GOING TO THE BAD.

BY EDMUND YATES.

CHAPTER III.—HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

The wind was howling in all its autumnal fury, and the tidal boat plying between Boulogne and Folkestone had hard work to make anything like headway. Now she dipped down into the trough of the sea, and rolled over helplessly from side to side, while the green foam-crested billows at her stem and stern threatened to pour in and overwhelm her. Then, when her destruction seemed most imminent, she would rise buoyant as a cork and skim along with tolerable steadiness until the shock of another enormous wave would cause her to stagger as though she had received a giant's blow, and cause the few passengers who had ventured to remain on deck to shriek, gesticulate, and swear, according to their various nationalities.

The nationalities were various, but English people predominated; for the time was towards the end of October, when milord and milady are returning from their round of foreign travel to the pheasant shooting and the pleasant country life; when the lawyers, who enjoyed the earlier portion of their long vacation in climbing Swiss mountains, and the latter portion in "doing" Italian picture galleries, are coming back to their clients and their briefs, and when most persons have begun to think with a shudder of the long, gloomy galleries and vast apartments of continental hotels, and to look forward with delight to the roaring, sea-coal fire, and the snug comfort of home.

There are some Americans, also, among the passengers, who, for the most part, were anticipating the pleasant time in spending the ensuing Winter in London, though one or two of them, members of Congress, had engaged passage in the next outgoing Cunard steamer, being anxious to get across the Atlantic before the opening of the session at Washington.

But the majority of them had made arrangements for locating themselves at Morley's, at the Langham, or in private apartments during the next six months; for our American citizen who, at one time, and not very long ago either, merely looked upon England as a baiting place on his way to and from the continent, has of late wonderfully changed in this respect, and now not merely passes a considerable time of his absence from home, in London, but speaks of the old city with a kind of filial respect and affection; finds himself warmly received in her best society, and is altogether pleased with his stay in her precincts.

This must be an American gentleman extended at full length on one of the divans of the wretched little cabins. He has been actually ill, but his clean-shaven cheeks are deadly white, his long, gray hair is dishevelled, and now and again he plucks at his grizzled goatee beard with the energy of despair.

Seeing the steward approaching, he struggles into a sitting position, showing himself to be a tall, gaunt, large-boned man, dressed in a frock coat, waistcoat and trowsers of dark color, and wearing in the midst of his buttonless, snowy-fronted shirt, a large diamond solitaire.

He seems to think that it would be undignified in him to appear without his hat, for he immediately put on a tall, black specimen of the latest monstrosity in shape, which the genius of the Parisian hatter has invented, and thus duly accoutered, seizes upon the steward as he passes by.

"Say, mister," catching the man by the sleeve, "is this boat on time?"

"Or time! Don't know what you mean, sir," said the man, staring at him; "she will be in in twenty minutes."

"What's that the man says, Hiram? Won't you help me to sit up and fix myself a bit, I am so mussed with lying here; and there's that real elegant bonnet, that cost me forty dollars in Paris, crushed as flat as a buckwheat cake. Say, won't you give me your hand?"

The gentleman addressed as Hiram turned round at the sound of the well-known voice by which these words were uttered, and staggered across the cabin to the opposite sofa, on which lay a small, thin, elderly woman, with sharp features and bright black eyes, but she was somewhat unsuitably dressed for travelling, in a rich silk skirt and embroidered jacket; and her blue-black hair, though somewhat disarranged by the journey, still showed signs of having been elaborately frizzed, while heavy bracelets encircled her arm and rich jewels encumbered her fingers.

"Say, now, Hiram," she said again, in a thin, querulous voice, "won't you jest give me a raise up? When we was to home at Titusville, there was ne'er a man was a better husband than Hiram P. Adams, but since we have come abroad, you propose to pay me no more attention, I think. You're not posted up in French politeness, Hiram—why, certainly not? What's come of Minnie, too, I wonder?"

Mr. Hiram P. Adams bent down with much solemnity and pulled his wife into a perpendicular position; and exhausted by the effort, and finding it impossible to keep his legs any longer, sunk upon the floor at her feet.

"Wal," he said, remaining in his recumbent posture, "Minnie is all right, I guess; she ain't never sick, and them two Englishmen is looking after her. And speaking of Titusville, Mrs. Adams, I would like well enough to be home there now, bumming round Oil City, Reno, or any part of the neighborhood of the Allegheny Valley."

"How low you do talk, Hiram," moaned his wife; "won't you think that you are not at the bar of the Crittenden House or the Bush? Jest won't won't you recollect that it's European manners as is wanted here, and that you ain't a refining, a barrelling, and a storing of petroleum jest now."

"I think I'd like not to be so cussed sick, that's what I think," groaned the unfortunate man in his despair.

It's doubtful what explosion this desperate protest might not have called forth from Mrs. Adams, but the conversation was interrupted by the appearance at the cabin door of a young girl, who, with an exclamation of surprise, immediately hurried towards the speakers.

Such a pretty girl, of a delicate, refined type, with a small thin nose, and kissable rose-bud of a mouth, and long, almond-lidded eyes. Her slim but well developed figure was suitably and neatly attired in a well-fitting yachting suit of blue serge, over which she wore a heavy seal-skin jacket. Ordinarily, no doubt, her complexion was somewhat pale, but she had been on deck buffeting with the bluff wind, and the contest had given her a splendidly glowing flush of health in her cheeks, while a little crisp hair which floated on the forehead, and the two long curls which hung over her shoulder were crystallized with the salt spray.

"Why, see you folks. Are you down here still?" she cried, holding up her hands in astonishment. "Mamma, dear, I thought you would be on deck, and Sir Frederick has been looking for you everywhere. We are just into harbor now, and you are the last people left in the cabin."

"That's just the way with your father, Minnie; he is never on time, he is always doing the wrong thing, and he is always making me feel mean."

The wretched Hiram, for the last few minutes, who had been trying the experiment, whether his long legs were steady enough to bear him, commenced to protest; but his pretty daughter stopped his mouth with a kiss, and having assisted her mother to rise, shaken out and smoothed her dress, and given as much shape as possible to the flattered bonnet, she said:

"Now, mamma, dear, take hold of papa on one side, and me on the other, and we will get you upstairs."

But Mrs. Adams was not yet quiet.

"Where's that Ujaney!" she cried turning to her daughter.

"Poor mademoiselle! she has been perfectly helpless," said Minnie. "I don't think I ever saw Sir Frederick laugh so much as when we first discovered Eugenie, a mere limp bundle lying against the smoke-stack."

"Helpless, indeed," cried Mrs. Adams. "How's that for imputence? I should like to know what is the use of having Biddies if they are to be sick jist when they're needed?"

"This way, Mrs. Adams," cried a rich, jolly voice at the top of the companion-ladder. "Let me give you my hand. Miss Minnie, here is Sir Frederick waiting to escort you; in five minutes more we shall be alongside the pier."

The speaker was a stout, red-faced man, of about forty years of age; his black hair was cropped rather close to his head, and his eyes and pendulous nether lip spoke gravely of addiction to the pleasures of the table.

Close by his elbow stood another man, tall, and from as much of his figure as could be judged from the heavy Ulster overcoat in which it was enveloped, apparently powerfully built.

The wind still blowing freshly, he had pulled his seal-skin travelling cap so far over his face, that nothing was to be seen of his features save the lips, the hard and and cruel outlines of which were visible beneath his blonde mustaches, and the irresolute chin covered with a fair and pointed beard.

But whatever might have been in his appearance, it must have been pleasing to Minnie Adams, for as she took the arm which was proffered to her, and laid her pretty little hand upon its rough sleeve, she looked up confidingly, and even lovingly, for an instant, beneath the peak of the seal-skin cap, and then, with a sigh, dropped her gaze upon the deck.

"You surely won't think of going to London to-night, Mr. Adams," said the stout man, whom they addressed as "Doctor." "It's growing dark and chilly, and you must be all thoroughly worn out by your voyage."

"Wal, sir," said Hiram P., who finding himself detected in the very act of feeling in his pocket for his packet of chewing tobacco, out of which he thought he might help himself unobserved.—"Wal, sir, I guess Mrs. Adams is the boss of this party, or Miss Minnie, and I am, it seems, to fill the position of one of our colored brethern on the other side."

"Say, now, gentlemen. Hiram's going in to be champion talkist, don't you think?" said Mrs. Adams, turning to the others, with a thin smile. "I have not heard him make such a speech since he ran for mayor, and was beat by Samuel S. Stoddle on the Democratic ticket."

"Oh, no," said Minnie, chiming in to interrupt any further discussion; "don't let us go up to London to-night; let us stop at the hotel; there is sure to be a good one here, and you will lay over there, won't you, Sir Frederick?"

"If you do, miss, certainly," was the whispered reply, for which he received a gentle pressure on his arm as thanks. Then he said aloud: "good hotel, Miss Adams, I should think so, by Jove; the Pavilion is not to be beaten in the world."

"I guess one can get a little lunch there—some stooed oysters, some clam chowder, a squab or two, some pie, and a cup of English breakfast tea," said Mr Adams, who by this time had managed to extricate what he required for his consumption, and was in the full enjoyment of it.

"Well, we can do even better than that at the Pavilion," said the red-faced man, with a jolly laugh. "However, here we are, close alongside. Where is your maid, Miss Minnie? I will get Sir Frederick's man to stay with her, and if she points out your trunks, and I know you have a perfect array of them he will assist her in getting them ashore, and passing them through the custom-house. Meantime, we will go along to the Pavilion, but we may as well press on, as they are generally pretty full. I ought, by rights to have telegraphed for rooms."

"Do you hear that, Hiram?" cried Mrs. Adams in her shrillest tone to her husband, who was just beginning to get into the richness of his Mayflower quid. "Hurry up, man, hurry up I say! one would think you was in the parlor to home, with your feet to the furnace, and Elder Colfax, of East Hickury, talking to you about your soul's salvation."

"Which, leaving out Elder Colfax, I wish I was," muttered Hiram to himself, as he proceeded in search of the French waiting-maid, and encumbrances, which the fashionable leanings of his wife inflicted upon him.

Although it was growing dark, and the weather was anything but inviting, such of the belated visitors as still lingered at Folkestone had turned out as usual, to witness the arrival of the boat, and the disembarkation of its sick, drenched and discomforted passengers.

Between two lines of snug, rosy-cheeked, self-satisfied individuals, all of whom had just eaten a hearty luncheon, and many of whom were puffing away at their cigars, the home returning travellers marched along.

Some of them peered at them, as though searching for the face of friends among the crowd; others, prostrated by their recent sickness, hurried along, as though only intent on reaching their destination in the train or the hotel.

Oddly enough, Sir Frederick, although he had not suffered at all during the voyage, and had a pretty girl like Minnie Adams on his arm, seemed to shun the observation of the crowd. He pulled his seal-skin cap yet further over his eyes, and hurried along at a pace which made it somewhat difficult for his fair companion to keep up with him.

[*To be Continued.*]

[FOR THE ADVANCE.]

The Story of Nicodemus.

We had lain over for a day on the Little Laramie to recruit after the hardship endured in crossing the desert between there and Green River. Every source of amusement being exhausted, Zack Taylor, a man who had spent the better part of his life hunting on the plains, was called on for a story. Zack was not in story-telling humor, but it was no use, tell one he must. Hunting experiences, with a mixture of Indian fighting, were expected of course, but great was our surprise when he proposed to tell us the story of Nicodemus, which he informed us he had heard many years ago from some kind of a restless travelling hunter.

"Wall," began Zack, cramming about the size of a crab-apple of tobacco in his cheek, "there was a man one time (ye'll generally notice there is a man in these stories) called Nickerdemas, who was a man of consequence in his tribe, principal hide-scraper, pelt-curer and tripe-hanger to the chief, with jest a touch of the medicine man or something of that sort. Nickerdemas—I think I told ye that was the name of the man,"—said he, turning suddenly to the one who had bothered him most for the story, and whose name was Pete Holder.

"Yes, yes, go on," said Pete.

"Well, as I recolleck, Nickerdemas hadn't bin more'n about half honest, didn't half take care of the Chief's furs, as I take it, scraped holes in some hides an' reported they was bored by the gadfly, or sold a prime skin for two pound of powder, kep' one for himself and reported the fur loose, and such like. Nickerdemas was the man's name," said he, turning to us and pausing.

"Yes, yes, we know," said all in a breath.

"I reckon there was more'n that, against him as you'll see when I get further on; I reckon he'd not look after the jerked meat lettin' it git as dry as a chip, destroyin' the sap (which is the life) and requirin' the constant laber of four men soakin' the leathery stuff and a set of teeth every fortnight to keep the Chief from starvation."

"His name were Nickerdemas," said Zack, looking around enquiringly.

"I think you told us that before" said Pete impatiently.

"Well, well, may be I did, but ye'r know it now for certain. All this was bad enough," pursued he meditatively, "but like enough he was consarned in more, sich as branding the Chief's ponies and sellin' 'em to white traders, drinkin' his fire water an' makin' free with his squaws an' strings of scalps which last, as everybody knows, would aggrevate an Injun saint of six weeks standin', which I reckon would be stretching savage sainthip as far as it could be without breakin'. Nickerdemas—I hope you'll excuse me, I forget the gentleman's other name. Ye'll not forget it I hope," eyeing us individually, and with much earnestness.

"No, no, go on," roared Pete, out of all patience.

"Something warned Nickerdemas he'd catch it. (I want ye to be particular and remember the name for the whole story depends on it). He got almighty scared and darsent stir out in the day time, his wigwam bein' watched by the chief of perleece and two or three jealous Injuns who smelt the fire-water of him without gettin any, and, moreover, had an eye to his squaws. Its wonderful what a man'ill do for the women," pursued Zack parenthetically. "Squaw or white they're mighty takin'. As to colour its all a matter of taste an' so, for that matter is features. I've seen a Texas nigger look on his wife's six inches of ivory and the huge, pink bluffs of lips which bounded them with as much affection as a schoolboy on a stick of molasses candy. Yer see ugliness's a relative tarm as the old schoolmaster who tried to teach me A B C in seventy-two lessons used to explain. The feller who lives in some Islands in France or some of them places and tatoos his skin till he imagines hisself a panther one minute an' a cotton plantation the next wouldn't swap his pictured hide for all creation. Claw-hammer coats wuz onct the perfection of beauty To-day the sight of one makes a fellow of any thought fearful az to what it might be possible for his kind to turn into. Nickerdemas didn't wear no claw-hammer coats when he could get a hunting shirt of good buckskin, nor box toed boots to hide the Almighty's handwork as long as he could make a pair of good mocassins. Well, eludin' (I think that's what them dictionary fellows calls it) the Perleece and jealous chiefs an' stealin' off by night Nickerdemas—dont forget the name I beg" said Zack sententiously, "will you."

We promised to remember it evermore.

"He came by night Nick——"

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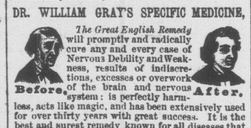

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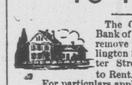

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To take orders for the magnificent new ILLUSTRATED DOMINION ENCYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY AND USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, for so much an order CASH. Agents can make $10 a day. A magnificent work, prepared expressly for Canadian readers, and published in Canada. Don't fail to send for descriptive circular and private terms—New Book—New Plan. Address

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WINES. WINES.

1 PIPE CHOICE SHERRY; 1 Pipe Choice Port; 83 quarter casks Superior Old Port Wine; 37 quarter casks Superior Old Sherry; 100 quarters and octaves cheap Tarragona and Cadiz WINES.

DANIEL PATTON,
SAINT JOHN.

STOLEN.

AN ILLEGAL BOW NET that had been seized, belonging to Mr. Wm. Forrest, Rock Heads, was stolen off of my barn on the night of the 1st inst. The handle or pole was sawn off and left. A Reward of $10 will be given to the person or persons who will give such information as will lead to the conviction of the thieves.

AMOS PERLEY,
Fishery Overseer.

Law, etc.

M. ADAMS.

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law

NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.

SOLICITOR IN BANKRUPTCY,

Agent for "Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society."

Agent for "Imperial," "Etna," "Hartford" Fire Insurance Companies.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

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L. J. TWEEDIE,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER,

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OFFICE:—SNOWBALL'S BUILDING,

WATER STREET,

CHATHAM.

2-52

JOHNSON & FRASER.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

NOTARIES PUBLIC, CONVEYANCERS.

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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.

1j-tu

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 Styniest'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 Volpe 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 of North'd.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, 19th December, 1876. }

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. F. 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.

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Brokerage, etc.

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EVERY kind of legitimate Banking done, and all the facilities of an Incorporated Bank afforded to Depositors and Customers. Jun. 23

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SHIP BROKER & COMMISSION MERCHANT

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IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

TEAS, SUGARS MOLASSES, &C.

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SHIP BROKER,

AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

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W. & R. Brodie,

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AND

DEALERS IN

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No. 16, ARTHUR STREET,

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ENGLISH SAUSAGE SHOP.

Sausages and Boulognies,

—WHOLESALE & RETAIL—

Orders from out of town carefully filled and promptly shipp'd.

JOHN HOPKINS,

186 Union Street, - - - - - - St. John.

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AGENCY for the

FAMOUS HALL SAFE & LOCK COMPANY,

—AT—

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Samples shown on the premises,

"Miramichi Advance Building."

N. B.—Those 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.

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 hottest 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.

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Factory—S. W. Corner of Pearl and Plum streets, Cincinnati, and at the following branches:—

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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 108 Superior street, Cleveland, O.;
do 22 Sansom street, San Francisco, Cal
Stewart & White, Agents, St. John.

D. G. SMITH, AGENT,