The address slip pasted on the top of this paper has a date on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement under Page

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 24. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 19, 1898. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B, every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

It is sent to any address in Canada, or the United States (Postage prepaid by the publisher) at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, payable invariably in advance.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at *eight cents* per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and *three cents* per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5 00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspé, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers Superior inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B

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Prices range from $2.50 to $5.00 per pair.
Special—One 7 lb. all wool blankets a $4.5 pair, a special value.
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PRINTING FOR SAW MILLS A SPECIALTY.
We print on wood, linen, cotton, or paper with equal facility.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others!

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SPONGES
A Beautiful Line of
TOILET SOAPS
from five cents to one dollar per cake
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May 18, 1896.

INSURANCE.
The Insurance business heretofore carried on by the late Thomas F. Gillespie, deceased, is continued by the undersigned who represent the following Companies:
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JAS. G. MILLER.
Chatham 29th Nov 1898.

HEAD QUARTERS.
THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES
IS AT THE
W. C. ATTLE DRUG STORE.
We have on hand now, as usual, a
LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY
of the different Mixtures Elements Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia, Rheumatic, Kidney, Asthma and Catarrh Cures.
ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTE PERFUMES & SOAPS.
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Wall Papers, Window Shades, Dry Goods,
Ready Made Clothing,
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Also a choice lot of
GROCERIES ALWAYS ON HAND
R. FLANAGAN.
ST JOHN STREET CHATHAM

EQUITY SALE.
There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Law Chambers so called, in the town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the Fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the supreme Court in Equity, made on the Twenty-First day of December, A.D. 1897 in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Robert C. Boyes and James S. Fairley Executors of the last will and testament of Scott Fairley, deceased, are Plaintiffs and William McDougal is defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned referee in equity for the County of Northumberland, the lands and premises directed to be sold by the said decretal order and therein described as all that place parcel or lot of land situate lying and being in the Locksteed Settlement, Parish of Blackville, County of Northumberland, granted by the said William McDougal as by reference to the grant will more fully appear and bounded as follows to wit. Beginning on the eastern side of the road from McLaggan's to Kenous River at the northwest angle of lot number one hundred and nine purchased by Isaac Ward, in Lockstead Settlement, thence running by the magnet along the said road north five degrees and twenty minutes, west twelve chains and fifty links to a stake, thence north eighty four degrees and forty minutes east eighty chains, thence south five degrees and twenty minutes east twelve chains and fifty links to the rear line of said lot, thence south eighty four degrees and forty minutes west eighty chains and twenty links to the place of beginning containing one hundred acres, more or less, and being the lot number one in the Bradsdone Settlement east, granted to the aforesaid Joseph Grady, as by reference thereto will fully appear.
Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.
Terms of sale—Cash. For further particulars apply to Plaintiffs solicitor.
Dated the fifth day of January, A.D. 1898.
L. J. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's solicitor. ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.
For the want of purchasers, above sale is postponed till Tuesday, the 19th day of April next, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, then to take place in front of the said Law Chambers.
Dated this 16th day of March, A.D. 1898.
ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

B. R. BOUTHILLIER.
MERCHANT TAILOR,
CHATHAM.
Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloths of the best
British, and Canadian Makes
Trimmings, etc.
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all kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable terms.
LADIES' COATS & SACQUES
cut to order
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Steamer Work" will be received until Tuesday, 15th day of March, 1898, inclusively, for the construction of a steamer at Summerside, P. E. I., according to plans and specifications to be seen at the office of Mr. J. B. Hall, Charlottetown, P. E. I., at the office Mr. W. Dowdell, Resident Engineer Halifax, N. S., the office of Mr. W. J. McCordick, Supt. of Dominion Public Works, St. John, N. B. and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.
Tenders will be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.
An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, *five ten thousand dollars* ($10,000), must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.
The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
E. F. E. ROY, *Secretary*
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 2nd Feb 1898.
Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

FLOUR AND FEED DEPOT.
The Old Stand on Water Street.
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BRAN,
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HAY AND OATS,
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COME EARLY AND BRING YOUR ORDERS!
Now is the time to order your printed forms for Winter and Spring business. Send your orders to
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Neat, Cheap and Quick. Tags and Envelopes printed.
THE ADVANCE JOB-PRINTING OFFICE,
D. G. SMITH, CHATHAM.

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There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Chambers so called in the Town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the supreme Court in Equity, made on the Twenty First day of December, A.D. 1897, in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Robert C. Boyes and James S. Fairley, Executors of the last will and testament of Scott Fairley, deceased, are Plaintiffs and Joseph Grady and Charlotte Elizabeth Grady are defendants with the approbation of the undersigned referee in equity for the County of Northumberland, the lands and premises directed to be sold by the said decretal order and therein described as all that certain piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the parish of Blackville, in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, bounded as follows:—Beginning at a stake standing on the northern side of the road from the Dungarvon River to McLaggan's, at the southwest angle of lot number two, purchased by John McKenzie, in the Bradsdone Settlement, east, thence running by the magnet north eighteen degrees east sixty-seven chains, thence south seventy-two degrees, east fifteen chains to a birch tree, thence south eighteen degrees, west sixty-seven chains to a hemlock tree standing on the northern side of the aforesaid road, from Dungarvon River to McLaggan's, and thence along the same, north seventy two degrees west, fifteen chains to the place of beginning containing one hundred acres, more or less, and being and is lot number one in the Bradsdone Settlement east, granted to the aforesaid Joseph Grady, as by reference thereto will fully appear.
Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.
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ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

MACKENZIE'S
QUININE WINE AND IRON,
THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAKER
50cT BOTTLES
WE GUARANTEE IT AT
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.

NOTICE.
SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Stocks" will be received at my office, Millerton, until 15th May next, 1898 for the whole or part of the stocks of the late Robt. Swim, Doaktown, consisting in part of Ready-made Clothing, Shelf-Hardware, Crockery, Smallwares, Groceries, Window Frames, Doors, Sawns, Lumber, &c.
Stock list can be seen at the office of R. P. Williston, Esq., Newcastle.
Terms—Cash, or approved joint note at 3 months.
The undersigned does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.
JAMES ROBINSON,
Executor of R Swim estate.
Millerton, April 21, 1898. 5-12-98.

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The Subscriber is prepared to furnish Sashes and Frames and Doors and Frames, any size and any quantity at lowest prices for spring delivery. Call on, or address
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Black Brook, Chatham, N. B.
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NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES
CROWN LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.
The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is called to Section 19 of the Timber Regulations which reads as follows:—
"19 No Spruce or Pine trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for pilings, which will not make a log at least 18 feet in length and ten inches at the small end; and if any such shall be cut, the Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be forfeited"
and all Licensees are hereby notified, that for the future, the provisions of this section will be rigidly enforced
ALBERT J. DUNN,
Surveyor General

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If you want a
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come to the shop of Samuel Johnson.
The driving-boots that all the Lumbermen are looking for are made at this establishment, and a stock of them is now on hand.
All Hand-made work and Warranted.
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He will also keep a first-class stock
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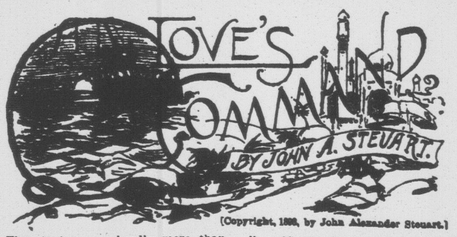

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The singing was hardly more than a croon, but as we harkened the singer suddenly raised his voice, and I was electrified to hear an English song sung with a perfect English accent.

Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale,
Lock the door, Lariston; Louther comes on.
The Armstrongs are flying,
The widows are crying,
The Castledown's burning, and Oliver's gone.

Lock the door, Lariston; high on the weather gleam
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky!
Yeoman and carbineer,
Billman and halberdier,
Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry!

Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar;
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey;
Hidley and Howard there,
Wandell and Windermere,
Lock the door, Lariston; hold them at bay!

An interval of brisk whistling followed. Then came a stave of an old Scotch ballad:—

Blithe, blithe, blithe was she,
Blithe was she but and ben,
And weel she liked a Hawick gill
And leugh to see a tappit hen.

The singing ceased abruptly, the curtain that was across the door of the tent swung back, and a man stepped forth. He was tall, straight as a rush, and dressed in the finest fashion of a sheik.

At sight of him Tabal clutched my arm with convulsive fingers.

"By the holy prophet, the man of the black horse or his spirit!" he said, in a voice of awe. And just then the man's eyes fell on us. They drew me as the magnet draws the steel.

"Donald Gordon!" I cried, running toward him. "Are you Donald Gordon, or are you the devil, as folk say?" I demanded, flustered almost out of my wits. "I'm from the Highlands," I added, trembling, as he bent his black eyes on me without speaking. "From The Elms, from Sir Thomas Gordon and Miss Isabel."

"From Sir Thomas Gordon and Miss Isabel," he repeated, without a note of emotion or surprise in his voice. "From Sir Thomas Gordon and Miss Isabel, and might I ask how the devil you got here?"

"That would be a long tale to tell," I answered, breathlessly. "But tell me, are you Donald Gordon?"

"They used to call me that once upon a time," he said, lightly. "Might I have the pleasure of knowing your own name?"

"Andrew Kilgour. But you'll never have heard of me."

"No, Andrew, my man, I have never heard of you till this minute. But I'm glad to see you. It's not every day two Scotsmen foregather in the pagan city of Mecca. Step in by and bring your friend with you. It's cold charity to keep so rare a visitor cooling his shanks at the door."

Saying which, he turned back into the tent, Tabal and I following. We were soon seated among luxurious rugs and cushions, sipping coffee and sherbet in the usual Arab fashion, Tabal gazing fascinated at our host. When hospitalities had been dispensed with, Donald said:

"It might be as well, Mr. Kilgour—Lord, how funny Scots' names sound after the tongue of the holy prophet—I was going to suggest that perhaps we might have a crack by ourselves. Maybe your friend wouldn't mind having a glint round the outside of the premises, or he might go behind here with some of my folk. I daresay they'll know how to agree."

"Well, well," he went on, when Tabal had withdrawn, "when I went out a minute ago, I little thought what I was to see. Isn't there a sage proverb about the unexpected always happening? Gad, it does happen! I know you have a story, Mr. Kilgour, but before you tell it, how are my father and Isabel?"

I told him that both were well when I left them, but greatly concerned about himself.

"Yes, yes; no doubt," he answered. "But I'm glad they're well. Isabel will be a fine lass now," and I thought he looked at me with a peculiar expression.

Feeling the blood leaping to my face, I answered there was not her peer in the countryside.

"I knew she would be handsome, and I'll warrant she's a brick, too. But now your own story, Mr. Kilgour. We can come back to other things again."

I told it very briefly, for there was much to be said and done. He listened attentively, nodding his head from time to time. With the description of my search for himself in Bombay he was vastly amused.

"Aye, I jouked them there," he laughed.

He was particularly interested in the Arabian portion of my tale, and when I reached the battle he jumped up, exclaiming:—"God's sake, were you there? I thought I heard someone yelling my name, yet it seemed impossible. Man, man, this beats all I ever heard! That was a tough bit of a shindy, wasn't it?"

"Amood Sinn and his friends thought you were the devil himself," I remarked.

"I know it," he replied, with a little smile, "and he has good cause to think so, too."

"You wrought frightful havoc among us. Nobody ever saw such swordsmanship."

"Tut, tut," he answered, "it was nothing at all. I was half sorry for Abou Kuram and his general, who were brave men. But there they were, and we had to get rid of them."

"How did you manage Koor Ali? That was a terrible blow."

"It was what a British dragoon would call the old cut seven. They don't understand the trick in Arabia yet."

"You must have had marvellous adventures," I remarked.

He glanced at me quickly, as if suspecting I was fishing for information.

"Yes. But we'll talk of them another time—that's all I need say now. Oh, by the bye, my august patron, Yumen Yusel, is making sure of Heaven here. Would you like to be presented to the old rascal?"

"Old rascal," I repeated, laughing.

"They're all that," he said. "Every son of Ishmael's a rogue by nature. They stand to each other in degrees of comparison like adjectives—positive, comparative, and superlative. Amood Sinn was the superlative, Abou Kuram the comparative, and Yumen Yusel is the positive. I know them all. Would you like to see him?"

But other thoughts were burning in my brain, and I begged to be excused.

"The sun will be down in a little while," I said.

"There's no denying it, Andrew. You seem agitated over the matter."

"Promise to stay here half an hour for me."

"You grow mysterious, my friend. Mysteries are dangerous things in Arabia."

"Yes, there's a mystery, but it's not dangerous. Will you stay and remain alone—quite alone?"

"Is it to be an experiment in magic?"

"You shall see," I cried, getting more and more excited with my own thoughts. "Will you wait? I specially wish you to be alone."

"Well, well; you will be prompt."

The next instant I was through the door of the tent like an arrow, and flying breathlessly to Ranee's quarters. Luckily Baruk was absent, and I broke in on her without ceremony.

"Something is wrong!" she cried, startled at my appearance.

"Nothing is wrong, child," I answered, loudly, being excited beyond all self-command. "Everything is gloriously right. You spoke of one who—who fought against Amood Sinn. He was of my people, was he not?"

The amazed girl answered in the affirmative.

"And he was a friend of thine?"

"Yes."

"Lower thy veil, Ranee, and come with me as fast as thy pretty feet can carry thee, asking no questions."

"I may trust thee?"

"If not, thou mayest kill me. Make haste, Ranee. Make haste; the sun is going down."

I took her hand, and flew through the maze of the fair, she running by my side like a wondering child, and the people turning to stare and criticise as we sped.

"Put on thy happiest look, Ranee," I said, with wild glee. "Be as the rose in loveliness."

"How can I?" she asked. "Thou takest the breath out of me."

At last we reached Donald's tent and paused before the curtained entrance.

"Thou wilt enter as I draw the curtain," I gasped.

"There be strange men within," she answered, fearfully. "I may not do it."

"Never was thy heart so glad as it will be when thou enterest," I said.

And being too impatient for further speech I thrust aside the curtain and handed the trembling Ranee in. Donald, whose back was to us, turned quickly. Both stared incredulously

Crying out in amazement, they were in each other's arms with a rush.

for half a second; then, crying out in amazement, they were in each other's arms with a rush.

"I thought so," I remarked to myself, aloud, and quickly dropping the curtain I ran back a bit and threw myself on the ground to rock in gleeful satisfaction.

After awhile Donald appeared at the tent door.

"Kilgour! Kilgour!" he called, as I did not immediately answer out of the darkness that had fallen. "Andrew, man, come here. We want to see you."

I rose and went forward, chuckling and trembling.

"This is an evening of surprises," he said; "most astonishing surprises. Come inside. God bless us. Come inside."

We went inside, and Ranee, running first to Donald and then to me, clapping her jewelled hands and laughing and crying in the same breath, poured out her thanks and joy in her own tongue, which Donald understood, though I couldn't.

"There was a king of England," said Donald, taking her hand as if she were an empress, "who, when any of his friends got into trouble, always asked, 'Who is the woman?' Here is the cause of all disasters that have befallen Amood Sinn and his allies. They parted us on our way hither, and I vowed vengeance and took it. I saw his palace burned, though you were before me and rescued Ranee. It is too long a tale to tell now. Some other time you shall hear it. The business of the moment is, What can I do for you? Name something quickly, Kilgour. Whatever you ask, it shall be done if man can do it."

"I take you at your word," I answered, promptly. "This is an hour of triumph and happiness to me as well as to you. I left the Highlands to find you. Here we are face to face after such adventures as few men have and fewer still survive, and I'm going to carry my mission to its close. My request is that you come back to Scotland with me."

He paused a moment as if in pain.

"I wish you would ask something else," he said.

"I took you at your word," I returned. "Are you going to break it?"

He came forward and seized my hand with a grip of iron.

"Donald Gordon has done many things that he ought to have left undone," he said, with a quiver in his voice. "But there is one thing he has never done—he has never broken his word. That has always been better than his bond. I and my wife will go with you to Scotland as soon as some necessary business is transacted here. I never intended to set foot in the Old Country again. But Heaven has its own way of upsetting the designs of man. I am happy enough to do anything."

"I wish I could fly to The Elms," I said, "and let them know."

"We'll sail, Kilgour; we'll sail," he laughed. "That'll be quick enough. And now for the preparations."

He turned away abruptly, and I knew there was a lump in the throat of the warrior who had been thought a devil, and indeed my own was strangely tight, while as for Ranee, being a woman in spite of her country and colour, she was fairly weeping with downright gladness. So to keep ourselves in heart I took the liberty, greatly to the astonishment of Donald's chief butler, of serving with my own hand some of the best sherbet all round.

A little later I broke the news to Tabal.

"I am going away, Tabal," I said; "far away to my own country, and the desert and the black tent will know me no more forever."

"Cannot Tabal go with thee?" he pleaded, quickly.

"That can scarcely be, good Tabal," I answered. "It will be better for thee to return to Marabel with the caravan."

"I will not return unless thou drive me away," he replied, stubbornly. "Hast thou not saved my life, and where thou goest will I not go to serve thee? Thou wilt take thy little Fatima. Let me go, I pray thee, to care for her."

"Take the honest fellow with you, Kilgour," called out Gordon, who happened to hear us. "I will be at the cost of him, and he will look after my rogue Mahomet. Besides, Hassan" (the great black warhorse) "is going to keep your little mare company."

"Be it as thou sayest, then, Tabal," I said, and the poor fellow leaped for joy.

Three weeks later we embarked at Yedda with all our belongings, Yumen Yusel, the shereef of Mecca, and a brilliant company of sheiks and great men doing us final honour.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOME AND VICTORY.

So once more we are among loved and familiar scenes, the torrid sands are left behind, and we are back to the scented heather and the fellowship of friends.

That home-coming was such as had never been known in the sedate valley that includes Kilgour and the Elms. Old people talk of it yet by the chimney cheek on winter nights, and the young listen with open mouths and wide eyes to the wondrous tale of the sudden appearance one quiet evening of a company of outlandish folk with the jargon and garb of heathendom. I wish some of these people were now at hand to describe what they saw, and thus save me much trouble, for I have come to a point that seems to touch me more closely in my tenderest part, and to make it more difficult to write than anything that went before. But I will briefly relate what remains of this extraordinary history and endeavour to be lucid.

In his wanderings in the East Donald had imbibed high notions of pageantry and the picturesque, and so he insisted we should go home in the best style at our command—that is to say, in full Oriental costume and a special carriage.

"It will be a free sight for the natives," he said. "It isn't every day that Arabs of our standing arrive in Scotland."

Accordingly on reaching Perth we invoked the aid of my old friend of the "Hound and Stag," who procured for us at a cost that, in his own words, was "perfeckly awfae," the best barouche and the fastest pair in the city.

To make the more imposing show, Tabal and Mahomet were to ride behind on Fatima and Hassan, accoutred in Arab fashion, with a spear and half a dozen daggers apiece. Very glad they were to get into the saddle again, both to stretch their muscles according to wont and to display their horsemanship. The horses also whinnied with delight at the touch of the familiar girths, and when mounted danced a jig unknown to the sober steeds of these isles.

The town gathered to witness the spectacle of our departure, and it afterward leaked out that the provost and council were at the moment excitedly considering the question of entertaining the Indian nabobs who had so unexpectedly honoured their city. But we were off before the good men could decide, with half the population at our heels, as if we exercised the charm of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. And the mighty sensation of the starting was continued along our route. People rushed gaping from houses and fields to get a glimpse of us at close quarters, and those whom we met generally turned and followed us as long as they had breath. Some saluted us as if we were foreign potentates, others stared as if they had been turned into stone, and yet others, by their looks, seemed to apprehend an invasion.

When we swept through our little village, there was the commotion that an earthquake or the descent of an armed band of robbers might have caused. Fain would I have stopped to make myself known to the villagers and see their astonishment, but at that stage we could not bear to tarry. Two miles ahead was Kilgour, and a little beyond was The Elms. So we sped on without drawing rein, our hearts beating short and fast, with the expectation which the returning exile alone knows. The carriage horses were lathered and blowing after their forty miles, though Fatima and Hassan, with more trying work, did not show a wet hair. But no consideration for blown horses could have induced us to delay. The coachman, rather against his will, whipped up, and instead of slackening the pace increased.

As we rolled, bumping and shaking, over the mountain road in the midst of many whirling thoughts, suddenly old Duncan's parting words flashed upon me.

"God bless ye, take it. It will be the siller pipes llearned ye to blaw on. Ayont the seas ye'll can gie a skirl at times to mind ye of old friends, and when ye come back ye'll can march to your own quick step."

Why shouldn't I? In less time than it takes me to write this sentence the silver pipes were out of the green bag.

"You shall be played home like a hero, Gordon!" I cried, leaping upon the dickey to the great discomfort of the coachman, who was evidently unable to make up his mind whether we were great folks or simply maniacs.

The scream of the pipes made the horses almost as wild as I was myself.

"I canna haud them!" yelled the coachman, laying his weight on the reins. "I'll never win back to Perth safe. Woa! Woa! They're off, sure. May I be burned alive if I ever take a trip like this again. Woa, Dandy! Woa, Meg! Ah, ye limmer, taking the bit atween your teeth! If I smash this kerridge, I may just go and hang mysel'."

"Let them out, you fool," I said, breathlessly. The speed was glorious to me. They could not go too fast. Another mile—one short mile, but it was too much to think of.

I blew as I had never blown but once before, and that was when I thought I was playing aranting air as my own dirge. When Johnny Comes Marching Home" was now my tune, and the birds flew in terror from the rocks at the mad excitement of the strain. Another half mile—two or three minutes more. Couldn't the ass of a coachman use his whip? Then all at once the chimney tops of Kilgour rose amid the dusky heath as I had seen them rise when last I returned from Edinburgh, and I almost dropped.

"There it is, Gordon!" I screamed, pointing to the right. "Don't you see it standing alone there? All the chimneys are smoking. They must have company."

Continued on 4th Page.

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The property to the amount of Five Hundred dollars of a wife deserted by her husband and compelled to support herself; and where the whole porperty owned by a widow, as well the place where she resides as elsewhere, is under the value of Fifteen Hundred dollars, and such widow supports minor children of her own or of her deceased husband, her property in the parish where she resides shall be exempt from taxation to the extent of Two Hundred dollars; and also to the extent of One Hundred dollars for each minor child wholly supported by her. If she has no property in the parish where she resides, then such exemption shall be allowed in the place where such property is situated; but such exemption shall not apply or extend to school taxes.
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