

# The Union Advocate,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Devoted to Literature, Education, Politics, Agriculture, General Intelligence and Useful Information.

W. & J. ANSLAW,

Our Country, with its United Interests.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS

VOL. VIII.—No. 10.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, January 6, 1875.

WHOLE No. 37

**CANADA HOUSE,**  
CHATHAM,.....NEW BRUNSWICK.  
WM. JOHNSTON, - Proprietor.

CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this house to make it a first class Hotel, and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes' walk of the steamboat landing. The proprietor returns thanks to the public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

Good Stabling on the Premises.  
May 18th, 1873. 14 1/2

**WAVERLY HOTEL,**  
NEWCASTLE,.....MIRAMICHI, N. B.

This House has lately been refurbished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travellers.

**LIVERY STABLES,** WITH GOOD OUTFIT, ON THE PREMISES.

ALEX. STEWART,  
(Late of Waverly House, St. John.) Proprietor.  
Newcastle, Dec. 2, 1873. 8

**BAY VIEW HOTEL**  
BATHURST, N. B.

THE Subscriber having purchased the late residence of Mr. End, has fitted it up with all the modern improvements. It is now almost new, commodious, and centrally situated, affording a magnificent view of the harbor and surrounding scenery. Permanent and transient boarders can be accommodated in first class style and at reasonable rates. A Livery Stable with attentive hostlers is attached to the hotel.

ANDREW G. HARRIS, Proprietor.  
October 7, 1873. 8 1/2 yd.

**ROYAL HOTEL,**  
(Formerly Stables)

46 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,  
OPPOSITE CUSTOM HOUSE,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

T. P. RAYMOND, Proprietor.  
Dec. 22nd, 1873. 24 1/2

**M. ADAMS,**  
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER  
AT LAW.

CONVEYANCER, &c.,  
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.  
OFFICE,  
Over Mr. Richard Davidson's Store, Castle Street, Newcastle.  
May 13, 1873.

**L. J. TWEEDIE,**  
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER  
AT LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC,  
CONVEYANCER, &c.,  
CHATHAM, - - - - - N. B.

OFFICE—Snowball's Building  
May 13, 1874. 18

**CARD.**  
**DR. J. S. BENSON**  
can be consulted at his Residence, opposite that of F. E. Winslow, Esq., or at his office on the Square, at any hour, as usual.  
Newcastle, Aug. 9, 1870.

**DR. BISHOP**  
HAS REMOVED  
TO HIS NEW OFFICE OVER THE  
NEW ENGINE HOUSE.

Residence opposite the house of Mr. Richard Davidson.  
NEWCASTLE.  
October 13, 1871. oct13

**S. F. SHUTE,**  
Direct Importer of  
Fine Watches, Rich Jewelry, Electro-Plated Ware, Clocks, Fancy Goods, &c.

Orders solicited, and goods sent to responsible parties on approval.  
WATCH REPAIRING, in all its branches, promptly attended to.

AGENT for the "Florence" Sewing Machine, and "Lazarus & Morris & Co's" PATENTED SEWING MACHINES.  
Remember the Place.  
S. F. SHUTE,  
Queen St., Fredericton.  
Dec. 22nd, 1873. 24 1/2

**C. B. FRASER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.  
Chatham, N. B.

OFFICES—Over the Bank of Montreal.  
September 1st, 1874.

**W. & R. BRODIE,**  
GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
AND  
DEALERS IN

Flour, Produce and Provisions,  
No. 16, ARTHUR STREET,  
Next the Bank of Montreal,  
27 1/2 QUEBEC.

**J. & W. REID,**  
PAPER MAKERS & GENERAL STATIONERS,  
No. 40, ST. PAUL STREET, No. 40,  
QUEBEC.

MANUFACTURERS OF  
Machine Made Paper Bags, Blank Books, &c.,  
Dealers in all kinds of  
Paper Stock and  
Paper Makers' Supplies,  
Room Papers,  
Roofing Materials,  
Scrap Iron & Metals,  
Naval Stores.  
March 12th, 1873. mar12 '73 1/2

**JAS. HOSSACK & Co.,**  
IMPORTERS OF  
STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,  
Manufacturers of  
STEAM CONFECTIONERY,  
FANCY BISCUIT, AND OIL PASTE BLACKING.

PROPRIETORS OF  
QUEBEC COFFEE & SPICE STEAM MILLS,  
22 Notre Dame St. (Lower town),  
QUEBEC.  
March 12th, 1873. mar12 '73 1/2

**WHITEHEAD & TURNER,**  
(Awarded Four First Class Prizes at the Industrial Exhibition, 1871.)  
Manufacturers of  
COEN BROOMS, DUSTERS,  
And all descriptions of  
HAIR AND FANCY BRUSHES,  
LOWER TOWN,  
QUEBEC.  
March 12th, 1873. mar12 '73 1/2

**PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.**  
W. J. WILLIAMS,  
PHOTOGRAPHER AND GENERAL ARTIST,  
has taken the Rooms over Russell Bros' Store, recently occupied by John Spence, and is now prepared to furnish Pictures  
IN EVERY STYLE OF ART.  
Having had fifteen years' experience in the business, can guarantee satisfactory work.

OUTSIDE VIEWS, of Residences, Churches, &c., accurately taken.  
Newcastle, Sept. 13, 1871. 1/2

**T. M'AVITY & SONS.,**  
DEALERS IN  
HARDWARE,  
LEATHER AND RUBBER BELTING  
OILS, PAINTS, GLASS, &c., &c.,  
5, 7 & 9 Water St., - - T. JOHN, N. B.  
July 1, 1873. 21 1/2

**BLAKESLEE & WHITEHEAD,**  
Importers & Dealers in every variety of  
English, French & American  
Paper Hangings & Window Shades.

ALSO—  
PAINTS, OILS, BRUSHES,  
VARNISHES, PUTTY, GLASS, &c., &c.  
The Trade Supplied.  
22 GERMAIN STREET,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
July 1, 1873. 21 1/2

**G. DAVIDSON & Co.,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
GENTLEMEN'S SILK NECK TIES,  
McCAUSLAND'S BUILDING,  
Queen Street, - - - Fredericton.  
From August 1, 1874. 6m

**TRUNKS, VALISES and BAGS.**  
Just received from England—another supply of  
ENGLISH OAK TANNED  
SOLID LEATHER TRUNKS and VALISES.  
Also in stock a splendid lot of Ladies' & Gents' Canvas and Leather PELL BAGS, with a large supply of  
Ladies' Shopping BAGS,  
in Morocco and Russia Leather.  
For Sale at the Lowest Market Rates, at  
Trunk Factory, 49 Germain St.  
June 1, 1874. J. J. C.  
July 1, 1873. 18 1/2

**J. J. CHRISTIE,**  
50 King Street - - - ST. JOHN.  
Importers and Dealers in all kinds of Leather and Shoe Findings, Wholesale and Retail. Also all kinds of Mens Fitted Tops, &c. order.  
J. J. C.  
July 1, 1873. 18 1/2

**JAMES S. NEILL,**  
Importer, Wholesale & Retail Dealer in  
Hardware, Glass, Paint, Oil, Turpen  
tine and Putty;  
55 IRON & STEEL,  
ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,  
OPPOSITE COUNTY COURT HOUSE,  
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.  
Dec. 22nd, 1873. 24 1/2

**GEO. C. HUNT, Jr.,**  
APOTHECARY AND DRUGGIST,  
Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.  
Direct Importer of British & Foreign Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Pharmaceutical Preparations and Druggists Sundries.  
Orders Promptly Executed.  
Dec. 22nd, 1873. 24 1/2

**D. MAGEE & CO.,**  
Manufacturers of  
HATS, CAPS & FURS,  
Wholesale,  
51 KING ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.  
D. MAGEE. M. F. MANKS.  
April 21st, 1873. 23 1/2

**T. R. JONES & Co.,**  
Canterbury Street, - ST. JOHN, N. B.,  
Importers of Every Description of  
British & Foreign Dry Goods,  
AND—  
MANUFACTURERS OF CLOTHING,  
Hosiery, Horse Blankets, Larrakins,  
FURNISHING GOODS,  
The best assorted stock in the lower Province for Country Stores, Landowners, Mill Owners, Railway Contractors, &c.  
Wholesale. - - - Terms Liberal.  
July 1, 1873. 31 1/2

**SPRAGUE MOWERS.**  
Having received a row of the well known and popular  
Sprague Mowers,  
on Commission, will sell them at a lower price than any other in the market. Parties wishing to buy will please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.  
WM. MASSON.  
Newcastle, July 21, 1874. 22

**LUMBERERS, ATTENTION!**  
I AM SOLE AGENT FOR THE  
WOODBRIDGE SAW MILL,  
which, with the late improvements, stands unrivalled.  
This Machine requires no expensive puffing, as it has by its own merits become the leading Saw Mill of Canada.  
It is also noted that the Saw has taken two revolutions to one stroke of the piston, thus avoiding the shaking caused by direct action.  
CHAS. C. CARLYLE.  
Jan. 20th, 1874.

**Mutual Fire Insurance Company**  
OF CLINTON.  
ESTABLISHED, - - - - - 1808.  
HEAD OFFICE, ST. CATHERINES, ONTARIO.  
ROWLAND HILL, Manager.

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION:  
D. Thompson, M. P., Co. of Haldimand.  
Henry R. Haney, M. P., Co. of Monck.  
J. P. Murray, Gentlemen, St. Catharines.  
Thos. R. Merritt, ex-M. P., Co. of Lincoln.  
W. T. Benson, Manager Quebec Bank.  
Hon. F. Mitchell, ex-M. P., Co. of Lincoln.  
Capt. James Norris, M. P., Co. of Lincoln.  
Hon. R. Benson, Senator.  
The Union Insures only Insured Property, and is subject to not more than Two Thousand Dollars in any risk.

This Company Effects Insurance as follows:  
1st.—On the PREMISES NOTE PRINCIPLE, that is, a small payment each year. In this branch for the past 15 years, a trifle more than one-half the expenses and pay the losses.  
2nd.—On the SHORT DATE NOTE PRINCIPLE, that is, the amount to be paid in full at any time within six months at the option of the Applicant.  
3rd.—On the CASUALTY PRINCIPLE, that is, all down at the time of insurance.

By the two latter methods the applicant knows at once the amount to be paid, and by the Premium Note Principle, the applicant is liable only for the Amount of the Note and the good fortune of the Company tends to lighten his payments.

CHARLES C. CARLYLE, Esq., has been appointed General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, through whom we hope to secure a fair share of the Insurance patronage.

ROWLAND HILL, Manager.  
March 9, 1874. 4 1/2

**DENTISTRY!**  
**DR. D. J. BAXTER,**  
LATE OF BOSTON,  
Can be found at his office at  
Mrs. SMITH'S, ST. GEORGE ST., BATHURST,  
until the end of February, when he will remove to Chatham.  
Those wishing his services will please call early.  
December 14, 1874. 10am

**To Let!**  
THE NEW STORE formerly occupied by John Wilson, Esq., deceased, for ONE or more terms of years. For further particulars apply to the Subscriber.  
JAMES WHITE,  
NEWCASTLE.  
December 24th, '74. 6am

**NEW FALL GOODS**  
—H—  
Hats Trimmed and Untrimmed,  
FLOWERS,  
FEATHERS, LACES,  
RIBBONS, VELVETS,  
VELVETEENS, SILKS,  
SHAWLS, FLANNELS  
AND COTTONS,  
Dress Goods in every style,  
Real Hair Goods,  
GENTS' FURNISHINGS ETC.,  
a full Stock of the above now on hand.  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
Orders promptly attended to.  
J. H. MURRAY & CO.  
58 KING STREET, - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.  
October 20, 1874. 21

**J. N. WILSON,**  
GENERAL MERCHANT,  
—H—  
HEAVY IMPORTER OF WINES & SPIRITS.  
SOLE AGENT IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND  
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, FOR  
(The Vine Growers Company of Cognac France),  
JULES DURET & CO.,  
THE WINDSOR DISTILLERY, WALKERVILLE,  
ONTARIO.  
The Windsor Flour Mills, do.  
Vinegrowers Brandy, Henke's Geneva, and  
Mezars, Hiram Walker & Sons Alcohol and  
Old Rye Whiskies, imported for the trade into any sea port in New Brunswick, or  
Prince Edward Island direct from the above  
named houses.  
10 NELSON ST., - - - SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
V. R. BONDEN WAREHOUSE, No. 5.

**MITCHELL & CO.,**  
GENERAL  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
—H—  
SHIPPING AGENTS,  
22 & 23 - - - - - COMMON STREET,  
MONTREAL.  
August 20, 1874. sep 9

**MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY,**  
WATER STREET, - - - CHATHAM, N. B.  
General Iron and Brass Founders,  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
STEAM ENGINES & BOILERS,  
And Mill Machinery of every description.  
Ship, Store and Plough Castings, &c.  
Prompt attention given to all orders, and  
first class work guaranteed.  
H. J. MARSHALL,  
MANAGER.  
Chatham, Nov. 3, 1874. 4 1/2

**COUNTRY YARN.**  
**SOCKS AND MITTS.**  
WE HAVE ON HAND:  
1200 lbs. Grey Country Yarn; 700 lbs. White  
do., do.; 1000 doz. Prime do. Socks; 500 doz.  
Prime Country Mitts.  
FOR SALE CHEAP.  
EVERETT & BUTLER,  
Wholesale Warehouse,  
55 & 57 King St., St. John  
oct 28

**CARD.**  
THE Subscriber returns his thanks to the  
people of Newcastle and vicinity for the  
liberal patronage extended to him during  
the time he carried on business in the  
town. Having removed to Chatham, where  
he has erected a new shop, he will be  
pleased to receive orders from old and  
new customers for  
Carriage & Sleigh Painting, &c.,  
which he guarantees will be performed in  
first class style, and at reasonable rates.  
Orders respectfully solicited.  
Shop at the head of Ferry Landing Chatham.  
ALEX. ROBINSON.  
Chatham, Oct. 19, 1874. 3m 21

**MISS YOUNG,**  
DRESSMAKER AND MILLINER  
Has opened a shop over Mr. Fraser's Store,  
Castle Street, where all orders in the above  
line will receive careful attention.  
Newcastle, Dec. 1, 1874. 2 p.m.

**A Thrilling Temperance Story.**  
—H—  
"Nimie Herman, the Housewife's Daughter,"  
—H—  
A most thrilling Temperance Tale, written  
from real life, by Thelma West Brown.  
CONTAINING 225 PAGES, and fully  
illustrated.  
Bound in English cloth plain edge \$3.00  
Gilt \$3.50.  
Orders left with W. C. Anslow,  
Newcastle; or W. J. Anslow, Chatham; will  
be promptly attended to.  
P. H. ANSLAW.  
Newcastle, Nov. 3, '74.

**Selected Literature.**  
New Year's Bells.  
Ring, bells, ring, with your mellow din,  
Ring the old year out and the new year in!  
Like the voices of birds from the old grey  
spire,  
Let your silvery music rise higher and  
higher;  
Flitting abroad o'er the hillside bare  
In billows of sound on the tremulous air,  
Tell it rise and fall with the fitful gale;  
Tell over city and wood the tale;  
Say that to-night the old year dies!  
Bid the watchers look to the eastern skies,  
For the beautiful halo that tells afar  
Of the welcome rise of the new year's star!  
Ring the old year out, with its sighs and  
tears,  
Its withering heart-aches and tiresome fears;  
Away with its memories of doubt and wrong  
Its cold doubts and envious stings.  
All its pandering lures to the faltering sense,  
All its pitiful shams and cold pretence.  
We will heap them together and bind them  
fast  
To the old man's head as he totters past.  
The life that he brought he may take again;  
Keep we the joys, let him bury the pain!  
Ring soft, oh bells, as he goes to rest,  
Far in the shades dawning west!  
Ring, bells, ring, with a merry din,  
The old year has gone with its care and sin!  
Smiling and fair, at the eastern gates,  
Clad in tinted light, the new year waits!  
Welcome him in with the rosy band.  
Who wait the wave of his beckoning hand:  
Hope, with her wreaths of sweet spring  
flowers—  
Joy for the summer's glowing hours,  
Plenty and peace for the fruitful fall—  
And love for all seasons—best of all.  
Ring merrily, bells!—o'er the blushing skies  
See the beautiful star of the new year rise!  
—From the *Adeline* for December.

**JOE'S REWARD.**  
BY MRS. H. B. EDSON.  
'Joseph,' said Mrs. Clayton, putting  
her head out the door, 'you will have  
to go over to Alston to meet Linda's  
girls. The boys have gone down the  
river with Henderson, and may not be  
home till dark, and I wrote to Linda  
that we would meet them there.'  
The young man addressed looked up  
from a book he was reading, and asked,  
a little impatiently, 'why Linda's  
children were to be sent there—why  
weren't they kept at home?'  
A faint smile flitted over the pleasant  
matronly face, and an amused  
expression lurked in the sunny eyes.  
'Cousin Linda isn't very well this  
summer,' she said, quietly. 'Besides  
they live in an inland town, and it is  
a treat for the girls to come to the  
sea-board. You'll go?'  
'O, of course.' And he resumed  
his reading.  
Mrs. Clayton laughed a little, softly  
to herself, as she busied herself about  
her work, and three hours after,  
when Joe came in to get ready to go  
to the Alston station, some two miles  
away, the amused look was still in  
his eyes.  
'I suppose this is the last quiet  
afternoon I shall get till those child-  
ren have gone home again,' he said,  
in a regretful tone. 'You mustn't  
let them into my room, mother, when  
I'm away. I'll take care they don't  
get in when I am there!'  
'I don't believe they will attempt  
to, Joseph, but I'll tell them,' she said  
soberly. 'I do not suppose you want  
them playing with your chest of  
tools—'  
'No; and I can't have them, either,'  
he interrupted; 'nor ransacking my  
cabinet, and overturning the books to  
find pictures, as young ones invariably  
do. They are eight or nine years old  
by this time, I suppose. I remember  
Linda brought them here once, and I  
haven't thought of them since.'  
'I should think they were all of  
ten,' Mrs. Clayton rejoined, the merry  
expression deepening in her eyes.  
'Suppose they were young ladies Joe?'  
And she laughed gaily.  
'They might walk over from Alston  
for all me!' he answered, shortly, col-  
oring to the temples, and all over the  
broad, white massive forehead.  
The truth was, Joe Clayton was  
terribly bashful wherever a woman  
was concerned. It was constitutional,  
and he couldn't help it, and 'didn't  
want to,' he said, with a little shiver,  
when the subject was up for discus-  
sion, as it frequently was. Joe was  
a splendid fellow, handsome  
as an arrow, broad-  
shouldered, nearly  
muscular, a  
fiery-chill of a  
flight. 'Twas  
hood's hour,  
of a pair of  
hoods they  
skinned  
always  
back to  
quickness.

they all carried their dinners, and played  
'Copenhagen,' and 'on the carpet  
I do stand,' at noontime, in the great  
entry, Joe was in a perfect tremor of  
bashful terror, for if he refused to  
play he was no better off, for those  
dreadful girls would kiss him without  
any provocation whatever. Poor Joe!  
if it had not been for fear of punish-  
ment at home, he would have gone  
out and sat in the rain; and sometimes  
he did, bearing the punishment with a  
sort of grim delight.

Between him and his twin brothers  
Frank and Robert, there was the widest  
possible difference in this respect.  
They took to girls as naturally as  
ducks take to water. Need I add that  
they were therefore the favourites?  
With not half of Joe's good looks, or  
half of his real worth of mind and  
heart, they were comforted while he  
was tormented.

It is one of the most mysterious and  
contradictory problems that I ever  
attempted to solve, why a shy, diffi-  
dent man finds so little favor among  
women. He may be handsome as  
Apollo, pure, honest, chivalrous, and  
yet nine women in ten will choose  
some gay, dashing fellow, with very  
uncertain morals, but plenty of assur-  
ance and impertinence. It is the only  
real argument for the innate depravity  
of the feminine heart that I ever met.  
If anybody can give an explanation,  
they would confer a favor on the sub-  
scriber by communicating, etc.

It was a delightful afternoon, this  
on which Joe Clayton rode leisurely  
over the grass-bordered country road  
to Alston station. There had been a  
heavy rain the night before, and the  
sanded road was washed hard and  
clean, and not the faintest atom of  
dust floated in the soft liquid air. A  
cool west wind tempered the warmth  
of a July sun, and altogether it was a  
perfect midsummer day.

Joe was an ardent lover of nature,  
and he half forgot 'Linda's girls,' in  
his enjoyment of the beautiful scenery,  
for the Alston road wound round soft  
wooded hills, and past shaded ponds,  
with a lovely river looking out here  
and there through the leafy openings  
—a gloss of sallow on an emerald—  
and now and then, as the road wound up  
the hill, little glimpses of the far-away  
misty sea. But the chimneys of Al-  
ston—it was all Alston, only this was  
the village proper—broke in upon his  
vision, and with a start he gathered  
up the reins, and came back to a real-  
ization of life and Linda's girls.

'I am not sure but I ought to have  
come with the carriage,' he said,  
glancing down at the tight open buggy;  
'but this is so much lighter and  
easier, and the little girls won't require  
a very large carriage, and it is not  
likely they'll have more than a small  
trunk or a valise.'

He was none too soon, for even then  
the cars were shrieking and thunder-  
ing along in full sight. He sprang  
out and hurried round to the side  
where the passengers were getting out  
and in. He had a vague idea that he  
should know Linda's girls instantly  
he saw them. To his mind's eye they  
were slight, rather freckled-faced,  
with very light hair shingled pretty  
close, and attired in pink sunbonnets.  
This picture rose involuntarily to his  
mind at the first mention of Linda's  
girls, and he accepted it without stop-  
ping to reason upon its probable ac-  
curacy. The fact was, he had hardly  
thought of them at all till this after-  
noon, when he had been forcibly drawn  
into the service of escort.

The heavy and bustling began to sub-  
side, and the cars moved slowly away  
from the station. There was an un-  
usual number of passengers on the  
platform, but Joe looked in vain for  
any one bearing even the remotest re-  
semblance to 'Linda's girls.' In  
there were but two children, a  
very important little fellow, who  
evidently, his first trousers, and  
other a baby in arms, and these could be Linda's  
very young ones, of course.

at his very evident embarrassment.  
'To which of my questions is this  
an answer?' asked the tallest girl, who  
acted as spokeswoman, an unmis-  
table sparkle of mirth in her brown  
eyes.  
'Whichever you please,' he respond-  
ed, with crimsoned face, and spring-  
ing down the steps he turned his  
horse's head, and went spinning to-  
wards home as if a thousand demons  
were after him.

'Good heavens! what could I do?'  
he exclaimed, the cold sweat starting  
from every pore. 'I couldn't take  
three women in this little shell.' And  
the bare idea of being packed in such  
close quarters with three girls, for a  
mile or two drive, sent the blood to  
his face in a torrent. 'I wish I knew  
who they were,' he continued; 'I  
wish they might get lost, and never  
find their way here. And I made  
such a stupid fool of myself! I don't  
care, I'd not taken them, and I should  
have had to if I had revealed that  
Charles Clayton was my father—  
Those three dunces and ruffed  
things! each of them would more  
than fill the seat. No, I'd not take  
them in for all the money in the  
United States!'

'I am sure it is he,' said the tall  
brown-eyed girl, to her companions  
on the platform, when Joe had so in-  
continentally fled from their presence.  
'I have never forgotten how he looked  
when we were there, Madge, and  
you know we've always heard how  
ridiculously bashful he is. Wont we  
have sport, girls? And the brown  
eyes fairly danced with delight.  
Just then the station-master came  
by, and glanced up at them and at  
three large trunks behind them.  
'Do you want a carriage ladies?' he  
asked, politely.

'Not for ourselves, we will walk,  
but if you would send our trunks up  
to Mr. Clayton's—Mr. Charles Clay-  
ton's—we should like it. And if you  
would direct us a little about the way  
we should still be more obliged.'  
'Mr. Clayton's? why, his house is  
here a moment ago?' then, she  
do you know Mr. Joseph Clayton?  
'We are strangers, sir,' she  
a little stiffly.

He bowed, and then gave the  
necessary information con-  
way, and turned back to  
smiling a little to himself.  
ing he had come out in such  
packed them in with such  
have been worth the  
enthusiastically.  
Great  
to see  
from her  
she had anticipated  
at Joe's expense.  
'You are sure  
Madge?' she  
'Of course  
reply. 'I rem-  
bered it.'  
'Do you know  
you saw them?'  
'Not precisely  
perhaps.'  
'Joseph Clayton  
of vacation, I  
member him  
in books, and  
of construction  
mercy knows  
all the time  
plans, and  
particulars.

but two girls, and who was this  
one? Well, she couldn't make  
much more; one wouldn't  
much difference, not any to her  
he intended to keep well out of  
way, and with this consol-  
ation he ran up to his room, lock-  
ed in, and in fifteen minutes he  
was the whole perplexing prob-  
lem absorbed in a plan of  
lot, on which he was en-  
which he was to take  
and duly survey and  
week.

'Joseph, Joseph!' said  
him from his work, and  
to a sense of surround-  
'Yes, mother,' he an-  
swered absently.  
'Come now, right a  
little ready,' came in  
the foot of the stairs.  
He folded up his pi-  
ment still busy v  
of the church and  
which had been ex-  
to be 'picturesquely  
particular thought  
pearance, he sto  
the little girl-fr  
lung between  
brushed back th  
hair from the  
head. There  
dilemma in al  
always w  
great  
smould  
demon.

'I have never forgotten how he looked  
when we were there, Madge, and  
you know we've always heard how  
ridiculously bashful he is. Wont we  
have sport, girls? And the brown  
eyes fairly danced with delight.  
Just then the station-master came  
by, and glanced up at them and at  
three large trunks behind them.  
'Do you want a carriage ladies?' he  
asked, politely.

'Not for ourselves, we will walk,  
but if you would send our trunks up  
to Mr. Clayton's—Mr. Charles Clay-  
ton's—we should like it. And if you  
would direct us a little about the way  
we should still be more obliged.'  
'Mr. Clayton's? why, his house is  
here a moment ago?' then, she  
do you know Mr. Joseph Clayton?  
'We are strangers, sir,' she  
a little stiffly.

He bowed, and then gave the  
necessary information con-  
way, and turned back to  
smiling a little to himself.  
ing he had come out in such  
packed them in with such  
have been worth the  
enthusiastically.  
Great  
to see  
from her  
she had anticipated  
at Joe's expense.  
'You are sure  
Madge?' she  
'Of course  
reply. 'I rem-  
bered it.'  
'Do you know  
you saw them?'  
'Not precisely  
perhaps.'  
'Joseph Clayton  
of vacation, I  
member him  
in books, and  
of construction  
mercy knows  
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at his very evident embarrassment.  
'To which of my questions is this  
an answer?' asked the tallest girl, who  
acted as spokeswoman, an unmis-  
table sparkle of mirth in her brown  
eyes.  
'Whichever you please,' he respond-  
ed, with crimsoned face, and spring-  
ing down the steps he turned his  
horse's head, and went spinning to-  
wards home as if a thousand demons  
were after him.

'Good heavens! what could I do?'  
he exclaimed, the cold sweat starting  
from every pore. 'I couldn't take  
three women in this little shell.' And  
the bare idea of being packed in such  
close quarters with three girls, for a  
mile or two drive, sent the blood to  
his face in a torrent. 'I wish I knew  
who they were,' he continued; 'I  
wish they might get lost, and never  
find their way here. And I made  
such a stupid fool of myself! I don't  
care, I'd not taken them, and I should  
have had to if I had revealed that  
Charles Clayton was my father—  
Those three dunces and ruffed  
things! each of them would more  
than fill the seat. No, I'd not take  
them in for all the money in the  
United States!'

'I am sure it is he,' said the tall  
brown-eyed girl, to her companions  
on the platform, when Joe had so in-  
continentally fled from their presence.  
'I have never forgotten how he looked  
when we were there, Madge, and  
you know we've always heard how  
ridiculously bashful he is. Wont we  
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