

The Union Advocate,

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W. & J. ANSLAW,

VOL. XII.—No. 2.

Our Country, with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, November 6, 1878.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

WHOLE No. 574.

WAVERLY HOTEL,
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.
House has lately been refurnished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travellers.

LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD OUTFIT, ON THE PREMISES.
ALEX. STEWART,
Late of Waverly House, St. John. Proprietor.
Newcastle, Dec. 2, 1878.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI,
NEW BRUNSWICK.
THIS HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, has recently been fitted up in first class style, is in close proximity to the I. C. Railway Station, and the wants of travellers will be attended to promptly.

KIRK HOTEL.
THE SUBSCRIBER has Rented the New Building erected by Mr. M. Keen, near the Post Office and Custom House, and having Newly Furnished the same throughout, is prepared to accommodate the

TRAVELLING PUBLIC.
No pains will be spared to secure the comfort of guests.
COACH will connect with the trains—Good stabling accommodation.
D. KIRK, Proprietor.
Newcastle, May 18, 1878.

CANADA HOUSE,
CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.
WM. JOHNSON, Proprietor.
CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this house to make it a first class hotel, and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort.

"Wilbur House,"
Bathurst, Cloucouster County, N. B.
This House, which has been enlarged and thoroughly repaired, refurnished and refurnished, will be open to the public on Monday next, 12th June.

ROYAL HOTEL,
KING SQUARE.
I HAVE much pleasure in informing my numerous friends and the public generally, that I have leased the Hotel, formerly known as the "CONTINENTAL," and throughly refurnished the same, making it, as the "ROYAL" always had the reputation of being, one of the best Hotels in the Province.

NORTHERN HOUSE,
CAMPBELLTON.
THE Subscribers having recently bought and fitted up the Northern House, in the vicinity of the splendid Restigouche river and adjacent mountains, render it one of the most attractive Hotels in the North.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
RIVER DU LOUP,
JOSEPH A. FOUNTAIN, PROPRIETOR.
THIS HOTEL is situated in the immediate vicinity of the Railway Station, and is well calculated to meet the requirements of travellers, as neither public or private parties are accommodated in a comfortable and convenient manner.

To Mill Owners and Mechanics.
THOS. B. PEACE,
MANUFACTURER OF
ALL KINDS OF SAWS,
In preparation to fill orders from any part of the country. His saws are now being widely used, and are made of the very best quality of English Steel, and are warranted to be equal to the best English or American manufacture.

MR. W. HAYWOODS
HAS much pleasure in announcing to his many friends and customers that he has resumed business at No. 268, over A. J. Lordy's Furniture Emporium, where he will be pleased to attend to all orders entrusted to his care with neatness and dispatch.
Repairs Promptly attended to.
St. John, Aug. 14, 1878.

WILLIAM A. PARK,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICE—Over the Store of William Park, Esq.
Castle Street, - - NEWCASTLE.
May 1, 1877.

L. J. TWEDDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
CHATHAM, - - - N. B.
OFFICE—Snowball's Building,
May 13, 1874.

WILLET & QUIGLEY,
Solicitors, Barristers, Attorneys,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, CONVEYANCERS, &c.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
JOHN WILLET. RICH'D F. QUIGLEY, LL. B.
March 24, 1878. Since 29

A. H. JOHNSON,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC,
&c., &c.,
CHATHAM, N. B.
July 10, 1877.

A. D. SHIRREFF,
AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Life, Fire & Marine Insurance
AND
GENERAL AGENT,
Chatham, N. B.
August 29, 1878. Since 1y

HERBERT T. DAWSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
OFFICE—In Mr. John Dalton's House;
RESIDENCE,
At Mr. Wm. Greenley's, opposite Office.
Newcastle, March 26, 1877.

DENTISTRY,
Dr. Freeman,
will attend to DENTISTRY in his various Branches, as his other engagements will permit.
Having procured every appliance and the most recent improvements, Dr. F. guarantees operations and gives special attention to the insertion of
ARTIFICIAL TEETH,
Either on Rubber or a new and improved Base called Celluloid.
Being a resident in the County his patients will find no difficulty in having every requisite made good.
Newcastle, April 18, 1878.

Confecionery &c.
W. C. HOLDSWORTH,
CONFECTIONER,
CHATHAM AND NEWCASTLE, N. B.
Chatham—In Store lately occupied by J. V. Benson.
Newcastle—Head of Public Wharf.
Constantly on hand, a great variety of
Plain and Fancy Confectionery,
(Pure and Unadulterated).
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
A large importation of
Choice Valencia Oranges, Lemons, Dried Fruits, &c.
Newcastle, March 29, 1878.

S. F. SHUTE,
Direct Importer of
Fine Watches, Rich Jewelry, Electro Plated Ware, Clocks, Fancy Goods, &c.
Orders Solicited, and goods sent to responsible parties on approval.
WATCH REPAIRING, in all its branches promptly attended to.
AGENT for the "Florence" Sewing Machine, and "Lazarus & Morris & Co's" PERFECTED SPECTACLES.
Remember the Place.
S. F. SHUTE,
Queen St., Fredericton.
24ly.

NO EMPTY ASSERTION!
TRY IT.
BY an admirable arrangement of nature, the whole body, each part in its turn, recovers new material to make up for its own waste. This principle accounts for the fact that
HYPOPOSSOMUM
—OR—
Magic Cough Syrup,
a simple vegetable remedy, by speedily removing all imperfections from the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, will therefore cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and all Throat, Lung and Liver Complaints.
A Positive Cure for Nervous Debility, Common Cold or Cough, cured in 24 hours.
PREPARED ONLY BY F. BUCKLER, NEWCASTLE, N. B.
T. H. Ramsay General Agent and Manager, to whom all communications should be addressed. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.
Agents wanted everywhere.
Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B., Feb. 1878.

INSURANCE BLOCK.
Fire & Marine Insurance Agency,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
Corner of Prince William Street and Market Square.
Application for Fire Insurance may be made to the following Representatives.
NEWCASTLE—A. A. Davidson.
CHATHAM—T. F. Gillespie, W. Wilkinson.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON, ESTABLISHED 1803.
Capital & Cash Assets exceed £2,000,000 stg.
THE AETNA INSURANCE CO'Y,
INCORPORATED 1819.
Cash Capital and Assets over \$6,000,000.
THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO'Y,
INCORPORATED 1810.
Cash Capital and Assets over \$2,500,000.
BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY,
ESTABLISHED 1833.

Dwelling Houses, whether built or in course of construction, as well as furniture, contained therein, insured for terms of One or Three Years, at low rates. Steam Saw Mills, Yards on the stocks or in port, Warehouses, Merchandise and Insurable property, of every description covered on the lowest possible terms.

ROBERT MARSHALL,
GENERAL AGENT, NOTARY PUBLIC and BROKER.
Jan. 8, 1878.

G. A. BLAIR,
Merchant Tailor,
CHATHAM, N. B.
Always on hand a large and select assortment of
BROADCLOTHS, Doekings,
Casimers, Beavers, Meltons, &c.
SCOTCH, ENGLISH, & CANADIAN TWEEDS,
Velvet and other Fancy Vestings.
Gentlemen's APPAREL,
Made up promptly, and in the best and most Fashionable Styles.
Orders from a distance will receive Special Attention.
LATEST FASHIONS
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Remember the Stand.
Stone Building, adjoining Dr. Pallen's
Water Street, Chatham.
June 25th, 1878.

CUSTOM TAILORING.
THE Subscriber has opened a FIRST CLASS TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT in the low, and owned by the Hon. William Mulholland, near Lester's Scales, Water Street, Chatham.
Gentlemen wanting clothes made to order for
SPRING AND SUMMER
will do well to examine his splendid assortment to select from.
GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS made up under the general supervision of a First Class Cutter.
Cloth Purchased elsewhere will be made up on the premises.
W. S. MORRIS,
Chatham, April 30, 1877.

NOTICE.
THE SUBSCRIBER having taken out an
AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE,
IS PREPARED TO
CONDUCT AUCTION SALES
in any part of the Country.
Goods received on consignment and prompt returns made.
SAMUEL U. McCULLY,
Chatham, June 26th, 1878.

SPECTACLES.
LAZARUS & MORRIS celebrated per- not tire the eyes or injure the sight, for sale by the Agents,
C. F. BOURNE,
Next Door to "Waverly Hotel",
NEWCASTLE.

WANTED.
A SHOP and OFFICE BOY—one willing to make himself generally useful.
Apply to
DR. FREEMAN,
Newcastle, Sept. 11, 77.

EMPIRE
SOAP AND CANDLE WORKS,
SHEDIAC, N. B.
Extra P. T. Soap, No. 1 P. T. Soap, Common Soap and Candles Manufactured and always in Stock, at Low Rates and Good Terms.
T. W. BELL & CO.
Nov. 26, 1877.

Law and Collection Offices
—OR—
ADAMS & LAWLOR,
Barristers and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Bankruptcy, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c., Real Estate, & Fire Insurance Agents.
CLAIMS Collected in all parts of the Dominion.
OFFICES:
NEWCASTLE AND BATHURST.
M. ADAMS. R. A. LAWLOR.
July 18th, 1878.

Original.
(WRITTEN FOR THE ADVOCATE.)
Miramichi.
By THOMAS M. BROWN.
"To the home of my boyhood a pilgrim I came
And fondly expected to find it the same,
Full of sunshine and joy as it once used to be.
In days when the world was all sunshine to me."

I.
The past is all before me, with its storied memories
They float across my being like the summer's balmy breeze,
Dew-laden and streaming hopes, and dreams of long ago,
Ere sorrow's tears had dimmed my eyes, or care had marked my brow.

When wild and gay as summer birds, my heart was ever singing,
And I felt a mother's kiss—first flowers were ever sweetly springing,
And laugh and shout rang gaily out, from hearts all light and free—
In the sunny days of boyhood on the banks of Miramichi.

II.
Long years have fled, since last I stood upon
The breezy shores,
Oh! what a rushing tide of thought, within my bosom pours!
I hear the sailor's "cheer men," that rang out loud and clear,
Laden with music such as since, scarce upon my lips has rung—
Here first a mother's kiss—first heard a mother's voice,
Trilling the good old melodies that make the heart rejoice;
Here first a loving father knew—first sat upon my knee,
And brothers—sisters—here were born—beloved Miramichi.

III.
Here passed the merry school-days—merry when school was out,
Oh! schoolmates dear, again hear your wild and joyous shout,
Come make a ring, your marbles bring—your top, and bat, and ball,
Alas! alas! how few can hear and answer to my call!
The school-house stands—and voices strange are heard its walls within,
Our teacher's lips are hushed! he'll ne'er call out "Scholar" again.
Ah, good old man! thy voice and hand will not be forgotten
By those who fear'd thy loved thee, on the banks of Miramichi.

IV.
On yonder hill the "Chapel" stands where oft in bounding youth
My soul drank in the sacred words of mercy and of truth,
And knelt at the good Father's knee—thank God, he's with us yet—
And learned the boy lessons which I never can forget.
And gather'd round, the youths and maids, the old men and the young,
Ah, blessed hours! when day by day, God's sacred praise we sung;
Now scattered far these singers are—but ever dear to me,
Will be the Miramichi's music tones by pleasant Miramichi.

V.
On thy sunny slopes, fair river, felt my soul the magic thrill,
Of that first love, whose holy power can stir my being still,
Oh! moonlight nights—oh! dear delights—how fast the moments flew,
When thou wert love and joy, and all our thoughts to love and you,
Oh! what is fame, or wealth, or rank, compared unto the bliss
That trembles through the throbbing heart
What earthly pleasure can outvie the thrilling ecstasy,
That warmed our youthful bosoms by the happy Miramichi.

VI.
The dream is past—I see her still—she wears the old sweet smile,
The token of a truthful heart, that spurns deceitful guile,
And happy in a husband's love—blessed with a mother's care,
May peace, prosperity, and joy, smile on her coming years,
When the jewels of her household, she showed to me, one by one,
And I praised the little darlings, my heart exclaimed "well-Dunn,"
May these children e'er their parents stay, and comfort be,
Or far away on thy shores, O sunny Miramichi.

VII.
For two and twenty years my feet have wandered far away,
I ask for friends and playmates, each answers "where are they?"
For many of the "boys" are gone into a distant land,
And few are left to greet me now of our joyous band.
The snows of many a winter keen, have whitened many a head
The summer grass grows green—where snows are with the dreamless dead,
And you and I—O reader dear! are following day by day,
And soon will slumber with them here or far from Miramichi.

VIII.
One well remembered schoolmate dear, it was my happy lot,
To clasp his hand and welcome to the consecrated spot,
Where in sunny days of boyhood oft he knelt in hallowed prayer,
Ah! what thronging memories stirred his heart while on God's altar there,
Arrayed in Priesthood's sacred robes, he stood and looked upon
The old familiar faces—thought of many who were gone!
We thank Thee, Heavenly Father! that thou gavest us eyes to see,
And our hearts to welcome "Father Dunn" again to Miramichi.

IX.
In Nelson's olden churchyard, long had slept a mother's dust,
Oh! may it rise in glory, when Christ shall rise the just,
And may her loved ones meet her, when time shall be no more,
To dwell forever with the saints upon the Heavenly shore.

Old town of Chatham, soon I'll leave your sad sweet scenes again,
Perchance no more to tread your streets, but with you will remain
My fervent prayers, that coming years with rich prosperity
May bless the hearts and homes of all who dwell in Miramichi.

X.
Farewell old scenes! farewell old friends! 'tis hard indeed to part,
So soon how tenderly will cling youth's days to both sides—
'Twas spring with nature and with me when I left ye long ago,
I leave ye now when radiant hues of Autumn round us glow.
The summer's past—and winter hoar draws on to both sides—
The grave will soon close o'er us—others soon will take our place,
But while within my heart shall dwell one dream of memory,
I'll cherish all the happy scenes—farewell
Maple Grove, Chatham.

Selected Literature.
IN A MOMENT OF PERIL.
It was a most benighted place—quite "the end of the world." The nearest log-hut was five miles away, and the nearest settlement—the old Red Ranch, as it was called—thirty. The forest family had pitched upon it quite by accident, when they had migrated from the old country ten years before. Mr. Forest had purchased a vast tract of uncultivated land on the Red river, and had settled there, like the patriarchs of old, with his wife and children, his man-servants and his maid-servants, his flocks and herds and every thing that was his.

Since then everything had prospered with him. Wide ranges of prairie, magnificent sweeps of forest and wood, green hills and dales belonged to him. He was literally and truly monarch of all he surveyed. His family consisted of his wife, three grown up sons, and one daughter. Nance, a sweet, mischievous, dark-eyed damsel, aged eighteen, whose capacities for flirting and mischief were as fully developed as any town belle's. One would not have imagined that there was much scope for these special accomplishments in the wilds of Texas; but there was not a young fellow within fifty miles of Forest Hill who was not in love with Miss Nance's beauty, and not one but who would have ridden twice the distance for a kind word or a sign of favor from the somewhat capricious but always charming young beauty.

The Northcootes—distant relatives of Forests—were the owners of the Red Ranch settlement, a place one degree more civilized than Forest Hill inasmuch as it boasted of one shop and a post-office. Young Fred Northcoote, the eldest son, was one of Miss Nance's most devoted slaves, and as such, was tyrannized over quite unmercifully. The young fellow was always finding his way over to Forest Hill on some pretext or other. He had spoken his wishes plainly enough long before, but Miss Nance was a flirt. She would not say "Yes," but she did not say "No"; and meanwhile Fred was kept in suspense, chafing and impatient enough, and yet bound hand and foot to his wifely, charming lady love, and perhaps, man like, loving her all the more for her caprice.

It was a brilliant morning in April—summer weather in the far West, the sun already blazing down fiercely and promising a tropical noon-day. Mr. Forest and young Fred Northcoote, who had been spending a day or two at Forest Hill, were standing together before the picturesque porch of the long farm-house. Fred was a brown-faced, blue eyed young fellow, strong and athletic. He looked very handsome in his careless backwoods costume of knickerbockers and gaiters, striped blue and white shirt, light, loose jacket, and broad brimmed hat shading his manly, frank face, with his soft mustache and bright, keen eyes. A black horse of great beauty, deep-chested, strong limbed was standing beside him, pawing the ground and tossing his handsome head under his master's caressing hand. Hot-spur was an English horse, almost thorough-bred. For fifty miles round there was not his equal for speed or endurance, nor, in Fred's opinion, for beauty either. Mr. Forest was speaking.

"I hear the prairie has been on fire away by the North Forks. Mind you do not get caught. The wind sets right from there, and it is just the weather for fires."

"No fear," laughed the young fellow as he put one foot in the stirrup; "I've run many a race with a prairie fire before now. Good bye sir."

"Cousin Fred, Cousin Fred, I want to go to the Red Ranch; you must wait for me!" cried a pretty, imperious voice just as Fred's horse had made a step forward, and a tall, slight girl came running down the veranda steps, her nut brown hair shining like burnished gold in the sunlight, a bright color in her fair arch face assuming an expression of surprise. Not half an hour before, and had Nance had high words, and that she should voluntarily seek his escort now was somewhat unaccountable. But most of

Miss Nance's freaks were unaccountable. "It is too hot, child," interposed her father. "Thirty miles in this blazing sun—it would half kill you."

"Oh, no, it would not!" urged Nance her dark eyes sweet and wifely. "It will not hurt me. Let me go—do—do I can ride Miss Mollie, and—with a half shy, half mischievous look at the young man—" Fred will take care of me."

Mr. Forest raised one or two more objections; but Nance—a spoiled pet and darling—overruled them all, and finally, as she always did, got her own way, and in half an hour the two were riding together through the maple woods which clothed the rising ground all about Forest Hill. Nance and her chestnut mare, Miss Mollie, were a picture to look at. The girl was a perfect rider, and in her closely fitting habit of light grey cloth—the only thing suitable for the country—with its touch of scarlet ribbon at the throat and her broad brimmed straw hat, looked her very best, and knew it, too.

"This is an unexpected honor," began Fred, as they quitted the shade of the trees and entered on the dry crisp grass of the open prairie.

"Do not flatter yourself," returned Miss Nance, with a toss of her bright young head. "It suited my convenience to come. I expected to find some letters at the settlement which I wish to get for myself."

"Sixty miles is a long way to ride for letters which I could have brought with me on Thursday," remarked Fred, with a somewhat incredulous smile. "I do not suppose they are of such vital consequence."

"I have no wish to make you my postman," retorted Miss Nance; "and it is not of the slightest consequence what you suppose or do not suppose."

Fred desisted to answer, except by a most unnecessary cut of the whip on Hot-spur's glossy flank. The quarrel between the two had been in progress some days. In this unsocial style the two pressed on mile after mile, till the sun was high in the heavens and half their journey over. The track was simply a narrow path beaten through the tall gamma grass and reeds of the prairie, which rose on either hand five or six feet high, all matted and tangled together with wild pea vines and creepers; it was burnt quite crisp and brown by the heat of the sun, and was as dry as tinder. As they brushed it in passing, the twigs and canes snapped at a touch. Right ahead, fifteen miles away, rising blue above the undulations of the prairie, was a steep bluff, the termination of a range of low hills, off-shoots of the Rocky mountains. This bluff was their landmark and guide, for a mile or two behind it was the Red Ranch settlement, or Northcootes, as it was often called. Meanwhile, the clear blue of the sky was becoming overcast with a sultry leaden haze. The air was intensely hot and heavy. The wide, treeless, shadowless prairie rolled away on every side in undulations like the swells of the great ocean. At last Fred grew tired of keeping up even a show of resentment, and began to talk again. "How well Miss Mollie goes to-day!"

"She always does," returned Nance, a shade more graciously than before, she was tired of keeping silent so long.

"All the same, I would not back her again Hot-spur."

"No, because Hot-spur will be beaten," answered Nance, confidently.

"Will you try?" he asked.

"No! I won't. It's too hot to race. How can you suggest such a thing in this blazing sun?"

"Hot or not, it strikes me it is what you will have to do," he coolly remarked.

"What do you mean?" she said, raising a pair of dark, incredulous eyes.

"Look there," and raising his whip, Fred pointed to the right behind them, whence the leaden hue cloud was spreading over the sky. What does that look like?"

Nance turned her eyes in the direction indicated, and as she looked, her face blanched to an awful whiteness. "Fire! The prairie is on fire!" she cried, faintly. "Oh, Fred, what shall we do?" Involuntarily she drew up her horse and gazed anxiously around.

The ominous leaden gray haze was sweeping down upon them—already it had crept round behind them. Below the haze a faint line of dull red was just visible.

"Yes, the prairie is on fire sure enough," the young man said. "Are you frightened, Nance?"

She turned her dark, clear eyes to his. Her face was pale, but there was no sign of weakness about the steady, brave mouth.

"No, I am not frightened," she answered, gravely, but smiling back to his anxious face. "But I know the danger."

"And how we can escape," he said, reassuringly. "Now for it!"

In another moment they were flying along. There was no need to urge Hot-

spur and Miss Mollie—they scented the danger and could hardly be restrained. The bluff showed blue in the distance—fifteen miles away; and behind them was a waste of hot, dry tinder which caught fire with lightning-like rapidity. The odds against them seemed awful.

Looking back, and seeing now fast it was gaining on them, Fred would have given worlds to have Nance safe at home. They reached a belt of low trees, a conspicuous landmark in the prairie. Just eight miles more before them! Heavens, it seemed like a journey across the world! They were galloping along like race-horses, every sinew and muscle strained to the utmost. Great clouds of smoke were now overtaking them, circling and eddying above their heads. A pungent smelling vapor came creeping along the ground, almost suffocating them with its fumes. The dull, rushing roar of the fire increased every moment behind them, while the snapping of the cane-brakes and the crackling of the dry gamma grass was distinctly audible. Still they were going on. Seven, six, five miles. The fire was gaining on them with fearful rapidity, but the cliff was rising clear and distinct before them. Half an hour more and they would be safe. Suddenly without a moment's warning, Nance's horse stumbled in a hole pitched heavily forward and fell on her knees. Fred threw himself off Hot-spur in an instant and before Nance could free her foot from the stirrup, was at her side.

"What is it?" cried Nance. "Is she hurt?" And though her voice was steady, she trembled violently.

"One of her legs is broken," he replied. "You must ride behind me, Quick, Nance, there's no time to lose!"—mounting Hot-spur as he spoke, and holding out his hand to help her mount. "Quick, your hand!"

"Oh, Fred, I cannot leave her to be burned to death!" cried Nance, bending over Miss Mollie, who looked up at her mistress with agonized eyes, and uttered a low moan of intense, painful suffering. Fred drew a pistol from his holster.

"There is no other way," he said quietly, as he fired.

The chestnut's pretty head fell prone on the rank grass, a shudder passed over her graceful limbs, and she lay dead before them. With a sob Nance turned silently away from her favorite and gave her hand to Fred. In another moment they were flying over the plain. Alas, with how small a chance now! The gallant horse, strive as he might, made but little headway with his double burden. There were only a few miles more. Already the air was scorching. The smoke and vapor enveloped them in suffocating clouds, hiding the bluff from view and choking them with their stifling breath. The roar of the fire sounded fearfully near, the moments few fast and the deadly sound behind grew every moment more distinct. The wind had increased to a tempest, which blew the smoke in denser clouds over them. A lurid yellow glare tinged the heavy rolling masses, the heat of the furious conflagration was perceptibly felt.

"Is there a chance?" whispered Nance, looking fearfully behind as the good horse strained onward.

"Yes, if we can hold out ten minutes more," he answered.

"Heaven help us!" she cried, closing her eyes as a furious blast of wind brought a breath of fierce heat against her cheek.

He drew her arm closely round him, taking one small hand in an eager, covetous grasp.

"Pray for us, Nance," he whispered quietly.

Only two miles now. Ten little minutes of time, and they would be safe. But Hot-spur was failing. He sprang forward now with convulsive bounds; his gallant limbs trembled beneath him; every breath was a short, gasping sob. Another mile—half a mile! Oh, Heaven, have mercy! The scorching breath of the fire was upon them; they were in a whirlwind of dense, suffocating smoke. The horse stumbled at every step—he gasped and moaned like a human soul in extremity. Covered with foam and trembling convulsively he struggled on. Little flames and eddies of fire, heralds of the horrors behind, crept among the tangled grass.

Fred turned on the saddle and tried to draw Nance's head down on to his breast. She made no resistance; but when he would have hidden her eyes from sight, she lifted them clearly and unflinchingly to his.

"Don't, Fred—I can face death with open eyes," she said, and catching hold of his hand, she pulled it gently away. As she did so, a great shower of sparks, borne on the fierce wind, fell around and over them.

"Oh, my darling, to think this should be the end!" he cried, despairingly, knowing how very near it was now.

"No, no," she cried, "it is not the end! See—we are close to the bluff! Oh, thank Heaven, thank Heaven!" and she pointed to the towering rock, which a rift in the smoke disclosed rising right before them ten fifty yards away. "On, Hot-spur—on!"

good horse—one more struggle—on, on!" she shouted encouragingly.

Cheered by her voice and hand, the brave horse gathered all his strength for one tremendous effort and bounded forward with frantic leaps. But it was an expiring struggle. Ere ten yards were passed he fell to the ground gasping and panting, his brave spirit overcome at last. Fred dragged Nance away, and seizing her hand, began running toward the bluff, so near now so near—and yet one look back she gave. The fire was close behind, a fearful sight. The fierce heat scorched their faces, sparks of burnt grass, cane, and splinters of wood fell in showers about them. The stifling, choking smoke half suffocated them, paralyzing every nerve. On, on, with frantic, flying feet; safety in front, death behind—and such a death!

"Leave me, Fred," gasped Nance, faintly. "I can go no further. Tell them at home—my love—kiss me once, Fred." She dropped to the ground with a choking sob.

With a wild cry, he caught her up in his arms and staggered on. They were close to the bluff now. A dozen steps and he gained the foot of the ascent. Stumbling, struggling, panting, he pressed on up the face of the rock.

The fire rushed after him, sending out long tongues of flame as if to grasp its prey; it licked up the scanty herbage, and raged and roared in fierce fury. But a few more yards!

"Oh, Heaven, have mercy!" Staggering, dizzy, almost frantic, he struggled on, step after step, step after step. One more! "Oh, thank Heaven, thank Heaven—safety at last!"

It was a terribly narrow escape. So close had been the fire, so deadly the peril, that it seemed as if only a miracle had saved them. Half an hour afterward, when they had recovered sufficient strength to struggle onward to the Red Ranch, they began to realize to what an extremity of danger they were reduced. Their clothes looked like tinder and hung on them in shreds and patches. Nance's face was deadly white, except for a vivid red scar down one side of her cheek and neck, where a scorching flame had caught it. Fred's right arm was completely disabled; his hands and face were a deep crimson hue. The fire had scorched him terribly.

As they crept slowly along, Fred looked wistfully into Nance's face.

"Did you mean it, Nance?" he gently asked.

"Mean what?" she said, her eyes drooping shyly before his.

"What you said a while ago. Will you kiss me, Nance, my own love?"

"Yes," she whispered, turning her sweet face to his.

What a blessed thing it is that we can forget! 'Tis-day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight. Says one writer: "If you would keep a book over the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you. You allow a thing to annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper (or rather get it); for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it; and you justify yourselves for being thrown off your balance by cases which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast and put it down in a little book, and follow it up, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter. The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, progress, and out-come of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them, that we should be glad to drop such things, and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatred and vexations."

A sad accident, with a fatal result, occurred in Westmorland County a few days ago. Stephen M. Chandler, Esq., son of the Lieut. Governor, while on his way from Sackville to Dorchester, stopped at Bulmer's mill. The road just here formed a high embankment, and down on one side was a spring into which was set a plank box about four feet square. On getting out of his wagon, he stepped on a pebble and was thrown head foremost over the side of the road, striking the outer edge of the box with the back of his head. His neck was dislocated, and instant death ensued. The news of the sudden event has cast a gloom over the village of Dorchester, where the deceased gentleman resided.

A TOUCHING SIGHT.—A little