Little Miss Turpin's Fate.

A little conversation took place, one morning, on the top floor of a dingy old lodging-house in the metropolis, that had, in its own results. It was in the front room, but made its way very readily through the chinks and crannies in the mortar to the neighboring apartment, where little Miss Turpin was preparing her frugal breakfast. The toasting fork nearly fell from her hand, and her dimity apron narrowly escaped being seduced by a presumptuous flame from the grate, when the harsh, gruff voice of her landlord fell upon her ear.

"I want my money," said Mr. Shadrach.

"So do I," replied the young doctor, "and more. He that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends."

"Can I have my money to-night?"

"I think not."

"To-morrow."

"It is extremely doubtful."

"Then you must get out of there."

"When do you want it?"

"As soon as possible."

"Will to-morrow do."

"Yes."

"Then leave me, friend; the room shall be quite to-morrow morning."

The young medical student was a man of spirit, and would have vacated these not very alluring premises at once, but he had not yet where to lay his head, and there arose a vital necessity just then for some such proceeding on his part. He had discovered, two days before, that the faltering and shabby source of his pecuniary supplies had suddenly failed, and the knowledge that he was without money or friends in a strange city, together with an inability to beg, borrow or steal, had robbed him of sleep. The loss of this necessary rest to a tired brain and worn out body rendered him the prey to many different sensations during and after Mr. Shadrach's visit. An iron hand seemed to compass his forehead, his eye-balls burned, his hands shook, his knees seemed at times about to collapse beneath him, as he walked to and fro the length of the dreary apartment. The lack of more nourishing food than chewing the cud of many a bitter fancy. He asked himself over and over again if this was to be the end of it all, and why had he been such a fool as to fancy he could patch up the story of medicine with the wretched capital of a worn out body, a distracted mind and scarcely money enough to keep flesh upon his bones. That an indomitable spirit had prompted him to go on hoping for a little destitute practice by the way; that the rose-color with which youth and inexperience are apt to tint these fallacious dreams had been all too vivid in his case—that these and many other excuses could be made for his folly, availed little just now. A systematic course of semi-starvation and overwork had broken his indomitable spirit, and turned the rose-colored dreams to an exceedingly greenish-hued nightmare.

The only patient he had had during his month's stay with Mr. Shadrach was a poor little work-woman in the neighboring room, a washed-out, timid, wretched little creature, with scarcely enough stamina about her to rally after an attack of pneumonia. Her little offering had been ready for him after every visit; in fact, cheerfully ready, but it was out of the question, of course, to take the money. "It was merely a neighborly service," he had said, when, upon his fifth visit, he found her up and at work again, and upon his departure she had stammered out something about his bill. "I am only too glad, Miss—Miss—"

"Turpin," she had whispered.

"To be of service to you, and beg you will call me whenever my presence is desirable."

Miss Turpin faltered out her thanks. A burning blush chased the pallor out of her face, as warmly he pressed her trembling hand in his and bade her good-by."

"Poor little devil!" he said, as he strode away to the lecture-room. "It's bad enough for a great strong ox like myself to battle with this grim old grindstone of a world; but for a miserable little waif like that—phew, it's monstrous."

He thought of her pityingly till he crossed the threshold of the college, then gave himself up to the subject in hand, which so engrossed his mind that he forthwith forgot the existence of little Miss Turpin. But, she upon her part, repeated over and over the words of young Dr. Blake, blushing again when she became conscious of the fact that she really had the temerity to dwell upon this genial but commonplace courtesy.

Miss Turpin's work was delicate and artistic, but not soul-absorbing, like the doctor's. She could tint her photographs all the better for this little episode in her life. The vines and tendrils took tender shapes under her deft little fingers; a shy, sweet melancholy helped to make the shadows at least more and more perfect; under the rose-buds grew the thorns; but there seemed to be, even in their cruelty a subtle, mysterious charm. It was enough for Miss Turpin to dream. The physical and practical reality of the doctor's nearness, perhaps, had its weight, but not consciously so, to the little woman. She never ventured to get up a cough or cramp for the sake of stamping more clearly his shape into these vague but extravagant feats of fancy. In truth, so timid and afraid was she of a pulsation of practical joy, she actually shunned and sank from its approach.

But more and more imposing, grander and grander, grew this one figure of her fancy, around which revolved the satellites of health and wealth, popularity and fame—all that could render life sweet or desirable.

Perhaps it is detrimental to my heroine to say that she would have been quite content to have lived upon the fruit of her own fancy for the remainder of her natural life. Had circumstances compelled her to change her abode, and had she thus lost sight of Dr. Blake, the dreams would have gone along just the same, the fact of his dying in a neighboring hospital of weakness and want, and the quenching of all her material hopes, passed unheeded, not interfering in the least with Miss Turpin's airy dreams. It would have been impossible to convince Miss Turpin that he could be in any direr extremity had not the knowledge been forced in upon her in a way that she could not refuse.

She absolutely heard the gruff voice of Mr. Shadrach upon the morning in question, and the low, musical, but bitterly mocking words of the doctor in reply.

She sat down upon the rug, and clasped both her hands. He was going, away, then! Until that moment she had not realized the extent of such a disaster. She could have borne, perhaps, to have been compelled to go away herself, because the inevitable for her had become, long since, a matter of course; but to have the iron hand of inexorable necessity grasp this young man was terrible. He of the flashing eyes, the lordly mien, the exultant step—for thus had little Miss Turpin been wont to classify the somewhat alluring personal attractions of young Blake—he to become the prey of adverse destiny! Miss Turpin's breakfast, that morning, was a failure. By dint of long practice, and exceedingly gracious gift in nonsense-cookery, she had always managed to get up extraordinary meals for herself. It was as if a little sooty angel sat up aloft in the chimney and assisted the culinary efforts of the lone little woman. Her toast came brown the most golden, her coffee was of Mocha the most delicious, her bit of steak so juicy and appetizing that sometimes poor Blake in the neighboring rooms, with some chunks of brown bread floating helplessly in a cheaky fluid before him, finding this savory odor under his nostrils, raised his clenched hand at the stern wall between them in envy and despair.

But even the little angel in the chimney became impatient with the behavior of little Miss Turpin, that morning. The little woman, usually so practical and capable, while straining her ear to listen to a faltering, stumbling step in the next room, deliberately burned the toast and boiled the coffee, and the sooty wings spread themselves, taking flight in disappointment and disgust.

She held her breath as the familiar footstep passed her door, and slowly, one by one, went down the worm-eaten stairs. Oh! where was he going! What would he do? She had read sometimes of an evening, when working hours were over, the shaded lamp upon the table at her side, the coals leaping and blazing in the fragrant grate, her little slipped feet upon the fender—she had heard of people who, having neither money, means, nor content, had drifted into a moment of frenzy and despair, and thus leaped the mental bar that separates the known from the unknown, content to risk any fate but that which awaited them here. She had read thus of poor, strange unfortunates, and her heart had ached in their behalf. But now? Well, now her heart almost ceased to beat. She put away her work—of what avail was it, all blotted and blurred by her tears, or painted by her shaking brush! All day she feared and trembled; at night fall some intuitive hope caused her to brighten the fire, cook a dainty meal, and, placing the table opposite the door, leave the tempting, cozy room open upon the windswept, gloomy corridor.

Then she waited, and waited, and waited. The clock struck at midnight, then 1, 2, 3, from a neighboring belfry; the meal was cold; the fire burned low; the chill, gray morning had almost dawned, when at last it came; yes—thank God! faltering and slow, but it was his footstep; none other could quicken little Miss Turpin's pulse.

He reached the landing, the door of her room. Why, truly, he did pause—yes, and stagger in.

Any other woman but this, perhaps, would have recoiled with disgust and horror, and, above all, with fear, for the young man was evidently not himself. His hair, damp and disheveled, hung in heavy disorder about his face and neck; his eyes glassy and lurid, blazed upon hers; a red flame burned in his cheek; a slight foam flecked his trembling lips.

He fell into the chair at the table, and looked wonderingly, on the food before him; but that which would have been frantically devoured, six hours before, was like the ashes of bitterness to him now. He had not tasted food for thirty-six hours. But it was not hunger that tortured him; it was thirst—an appalling thirst.

He drank the pitcher of water from Miss Turpin's hand and looked pleadingly for more.

"Don't be afraid to give the patient water," he murmured, eagerly. "In case of febrile debility they sometimes suffer—suffer. I recommend, by all means, water—water—water!" Then he fell back with a groan of agony.

Miss Turpin ran out of the room and down the stairs, pounded on the door of the German tailor below, who, with his wife and five children, were enjoying in sleep the immunity granted them from endless labor and toil; bade him fly for the best doctor in the neighborhood; run up the stairs again like a deer, and found Dr. Blake insensible, his head thrown back upon the chair, his stertorous breathing audible in the corridor below.

The little German returned with the very best medical aid in the vicinity, even that of the eminent Dr. Haversham himself.

All this fuss and confusion had aroused Mr. Shadrach, who followed them up the stairs and protruded his long, hairy chin in the doorway.

"It is, perhaps, best that you should know, madam," said the surgeon to little Miss Turpin, "that it is a doubtful case. Your husband is in a very critical condition. If this worthy man will assist me, we will get him to bed. Our only hope is a powerful sedative at once."

The worthy man alluded to was Mr. Shadrach, whose eyes almost left their sockets when he found the doctor preparing to put his young lodger in Miss Turpin's bed.

"Why—why," he gasped, looking over at Miss Turpin, "this won't do, will it?"

Miss Turpin bowed her head. She could not speak, but it seemed to her that her heart made all the noise that was necessary. Its convulsive throbs moved the shawl she had thrown about her shoulders.

"Don't chatter here," said the doctor, thinking Mr. Shadrach was addressing him. "Just do what I bid you, and the more quietly, the better."

Half an hour after, Miss Turpin was alone again, save for the body of the doctor that lay upon the bed. He was helpless there, perhaps dying; his face was strange and distorted, his eyes half closed. A confused, unintelligible murmur flowed from his lips, his hands clinched and unclinched; at times a groan seemed wrung from his vitals.

Miss Turpin's features were pale and haggard, her eyes streaming with tears. Yet, in the midst of an anguish that partook of despair, with throes of pain and terror unspeakable, there was born to her a solemn and almost sinister joy, the first ever given to that sterile soul.

When the doctor came in the evening, he thought he had never seen so patient and noble a face; there was something in it that went to his heart.

"Be comforted," he said; "let us rely upon the youth and strong physique of your husband."

The incoherent utterings of his patient attracted the doctor's attention. Sharp and strong sentences fell upon his ear, that excited his professional curiosity. When he heard from Miss Turpin of the enthusiasm and zeal of the young student, as much as she dared tell him of his defeated aspirations and hopes, the good doctor's eyes kindled with sympathy.

"Let him only get well," he said "and we will sweep these lions out of his path."

Miss Turpin smiled through her tears. "He will get well, thanks to you," she said.

"And to you," he added, looking around the room with approbation. It had been suddenly metamorphosed into the model of a chamber for the sick. The open fire, with its cheering blaze and ventilating draught; the subdued light; the white and warm drapery of the bed; her own little couch near by; pretty shadowy pictures upon the walls, tinted by her own hands—an eloquent silence reigning over all.

"It is lucky for yonder lad," thought the doctor, "that in all this big, wretched barrack, the one little snuggery is his own."

And so the days went by, each one freighted with hope and fear. There came one at last upon which rested the life or death of the young student.

"Some time this evening," said the doctor to Miss Turpin, "he will regain consciousness; be sure that you do not leave his bedside. I would not for the world, at that critical moment, that a strange face should meet his own."

Miss Turpin turned pale, and stretched out her hands with a gesture of entreaty. Then she slipped from her chair to her knees, and from thence to the floor. Now had come the supreme moment of torture. Now her labor, her joy, her life were done.

A strange face! What face could be stranger than her own!

"Tut, child!" said the doctor, "of though you had more courage. There is every hope for him. Can't you bear joy as you have sorrow? I only want that he shall first see the face of his wife, the dearest to him in the world."

He put down his hands to her, but still she hid her face from his. Her whole frame trembled. She wished at that moment, so happy seemed her fate that she could die then and there.

"Oh, doctor," said she, lifting her eyes to his, "how can I tell you? how can I make you know? I am not his wife!"

The doctor drew back coldly; but as her frank, earnest eyes caught his own, he could not resist the innocent pleading there. She might be a poor Magdalen even, but he had never seen so child-like and yet womanly a creature.

"We must think of nothing now but our patient," he said gently; "your face is at least familiar and dear to him."

"Alas! no," she said; "it is strange, almost unknown. It is far better I should go away."

Then she told the doctor all. And as she went on to confess how she had dared shelter this poor neighbor of hers, without a roof to cover him, without money, without friends, sick unto death helpless and alone—how she had dared at any risk to shelter him and to nurse him back to life—the good surgeon's eyes blinked under his shaggy brows. He put his heavy hand in benediction upon her bowed head.

"Thou good little Samaritan!" he said.

And two big, hollow, handsome eyes upon the white bed, in the corner also filled with tears. He was so weak, this poor young Blake, that he could scarce help sobbing outright at so touching a story.

"Why—why," he faltered to himself, "in little Miss Turpin's room! O thou merciful Heaven! in little Miss Turpin's bed! With a cheery little fire in the grate to foil yonder biting blast, with all the little nick-knacks and furbelows about,—the little pictures on the wall, her bird cage at the window and a neat little medicine-stand, with lots of spoons in various doses, each with little Miss Turpin's name; and to her, then, under Heaven, I owe my life! Ah, may God do so to me, and more also, if I desert little Miss Turpin or let little Miss Turpin desert me!"

"And now," said the sweet, sad voice of little Miss Turpin, "take me to his bed side. I am foolishly weak; I can scarcely see. Let me look upon him just once more before I go. You will take care of him now, doctor, won't you? But let me say good-by."

The doctor undecided, scarcely knowing what to say, half carried her to the bed.

"Good-by, good-by," she said, bending over him, her warm tears falling on his pale, sunken face, her hot, trembling hands clasping themselves tightly together.

But suddenly two other hot trembling hands seized hers in a feeble grasp—the hollow, sunken eyes of the student fastening themselves upon Miss Turpin's face with a hungry tenderness.

"Oh, no," he said, "you cannot go from here, not for the world; you see the good doctor has said it will not do to have a strange face at my bed-side. Yours is the dearest to me in the world. I love you, Miss Turpin. It is, perhaps, a sad fate I offer you; but oh! be still more generous—be my wife. I have, dear little Miss Turpin—oh! I have loved you so long!"

He didn't say how long; he was too weak to talk. He didn't tell her that perhaps his love dated only a little half-hour back, when he listened to that wondrously touching little story of hers.

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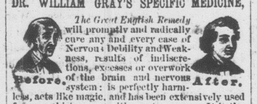

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Sheriff's Sale!

To be sold at Public Auction, on

Thursday, the 29th day March next,

in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12, noon, and 5 o'clock, p. m.,

All the Estate, Right, Title & Interest, Property, Claim and Demand

of Peter McAndrew in and to all that certain piece or parcel of Land, situate, lying and being on the road leading from Neguac to Strachan's Mill stream, in the Parish of Derby, upon which the said Peter McAndrew at present resides, being the Northerly half of Lot Number Fifty-Three, and being the same land and premises sold and conveyed to the said Peter McAndrew by Gilbert Vietre by Deed, bearing date the Twenty-First day of July, A. D., 1865, as by reference thereto will more fully appear, and containing 90 acres, more or less; the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court against the said Peter McAndrew at the suit of William G. Creighton.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of North'd.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle,
12th September, A.D. 1876. mar 30

Sheriff's Sale.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on Friday the 16th day of June next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 noon and 5 o'clock p. m.:

All the Right, Title and Interest of Maxim Manuel in and to all that certain Piece or Parcel of Land lying and being in the Parish of Hardwicke on the Westerly side of Portage River and bounded as follows:—in front or Northerly by the said Portage River, Easterly by Lot number 22, occupied by J. Sipley, Westerly by Lot 20 granted to James Hall, Senior, and Southerly by vacant Crown lands, containing 40 Acres more or less, with all the Buildings, appurtenances and improvements thereon belonging, and being the land and premises upon which the said Maxim Manuel at present resides—the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court against the said Maxim Manuel at the suit of Phineas Williston.

Also, the Right, Title and Interest of Joseph Manuel, Senr., in or to the Lot or Piece of Land above described, and upon which said Joseph Manuel, Senr., also at present resides,—the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court against the said Joseph Manuel, Senr., at the suit of Phineas Williston.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of North'd.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle,
19th December, 1876.

Demarara Rum.

26 PUNCHEONS from 30 to 40 over proof.

DANIEL PATTON.
SAINT JOHN

July 18, 1876.

FALL of 1876.

Wholesale Warehouse,

61 and 63 - - - King Street.

WE HAVE NOW ON HAND FULL LINES OF GOODS suitable for

Country Dealers, Millmen, Fancy Goods Dealers, Clothiers, Merchant Tailors, Lumbermen, Railway Contractors, Millowners, Ship Builders, Pedlers.

All wholesale buyers in this city should call and examine our Stock—being fully assorted in all departments.

Popular prices to the right kind of purchasers.

Orders by mail and telegram receive prompt attention.

EVERITT & BUTLER.

Oct 7

APPLES. APPLES.

APPLES, ORANGES, LEMONS, FIGS, CONFECTIONERY, CURRANTS & RAISINS, FININ HADDIES AND SAUSAGES.

Always on Hand, at

A. S. ULLOCK'S,

DUKE STREET, ... CHATHAM.

tf.

Wanted.

A Thoroughbred Newfoundland Dog.

Any one having a dog a few months old will hear of a purchaser by addressing

J. L. MILLER,
Derby, Miramichi.

Dec. 21.

STRAY SHEEP.

The Subscriber has in his possession some Sheep. The owner can have them by proving property and paying expenses.

DANIEL BALDWIN.

Douglastown, Dec. 26, 1876.

Brokerage, etc.

MACLELLAN & CO.,

BANKERS & BROKERS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

EVERY kind of legitimate Banking done, and all the facilities of an Incorporated Bank afforded to Depositors and Customers. Jan. 23

D. T. JOHNSTONE,

Water Street, Chatham,

Auctioneer, Commission Merchant,

AND GENERAL AGENT.

Consignments Respectfully Solicited.

Good references given.

LUKE STEWART,

SHIP BROKER & COMMISSION MERCHANT

SAINT JOHN.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

1-52

WILLIAM J. FRASER,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

TEAS, SUGARS MOLASSES, &C.

HEAD OF TORIN'S SOUTH WHARF,

UPPER WATER STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

CONSIGNMENTS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

R. B

Gener

SHIP B

AND COMMISSION MERCH

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

247

W. & R. Brodie,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants

AND

DEALERS IN

FLOUR, PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS,

No. 16, ARTHUR STREET,

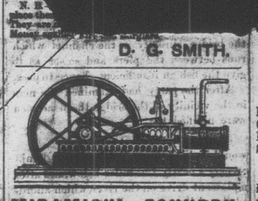
Next the Bank of Montreal,

QUEBEC.

Manufrs., Builders, etc.

ENGLISH SAUSAGE SHOP.

D. G. SMITH,



MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY.

Water St. Chatham, N. B.,

GENERAL IRON & BRASS FOUNDERS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

STEAM-ENGINES, BOILERS, AND MILL MACHINERY.

Ship, Plough, Stove, Cemetery and every description of Castings.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND

AN ASSORTMENT OF COOKING, HALL AND PARLOUR STOVES.

JAS. W. FRASER,
Proprietor.

JOHN BELL,

Carriage, Sleigh, House & Sign Painter.

SHOP ON HENDERSON ST.,

CHATHAM.

☞ ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO—Charges Moderate.

2-26

The Fire on the Hearth.

THREE THINGS IN ONE.

Ventilation of a Fire-Place,
Radiation of a Stove,
Circulation of a Furnace.

PURE AIR & EVEN TEMPERATURE THROUGH A ROOM.

Endorsed by the Medical, Scientific and popular Press.

WILSON, GILMOUR & CO.,

133 Prince William St., ... ST JOHN

Fire! Fire!!

HALL'S SAFES ALWAYS VICTORIOUS—A HALL'S SAFE RED HOT FOR FORTY HOURS AND CONTENTS UNINJURED—BOOKS, MONEY AND PAPERS SAVED.

Office of Davis & Raden, Wh'sale Liquor Dealers, No. 9 Main-st., bet. First and Second, Louisville, Ky., Oct. 19, 1876.

Messrs. Halls Safe and Lock Co., Louisville, Ky.

Gentlemen,—The large number 13 Double Door Fire Proof Safe purchased from you in March, 1872, was in the disastrous fire, corner Eighth and Main streets, on the night of the 10th inst., when over a half million dollars of property was burned, and at all safely one of the most severe tests possible, falling into the cellar with the walls of the building, and several hundred barrels of whiskey stored in the upper stories poured their contents into the cellar, keeping the safe literally boiling in burning whiskey for over forty hours. The bricks and stone were burned into ashes and lime, and it was the hottest fire ever known in Louisville. The safe was buried several feet under the bricks and ashes for two days, and after digging out of the ruins was opened, and we are pleased to say the books and papers were found uninjured, not even discolored or scorched. Several gold watches, and some valuable jewellery were found unharmed.

We wish you to deliver, to day, a duplicate of the safe to our new store, No. 9 Main street, and we will send you a check for the money. We want no other safe but a Halls. Yours truly,

DAVIS & RADEN.

A large lot of all sizes and kinds of these Standard Fire Proof Safes constantly on hand, at prices to suit the times.

HALLS SAFE AND LOCK CO.,

Factory—S. W. Corner of Pearl and Main streets, Cincinnati, and at the following branches:—

Halls Safe and Lock Co., 545 and 547 Broadway, N Y
do 63 State-street, Boston, Mass
do 66 Smithfield-street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
do N. E. Cor. Main and 5th sts., Louisville, Ky
do 147 and 149 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ills.
do 612 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
do 188 Superior street, Cleveland, O.
do 22 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.
Stewart & White, Agents, St. John.

D. G. SMITH, Agent, Chatham.

UTENSILS, TIN WARE, &c

The best place to purchase HOUSE KEEPER'S REQUISITES for the Kitchen or the Dining Room is at the well-stocked Establishment of James Gray, George Street, Chatham, who being both an

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER

in the above line, is prepared to furnish almost anything that may be required by those who favor him with their patronage

ANGLERS AND OTHER SPORTSMEN

will find all the utensils they require for

CAMP OUTFIT

at this Establishment.

JAMES GRAY,
George Street.

Patronise Home MANUFACTURE

I am now prepared to supply the Public with Superior Quality of

Doors, Windows, Blinds, HOUSE FINISHING,

For Inside or Outside. First Quality Pine or Cedar Shingles, and to

Plane and Match Lumber, and Plane and Butt Clapboards.

Scroll Sawing to any Pattern, TURNING, &c.

Having a Moulding Machine I am prepared to supply mouldings of different patterns, and to do Joiner work generally, at reasonable rates, guaranteeing satisfaction.

☞ ORDERS SOLICITED AND ATTENDED TO. ☜

CALL AT THE

Sash and Door Factory.

PUBLIC WHARF, - - - - CHATHAM.

PETER LOGGIE.

Liberal Prices will be given for Pine and Cedar wood suitable for making Sawn Shingles

P. L.

Lumber Sawing.

The Subscriber is prepared to saw lumber for any market requiring such work.

ROBERT BLAKE.

Chatham, Sept. 7th.

Ginger Wine.

25 QUARTER CASES THOMSON'S GINGER WINE (*LEITH.*)

DANIEL PATTON,
SAINT JOHN.

July 18, 1876.

GIFT BOOKS.

THIS LINE is now complete, and presents an assortment to suit every taste and purse.

THE WORKS OF THE POETS.

BYRON,
BURNS,
JEAN INGELOW,
LONGFELLOW,
MOORE,
SCOTT,
TENNYSON,
WHITTIER,

&c., &c., are in stock in various bindings.

Other PRESENTATION BOOKS are also in stock, comprising

Handsomely-Bound Works,

BY

Norman Macleod, D. D.; Richard Doddridge Blackmore;