

A WRONG RIGHTED.

A Story of the New Brunswick Lumber Regions.

Lumber had gone up, and the big mill on the Aspohegan was working overtime. Through the range of square openings under the eaves the sunlight streamed in steadily upon the strident tumult, the confusion of sun and shadow, within the mill. The air was sweet with the smell of fresh sawdust and clammy with the ooze from the great logs just "yanked" up the dripping slides from the river. One had to pitch his voice with peculiar care to make it audible amid the chaotic din of the saws.

In the middle of the mill worked the "gang," a series of upright saws that rose and fell swiftly, cleaving their way with a pulsating, vicious clamor through an endless and sullen procession of logs. Here and there, each with a massive table to itself, hummed the circulars, large and small; and whenever a deal or a pile of slabs, was brought in contact with one of the spinning disks, upon the first whirling spurt of sawdust spray began a shrieking note, which would run the whole vibrant and intolerable gamut as the saw bit through the fibres from end to end. In the occasional brief moments of comparative silence, when several of the saws would chance to be disengaged, the instant might be heard, far down in the lower story of the mill, the grumbling roar of the two great turbine wheels, which, sucking in the tortured water from the sluices, gave life to all the wilderness of cranks and shafts above.

The end of the mill which looked down river stood open, to a height of about seven feet, across the whole of the upperstory. From this opening ran a couple of long, slanting ways, each two feet wide and about a hundred feet in length, raised on trestles. The track of these "slides," as they are technically termed, consisted of a series of wooden rollers, along which the deals raced in endless sequence from the saws, to drop with a plunge into a spacious basin, at the lower end of which they were gathered into rafts. Whenever there was a break in the procession of deals, the rollers would be left spinning briskly with a cheerful murmur. There was also a shorter and steeper "slide" diverging to the lumber yard, where clapboards and such light stuff were piled until they could be carted to the wharf station.

In former days it had been the easy custom to dump the sawdust into the stream, but the fish wardens had lately interposed and put a stop to the practice. Now, a tall young fellow, in top boots, gray homespun trousers and blue shirt, was busy carting the sawdust to a swampy hollow near the lower end of the main slides.

Sandy MacPherson was a new hand. Only that morning had he joined the force at the Aspohegan Mill, and every now and then he would pause, remove his battered soft felt from his whitish yellow curls, mop his red forehead and gaze with a hearty appreciation at the fair landscape spread out beyond the mill. With himself and with the world in general he felt on fairly good terms—an easy frame of mind which would have been much jarred had he been conscious of the fact that from a corner in the upper story of the mill his every movement was watched with a vindictive and ominous interest.

In that corner, close by the head of one of the main slides, stood a table whose presiding genius was a little swinging circular. The circular was tended by a powerful some-visaged old man called "Lije" Vandine, whose office it was to trim square the ragged ends of the "stuff" before it went down the slide. At the very back of the table hummed the saw, like a great hornet; and whenever Vandine got two or three deals in place before him he would grasp a lever which raised and lowered the table, and the circular would dart the little saw, and scream, its way in a second through the rough white spruce. Every time he let the saw swing back Vandine would drop his eyes to the blue-shirted figure below, and his arms and legs would work with concentrated fury. These seven years he had been waiting for the day when he should meet Sandy MacPherson face to face.

Seven years before Lije Vandine had been working in one of the mills near St. John, New Brunswick, while his only daughter, Sarah, was living out at service in the city. At that time Sandy MacPherson was employed on the city wharves, and an acquaintance which he formed with the pretty housemaid resulted in a promise of marriage between the two. Vandine and his wife were satisfied with the girl's account of her lover, and the months slipped by swiftly without their making his acquaintance.

"I wonder who that was, Sandy, that looked like he was going to run after the card Dicks' you see? His arms kind of jerked out, like that; but he didn't start, after all. There he goes, up the hill, with one pants leg in his boot. He looked kind of wild. I'm just as glad he didn't get a aboard."

"He's one of our old fellows as you've give the go-by to, I kind of suspicion 'Sis," replied the young man with a laugh, and the train roared into a cutting.

About a year after these even' Vandine's wife died, and Vandine, thereupon removed, with Sarah and her baby, to the interior of the province, settling down finally at Aspohegan Mills. Here he built himself a small cottage on a steep slope overlooking the mill, and here Sarah, by her quiet and self-sacrificing devotion to her father and her child, wiped out the memory of her error and won the warm esteem of the settlement. As for the child, he grew into a handsome, blue-eyed, sturdy boy, whose grandfather loved with a passionate tenderness intensified by a subtle strain of pity. As years by year his daughter and the boy twined themselves ever closer about his heart, Vandine's hate against the man who had wronged them both kept ever deepening into a keener anguish.

But now at last the day had come. When first he caught sight of MacPherson in the yard below the impulse to rush down and throttle him was so tremendous that as he curved it the blood forsok his face, leaving it the color of ashe, and for a few seconds he could not tend his saw. Presently when the vulgar little demon was again at work biting across the timber, the foreman drew near and Vandine asked him: "Who's the new hand down yonder?"

"Oh," said the foreman, leaning a little over the bench to follow Vandine's pointing, "yon's one Sandy MacPherson, from over on the Kennebec. He's been working in Maine these seven years past, but says he kind of got a hankering after his own country, an' so he's come back. Good hand."

"The so," was all Vandine replied. All the long forenoon, amid the wild, or menacing, or warning, or complaining crenedoes and diminutives of the unresting saws, the man's brain seethed with plans of vengeance. After all these years of waiting he would be satisfied with no common retribution. To merely kill the traitor would be insufficient. He would wring his soul and quench his manhood with some strange, unheard-of horror, ere dealing the final stroke that should rid the earth of his presence.

Scheme after scheme burned through his mind, and at times his gaunt face would crease itself in a dreadful smile as he pulled the lever that drove his blade through the deals. Finding no plan altogether to his taste, however, he resolved to postpone his revenge till night, at least, that he might have the more time to think it over, and to indulge in the luxury of anticipation with realization so easily within his grasp.

At noon, Vandine, muttering to himself, climbed the steep path to the little cottage on the hillside. He ate his dinner in silence, with apparently no perception of what was being set before him. His rugged features did not break away into a smile of occupation. Even his idolized Stevie could win from him no notice, save a smile of grim triumph that frightened the child. Just as he was leaving the cottage to return to the mill he saw Sarah start back from the window and sit down suddenly, gazing at her bosom and blanching to the lips as if she had seen a ghost. Glancing downward to the black road, deep with rotten sawdust, he saw MacPherson passing.

to know what had happened. Two men sprang on the slides and checked the stream of deals. Then the great turbines ceased to grumble, and all the clamor of the saws was hushed. The unexpected silence was like a blow, and sickened the nerves.

And meanwhile—Stevie? The plank that bore his weight, clinging desperately to it, plunged deeper than his fellows and came up somewhat further from the slide, but not now with Stevie upon it. The child had lost his hold, and when he rose it was only to strike against the bottoms of three or four deals that lay clustered together.

This though apparently fatal, was in reality the child's salvation, for during the hall or three-quarters of a minute that intervened before the slides could be stopped, the falling deals kept dropping and plunging and crushing about him, and had it not been for those timbers that cut him off from the air he was choking to breathe, he would have been crushed and battered out of all human semblance in a second. As the falling deals then ceased, just as he made a clean dive beneath that little cluster that covered Stevie. As Vandine reached the shore and was casting desperate glances over the basin in search of some clue to guide the plunge, MacPherson reappeared at the other side of the deals, and Stevie's yellow curls were floating over his shoulder. The young man clung rather faintly to the supporting planks, as if he had overstrained himself, and two or three hands, who had already shoved off a "bateau" pushed out and picked him up with his barrels.

Torn by a convulsion of fiercely antagonized feelings, Vandine sat down on the edge of the bank and waited stupidly. About the same moment Sarah looked out of the cottage door in wonder to see why the mill had stopped so suddenly. She had never dreamed of such chances as that his enemy should deserve his gratitude. In his nature there had grown up one thing stronger than his thirst for vengeance, and that one thing was his love for Stevie. In spite of the bitter remorse that had since then scorched his heart, he found his heart warming strangely to the man who, at a deadly risk, had saved the life of his darling. At the same time he was conscious of a fresh sense of injury. A bitter resentment throbbled up in his bewildered bosom to think that MacPherson should thus have robbed him of the sweets of that revenge he had so long anticipated.

The first clear realization that came to him was that, though he must kill the man who had wronged the girl, he would nevertheless, be tortured with remorse for having thus forever robbed him of the sweets of that revenge he had so long anticipated.

"An' he was set on killin' me to-night, was he?" murmured MacPherson in the deepest wonderment. "What might his name be anyhow?"

"Lije Vandine," spoke up another of the hands. "An' that's his grandchild, Stevie. I reckon he must have a powerful grudge agin you, Sandy, or he'd never 'a' acted that way."

MacPherson's face had grown serious and dignified.

"Is the boy's father and mother livin'?" he inquired.

MARRIED.

East Weymouth, N. S., May 12, Ruth F., daughter of James and Eliza Gumb, 16. Upper Annapolis, May 9, Sadie Levis, daughter of George E. and Kate Dickson, 2. North East Margrove, C. B., May 14, Samuel, son of Isabel and Samuel Morrison, 4. Northport, May 12, of consummation, Thomas A., son of Martin and Mary J. Gilroy, 24. Roxbury, May 18, M. Loren, son of George A. and Augusta B. Vincent, 18 months. Lorneville, May 11, of consummation, Rachel, daughter of Alex. and Emma Fields, 9 months. Upper Margroveville, May 22, of scariet fever, Josie, daughter of Charles and Della Gibson, 7. Montreal, May 23, Mary Ham, widow of the late James McAlpine, of Fredericton, N. B., 7. Portland, Me., May 20, Elizabeth, wife of C. F. Lombard, and daughter of William McLean, of Chatham, 43.

DIED.

Kingston, May 20, William Call, 72. Napan, May 11, Catherine Ross, 54. St. John, May 30, James Hayes, 60. St. John, May 28, Maggie Pierce, 26. St. John, May 27, James B. Pace, 51. Truro, May 27, William Blackmer, 64. St. John, May 25, Patrick Heffern, 45. St. John, May 29, Albert Gifford, 19. St. John, May 24, Gilbert Murdoch, 74. Upper Kent, May 16, W. H. Scudder, 82. Arichat, C. B., May 20, Peter Boudet, 80. Woodstock, May 19, David J. Holder, 65. Albany, N. S., May 21, Handley Merry, 50. Aylesford, N. S., May 21, Ann Davidson, 78. Dunham, N. S., May 12, Daniel Christian, 90. Truro, May 17, Maria, wife of John Ertin, 84. Kingston, May 19, Mrs. Thomas Dickinson, 48. Black Cape, N. B., May 18, Mrs. John Willett. Sydney, C. B., May 13, David W. Boutiller, 91. St. John, May 24, Louisa, wife of Alfred Stanton. Windsor, May 18, of paralysis, Hannah Fizzle, 72. Halifax, May 21, Minnie, wife of John Mahar, 21. Lower Canada, N. S., May 17, Edward DeWitt, 73. Campbellton, May 18, Mrs. John McKeen, 44. Salem Creek, N. B., May 16, W. James Whiting, 74. Burton, May 19, Hannah, wife of Wesley Barker. Truro, May 20, Sarah, widow of the late John King, 82. Kentville, May 17, Murray Sewall, son of F. Hanson, 21. St. Martin, May 20, of heart disease, Daniel March, 53. Bathurst, May 20, Annie, wife of David Landell, 22. Storehaven, N. B., May 20, Emily, wife of John W. Lowe. Birchtown, N. S., May 20, of consumption, James Smith. Moncton, May 28, Nathalie, widow of A. A. Bourgeois, 43. Halifax, May 23, Hannah, wife of the late John Ward, 81. Mount Uelacke, N. S., May 12, Mrs. Mary Shumman, 48. Bathurst, May 3, Eliza, widow of the late William Barry, 82. North Sydney, May 22, Ellen, wife of Patrick Dowd, 53. Somerset, May 16, Betsey, widow of the late Patrick Grace, 73. Folle Ville, May 22, Laura, wife of W. C. D. Corbett, 61. Lewisville, May 28, Rebecca, wife of Arthur D. Russell, 65. South Richmond, N. B., May 17, Catherine Gidley, 56. Dartmouth, May 23, Bessie Blanche, wife of W. F. Stevens, 24. St. John, May 20, E. Isabella, daughter of the late, John Coyne, 56. Middleton, May 17, Hannah, wife of William Murphy, 60. St. David, May 16, Mary C., daughter of William Bamford, 21. Aylesford, N. S., May 8, Angela, wife of James William Martin, 94. Apohquot, May 24, of heart disease, Weeden J. Wetmore, 52. Lower Selma, N. S., May 23, Cassie, daughter of John Crowe. St. John, May 27, Caroline, wife of Charles F. Dykeman, 28. Lower Canada River, May 17, Andrew Herdman McKeen, 18. Halifax, May 27, Mary A. Stevenson, wife of Theodore McKay, 16. Brookline, N. S., May 10, Martha, wife of George R. Thomson, 28. Fenwick, May 14, Anne, son of Oliver and Isabella McKay, 16. St. John, May 28, Katie, daughter of Charles H. and Amelia Percy, 6. Benton, May 18, Florence Mullin, daughter of Mr. Leighton, 22. Kingston, N. B., May 12, Helen, widow of the late William Martin, 94. St. John, May 28, Robert Long, son of John S. and Rebecca C. Corbett. Chatham, May 28, George A. son of Alex. and Mary McKinnon, 11. Upper South River, N. S., May 11, Catherine, wife of George Hattie, 70. Dartmouth, May 22, Fawcett Scott, son of Edward and Eliza Forbes, 11. Moncton, May 28, Barbara, widow of the late Norman MacKenzie, 67. St. John, May 20, Mary, Rainbird, widow of the late Joseph Burns, 60. St. Stephen, May 22, Stella, daughter of John and Isabella Nesbit, 11. Carleton, N. B., May 23, Daniel, son of William and Sarah J. Coyne, 2 months. Halifax, May 28, Arthur, son of Blanchard and Arlette B. Murray, 14 days. Fairview, N. S., May 23, James McKeen, son of Alex. and Mrs. McKeen, 10 months. Halifax, May 21, Lillian, daughter of the late Samuel and Mary Warner, 14. Moncton, May 22, of consumption, Elizabeth Ann, wife of William M. Board, 26.

BORN.

Halifax, May 23, to the wife of G. Davis, a son. Halifax, May 28, to the wife of S. Payne, a daughter. Halifax, May 28, to the wife of A. T. Lawrence, a son. Woodstock, May 17, to the wife of Dr. Kierstead, a son. Halifax, May 20, to the wife of W. J. Delaney, a son. Amherst, May 18, to the wife of Charles Davidson. Inverman, N. S., May 8, to the wife of J. A. Babine, a son. New Glasgow, May 20, to the wife of S. G. Tupper, a daughter. Halifax, May 16, to the wife of E. W. Mills, a daughter. Halifax, May 16, to the wife of R. W. Estou, a daughter. Douglas, May 19, to the wife of W. N. H. Clements, a daughter. Sydney, C. B., May 17, to the wife of J. D. Brown, a daughter. Alma, May 22, to the wife of Armour McFarlane, a daughter. Acadia Mines, N. S., May 21, to the wife of Howard Mills, a son. Woodstock, May 27, to the wife of Forester McKeen, a son. Mount Uelacke, May 10, to the wife of Daniel Patridge, a son. LaRue, N. S., May 17, to the wife of Rev. George D. Harris, a son. Weymouth, N. S., to the wife of William Bousfield, a daughter. Shelburne, N. S., to the wife of Capt. Jethro W. Waterville, N. S., to the wife of Amos B. Burke, a daughter. Stellarton, N. S., May 22, to the wife of Dr. E. H. Munro, a daughter. Carleton Place, N. S., May 19, to the wife of John A. Macdonald, a son. Bear River, N. S., May 14, to the wife of J. Wood, a daughter. Liverpool, N. S., May 21, to the wife of Frank B. Carter, a daughter. Lunenburg, N. S., May 27, to the wife of Frank B. Carter, a daughter.

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RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. TRANS-PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS LEAVE VALCOUVER FOR JAPAN, CHINA, &c. On arrival of Express Trains from the East, July 16, Aug 6 and 27, 1894. At 7 a. m. on June 16, July 16 and Aug. 7, 1894. For rates of fare and other information apply at company's offices, Chubb's Corner or at Passenger Station.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains on the Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: Express for Campbellton, Peggush, Pictou and Halifax, 7.00. Express for Halifax, 12.50. Express for Lunenburg, 12.50. Express for Point duChene, Quebec, and Montreal, 16.50.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. On and after Thursday, Jan. 4th, 1894, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 1.10 a. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7.00 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.15 p. m. LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 12.50 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.00 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.40 p. m. CONNECTIONS—At Annapolis with trains of the Y. & A. Ry. with the Grand Trunk for St. John every Wednesday and Saturday excepted. With the Grand Trunk for St. John every Wednesday and Saturday excepted. Through tickets can be obtained to the Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. Trains are run by Railway Standard Time. Yarmouth, N. S. General Superintendent.

1894. SEASON 1894. ST. JOHN, GRAND LAKE and SALMON RIVER. All intermediate stopping places. THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W. BRADY, Master, has recently been built and is now ready to receive passengers, strictly under Dominion inspection, will, until further notice, run between St. John and Annapolis, leaving her wharf, Indiantown, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 6.30 o'clock, local time. Returning will leave Salmon River on MONDAY and THURSDAY mornings, touching at Georgetown Wharf each way. FARE—St. John to Salmon River or vice versa, \$1.25. Or return tickets good for 30 days, one return passage \$3.00. Fare to intermediate points as low as by any other steamer. This "Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and Friday of each week. All Up Excursion must be prepaid, unless accompanied by owner, in which case it can be settled for on board. All Freight at owner's risk after being discharged from steamer. Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays. SPECIAL NOTICE—Until further notice we will offer inducements to excursionists by issuing tickets to all regular stopping places between St. John and Salmon River, on Saturday trips up, at one fare, good to return free Monday following. No return tickets less than 40 cents.

STEAMER CLIFTON

will leave her wharf at Indiantown, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons at 4 o'clock for Chapel Grove, Ross Glen Kingston, Reed's Point, Murphy's Landing, Hampton and other points on the river, leaving Hampton Wharf the same day at 5.40 a. m., for St. John and intervening points. M. E. FARRER, Captain.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Winter Arrangement. TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON. COMMENCING November 15th, the steamer of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston, touching at New Brunswick and Thursday mornings at 7.30 standard time. The steamer will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 9 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Canada and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 6 p. m. C. E. LAEBLER, Agent.