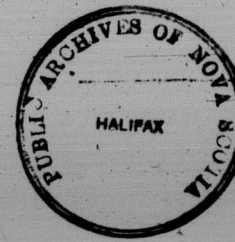


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Vol. II.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1872.

No. 5.—Whole No. 43

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OFFICE LATELY OCCUPIED BY DR. ROBERTS,
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may 17

SAWS! SAWS!

**ALEXANDRA
WORK**

Saw Factory,
Owner of North and George Streets, St. John
J. F. LAWTON,
Proprietor.
may 28

Literature.

MISS OR MRS.?

A Christmas Story, in Twelve Scenes.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

SIR JOSEPH GRAYBROOKE—Knight,
RICHARD TURLINGTON—Of the Levant
Trade.
LAURELLOT LINZIE—Of the College of Sur-
geons.
JAMES DICAS—Of the Roll of Attorneys.
THOMAS WILDFANG—Superannuated Sea-
man.
MISS GRAYBROOKE—Sir Joseph's Sister.
NATALIE—Sir Joseph's Daughter.
LADY WINWOOD—Sir Joseph's Niece.
AMELIA
SOPHIA
DOROTHY
LADY WINWOOD'S Step-
daughters.
PERIOD: The Present Time. PLACE: Eng-
land.

TWELFTH SCENE.

INSIDE THE HOUSE.

(He had been looking as they had
supposed, for the man who had at-
tacked Sir Joseph, with a motive,
however, for the search, at which it
was impossible for other persons to
guess. His own safety was now
bound up in the safety of Thomas
Wildfang. As soon as he was out
of sight in the darkness, he made
straight for the main-house. The
change of clothes was there un-
touched; not a trace of his accomplice
was to be seen. Where else to look for
him it was impossible to tell. Tur-
lington had no alternative but to go
back to the house and ascertain if
suspicion had been aroused in his
absence.)

He had only to ascend the stairs,
and to see, through the open door,
that Sir Joseph had been placed in
his daughter's room.

"What does this mean?" he asked,
roughly.

Before it was possible to answer
him, a foot-man appeared with a
message. The doctor had come back
to the door to say that he would take
on himself the necessary duty of in-
forming the constable of what had
happened on his return to the village.
Turlington started, and changed color,
(as if some sudden thought had struck
him) and called to the foot-man. The
woman-servants only slept in doors.
The foot-man occupied a room over
the stables. Natalie and her aunt
heard Turlington dismiss the man
for the night, an hour earlier than
usual, at least. His next proceeding
was stranger still. Looking cautiously
over the stairs, Natalie saw him
lock all the doors on the ground-
floor and take out the keys. When
he went away, she heard him lock
the front-door behind him. The in-
mates of the house were imprisoned
til he came back. What did he
mean?

(It meant that Turlington's ven-
geance still remained to be wreaked
on the woman who had deceived him:
It meant that Sir Joseph's life still
stood between the man who had com-
passed his death, and the money
which the man was resolved to have.
It meant that Richard Turlington
was driven to bay, and that the hor-
ror and the peril of the night were not
at an end yet.)

Natalie and her aunt looked at
each other across the bed on which
Sir Joseph lay. He had fallen into a
kind of doze; no enlightenment
could come to them from him. They
could only ask each other, with
beating hearts and baffled minds,
what Richard's conduct meant—they
could only feel instinctively that
some dreadful discovery was hang-
ing over them. The aunt was the
calmer of the two—there was no se-
cret weighing heavily on her con-
science. She could feel the consola-
tions of religion. "Our dear one is
spared to us, my love," said the old
lady, gently. "God has been good
to us. We are in his hands. If we
know that, we know enough."

As she spoke, there was a loud
ring at the door-bell. A man was
dimly visible below. He called to
them in thick, unsteady accents.
The servants recognized him; he
was the telegraphic messenger from
the railway. They went down to
speak to him, and returned with a
telegram which had been pushed in
under the door. The distance from
the station was considerable; the
messenger had been "keeping Christ-
mas" in more than one beer-shop on
his way to the house, and the deliv-
ery of the telegram had been delayed
for some hours. It was addressed to
Natalie. She opened it, looked at it,
dropped it, and stood speechless;
her lips parted in horror, her eyes
staring vacantly straight before her.
Miss Lavinia took the telegram from
the floor and read these lines:

"Lady Winwood, Hertford Street,
London. To Natalie Graybrooke,
Church Meadows, R. T. has discov-
ered your marriage to Laurence. The
truth has been kept from me till to-
day (24th). Instant flight with
your husband is your only chance.
I would have communicated with
Laurence, but I do not know his ad-
dress. You will receive this, I hope
and believe, before R. T. can return
to Somersetshire. Telegraph back,
I entreat you, to say that you are
safe. I shall follow my message if
I do not hear from you in reasonable
time."

Miss Lavinia lifted her gray head
and looked at her niece. "Is this
true?" she said—and pointed to the
venerable face laid back, white, on
the white pillows of the bed. Natta-
lie sank forward as her eyes met the
eyes of her aunt. Miss Lavinia
saved her from falling insensible on
the floor.

The confession had been made.
The words of penitence and the
words of pardon had been spoken.
The peaceful face of the father still
lay hushed in rest. One by one the
minutes succeeded each other un-
eventfully in the deep tranquillity of
the night. It was almost a relief
when the silence was disturbed once
more by another sound outside of
the house. A pebble was thrown up
at the window, and a voice called
out, cautiously, "Miss Lavinia."

They recognized the voice of the
man-servant, and at once opened the
window.

He had something to say to the
ladies in private. How could he say
it? A domestic circumstance which
had been marked by Laurence, as fa-
vorable to the contemplated elope-
ment, was now noticed by the servant
as lending itself readily to effecting
the necessary communication with
the ladies. The lock of the garden-
er's tool-house (in the shrubbery close
by) was under repair; and the gar-
dener's ladder was accessible to any
one who wanted it. At the short
height of the balcony from the
ground, the ladder was more than
long enough for the purpose requir-
ed. In a few minutes the servant
had mounted to the balcony, and
could speak to Natalie and her aunt
at the window.

"I can't rest quiet," said the man.
"I'm going on the sly to see what's
doing down in the village. It's hard
on ladies like you to be locked in
here. Is there any thing I can do
for either of you?"

Natalie took up Lady Winwood's
telegram. "Laurence ought to see
this," she said to her aunt. He will
be here at daybreak," she added, in
a whisper, "if I don't tell him what
has happened."

Miss Lavinia turned pale. "If
he and Richard meet—" she began.
"Tell him!" she added, hurriedly—
"tell him, before it is too late!"
Natalie wrote a few lines (address-
ed to Laurence in his assumed name
at his lodgings in the village), in-
closing Lady Winwood's telegram,
and entreating him to do nothing
rash. When the servant had dis-
appeared with the letter, there was one
hope in her mind and in her aunt's
mind, which each was ashamed to
acknowledge to the other—the hope
that Laurence would face the very
danger that they dreaded for him,
and come to the house!

They had not been long alone
again, when Sir Joseph drowsily

opened his eyes and asked what they
were doing in his room. They told
him gently that he was ill. He put
his hand up to his head, and said
they were right; and so dropped off
again into slumber. Worn out by
the emotions through which they had
passed, the two women silently wait-
ed for the march of events. The same
stupor of resignation possessed them
both. They had secured the door
and the window. They had prayed
together. They had kissed the
quiet face on the pillow. They had
said to each other, "We will live
with him or die with him, as God
pleases." Miss Lavinia sat by the
bedside. Natalie was on a stool at
her feet—with her eyes closed, and
her head on her aunt's knee.

Time went on. The clock in the
hall had struck—ten or eleven, they
were not sure which—when they
heard the signal which warned them
of the servants' return from the vil-
lage. He brought news, and more
than news, he brought a letter from
Laurence.

Natalie read these lines:
"I shall be with you, dearest, al-
most as soon as you receive this.
The bearer will tell you what has
happened in the village—your note
throws a new light on it all. I only
remain behind to go to the vicar
(who is also the magistrate here),
and declare myself your husband.
All disguise must be at an end now.
My place is with you and yours. It
is even worse than your worst fears.
Turlington is at the bottom of the
attack on your father. Judge if you
have not need of your husband's pro-
tection after that!—L."

Natalie handed the letter to her
aunt, and pointed to the sentence
which asserted Turlington's guilty
knowledge of the attempt on Sir Jo-
seph's life. In silent horror the two
women looked at each other, recall-
ing what had happened earlier in the
evening, and understanding it now.
The servant roused them to a sense
of present things, by entering on the
narrative of his discoveries in the
village.

The place was all astir when he
reached it. An old man—a stranger
in Badlake—had been found lying in
the road, close to the church, in a fit;
and the person who had discovered
him had been no other than Laurence
himself. He had literally stumbled
over the body of Thomas Wildfang
in the dark, on his way back to his
lodgings in the village.

"The gentleman gave the alarm,"
said the servant, describing the event
as it had been related to him, "and
the man—a huge old man—was
carried to the inn. The landlord
identified him; he had taken lodgings
at the inn that day, and the consta-
ble found valuable property on him
a purse of money and a gold watch
and chain. There was nothing to
show who the money and the watch
belonged to. It was only when my
master and the doctor got to the inn
that it was known, who he had rob-
bed and tried to murder. All he let
out in his wanderings before they
came was that some person had set
him on to do it. He called the per-
son Captain, and sometimes Captain
Goward. It was thought—if you
could trust the raving of a mad-
man—that the fit took him while he
was putting his hand on Sir Joseph's
heart to feel if it had stopped beat-
ing. A sort of vision (as I under-
stand it) must have overpowered
him at the moment. They tell me
he raved about the sea bursting into
the church-yard, and a drowning
sailor floating by on a hen-coop; a
sailor who dragged him down to hell
by the hair of his head, and such
like horrible nonsense, miss. He
was still screeching, at the worst of
the fit, when my master and the
doctor came into the room. At
sight of one or other of them—it is
thought of Mr. Turlington, seeing
that he came first—he held his peace
on a sudden, and then fell back in
convulsions in the arms of the men
who were holding him. The doctor
gave it a learned name, signifying
drink-madness, and said the case
was hopeless. However, he ordered
the room to be cleared of the crowd,
to see what he could do. My mas-
ter was reported to be still with the

doctor, waiting to see whether the
man lived or died, when I left the
village, miss, with the gentleman's
answer to your note. I didn't dare
stay to hear how it ended, for fear
of Mr Turlington's finding me out."

Having reached the end of his nar-
rative, the man looked round rest-
lessly toward the window. It was
impossible to say when his master
might not return, and it might be as
much as his life was worth to be
caught in the house after he had been
locked out of it. He begged permis-
sion to open the window, and make
his escape back to the stables while
there was still time. As he unbar-
red the shutter they were startled by
a voice hailing them from below. It
was Laurence's voice calling to Natta-
lie. The servant disappeared, and
Natalie was in Laurence's arms before
she could breathe again.

For one delicious moment she let
her heart lie on his breast; then she
suddenly pushed him away from her.
"Why do you come here? He will
kill you if he finds you in the house.
Where is he?"

Laurence knew even less of Turling-
ton's movements than the servant.
"Wherever he is, thank God I am
here before him!" That was all the
answer he could give.

Natalie and her aunt heard him
in silent dismay. Sir Joseph woke
and recognized Laurence before a word
more could be said. "Ah my dear
boy!" he murmured, faintly. "It's
pleasant to see you again. How do
you come here?" He was quite sat-
isfied with the excuse that suggested
itself. "We'll talk about it to-mor-
row," he said, and composed himself
to rest again.

Natalie made a second attempt to
persuade Laurence to leave the house.
"We don't know what may have
happened," she said. "He may have
followed you on your way here. He
may have purposely let you enter his
house. Leave us while you have the
chance."

Miss Lavinia added her persua-
sion. They were useless. Laurence
quietly closed the heavy window-shut-
ters, lined with iron, and put up the
bar. Natalie wrung her hands in
despair.

"Have you been to the magistrate?"
she asked. "Tell us, at least, are
you here by his advice? Is he com-
ing to help us?"

Laurence hesitated. If he had told
the truth, he must have acknowl-
edged that he was there in direct op-
position to the magistrate's advice.
He answered evasively, "If the vicar
doesn't come, the doctor will. I
have told him Sir Joseph must be
moved. Cheer up, Natalie! The doc-
tor will be here as soon as Turling-
ton."

As the name passed his lips—with-
out a sound outside to prepare them
for what was coming—the voice of
Turlington himself suddenly pen-
etrated into the room, speaking close
behind the window, on the outer
side.

"You have broken into my house
in the night," said the voice: "and
you don't escape this way."

Miss Lavinia sank on her knees.
Natalie flew to her father. His eyes
were wide open in terror; he moaned,
feebly recognizing the voice. The
next sound that was heard was the
sound made by the removal of the
ladder from the balcony. Turling-
ton, having descended by it, had
taken it away. Natalie had but too
accurately guessed what would hap-
pen. The death of the villain's ac-
complice had freed him from all ap-
prehension in that quarter. He had
deliberately dogged Laurence's steps,
and had deliberately allowed him to
put himself in the wrong by effecting
a secret entrance into the house.

There was an interval—a horrible
interval—and then they heard the
front-door opened. Wit out stop-
ping (judging by the absence of
sound) to close it again, Turlington
ascended the stairs and tried the
locked door.

"Come out, and give yourself up!"
he called through the door. "I
have got my revolver with me, and I
have a right to fire on a man who
has broken into my house. If the

door isn't opened before I count three
your blood be on your own head.
One!"

Laurence was armed with nothing
but his stick. He advanced, without
an instant's hesitation, to give
himself up. Natalie threw her arms
round him and clasped him fast be-
fore he could reach the door.

"Two!" cried the voice outside, as
Laurence struggled to force her from
him. At the same moment his eye
turned toward the bed. It was
exactly opposite the door—it was
straight in the line of fire! Sir
Joseph's life (as Turlington had de-
liberately calculated) was actually
in greater danger than Laurence's life.
He tore himself free, rushed to the
bed, and took the old man in his arms
to lift him out.

"Three!"

The crash of the report sounded.
The bullet came through the door,
grazed Laurence's left arm and buried
itself in the pillow, at the very place
on which Sir Joseph's head had
rested the moment before. Laurence
had saved his father-in-law's life.
Turlington had fired his first shot for
the money, and not got it yet.

They were safe in the corner of
the room, on the same side as the
door—Sir Joseph, helpless as a child
in Laurence's arms; the women pale,
but admirably calm. They were safe,
for the moment, when the second
bullet (fired at an angle) tore its way
through the wall on their right hand.

"I hear you," cried the voice of
the miscreant on the other side of the
door. "I'll have you yet—through
the wall."

There was a pause. They heard
his hand sounding the wall, to find
out where there was solid wood in
the material of which it was built,
and where there was plaster only.
At that dreadful moment Laurence's
consciousness never left him. He laid
Sir Joseph softly on the floor, and
signed to Natalie and her aunt to lie
down by him in silence. Their lives
depended now on neither their voices
nor their movements telling the mur-
derer where to fire. He chose his
place. The barrel of the revolver
grated as he laid it against the wall.
He touched the hair-trigger. A faint
click was the only sound that fol-
lowed. The third barrel had missed
fire.

They heard him ask himself, with an
oath, "What's wrong with it now?"

There was a pause of silence.
Was he examining the weapon?
Before they could ask themselves
the question the report of the explod-
ing charge burst on their ears. It
was instantly followed by a heavy
fall. They looked at the opposite
wall of the room. No sign of a bul-
let there or any where.

Laurence signed to them not to move
yet. They waited, and listened.
Nothing stirred on the landing out-
side.

Suddenly there was a disturbance
of the silence in the lower regions—a
clamor of many voices at the open
house door. Had the firing of the
revolver been heard at the vicarage?
Yes! They recognized the vicar's
voice among the others. A moment
more, and they heard a general
exclamation of horror on the stairs.
Laurence opened the door of the room.
He instantly closed it again before
Natalie could follow him.

The dead body of Turlington lay
on the landing outside. The charge
in the fourth barrel of the revolver
had exploded while he was looking
at it. The bullet had entered his
mouth, and had killed him on the
spot.

DOCUMENTARY HINTS, IN CONCLUSION.

FIRST HINT

(Derived from Lady Winwood's Card-
Book.)

"Sir Joseph Graybrooke and Miss
Graybrooke request the honor of
Lord and Lady Winwood's company
to dinner, on Wednesday, February
10, at half past seven o'clock. To
meet Mr. and Mrs. Laurelot Linzie
on their return."

SECOND HINT.

(Derived from a recent Money Article
in a Morning Newspaper.)

"We are requested to give the
fullest contradiction to unfavourable
rumours lately in circulation respect-
ing the firm of Pizzanelli, Tu Lington,
& Branca. Some temporary arrange-
ment in the machinery of the business
was undoubtedly produced in con-
sequence of the sudden death of the
lamented managing partner, Mr.
Turlington, by the accidental dis-
charge of a revolver which he was
examining. Whatever temporary
obstacles may have existed are now
overcome. We are informed, on
authority, that the well-known house
of Messrs. Dupit Brothers has an
interest in the business, and will carry
it on until further notice."

THE END.

BE ECONOMICAL.—Look out for
your spending. No matter what
comes in, if more goes out, you are
always poor. The art is not in
making money, but in keeping it;
and expenses like mice in a barn,
when they are many, make great
waste. Hair by hair, heads get bald;
straw by straw, the thatch goes off
the cottage; and drop by drop, the
rain comes in the chamber. A barrel
is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a
drop a minute. When you mean to
save, begin with your mouth; many
thieves pass down the road, and
steal a jug is a great waste. In all
things keep within compass. Never
stretch your legs farther than can
blankets will reach, or you will soon
be cold. In clothes, choose simple
and lasting stuff and not tawdry
theories. To be warm is the main
thing; never mind the looks. A fur
may make money, but it takes a
man to spend it. Remember, it is
easier to build two chimneys than to
keep one going. If you are rich, sit
back and board, there is nothing left
for the savings bank. Fare hard and
work hard while you are young, and
you will have a chance to rest when
you are old.

FISK'S FIRST MISTAKE.—Fisk used
to tell about his first mistake in life.

Said the Colonel. "When I was
a little boy on the Vermont farm,
my father took me up to the stable."

Said he, "James, the stable win-
dow is pretty high for a boy, but do
you think you could take this shoe
and clean the stable?"

"I don't know, pap," said James.

"Well, my boy, if you will do
this morning, I'll give you this bag
of silver dollars," said his father, patting
him on the head, while he held the
silver dollar before his eyes.

"Good," said James. "I'll try,
and he went to work. He tugged,
and pulled, and little by little,
and finally, it was done, and the
father gave him the silver dollar bag,
saying,

"That's right, James; you did
splendidly, and now I find you do
it so nicely I had have you do it
every morning this winter!"

Hired help is a drug in New
Hampshire, all through the marketing
of one wealthy and dissipated gen-
tleman. By means of a course of
the discharge of household duties,
she has finally induced a poor but
worthy mechanic to take her place
away upon her, and now every day
in town insists on doing all the work
around the house, in the vain hope of
inducing another victim to mount to
the altar of sacrifice.

The following instructions statement
is going the rounds: "A Pitts-
burgh female Sunday school teacher
recently, while engaged in the admin-
istration of her duties, lost her
and didn't know where to find it.
When she got home the book of
books was found sagging on the
bed behind her, where it had been
placed by a member of her class who
had not the fear of God before his
eyes."

A well-known saloon keeper of Co-
lumbus made a bet one day last week
that he could catch a mouse which some
parties caught in his saloon. The
bet was \$3. To the utter astonish-
ment of all present the man ate the
mouse, body, tail, and all, and that
too, before life had become wholly
extinct!

The voice of a Pennsylvania prima
donna is described as "six octaves
above the screech of a lost Indian."