## POOR COPY

## MIRAMICHI ADVANCE, CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 16, 1880.

## In Masque.

A STORY BY B. J. FARJEON. Jackass Flat, a large plain in the vicinity of the Castlemaine gold field, was riddled with holes, each shaft employed two men, who worked from sunrise to sunset, in the hope of coming upon a rich pocket. As a rule they had little to grumble at. When the rush first set in, the half dozen gold miners working on the flat had succeeded in unearthing some tolerably large nuggets, and were making a hundred pounds week a man. All were not so fortunate, but there was scarcely a claim on the flat in which fair wages were not being made, sufficient to pay for meat three times a day, drink, and tobacco and for an indulgence in the newest fashions in water tight bouts, fine flannel guernseys and cabbage tree hats. The sinking was shallow and easy; there was no rock or tough formation to get through, and the golden gutter was generally reached at the depth of from twelve to twenty feet. It occupied but a few hours to peg your claim, dig your shaft, erect your windlass and lay bare the precious gutter in which the gold was found. Some of the wash dirt yielded two penny weights to the tub, some two ounces. On Jackass Flat there were a great many prizes and few

blanks As a consequence, therefore, everybody was in the best spirit, and men try." sung over their work. The finest singer on the Flat was Shad Ryley, whose top C would have made a professional tenor's mouth water. Shad did not know the value of that C, as he had incere. not been brought up to the stage, but there was no doubt that had his voice been cultivated, he would have made a sensation in fashionable circles. He had everything in his favor-voice. figure, face. He stood six feet in his stockings, was broad in the shoulder. had an eye as bright as sunlight, and a laughing mouth that women that way inclined could scarcely resist. A Between him and his brother Pat there was a wonderful, resemblance, but Pat was built on a smaller scale. He stood not met the attack bravely. more than five feet three; he was slimmer in limb, and his features were If we are satisfied, whose business is letter from Matthew Brady saying that more delicately cut. It is true there was an important gap in the ages of the brothers. Shad confessed to thirty, and Pat was not more than twenty, though the young fellow was rather shy about his age: how like to be consider-the returned it with a sisterly pressure. more delicately cut. It is true there it?" about his age ; boys like to be considered men before they have arrived at "So you have finally and positively that estate, and that may have been the case with Pat. He did not look twenty, and it was plain that there was tartled by his him: it would have hid den his laughing mouth. The brothers were among the fortunate ones on Jackass Flat. Their claim paid them at the rate of twenty ounce ister." per week and their hearts were light and merry. The first fifty ounces of gold they made went flying away across the water, in the shape of a draft, pay able to the order of a certain Mat thew Brady, and its mission was to bring out the whole family of Bradys, blind mother, lame father, their sol Matt' and no fewer than seven young Irish lasses, every mother's daughter of them. With tears and smiles they bid adieu to their native land and turned their faces to the gold fields where they were to make their fortunes and live happy ever afterwards. There was no greater 'favorites on Jackass Flat than the Riley's and it should have gone on protesting and apwas pleasant to see the care the man took of the lad, giving him all the light work to do, although Pat was not behindhand in willingness. With every-(body who knew them it was Pat and she been so passionately kissed, and she Shad to their faces, and behind their backs they were spoken of as the Ry ley boys. Shad of course stood for Shadrack, and Pat for Patrick, but to man could love two men at one time, have called them by their full Chris- she would have indignantly repelled the tian name would have been like giving insinuation. It is really an open quesone of them a slap in the face, which tion. Love has never yet been properwould lead to a shindy. They had |y analyzed, nor have its limits been Irish spirit with their Irish blood, al-though singularly enough they hadn't From the date of this conversation Rachel. There's the Brady tent." The favorite resort of the gold diggers and Rachel Cary absolutely forced a which was a woman. This was as it should be, as most of her customers were Irish. She herself, Rachel Cary by name, was a woman of Devon; a comely creature not more than twenty-five years of age. Her brother had built the hotel in the township adjoining Jackass Flat, and catching colonial absolutely shameful, fever died of it. He left the hotel to Give her a kiss, Pat," he cried "for his sister, who proved herself a capable my part, I don't care a fig !" Here he woman, and conducted the Rose, snapped his fingers. "I love her bet-Shamrock and Thistle with spirit. She ter than you do, though she'll not be-The centre of the tent was divided by Shamrock and Thistle with spirit. She ter than you do, though she'll not be-<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

to end," said Shad Ryley. "I know how it is to end." she said softly, and turned away with a sigh not an unhappy one, by any means, for she had made up her mind to be Mrs. Ryley ; and despite Pat's shyness, she was confident it would all come right. "In matrimony, I suppose," said Shad Ryley. " It shant be my fault if it doesn't," she retorted as bold as brass.

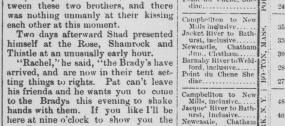
"They had grown into the habit of "They had grown into the habit of talking to each other in this fashion. She knew very well that Shad Ryley loved the very ground that she walked upon, and that she could be as saucy to him as she pleased; but she had dis-covered that it would not do to be too soft and confiding with this strong man who was ready to take advantage of any feminine weakness into which she might be betrayed. "Rachel," said Shad, "don't you see, that Pat isn't-that is to say-" "Isn't in love with me?" interrupted

Rachel defiantly. "Is that what you able. are trying to say?" are trying to say?" "Yes; that is what I was trying to say." "Don't you think I can make him in love with me?" she asked, turning her melting eyes upon Shad. "Indeed, and I think," he replied with much tenderness, "that you could make a stope love you if you cared to was a stope love you if you cared to "There will be serven wives for the seven best men on Jackass Flat," said Shad. "There will be a regular happy family of us." "I suppose," said Rachel Cary, with a slight pang, "yourself, Shad Ryley." Some women are remarkably like the dog in the manger. They won't want any other woman to have him.

make a store love you if you cared to try." "Well then," she exclaimed as though that settled the question. She was secretly pleased with him for his flat-"Bless my heart." "ried Rachel, in a secretly pleased with him for his flattery, which was at once insidious and He grew cool presently and returned to the attack. "But don't you think, Rachel, that you are a little too-that is, that Pat is you are a fittle too—that is, offau faits a little too—" She helped him out of his difficulty once more. "That I am a little too old for Pat? Is that what you are trying to say?... It was announced that the overland mail was signalled from the Heads, and Jackass Flat went wild with excitement. That object. He nodded, somewhat terrified, for he expected a storm. No small matter vived from home. This present mail to trifle with a woman's age. But she had met with mishaps. The steamer had broken her screw and had been dehe and his seven sisters and arms around his brother, she returned it with a sisterly pressure. made up your mind to be Mrs. Ryley?" "That is just it, Shad."

"Say it again !" he cried. It was the first time she had addressed him by his forms of manliness there is a dash of twenty, and it was plain that there was plenty of time before him for his whis-kers to grow. Shad had a fine pair of them and could have grown a noble it is to grow a noble it is a dash of the plain of the plain that the plain tha tween was not "Shad." "Well, there-Shad ! What harm is n it ? We're going to be brother and "Thirdle at the Rose, Shamrock and "And there's no turning you? You arrived, and the how in their tent set. Point du Chene She are determined to be Mrs. Ryley ?" "If I am not I'll live a single woman all the days of my life." "There's no help for it then," said "There's no help for it then," said are determined to be Mrs. Ryley ?" all the days of my life." She did not quite know what to make of this. He accepted the loss of her too lightly, she thought. He should have sighed and pulled a long face; he should have gone on protesting and ap-pealing. "I'll punish him for it," she said to herself. "He shall have no mora kisses." But his ardent embrace had disturbed her; never in her life had she been so passionately kissed, and she could not help thinking that Shad Riley was a proper man. If it had been sug-gested to her that it was possible a wo-man could love two men at one time, she would have indignantly repelled the insinuation. It is really an open quesfalling into the black chasm of space. "It is the bright one," said Rachael. "I hope so." "You're full of hopes to-day, Shad." Somehow or other a little cloud came into Rachel's face, for she felt that by the side of Norah she was number two. 'But where's Pat ?' she asked







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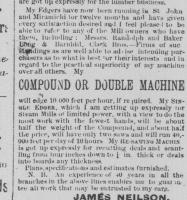
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