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Summer Complaints

PENDLETON'S PANACEA

The Diamond Coterie

PIERCE BLOCK, CHATHAM, N. B.



he said, thickly. "I'll stop with them a couple of hours, or three, maybe; after that—" and he winked significantly.
"After that," repeated Evan, and wind blowing in flerce gusts; the saloon

An hour later Evan, pale and shiver-ing, knocked softly at Sybil's door; Mrs. Lamotte appeared.
"How is Sybil, mother?"
"Quiet, but not rational, Doctor Heatl I feel badly. I'm going to bed; good

swirtly past him, with the last words on her lips. And again Frank Lamotte was the prey of his enemy; like a drunken man, he receld back into the parlor, gnashing his teeth, cursing his fate, half mad and wholly desperate.

Menwhile, above stairs, John Burrill was rehearsing to Evan, after his drunken fashion, the recent scene in Sybil's room, not even omitting his own expul-

room, not even omitting his own expul-sion by wily Mrs. Aliston, As he repeat-

sion by willy Mrs. Allstop. As he repeated, with wonderful accuracy, considering his condition, the wild words uttered by Sybil, his listener sat very erect, with wild staring eyes, and lips held tightly together, his teeth almost biting through them; with burning eyes, and quivering frame, and a strange fear at his heart. Having finished his narrative, Burrill argue:

arose:—
"I'm to meet some fellows at Forty's."

CHAPTER XXV.

of "Old Forty Rods."

The saloon is well patronized to-night.

At the upper end, nearest the door, "Old Forty," in person, is passing liquors across the bar, and bawling orders to a across the bar, and bawing orders to a nimble assistant, while every now and then he addresses a coarse jest to some of the numerous loafers about the bar, mingling them strangely with his orders, and his calling of the drinks, as he and his calling of the drinks, as he passes them across the rail.

"Here's your beer, Lupin; Jack, half a dozen brandies for Mr. Burrill's party; Little, you are out on the brown horse—rum and water? Yes, sir, yes."

"Burrill's beastly high to-night," said a factory hand, setting down his beer glass and wiping his mouth; "and the boys freeze to him since he handles old Lamotte's rocks."

"Of course, of course. Burrill don't

about one of these we see the party spoken of as "Mr. Burrill's."

tool and a jest later.

to the foot of the scaffold.

As John Burrill came forth from the saloon and turned his face toward Doctor Heath's cottage, a lithe form emerged from amidist the darkness and paused for a moment just outside the saloon door, seeming to hesitate.

"He's goin' home, in course," muttered the man, "I'll jest light out and come in ahead." And he plunged down a by street and went swiftly over the bridge; but not alone.

A second derk form had been lurking in the vicinity of "Old Forty's" the form of a boy, who glided through the dark, boys freeze to him since he handles old Lamotte's rocks."

"Of course, of course. Burrill don't forget old friends; Jack, bring the rum dask; they've been here a plum hour, them chaps, sir; 'ere's _your punch, mister, and they keep the stuff runnin' down their throats, now I can tell you. Burrill foots the bill, of course; and they can do anything with that big chap when the wines get the upper hands of him. I'll be sworn, they're up to mischief to-night, for I see Rooney and Bob Glles, they delight in getting Burrill into scrapes, are drinking light, and plying him heavy," and "Forty" turned about to draw a glass of beer for a low-browed, roughly-dressed man who had just entered, and who was in fact, none other than the tramp who had feasted by the roadside, on the day before, and whom Mr. Belknap had called Roake.

Roake drank his beer, and lounged over the bar for a short time, then called for a second glass, and after drinking it, went quietly out.

At the lower end of the long saloon, several tables are scattered, and gathered about one of these we see the party spoken of as "Mr. Burrill's"

Ere long, John Burrill, staggering under the additional cargo of drinks

under the additional cargo of drinks imbibed as toasts to the undertaking, and again, as draughts of deflance to the enemy who would dare question his courage, buttoned his coat about him, and, boasting, cursing, and swaggering, reeled out into the night. Out into the night that swallowed him up forever.

"Let's follow him, said one of the blottone starting up as the door along."

plotters, starting up as the door closed

in the vicinity of "Old Forty's" the form of a boy, who glided through the dark, at the heels of the other, like a spirit.

"He is going wrong," thought this shadow, discontentedly. "Somehow I'm sure of it; I'm shadowing the wrong party; but—I'm obeying instructions." And pursued and pursuer crossed the bridge and turned their steps toward Mapleton.

Meantime, John Burrill, reeling, singing snatches of low songs, and stopping ing snatches of low songs, and stopping Meantime, John Burrill, reeling, singing snatches of low songs, and stopping sometimes to rest and assure himself that all the landmarks are there, pursues his way toward Doctor Heath's cottage.

It is situated on the outskirts of the town; the way is long, the night dark, the wind boisterous, and the way lonely. It is after ten o'clock.

Later—nearly two hours later Frank Later ten o'clock.

Later,—nearly two hours later, Frank

Lamotte, driven by his demon of unrest,
is pacing his room, feverish and fierce,
when his door opens softly, a white, haggard face looks in, a hoarse voice artic-

ulates,

"Frank, for God's sake, for your own sake, come with me quick!"

Frank Lamotte turns swiftly, angrily. He is about to speak, when something catches his eye, fixes it in horror, and causes him to gasp out, pointing with one shaking finger.

"Ah-h-h! what is that?"

"It is the Family Horror!" came the "It is the Family Honor!" came the hissing answer. "Come, I tell you." And like a man in a nightmare, Frank

CHAPTER XXVI

spoken of as "Mr. Burrill's."

Five men are grouped about the small table, and among these, John Burrill is conspicuous for being much better dressed, much louder in his laughter, and viler in his jests, and much drunker than are the other four.

Since his change of fortune, these men have made capital of his weakness, and his nurse has supplied their thirst in his purse has supplied their thirst, in return for which he has been fawned upon, and flattered, during the earlier stages of his intoxication, and made a The morning of the following day breaks gray and dismal. The wind has been blowing all the night through, and wherever a tree stands, there the fallen leaves lie, thick and rain-soaked; for it

Dr. Heath's cottage stands aloof from all other dwellings quite by itself, for the houses stand wide apart in this suburban portion of the town, and he has selected the pretty place because of its quiet beauty, and comparative isolation. He has neighbors within sight, within hearing, too, should he choose to be vociferous; but the houses about him all stand within their own pleasant grounds. His nearest neighbor, on the one hand, has placed a fine orchard between them, and on the other hand, he has no neighbor at all; there is a vacant lot, well planted 'Folks sick, eh?'' queried Rooney, "Folks sick, eh?" queried Rooney, winking behind his hand at the others, "wife, I 'spose?" "Yes, wife 'I'spose; wife 'n' brother-in-law, both sick; take er nother—" "All right, old pard; but don't let a little sickness call you off so early; just let Heath take care of them; you're fond of Heath too." 'Curse Heath!' roared out John Bur-; "what do you mean, I say, Rooon the other hand, he has no neignoor as all; there is a vacant lot, well planted and pleasantly rulnous to see. A fine dwelling had once occupied the site, but fire had destroyed it, and the gaping cellar, a pile of burnt bricks, and some charred debris, are all that remain. It his glass and speaking in a low, confidential tone; "what's this power you have over Heath? Don't you know he's afraid fellows that say you are the one that's afraid."

"Me afraid! I—John Bur—II, f-fraid. Boys, look, en I'll jus' tell you a s-secret. If I jus' opened my mouth, I could run that f-fellow out of the country; fact!" and he nodded sagaciously again and again.

"Then there ain't no truth in that story that you are the one that's afraid, and that you wouldn't dare go to Heath's office. not even if you wanted a doctor?"

Heath makes free with the flowers in their season, and even swings his hammonck there among the outstripped them, too, in years and growth.

Opposite the doctor's cottage stands a handsome dwelling, far back among the trees. It is the home of Lawyer O'Meara and his wife; and the two are the doctor's firm friends.

Beyond the O'Meara dwelling and on the same side of the street, stretches a Chainsm, 19th Nov, 1993.

TERMS-\$1.00 a Year, in Advance row of cottages, built and owned by Mr. O'Meara. These are occupied by some thrifty mechanics, and one or two of the best of the mill workers. They are neat, new, tasteful, and well cared for by their tenunts.

Clifford Heath awake a little later than usual, this dismal, gray morning; he had returned from his second visit to Sybil Burrill at a late hour; and after sitting beside his fire, pondering long over many things, had retired, to sleep soundly, and to wake late. What first rouses him is a knocking upon his door, a regular tattoo, beaten by his house-keeper, grown impatient over coffee too long brewed, and muffins too brown. He makes his toilet after a leisurely fashion, smiling a little at the vociferous fashion, smiling a little at the vociferous barking of his dog, Prince. The dog is always confined in the stable at night, where he is a safe com

The dog is always confined in the stable at night, where he is a safe companion and sure protection to the doctor's fine horse; and now, it being past the time when he is usually liberated, he is making his wrongs heard, and there will be no more repose or quiet until Prince is set free.

"Poor fellow," calls his master, as he swings open the stable door. "Poor Prince! Good, old boy! Come now, and you shall have a splendid breakfast to compensate for my neglect."

The dog bounds out, a splendid bull dog, strong, fierce, and white as milk. He fawns upon his master, leaps about him, barks joyfully, and then follows obediently to the kitchen. The dog provided for, Doctor Heath goes in out of the rain, shaking the water from his coat, and tossing it aside in favor of a dry one; and then he applies himself to his own breakfast.

The warmth and comfort within are intensified by the dreariness without. Mrs. Gray has lighted a fire in the graze, and he turns toward it, sipping his coffee leisurely, enjoying the warmth all the

"Not yet. Constance, Constance! had you never any love for me? Is there no shadow of hope?"
"At first," said Constance, coldly, "I him up the d-darkest night that ever

"At first," said Constance, coldly, "I liked you as Sybil's brother; later, I tolerated you; now you are teaching me to despise you. Long ago I told you that only yourself could injure yourself in my eyes. There might have been a reason, an excuse even, for allowing poor Evan, who has willingly assumed the position, to become the family scape-goat. There is none for your unbrotherly and false accusation. Whatever his faults may be, poor Evan is unselfish, and that I intend to keep it? If so, you have it." She went surrance that my promise to Sybil was made in good faith, and that I intend to keep it? If so, you have it." She went swiftly past him, with the last words on her lips. And again Frank Lamotte was the prey of his enemy; like a drunken man, he reeled back into the parlor, and his legs to be most completely muddled, and his legs to be most unreliable instruments of locomotion. The men about the table nodded and winked to each other, under his very nose.

"Egg him on, Rooney," whispered Giles, "let's have the fun out." And

Something else does, however, a brisk hammering on the street door, and a loud, high pitched voice, calling:—
"Heath! Heath, I say!"
He starts up, shakes himself and his ideas, together, and goes to face the intruder upon his meditations. It is his neighbor across the way. peighbor across the way.

"Heath, have you lost your ears or your senses?" he cries, impatiently "what the devil has your dog found that has set these fellows in such a panic Sensething, were the sense of the sens that has set these fellows in such a panie? Something's wrong; they want you to come and control the dog."

"Heath! Heath!" comes from the adjoining vacant lot; "come, for God's sake, quick!"

In another moment, Clifford Heath has seized his shat, and, followed by his neighbor, is out in the yard.

"Come this way, O'Meara," he says, quickly; "that is if you can leap the fence, it's not high," and he strides through his own grounds, scales the in-

through his own grounds, scales the in-tervening palings, and in a fer seconds is on the scene.
On the scene! At the edge of the old cellar, one of the men recently denomin-ated, "ipeor devils," by the musing do-tor, is gesticulating violently, and urging him forward with lips that are pale with

return.

"Let's drink the good liquor he has paid for," said Rooney, with a wink, "then we will let some more of the boys into the secret, and start out in a gang and gather him up. Heath will kick him out sure enough, and if we follow too close we might be discovered. Not by Burrill but by the doctor. We will bring Burrill back here and two more drinks will make him tell the whole story."

They did not agree with Rooney on all points of his argument; but they had played a coarse, practical joke upon a man who sometimes "took on airs" and vaunted himself as their patron; he who had been only their equal once. It was only a joke, a witless, mirthless, coarse Down in the old cellar, the second man, paler still than the first, is making futile efforts to draw the dog away from something, at which he is clawing and tearing, barking furiously all the time. Something lies under a heaped us mass of leaves, grass, and freshly turned earth; something from which the flerce beast is tearing away the covering with rapid something from which the flerce beast is tearing away the covering with rapid movements. As he leaps down into the cellar, Clifford Heath sees what it is that has so terrified the two men. From under the leaves and earth, Prince has brought to light a human foot and leg! Instantly he springs forward, his hand upon the dog's collar, his face pale as ashes. only a joke, a witless, mirthless, coarse saloon joke, and they drank on and grew hilarious, never dreaming that they had sent one man to his grave, and another to the foot of the scaffold.

General News and Notes. Well dried locust weighs 45.5 pounds to

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