

# CHICHESTER POST.

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SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1876.

WHOLE NO. 321.

## LITERATURE.

### One Summer.

CONTINUED.

"Birch Point will not come to us, Jim?"

"Tain't likely."

"Then if we mean to arrive at that haven of rest we must bestir ourselves, hop up child."

"Jim you cannot eat all these doughnuts unless you have the appetite of an anaconda, can you, now?"

"Do yer ask honest injin, an' no cheatin' nor nothin'?"

"Certainly."

"Well then I guess if I was you, I wouldn't throw nothin' out except them napkins and par'saps the plates I yer want ter ver bad, cos I kalkolate them doughnuts is pretty fat eatin', and I reckon I can eat faster than ole Miss Phipps can fry."

"Miss Leigh, I'll carry the basket, you let go."

"No air, you will carry your half, and I will carry mine."

"You were kind, Jim; always to be so is what makes a man a gentleman."

"I suppose he has lugged heaps of baskets and things for the girls. He is awful kind, red kerfoul-like, you know. He gave me a regular talking to because I put a nail on the back of Sarah Maria's neck, when she was a coming across the barnyard with two big pails of milk. O my, warn't she fine! She hopped and she yelled, and split all the milk, and marm she rowed awful strong, while I hid in the hen-house."

"But yer'd ought to a heard him, he fites and all so quiet-like too! An' he told me when I fite to fight boys says I puttin' snails on Sarah Maria an' fightin' any body, he says, your sister is nervous and doing such a things is cruel and unfair, and 'then he said he thought I warn't gwine to do so again, and says he smiling; shake hands to that Jim? an' sunthin' or other made me boohoo right out, an' he said he was goin' to hunt up his fishing rod an' when he came back he asked me to go troutin' with him. We never came back till night sun-down. The child talked on, and so Leigh spent the long summer afternoon."

"Robert, Robert, tot que j'aime," sang Leigh as she arranged her flowers. Load and clear sounded her morning carol to Philip Ogden's ears as he passed from the gate up to the door. Not wishing to put himself in the way of Miss Doane, he came there that morning most unwillingly because he could not in kindness refuse. Philip knocked and Miss Phipps at last opened the door.

"Will you be kind enough to give this to Miss Doane?" extending his card. Whereupon Miss Phipps shouted from the foot of the stairs, "Mr. Philip Ogden is waiting down here to see you."

"All the air a solemn stillness holds. Presently Leigh appears. "I am sorry to disturb you, Miss Doane, but Jimmie sent me, he is very ill."

"Gom ill?" she exclaimed, "is it possible, is he very ill?" Frankly the great brown eyes were raised to his full of sympathy for her little friend.

"They call it slow fever 'and this morning he begged so piteously to see you, that I could not do less than tell you."

"O, certainly!" Leigh said, "Poor little Gem."

"I have a wagon out here," began Philip.

"And you are going to drive me down. That will be even so much better than walking. I will be ready in a few minutes, and she ran up to her room. Leigh soon appeared with her hat and a small bag in her hand.

"How long has he been ill?" "I believe it was the day after he was at Birch Point with you that he began complaining."

"This is a broiling sun, it is a pity you did not bring your umbrella." Leigh colored to her temples, once upon a time ages ago she and this man had climbed that very hill together—that hateful umbrella! Again had it thrust itself forward and done an evil deed.

Both felt ill at ease, and silently congratulated themselves when they arrived at the Holbrook mansion.

Mrs. Holbrook's reception was not very warm, and after giving Leigh a hard stare, remarked:

"Jim allers was onthrifty," never had no sense, and now if he haist gone and chosen the most unconvenient season for getting sick in, and me up to my ears in raspberry jam."

Proceeding by the sorrowing mother Leigh entered the large cheerless

room, on the first floor where Gem lay, and Philip stood watching her as she laid her hat on a chair and leaned tenderly over the flushed little face. She passed one arm under Jim's shoulders quickly, shook his pillow and turned it. This excited Philip's admiration. He had once seen a similar thing done upon the stage and had thought it a very pretty piece of acting.

The quiet of the room was gratifying to Jim who lay motionless for a time. "Who bring yer litters? I wanted ter, couldn't though." He murmured sorrowfully as if he had betrayed a trust: "My child don't think of them. I will bathe your head, then you'll have a nice sleep."

"And when I wake up you will be right there a looking at me." "Yes, dear." And Jim smiled and closed his eyes.

"Pardon me, Miss Doane, why should you?"

"Parlon me, Mr. Ogden, why should I not?"

Standing out in the cottage porch, they looked steadily at each other in the soft summer twilight. "Gem wants me." "I presume he does, Florence Nightengales don't abound in this family. Gem and I don't quarrel much, and if you will let me have him for the night, I will call at Miss Phipps's for you in the morning."

Suddenly her manner changed, and with a bright smile: "I cannot afford to quarrel with you, Mr. Ogden, you require a martyr's crown for your efforts to-day. I really did not know a man could be so unselfish!"

"Please let me stay!" "Please let me stay!" "I am entirely at your service and will take a note to Miss Phipps if you decide to stay. Is there anything else I can do?" he said.

"Nothing, thank you, except not to let Mrs. Holbrook drive me away."

"Shall I bring your letters. I shall go to the post office."

"Thank you."

"I may not see you this evening when I get back. If you need any help to-night, you will not hesitate to call me."

"I probably shall not need you, as I am not at all tired; but I promise to hesitate at nothing—for Gem's sake," she replied mischievously.

Soon the wagon jostled out of sight. Leigh stood looking out upon the dusky landscape. What was Bessie doing? Would Mr. Ogden bring her a letter, she wondered. What unaccountable things one's prejudices were! She half admitted that she did not really dislike him so much as she ought, in reason. She did not like him. She never would. And then, with a brief spasm of contrition, she asked herself if she ought to express her regret for the combined misdeeds of her unruly umbrella and more unruly self. She involuntarily recoiled at the idea.

When Philip returned, he heard nothing as he passed Gem's room; but later, from time to time, various sounds reached him.—Leigh's light, rapid step as she ministered to the wants of the invalid, her voice with its low, caressing cadence, an occasional weary word from little Gem. Through the long night-watches her care was unremitting. She opened the door, that Gem might have more air; and far into the morning, softly yet distinctly through the quiet old house came the words of a song she was singing.

"Clear and cool, clear and cool, By laughing shallow and dreaming pool. Cool and clear, cool and clear, By shining shingle and fanning weir."

By shining shingle and fanning weir, the poor child lay hushed and calm.

EDGECOMB, Aug. 12, 18—.

DEAR TOM:—Some men achieve meanness, and some have meanness thrust upon them. To the latter class I belong, being forced to tell tales of your sister. She is hovering over the bedside of our common friend Jim. She evinces a determination to remain until the last gun is fired, and, worst of all, she works.

Yours,

PHILIP.

Miles and miles from Edgecomb. Tom read it. Bessie read it. They looked at each other inquiringly.

"Madam, it is not well; it is ill. It is reprehensible; it is pernicious. Next week, the majesty of the law—which is I—and the claim of family affection—which is you—will fall like a thunderbolt upon that misguided girl."

Mr. Otis wrote to his friend as follows:—

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 15, 18—.

MY DEAR OTIS:—Yours received. Heaven only knows what the women will do next. My wife says she is going to Edgecomb next week, to be a ministering spirit like unto her

room, on the first floor where Gem lay, and Philip stood watching her as she laid her hat on a chair and leaned tenderly over the flushed little face. She passed one arm under Jim's shoulders quickly, shook his pillow and turned it. This excited Philip's admiration. He had once seen a similar thing done upon the stage and had thought it a very pretty piece of acting.

And Bessie wrote:—

LEIGH, DEAR:—Tom and I have just had a delicious little tiff about you, and I wouldn't have you ill now for anything in the world, because those two superior beings have declared you will be. I am perfectly wild to see you, and so curious about Edgcomb, and the farm house where Gem is, and the long girl, and the dreadful woman, and especially about Mr. Ogden. But that, of course, is too much to expect of such a person. However, I will not let any gloomy foreboding interfere with my present delight. Sufficient unto the day is the Ogden thereof. It will be happiness enough to see you and breathe some pure air, and the Idlewild may sink in the "vasty deep" before it reaches Edgcomb. Who knows? And there isn't time to write or hear from you again. Blessed thought! We shall see you, I believe, Wednesday, and no one in the world will be as happy as

Yours,

Tom.

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Yours loving,

BESSIE.

Leigh was in a strange mood. She did not understand herself. But it would be only fair to tell Bessie that Mr. Ogden's absence would not increase her enjoyment on the yacht. A knock interrupted her reverie, and Jane Maria opened the door.

"May I come in?" said Philip, as he paused on the threshold and looked in pleased surprise upon the pretty scene. Gem's face, looking at him from the pillows as he approached the bed, was thin and pale with large, eager eyes, and the hand which the child held out to him was that of a pathetic and spiritualized Jim, such as he had never expected to see.

"And how's the boy to-night?" "Pretty smart. She's a-saying things and a-singing. You'd ought to hear her. You stay, and she'll keep on!" said Jim, languidly.

Philip turned and looked enquiringly at Leigh.

"Certainly you may stay, Mr. Ogden, if you like. You need not wait for my invitation. Jim is best."

"You look very happy," Philip said kindly, "and you have been a little pale and weary for a day or two, have you not?"

Leigh suddenly looked with downcast eyes into the flames.

"Have you not been tired lately, Miss Doane?" he continued. "You never admit that you are fatigued, but your face has told tales of you."

"Happiness ought to make one good, Mr. Ogden. I am not good; but perhaps my blessings, Wednesday, will render me not only willing to forgive, but—to be forgiven—which is harder—sometimes." Then, as if she had said more than she had meant, feeling rather than seeing Philip's intent look, she turned away hastily, and taking some great pieces of bark from a basket by the chimney, threw them one by one upon the now blazing fire.

"O Tom, isn't it delightful? Nurse don't attempt to get down with baby in your arms. Mr. Otis will take it. Why, where is Leigh? Talking rapidly every moment, Mrs. Otis put her pretty head out of the stage window, and eagerly scrutinized Miss Phipps's abode."

An hour after they were driving to the Holbrook cottage.

A tall, angular person left her place among the women who stood nearest the house, and, approaching a window, beckoned to some person within.

"Come, Bessie," said Tom.

"Wait one moment, dear. If Leigh does not come I will go." But Leigh came. In answer to the summons she appeared at the door. Under the thick hop-vines that climbed over the porch she stood one instant, pale and erect, with wide-open eyes. She did not need the gesture from old Miss Phipps that indicated where to look for her sister. She passed the waiting, watching neighbors as if she saw them not, and, with closely-set lips and a hard, strained look in her eyes, went rapidly through the gate and down the road, and flung herself into her sister's arms without one word of greeting.

To be Continued.

He is a fool who wades through the swamps at night, in pursuit of "Jack of the Lantern." So of the man who clutches all his life in speculation, neglecting to light the best of all safety lamps at his home—the lamp of life insurance.

CHEAP and steam-tight cement can be produced by a mixture of dry flour and linseed oil, with an equal portion of white chalk.

If you have done anything bad do not run for office. It will be found

A critic says that literature no lives except in the mind, and that it is a waste of time to write.

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The Woonsocket (Rhode Island) Patriot says: "Early on Friday morning last Mr. Hall, a butcher, of Franklin, Massachusetts, went to his ice-chest to inspect the premises, when the door accidentally swung back, operating the spring-lock, and the man was prisoner in a very small room, of ice temperature, and without means of escape. A speedy and frightful death stared him in the face. He shouted and thumped upon what promised to be his coffin, but it was in vain. Now comes the marvelous part of the circumstances. When Mr. Hall's son arose on that morning he was deeply impressed with a dream which he had during the previous night. He dreamed that his father had been caught and suffocated in the ice-chest! Not finding his father on inquiring for him, the son at once proceeded to the ice-chest and found it locked. On opening it the apparently dead body of his father was discovered and rescued. So near death had the unfortunate prisoner come that it was that it was hours before he came to a state of consciousness, and is still in an enfeebled condition. To those (ourselves among the number) who give no faith in dreams and visions it may be difficult to account for the connection between the son's dream and the father's accident. Who can give a reasonable theory concerning it? It would be interesting to know how near the son's sleeping apartment was to the ice-chest, and whether the cries of the father could reach him so as to be heard indistinctly, but not sufficiently to awake him thoroughly."

Horace Miner was chopping in the woods near Waymart. At noon his wife carried his dinner to him. He was engaged felling a tree when she arrived at the spot, and she stood near waiting for him to get through. She had in her arms a child a few months old. The tree in falling crashed toward Mrs. Miner, and before she could get out of the way it came crashing upon her, one of the largest branches striking her and pinning both her arms and her child to the earth. Miner ran to the spot. He could not see his child, but his great grief was with her. He turned up and gasping in death. Miner at once set to work to extricate his wife and child from that terrible position. The branch of the tree lay across Mrs. Miner, and it was evident that she lay beneath the tree and found his child crushed to death. Having been crushed deep into the ground, the husband, almost frantic took both bodies in his arms and carried them a mile through the woods to his home.

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## A Dream.

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Horace Miner was chopping in the woods near Waymart. At noon his wife carried his dinner to him. He was engaged felling a tree when she arrived at the spot, and she stood near waiting for him to get through. She had in her arms a child a few months old. The tree in falling crashed toward Mrs. Miner, and before she could get out of the way it came crashing upon her, one of the largest branches striking her and pinning both her arms and her child to the earth. Miner ran to the spot. He could not see his child, but his great grief was with her. He turned up and gasping in death. Miner at once set to work to extricate his wife and child from that terrible position. The branch of the tree lay across Mrs. Miner, and it was evident that she lay beneath the tree and found his child crushed to death. Having been crushed deep into the ground, the husband, almost frantic took both bodies in his arms and carried them a mile through the woods to his home.

A California revivalist, according to the San Francisco Chronicle, has devised a new way of reaching sinners. He has attached himself to a circus, and goes round among the audience selling refreshments as an ostensible plea for saying the good word. Between the acts he shoulders his tray justly and the benches, crying, "O-o-ranges, apples, ginger beer, and lemonade!—oh, repent of your sins!—three for ten cents. Thank you here's your change. Gingerbread nuts all fresh. Take this tract, young man. Believe, and you shall be saved. O-ranges and apple. Ginger pop a bit a bottle. Now's your time. A prize in every packet of candy—and mercy is extended to them that believe (keep your fingers out of my baskets), forever and evermore. Four pears for a quarter; all fresh; and so on."

A fearful story is reported from Lloyd's. Last January the Liverpool ship "San Rafael," from Birkenhead to Valparaiso, with cargo, was totally destroyed by fire off Cape Horn. Eleven of the crew were picked up a fortnight later, after having suffered fearful privations, from two of the vessel's boats, and landed in London in April by the ship "Yorkshire," from Melbourne. The longboat, containing Capt. MacAdams, his wife, the carpenter, four seamen, and three boys, which left the vessel along with the other boats, parted company, and it now appears that the persons above named all landed on New Year's Island, near Cape Horn, and, as the island is barren and uninhabited, they have evidently starved slowly to death, as a vessel recently arrived at Stanley, Falkland Isles, reports having discovered the bodies of eight men and one woman on the island, and these are supposed to be the missing boat's crew of the "San Rafael."

Capt. John Southworth of Duxbury, Mass., 95 years old, was baptised and taken in the Methodist Church a few Sundays ago.

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