

The Mystery of the Franklin.

A POSSIBLE CASE. BY JULES VERNE.

Capt. John Branigan had kissed his wife and child a last good-by, and as Dolly had reached up to take her 10-months-old babe from her husband's arms, she had seen on their faces a look of grief which had gone with that last kiss.

It was to be the Franklin's first voyage, and Mr. Andrew had made choice of Branigan to command her, he being in the opinion of all the most trustworthy officers attached to the fleet of merchantmen.

As he followed the three women, a close observer would have noticed that the muscles of his face twitched nervously, and that his small steel-blue eyes were lit up with a metallic glare, as they looked out from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Dear up, Dolly," said Jane, as they walked along. "John will soon be back with us again. On the trial trip the Franklin proved herself to be the swiftest clipper in the harbor."

"It was the first voyage that Capt. John had been called upon to make since the birth of little Wat, and he found it very hard to separate from those two loved beings, but, as the splendid clipper ship turned her head to the southwest, the comforting thought had come to him that ere many years he would be able to give up the sea altogether, as Dolly's uncle, Edward Starter, a very wealthy landowner of western Tennessee, was well along in years, and Dolly was his sole heir and next of kin.

On the eighth day out the Franklin was spoken by the Boundary, Ellis master, of the Andrew fleet. Capt. Branigan had exchanged a few words with Capt. Branigan, but as a heavy gale was blowing the two vessels had not attempted to heave to, but had contented themselves with running up close enough to each other to exchange greetings.

"We're all well," cried Capt. John, through his speaking trumpet. "The moment you reach San Diego give my love to my dear Dolly."

"This was on the morning of March 23, at 11.25, and it was the last that was seen of the good ship commanded by John Branigan."

When Jane came rushing into Dolly's presence with the news and Capt. Ellis's message for her, Dolly at once began to make her preparations to pay a visit to Capt. Ellis in order to hear from his lips the account of his falling in with the Franklin. He had seen Branigan, had heard his voice, and it would be like another and last adieu from the man she loved so devotedly.

had disappeared with her husband—might object to the long walk, Dolly had slipped out of the homestead, and had made her way towards the docks. Something prompted her to pass in front of the house where the Burkers had formerly lived. It was gone! On its site stood a massive brick building several stories high. Dolly pressed her hand to her brow. Could she be dreaming? Everything seemed so shadowy and unreal to her.

Entering the offices of the steam launch, she inquired for Capt. Fren, the old sailor. He had shipped on a vessel bound for some European port. It was a three-masted—the Californian—and would be absent months. And in order to convince Mrs. Branigan of the truth of his statement, the clerk had picked up a file of the shipping list. Dolly reached out for it mechanically. Suddenly her eyes fell upon the headline, March, 1879. She uttered a cry of despair and dashed out of the office.

"I know all. I know all, you have deceived me," she exclaimed, with a burst of tears. "I have been married for four years. It's four years since the Franklin sailed; for four years no tidings of her have been received. She has gone down—lost—lost! I shall never see my husband again—never—never!"

"Dolly staggered backward in a swoon. Mr. Andrew laid her tenderly on the sofa, and messengers were hastily sent to find Dr. Bromley. When she returned to consciousness, she burst into the wildest lamentations. Dr. Bromley encouraged her to unload her breaking heart.

"Yes, Dolly," he said, calmly, "we have but one thought to comfort you, that, when the good ship Franklin went down, Capt. Branigan met death like a hero, that he was, with your name on his lips, your face before his eyes."

"But, dear Dolly," interposed Mr. Andrew gently, "there is a silver lining to the black clouds overshadowing you. Your uncle has just died—accidentally shot by one of his companions while out hunting. His entire fortune, nearly two millions, comes to you."

"Dolly appeared not to catch a syllable of this important piece of information. A deep silence fell upon the little group. It was broken by Dolly starting wildly up. "It's mine, is it, Mr. Andrew, all this money?" she exclaimed, laying hold of the merchant's arm.

"Yes, Dolly, all yours," he said calmly, "you're a millionaire twice over."

"Then with God's help," cried Dolly, raising her eyes heavenward, "I'll put it to a good use; I'll find Capt. John Branigan, for although you may think that he went down with the Franklin, I say no! He's alive, I feel it, I know it!"

On July 27, the Dolly Hope, a fine screw steamer, fitted out by the wealthy Mrs. John Branigan, and placed under the command of Capt. Ellis, left the port of San Diego to follow, if possible, the mysterious which, for four long years, had hung over the disappearance of the clipper ship Franklin.

General News and Notes. A Dangerous Case. It's because some of the undesirables are getting 'peppish' that lots of the deservin' ones goes begin'.

How to save money is a problem that interests everybody. One way to do it is to investigate the system with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Being a highly concentrated blood medicine, it is the most powerful and economical. It is sold for a dollar a bottle, but worth five.

There's plenty of money in the country we only know how to get it out. A Complicated Case. DEAR SIRS,—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and lost appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B. B. R. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B. B. R., and am also giving it to my children.

"What's that?" he exclaimed, starting up to run. "That's all right," said the editor soothingly; "it's only the foreman tumbling to one of your jokes."

ACHING PAINS REMOVED. GENTLEMEN,—I cannot but praise B. B. R. for it has relieved me wonderfully. I was completely run down, had aching pains in my shoulders, a tired feeling in my limbs, low spirits, in fact I was in misery. Being recommended to try B. B. R. I did so, and with the use of only one bottle I am today strong and healthy. I prize it highly.

MILBURN'S BEEF, IRON AND WINE RESTORES STRENGTH AND VITALITY, AND MAKES RED BLOOD.

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BOIESTOWN CRIST-MILL. Parties having Wheat, Barley or Buckwheat to grind are informed that the mill is now open for business.

FOR SALE OR TO LET. The house on St. John St. owned by Mrs. Sarah Desmond. It is a large and comfortable residence.

GENERAL BUSINESS. Chase and Sanborn's Coffee. The quality of the Coffee we sell under our trade mark is our best advertisement.

Miramichi Advance. Beginning with the issue of November 6th, 1890, when the ADVANCE entered upon its Seventeenth Year of Publication!

1st. Strict adherence to the system of cash in advance for all subscriptions. 2nd. The reduction of the price of the paper to One Dollar a Year!

I have made the foregoing changes in the business of the ADVANCE for two reasons. The first is because many patrons who have been given credit, have abused the privilege to such an extent as to make the business of publishing the paper a non-paying one, and it is necessary, in my own interest and that of those who do pay, that I should no longer continue to furnish the ADVANCE to those non-paying subscribers.

D. G. SMITH, PUBLISHER. ROBERT BALLOCH & CO., TEA MERCHANTS, MINCING LANE, LONDON.

K. & R. AXES, MADE WITH "FIRTH'S" BEST AXLE STEEL, ESPECIALLY FOR US. EXTRACT FROM A NOVA SCOTIA CUSTOMER'S LETTER.

Chatham Foundry, CHATHAM, N. B. ESTABLISHED 1852. Iron and Brass Castings a specialty for Mills, Steamboats, Railways, etc.

CANADA EASTERN RAILWAY. FALL 1892. ON and AFTER MONDAY, OCT. 17th, until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway, daily (Sundays) excepted as follows:

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION. Piano and Pipe Organ. Mrs. Carter, organist of St. Luke's Church, Chatham, has prepared a course of instruction in the art of music.

OUR PATRONAGE. For the last four months has exceeded that of any previous year, and has been more than double that of the average year.

Law. Robert Murray, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, Notary Public, Insurance Agent, ETC. ETC. ETC. CHATHAM, N. B.

G. B. FRASER, ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC, AGENT FOR THE NORTH BRITISH MERCHANTS FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Warren C. Winslow, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE, WINSLOW BUILDING, CHATHAM, N. B. MONEY TO LOAN.

A. Kortright Neales, M. A., ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary, Conveyancer, &c. OFFICE, WINSLOW BUILDING, CHATHAM, N. B. MONEY TO LOAN.

TIN SHOP. As I have now on hand a larger and better assortment of goods than ever before, compared with any other tin shop in the city.

Japanned, Stamped and Plain Tinware. I would invite those who wish to purchase, to call and inspect my stock before buying elsewhere, as I can sell at a lower price than any other tin shop in the city.

The Peerless Creamer. ROCHESTER LAMP. The Success Oil Stove. Also a nice selection of Parlor and Cooking Stoves with PATENT TELESCOPE OVEN.

A. C. McLean. "THE FACTORY" JOHN McDONALD, (SUCCESSOR TO GEORGE CASSELL) Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings, Builders' Furnishings generally, and all kinds of mill work.

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Hotels. Canada House, Corner Water and St. John streets, CHATHAM. LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM. THE COMFORT OF GUESTS. Located in the business centre of the town. Heating and Stable Accommodations First-class.

REVERE HOUSE. Near Railway Station, Campbellton, N. B. formerly the Union Hotel, kept by Mrs. Organ. Comfortable accommodations for permanent or transient guests. Commercial Travellers will find it convenient.

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