. G. B. FRASER.

WM. A. PARK,
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq.
CASTLE STREET,
NEWCASTLE N. B

E. P. Williston,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,
OFFICE—Over Mr. John Brandon's Store; Entrance Side Door.
Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.
14-tf

Law Notices, etc.

Sheriff's Sale!
TO be sold at Public Auction, on
Thursday, the 29th day of March next,
in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12, noon, and 5 o'clock p. m.,
All the Estate, Right, Title & Interest, Property, Claim and Demand
of Peter McAndrew in and to all that certain piece or parcel of Land, situate, lying and being on the road leading from Neguac to Stymiest's Mill Stream, in the Parish of Alnwick, upon which the said Peter McAndrew at present resides, being the Northerly half of Lot Number Fifty-Three, and being the same land and premises sold and conveyed to the said Peter McAndrew by Gilbert Vautour by Deed, bearing date the Twenty-First day of July, A. D., 1865, as by reference thereto will more fully appear, and containing 95 acres, more or less; the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court against the said Peter McAndrew at the suit of William G. Creighton.
JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of North'ld.
Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, 18th September, A.D. 1875. } mar20

Sheriff's Sale.
TO be sold at Public Auction, on Friday the 19th day of June next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 noon and 5 o'clock p. m.:
All the Right, Title and Interest of Maxim Manuel in and to all that certain Piece or Parcel of Land lying and being in the Parish of Hardwicke on the Westerly side of Portage River and bounded as follows:—in front or Northerly by the said Portage River, Easterly by Lot number 22, occupied by L. Sipley, Westerly by Lot 20 granted to James Tait, Senior, and Southerly by vacant Crown lands, containing 40 Acres more or less, with all the Buildings, appurtenances and Improvements thereunto belonging, and being the land and premises upon which the said Maxim Manuel at present resides—the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court against the said Maxim Manuel at the suit of Phineas Williston.
Also, the Right, Title and Interest of Joseph Manuel, Senr., in or to the Lot or Piece of Land above described, and upon which said Joseph Manuel, Senr., also at present resides,—the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court against the said Joseph Manuel, Senr., at the suit of Phineas Williston.
JOHN SHIRREFF.
Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, 19th December, 1876. } Sheriff of North'd.

Stables, Horses, etc.

CARD.
To the Travelling Public.
THE Subscriber will, on the close of the River, run a Stage, twice a day, between
CHATHAM & NEWCASTLE
as follows:
Leave Chatham for Newcastle at 9·15 a. m., and 2 p. m.
Leave Newcastle for Chatham at 11 a. m., and 4 p. m.
Parcels and small freight carefully attended to.
He also informs his friends and the Public generally that his Sleighs will be in attendance on the ARRIVAL and DEPARTURE of TRAINS.
ALSO—First-class Horses and Sleighs to let on reasonable Terms.
All orders left at the Waverley Hotel, Newcastle, and at his own residence, Chatham, will be promptly attended to.
D. T. JOHNSTONE.
Chatham, 9th Dec., 1876.

BASS' ALE.
JUST RECEIVED ex-*Olympia*, from Liverpool:—
25 Hhds. Bass' PALE ALE.
For Sale low by
M. A. FINN,
Water St., St. John.

Boneless Codfish.
WE have just received—50 cases BONELESS CODFISH, packed in 30 lb. cases, a splendid article for housekeepers.
LOGAN, LINDSAY & CO.,
ST. JOHN.

Fall Produce, &c,
The Subscriber has now on hand
50 quintals Halifax Codfish, (large).
50 barrels No. 1 Herring;
20 barrels Real Winter Apples;
50 boxes Raisins;
20 boxes Digby Smoked Herring.
—ALSO—
Flour,
Fresh Pork,
Lard, Butter,
Potatoes,
Salt Pork,
Oysters,
and other articles for Household use.
E. A. STRANG,
Snowball's Wharf

Brokerage, etc.

MACLELLAN & CO.,
BANKERS & BROKERS,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
EVERY kind of legitimate Banking done, and all the facilities of an Incorporated Bank afforded to Depositors and Customers. Jun. 23

LUKE STEWART,
SHIP BROKER & COMMISSION MERCHANT
SAINT JOHN.
NEW BRUNSWICK.
1-52

WILLIAM J. FRASER,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
TEAS, SUGARS MOLASSES, &C.
HEAD OF TOBIN'S SOUTH WHARF,
UPPER WATER STREET,
HALIFAX N. S.
CONSIGNMENTS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

R. R. CALL,
General Agent
SHIP BROKER,
AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.
2-tf

W. & R. Brodie,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants
AND
DEALERS IN
FLOUR, PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS,
No. 16, ARTHUR STREET,
Next the Bank of Montreal.
QUEBEC.

Manufrs., Builders, etc.

ENGLISH SAUSAGE SHOP.
Sausages and Boulognies,
—WHOLESALE & RETAIL—
Orders from out of town carefully filled and promptly shipped.
JOHN HOPKINS,
186 Union Street, - - - - - St. John.

SAFES!
AGENCY for the
FAMOUS HALL SAFE & LOCK COMPANY,
—AT—
CHATHAM
Samples shown on the premises,
"Miramichi Advance Building,"
N. B.—These SAFES are sold at prices which place them within the reach of all business men. They are a sure protection for Books and Paper Money against Fire and Burglars.
D. G. SMITH.

JOHN BELL,
Carriage, Sleigh, House & Sign Painter.
SHOP ON HENDERSON ST.,
CHATHAM.
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—
Charges Moderate,
2-26

The Fire on the Hearth.
THREE THINGS IN ONE.
Ventilation of a Fire Place,
Radiation of a Stove,
Circulation of a Furnace.
PURE AIR & EVEN TEMPERATURE THROUGH A ROOM.
Endorsed by the Medical, Scientific and popular Press.
WILSON, GILMOUR & CO.,
133 Prince William St., ST JOHN

Fire! Fire!!
HALL'S SAFES ALWAYS VICTORIOUS—A HALL'S SAFE RED HOT FOR FORTY HOURS AND CONTENTS UNINJURED—BOOKS, MONEY AND PAPERS SAVED.
Office of Davis & Haden, Wh'sale Liquor Dealers, No. 9 Main-st., bet. First and Second,
Louisville, Ky., Oct. 19, 1876.
Messrs. Halls Safe and Lock Co., Louisville, Ky.,
Gentlemen,—The large number 13 Double Door Fire Proof Safe purchased from you in March, 1872, was in the disastrous fire, corner Eighth and Main streets, on the night of the 16th inst., when over a half million dollars of property was burned, and stood nobly one of the most severe tests possible, falling into the cellar with the walls of the building, and several hundred barrels of whiskey stored in the upper stories poured their contents into the celler, keeping the safe literally boiling in burning whiskey for over forty hours. The bricks and stone were burned into ashes and lime, and it was the hettest fire ever known in Louisville. The safe was buried several feet under the bricks and ashes for two days, and after being dug out of the ruins was opened, and we are proud to say the books and papers were found uninjured, not even discolored or scorched. Several gold watches and some valuable jewellery were found untarnished.
We wish you to deliver, to-day, a duplicate of the safe to our new store, No. 9 Main street, and we will send you a check for the money. We want no other safe but a Halls. Yours truly,
DAVIS & HADEN.
A large lot of all sizes and kinds of these Standard Fire Proof Safes constantly on hand, at prices to suit the times.
HALL'S SAFE AND LOCK CO.,
Factory—S. W. Corner of Pearl and Plum streets, Cincinnati, and at the following branches:—
Halls Safe and Lock Co., 345 and 347 Broadway, N
do 83 State-street, Boston, Mass;
do 93 Smithfield-street, Pittsburgh, Pa.;
do N. E. Cor. Main and 5th sts., Louisville, Ky.
do 147 and 149 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ills.;
do 612 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.;
do 103 Superior street, Cleveland, O.;
do 28 Samson street, San Francisco, Ca
Stewart & White, Agents, St. John.
D. G. SMITH, AGENT, Chatham.

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Stewart & White, Agents, St. John.
D. G. SMITH, AGENT, Chatham.

Kitchen & other Household
UTENSILS,
TIN WARE, &C
The best place to purchase HOUSEKEEPER'S REQUISITES for the Kitchen or the Dining Room is at the well-stocked Establishment of James Gray, George Street, Chatham, who being both an
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER
in the above line, is prepared to furnish almost