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VOL. 13.--NO. 38. SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1883. WHOLE NO. 661.

THE FALSE LOVER.

"But do you really mean it, Mr. Brabazon?"

Rosa Dale was standing in the illuminated archway of the autumn woods, her bright braids of hair pierced by one or two wandering sunbeams, her dimpled child-face framed in, as it were, by sprays of red-veined autumn leaves, while her apron were full of the glistening brown chestnuts which she had picked up.

John Brabazon leaned against the tall, smooth trunk of the birch tree, and looked at her with a lazy, luxurious sense of artistic beauty entering into his mind as he gazed.

"Of course I mean it," said he.

"But I am only 12 years old," cried Rosa, flinging back the sunny tendrils of hair that hung over her forehead.

"You are exactly twelve times as lovely as any of the city belles that congregate hereabouts," said Mr. Brabazon, striving to conceal a yawn. "And if they think I am engaged—don't you see?—there will be some probability of their leaving off persecuting me."

"Well!" said Rosa, every dimple coming shyly out on lip and cheek as she stood there.

"It's to be a compact, eh?" said Mr. Brabazon.

Rosa nodded her fair little head.

"But, she questioned rather dubiously, "where is the ring?"

"The—what?"

"The engagement ring, Mr. Brabazon," exclaimed Rosa, reproachfully. "Don't you know there's always a ring in the novels? And most generally its a diamond."

"If you'll believe me," said Mr. Brabazon, tragically, "I never thought of the ring. But here's a little opal that used to be my mother's hanging on my watch chain. Won't that do?"

Rose held out her brown finger, while he fitted it on.

"You—you haven't kissed me yet!" she said, when this ceremony was complete. "Lovers always kiss their fiances."

Mr. Brabazon laughed.

"Come," said he, "this is getting serious. But here's the kiss before the rest of the chestnut party get back. And mind this is to be a profound secret between you and me."

Rosa ran back home with a vague sensation of mysterious delight, and thought how nice Mr. Brabazon looked all the time she was munching her roasted chestnuts; and Mr. Brabazon himself took advantage of the little joke to preclaim himself an engaged man. Nor is it exaggeration to say that the young ladies were genuinely disappointed.

"It must have been a recent thing," said Kate Kennedy, tossing her head.

"Oh, quite recent," acknowledged Mr. Brabazon.

"Love at first sight?" asked Miss Day.

"N-no, not exactly," said Brabazon. "In fact, I may say that I have admired the young lady since her infancy."

"What a delightful enigma!" said Belle Vernon, looking anything but delighted. "But, of course, Mr. Brabazon, you'll tell us her name?"

"I am pledged to secrecy," said the engaged man, solemnly.

And when he left the Mountain Notch, in the late autumn, and forgot all about the wild little woodland sprite who had climbed trees and pelted him with chestnuts, waded with brown, dimpled feet in the foamy waters of the glen torrent, and conducted him so mysteriously to the barn chamber to shew him her empty bird's nests, butterfly wings and diamond-bright pebbles, how was he to know that she remembered the episode under the yellow-leaved chestnut trees as a red-letter day in her calendar?

"He ought to write to me," said Rosa, gloomily, as the weeks and months glided by and no epistle came. "I do hope he isn't going to turn out false, like the wicked cavaliers in the story books."

And when Mr. Brabazon sent her a huge wax doll, with its miniature Saratogo trunk and complete outfit of elegantly-made dresses, at Christmas, Rosa flew into a passion.

"As if I were a baby!" said she. "A doll, indeed, and I 12 years old in October! I wonder if he takes me for a child? Who ever heard of a young gentleman sending a doll to the young lady he was engaged to?"

"My dear Rosa," said her mother, half vexed and half amused, "what nonsense you are talking!"

"We are engaged," said Rosa. "See the ring!"

And she shyly pulled it from the bosom of her dress.

"It was only a joke," said Mrs. Dale.

"It was sober earnest!" flashed out Rosa.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dale, "haven't you heard? Mr. Brabazon is to be married to Lady Helen Hartford, Mrs. Pailleton's English niece, next month. The cards are already out."

"What!" cried Rosa, her sapphire-blue eyes blazing, the rosy lips apart. "To be married—and he engaged to me!"

And then Rosa rushed away into the barn chamber, and hid herself for full two hours, to sob out the current of her childish grief.

Mrs. Dale smiled and sighed.

"Who would think the child would have attached so much importance to a piece of nonsense like that? said she. "Really, I'm afraid I have made a mistake in allowing her to read so many novels. But she was always an impetuous little creature!"

Rosa wrote several harrowing letters to Mr. Brabazon, all of which she finally tore up, and when she saw the marriage proclaimed in the papers she gave the big wax doll to a little girl who was only a 11 years and 6 months old.

"She won't have any associations connected with it!" sighed Rosa.

At about that time she was promoted to a higher grade in school, began lessons on the guitar, and put her unhappy love affair out of her her mind.

It could not have been more than eight years subsequently that the collision occurred on the grand canal at Venice, in which one of the gondolas capsized, and a beautiful young American lady, niece of the then United States consul, received an involuntary ducking.

Perhaps the romantically-dressed gondoliers were intoxicated, perhaps Miss Barony had, as they asserted, risen hastily, to point to point out something, and destroyed the balance of the mouldy, black-velvet-lined, old conveyance. At all events, Miss Barony was upset directly in front of the plazza di Silvia, where Mr. Brabazon occupied the first floor, a marble-paved desolation of old pictures, broken-nosed statues, and orange trees in tubs.

Of course, Mr. Brabazon sent out his valet to offer his services. Of course, they carried Miss Barony in, and laid her on a sofa (draped with tapestry which somebody said Lucrezia Borgia had helped to embroider,) and made much of her.

"But how ridiculous all this is!" said Miss Barony, with merriment gleaming in her beautiful, dark-blue eyes. "I am a little wet, to be sure, but otherwise I am entire unharmed. Why didn't they put me in the gondola again end send me back to my uncle's palazzo?"

Mr. Brabazon, however, was far too hospitable for that. His capped and spectacled old housekeeper was ready with spiced drinks and great baskets of grapes and cake, and he himself was all politeness and chivalrous courtesy.

Miss Barony gazed curiously around. How angelically beautiful she looked, wrapped in the violet velvet cloak, edged with ermine, her cheeks flushed with softest rose, her eyes sparkling, her hair hanging in a fringe of dark gold over her forehead.

"Where is Lady Helen Brabazon?" she asked, abruptly.

Mr. Brabazon winced.

"She has been dead for a year," he said. "I am a widower. You were acquainted with my late wife?"

"Oh, no, not at all!" said Miss Barony. "Only, of course, all the world has heard of her. She was a famous beauty, wasn't she."

"She was very lovely," said the widower.

When Miss Barony was carried away in a newly-summoned gondola, whose picturesque oarsmen were more to be relied upon than their predecessors, Mr. Brabazon asked permission to call at the consulate, to inquire how she was, in the course of a day or two; and Miss Barony accorded the permission as a young queen might have done.

Miss Barony was young, beautiful, and piquant. Mr. Brabazon, whose life had been nearly badgered out of him by the caprice, exactions, and varying temper of the late Lady Helen, was charmed by her sunny brilliance, and at a month's end he came to Mr. Barony, the United States consul, to ask permission to press his suit with his niece.

Mr. Barony looked conscious.

"Didn't you know," said he, "she is engaged?"

"Engaged!" repeated Mr. Brabazon, his heart seeming to turn to a lump of ice within him.

"Quite an old affair, I believe," said the consul. "But perhaps you had better see my niece herself about it. I'll give her your message. She can decide to suit herself."

Miss Barony was prettier than ever, in her cool muslin dress and pale-blue ribbons, as she sat among the jassamines and pomegranates of the consulate reception-room the next day to receive Mr. Brabazon. He had a speech carefully prepared, wherein all the nominatives and subjects were carefully balanced, and the exact words stationed in their exact places; but he forgot it all in the fair vision of her perfect loveliness, and could only stand helplessly before her and say:

"Miss Barony, I love you!"

"So you have been driven to confess it at last," said Miss Barony, "after all these years!"

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Brabazon.

"You have forgotten me," said Rosa.

"That would be impossible," asseverated Mr. Brabazon, earnestly.

"But it's the fact," said she. "I am little Rosa Dale, who was engaged to you, under the chestnut trees at Amber Hill, nearly nine years ago, and here is the engagement ring," holding up a slender golden hoop, with an opal glimmering in its centre. "No, I'm not at all surprised that you didn't recognize me. I was a child then—I am a woman now. And after my parents' death, when Uncle Barony adopted me, I took his name instead of my own. But I never have quite forgotten the pang of bitter jealousy that pierced my baby-heart when you were married to Lady Helen Hartford."

"But dare I hope," began Mr. Brabazon, "that you still care a little for me? I know it seems like presumption, but——"

"Yes, you may hope," whispered Rosa, half laughing, half crying. "I do care for you—more than a little."

The consul gave them his blessing.

"It was she herself that told me to say she was engaged," said he, patting Rosa's head. "Little puss! she is always full of her mischief."

"I wanted to be revenged," said Rosa. "But I have quite forgiven my false lover at last."

List of Officers for Sackville, 1883.

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No 3.—Geo Trenholm.

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Weighers and Measurers of Hay.—Colin VanBuskirk, Martin Hallehan, Geo Duncan.

A Georgia Editor on Early Marriages.

[Rising Fawn (Ga.) Gazette.]

Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves being allowed to run at large in the society pastures without any yokes on them. They marry and have children before they do moustaches; they are fathers of twins before they are proprietors of two pairs of pants, and the little girls they marry are old women before they are twenty years old. Occasionally one of these gosling marriages turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck. If there was a law against young galoots sparking and marrying before they have all cut their teeth, we suppose the little cusses would evade it in some way, but there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough to buy a bundle of laths to build a hen-house. But they see a girl who looks cunning, and they are afraid there is not going to be girls enough to go around, and then they begin to get in their work real spry; and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation they are hitched for life, and before they own a cook-stove or a bedstead, they have to get up in the night and go after the doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath and abuse the doctor because he doesn't run too, and when the doctor gets there there is not enough linen in the house to wrap up a doll baby.

How to Get Along.

Never fool in business matters,

Do not kick every one in your path,

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Keep ahead of, rather than behind, the times.

Always use your own brains rather than those of others.

No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

More miles can be made in one day by going steadily, than by stopping.

—Only seven days elapsed after the wedding of a man at Dubuque before he eloped with the bride's cousin.

—Do not tattle. Do not gossip from one family to another. If you have a wife, let out the job to her. She will do it more effectually.

—Mrs. Mary Austin, of Washington, Ga., who recently died, had been the mother ef forty-four children. Among her children were six triplets.

—A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw a stone at a hen, but she can pack more articles into a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.

—Near the centre of a white oak tree recently cut in Carter County, Ky., a stone weighing over one pound was found. The wood had grown solidly around it.

—A spring at St. Tammany Parish, La., pours forth clear, cold water all day long, but at sunset goes suddenly dry, discharging no water until the sun again arises.

—A Brooklyn man has been sent to jail for kissing his girl good night. This should teach Brooklyn young men to remain a couple of hours longer and kiss her good morning.

—"Were you guarded in your conduct while in New York?" said a father to his son, who had just returned from a visit to that city.

"Yes, sir; part of the time by two policemen."

—If you want to win the good graces of a matronly lady and have her ever speak of you as that "polite, pleasant gentleman," innocently mistake her for her youthful and charming daughter. Its a safe scheme and a sure one.

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THE subscribers doing business as General Dealers under the name of Baird & George have this day dissolved partnership. All parties owing the said firm will pay to Mr. Baird, who assumes all liabilities of the said firm.

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THE subscriber is closing up his business in Sackville, and those indebted to him will please call and settle their accounts before JANUARY 30th, after that date his Books will be placed in other hands for collection.

W. J. WOODS.

Sackville, Dec. 15, 1882.

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Express for St. John and Quebec, 9.28 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 6.03 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.30 p. m.
Express for St. John.....2.48 p. m.
Accommodation for Moncton...9.17 a. m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill.....8.52 p. m.

WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER:

Express for St. John and Quebec, 9.56 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 5.35 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.02 p. m.
Express for St. John.....3.16 p. m.
Accommodation for Moncton..10.00 a. m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill.....8.03 p. m.

The Express Train from Quebec runs to Halifax and St. John on Sunday morning, and the Express Train from Halifax and St. John runs to Campbellton on Sunday morning.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., November 28th, 1882.

INDEX
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