

A Ghost in the Garret.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"This is the garret floor. It's a relic of the past," said Miss Pettigrew. "They do not build such garrets now. The house is more than a hundred years old. It was my grandfather's grandfather who built it. By the way," continued the lady, turning on her heel in a sharp and bird-like manner peculiar to her—"by the way, this garret is haunted."

"How delightful! Do tell me about the ghost!" cried the young lady who had followed her into the great room which covered half the large house.

"The ghost, Miss Walker, is a soldier, an officer who was killed by a jealous husband in a duel, which took place here. He walks up and down, trailing his sword after him, and is said to be as pale as death; however, he hasn't been seen for ten years, though the servants are terribly afraid of him yet."

"They sleep," said Miss Pettigrew, "in that half of the garret which is partitioned off, and use the back stairs. They wouldn't come here for the world, so I make a sort of store closet of those shelves there, and feel perfectly safe about my sweetmeats."

"Here," said Miss Pettigrew, opening a little door—"there is still another pair of stairs. They lead to the orchard. It is said that that idiotic lady who caused the duel had them built for her lover might come to the garret without discovery. It may be true. It's evident that they were never built in the original house. Nobody ever uses them now; and they are actually mouldering away."

"With some difficulty she moved a rusty bolt, and the young lady peeped down the rickety stairs."

"I can fancy the ghost coming up," she said, with a little, soft shriek, as she drew back. "How romantic!"

Descending the large, well-carpeted stairs that ran down the middle of the house, the two ladies entered the parlor, where an elderly gentleman sat waiting. The young lady then addressed him:

"The rooms are lovely, pa, and if Miss Pettigrew will let us come, we ought to be delighted."

Miss Pettigrew gave a polite wave of the hand, which signified that she was charmed to receive such boarders.

"Elsie, dear, go out and get into the carriage," said the old gentleman.

Miss Pettigrew and I will have a word about terms."

The young lady tripped lightly away.

"I have but one condition to make, madam," said the old gentleman, the instant she was gone. "That you will take no single gentleman boarders."

"I have one, sir," said Miss Pettigrew, "Mr. Jettison, seventy-five years old, and quite rheumatic."

"Ah! I don't mind him," responded Mr. Walker. "I mean—in fact, I have brought my daughter to this quiet place to separate her from a person who is paying his addresses to her, and I am afraid he will follow us."

"Not into this house," said Miss Pettigrew. "My other rooms are filled; two families, mother, father, and children; a widow lady and her daughter; and Miss Budwick, principal of a school in—"

"The place will suit me perfectly," said Mr. Walker. "We'll come over to-morrow morning," and with a bow, he trotted down the path and took his place in the carriage.

About a fortnight after the day on which she had received her first boarder, Miss Pettigrew descended to the dining-room at an early hour, as was her wont, and in a very cheerful mood.

"This is very comfortable, indeed," thought she to herself, "very comfortable. Why shouldn't I turn a penny as well as my neighbors? Certainly my house is full of genteel people, and it's really pleasant to live alone."

And Miss Pettigrew regarded her well-arranged breakfast table with just pride and pleasure.

"Very comfortable, indeed—My goodness!" The latter portion of the sentence did not belong to the former. It was an ejaculation forced from her by the sudden appearance of her two servants, pale as flowers, wide-eyed, and with compressed mouths, who were making each a courtesy, ground themselves against the wall and stood looking at nothing, in a way, as Miss Pettigrew afterward said, calculated to freeze the blood of an observer.

"My goodness!" repeated Miss Pettigrew. "Fanny Ann and Abby Jane, what's the matter? Is the house on fire?"

"No, Miss," replied Fanny Ann. "Have you seen a ghost?" proceeded Miss Pettigrew.

"Yes, Miss," replied Abby Jane. "And please, Miss, we can't sleep in that awful place no more," continued Fanny Ann. "If you can't put us somewhere else, we must go. We've seen him three times."

"Three nights hand-running," said Abby Jane.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" asked Miss Pettigrew.

"We thought you wouldn't believe us," said Fanny Ann.

"Well, I believe you've seen something terrifying," said Miss Pettigrew, and I'll see what I can do. Don't mention this to anybody. You'd frighten some of my boarders away, perhaps. I'll talk it over after breakfast, and I'll waver I'll say the ghost."

Fanny Ann and Abby Jane departed, promising silence, and the boarders ate their breakfast as usual. Afterward, behind closed doors, she heard this narrative:

"At eleven o'clock every night for the past week the girls had heard a noise in the outer garret; but the last three have been hit by a brilliant moon, which had been seen to go through a crack in the door, and—"

"as sure as she was a living woman," Abby Jane declared—a ghastly soldier in complete uniform, pacing up and down.

The first time the figure vanished rapidly. The second time it was longer in going; but on the third night they saw it enter by the disused stairway, and heard it speak. What it said was: "Dying, I would die for you! I would risk all to meet you!"

"We could look no longer, Miss," said Abby Jane. "We thought we should take spasms."

Miss Pettigrew rubbed her nose. "This is unpleasant," she said,

"Certainly, the ghost was an officer; and my own Aunt Lydia declared that she saw him. That was before her daughter, Grace, eloped with—Good gracious! I have it!"

"What, Miss?" cried Abby Jane. "An idea!" said Miss Pettigrew.

"Girls you may take a mattress on the parlor floor to-night, and hold your tongues until to-morrow morning."

The police force of—was not large, but that night two of its members stood concealed behind the largest apple trees in the orchard at the east of Miss Pettigrew's house. They were No. 12 and No. 14. These figures glittered on their cap-bands.

Within, on the other side of the garret door, Miss Pettigrew, in a flowered dressing-gown, stood listening intently. The moonlight flooded the old garret. Stern and strong of mind as she was, Miss Pettigrew felt a cold shudder run up her spine. It was now a quarter to eleven. Soon the old clock in the hall began to croak, and struck the hour. At that instant a faint creaking sound came from the door. It was a figure, the one in the hall—and a figure, all in white, stole in and sat down on a great box. It was very ghostly. "Ugh!" shuddered Miss Pettigrew. "I declare I feel so!"

"Hark! another faint creaking. The door to the mysterious stairway opened softly and a figure entered. It was dressed in a soldier's uniform. It wore a sword, but its face—the awful face, though it bore the features of a man, was of an awful ghastly white, lips and all, enlivened only by two great black eyes, that glared about them."

Miss Pettigrew shivered until the door rattled. The next instant the two ghosts ran into each other's arms. Another instant, and the stair door was opened with a bang, and Officer No. 12 followed Officer No. 14 into the garret, each armed with a club.

"Ghost or not I'm quite safe now," said Miss Pettigrew, and opened the garret door with her kerseane lamp in her hand.

"So we've caught you," said Officer No. 12.

"And we'll find how ghosts like being locked up in jail," said Officer No. 14, as he pulled a wet handkerchief with two holes in it from the ghost's face, and revealed a very pale human countenance, adorned by a mustache which had most carefully waxed points, and under other circumstances, might have been very fierce, indeed:

"And this young woman—your servant, most likely—shall we arrest her along with the burglar? Do you make a charge against her, Miss Pettigrew?"

At these words the female ghost, who had hitherto done nothing but bring its hands, tore from its form the sheet in which it was enveloped and revealed the face and figure of Miss Elsie Walker, who instantly went down on her knees at the feet of Miss Pettigrew.

"He is not a burglar, dear Miss Pettigrew. We were neither of us doing anything dishonest. It's Captain Slesher, to whom I am engaged. Pa wouldn't let us meet as we wished, so we had to meet as we could, and the dress and disguise were only assumed to save me if we were seen by any one. Don't—don't—don't arrest my Alfred for a thief, when it is only his great love for me that—that—that—"

Here Miss Walker's voice failed her and she became hysterical, and Captain Slesher was heard to say, rather faintly and nervously:

"Be calm, Elsie, be calm."

"Officers," said Miss Pettigrew, "I am sorry to waste your time, but you must be seated—take some boxes, pray—until I summon another person."

And Miss Pettigrew sailed from the room and returned ten minutes later with old Mr. Walker, hastily clad in his dressing-gown, on whose appearance the gallant captain grew pale, and Miss Elsie wrung her hands again.

"A pretty piece of business, indeed!" said Mr. Walker.

"Yes, sir," said Miss Pettigrew, "pretty indeed. In the army, I suppose, you are driven to making up back stairs into a garret to pay attention to a respectable young lady who prefers to receive him in the parlor. Now if that young lady loses her character, whose fault is it, sir? The fault of those who faintly let it be! We are old, Mr. Walker, but we have been young. I'm single, but—" and Miss Pettigrew drew out her pocket handkerchief—"I have a heart."

"You really have been somebody's wife twenty-five years ago if I had had the spirit that girl has; but I was meek and submissive—and no matter. If you really have nothing serious against that young man, I'll let him go. You better let him marry your daughter, Mr. Walker!"

"Perhaps I had, Amelia—I mean Miss Pettigrew," said the old gentleman.

"You angelic woman!" cried Miss Elsie, casting herself into Miss Pettigrew's arms.

"Sir, I thank you," said Captain Slesher, who had grown red to the tips of his ears.

"I suppose no charge whatever will be made, then," said Officer No. 11, in an irritated tone.

"Oh! no. This is not a case for charges," said Miss Pettigrew.

"Good-night, then," said Officer No. 14, turning on his heel and departing as he came, but in a huff.

"You may call on my daughter two evenings a week and see her in Miss Pettigrew's presence," said the old gentleman to the captain. "If my daughter were not motherless, this would not have happened."

The captain shook hands with everybody and followed the policeman. Miss Pettigrew bolted the garret door. Mr. Walker assisted her.

"I thought you did not know me, Amelia," he said.

"You might very well have forgotten me, I'm so dreadfully changed," sighed Miss Pettigrew.

And after those mysterious whispers they went down stairs.

There was a wedding at Miss Pettigrew's that autumn. Elsie was united to her captain in the presence of all the boarders and many friends. But Miss Pettigrew did not take her boarders again the next summer. Before that time came she had changed her name, and had married old Mr. Walker.

"It's rather late in Elsie," said she, as she embraced her step-daughter; "but the fact is, your pa

and I were old sweethearts, and but for the cruelty of the old folks, who broke the match, I suppose I should have been your mother in reality."

Elsie did not discuss the question. She only kissed her and said:

"You've been my best friend, at all events, dear mamma."

Spelling his Logic.

The following I find in my scrap-book, put there years ago. It is a ludicrous instance of "Speaking out in meeting," which transpired in a small parish in the south of Scotland:

The good old preacher—an earnest, simple-minded man, who regarded his flock as a gathering of children of larger growth—was holding forth upon the story of Jonah; and in approaching the climax, he indulged in a bit of rhetorical flourish, to the following effect:

"And what kind of a fish was it, my brethren, that God had appointed thus to execute His holy will? Was it a shark, my brethren? No, it could not be a shark, for God would never have given the tender flesh of his beloved prophet to be torn by the horrible teeth of that voracious monster. What fish was it, then, my brethren? Was it a salmon? No, it could not be a salmon, for the deepest pool of the Tweed could swallow a man. Besides, you ken, it's nair natural for a man to swallow a man. What, then, was it? Was it a sea-eel, or a sea-horse? Or was it a sea-dog, or a great rhinoceros? Ah, no. Those are not Scripture names, ava. Ye're as far off as error. Which of the monsters of the great deep was it, can you tell me, that swallowed him?"

At this point an aged dame, who had been sitting on nettles, believing her minister to be really at a loss—thinking he had forgotten the name of the fish—as he raised his hand, and took a survey of his audience, previous to capping the climax, knocked him from his bias by crying out:

"Hout, sir! 't was a whale, you ken!"

The minister gasped for breath, and looked dazed.

"Out upon ye, for the graceless old wife that ye are, thus to take the word out o' the mouth of God's minister! Ye've just cut in and tumbled the beautiful fabric o' logical sequence all to pieces!"

"Aweel," muttered the ancient dame, with a firm closing of her jaws, "I dinna keer for that. It wae a whale any way!"

General Business.

PEOPLE'S HOUSE.

NEW GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED,

100 LADIES' LONG JACKETS,

they are nicely cut and beautifully trimmed.

275 MEN'S REEFING JACKETS & OVERCOATS.

The best value ever shown in Miramichi.

1,500 TWEED & WORSTED COATS, PANTS & VESTS.

In men's, youth's and boys' tail, lot comprises the best assortment of clothing ever shown in Miramichi, and every person can get suited at prices to please themselves.

50 DOZ. MEN'S DRAWERS AND LINDERS.

bought before they went up in price and will be sold low.

75 DOZ. WHITE, OXFORD, & F.C.Y. FLANNEL SHIRTS.

As low as 40 cents, and all will be sold cheap to clear them out.

30 pc. White, Scarlet Grey and Fancy, FLANNELS, splendid value.

30 pc. Black and colored Lustres, Cashmeres, French Merinoes, etc.

Must and will be sold low.

75 PIECES GREY & WHITE COTTONS.

As cheap as ever.

90 PIECES PRINTED COTTON.

Commencing at 6 cents per yard.

500 Bundles F&W KIN WARPS, at lowest price.

OTHER FALL & WINTER GOODS, ARRIVING DAILY.

My stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods is large and will be sold at low prices. I have also a large stock of "Quilted Suits and Small Profits." DRESS, SHIRTS and RUBBERS, also stock. A Good assortment Clocks, Groceries, Toys, Stationery, Hardware, Jewellery, Paraffine Lamps, Oil, etc.

CHEAP CASH STORE.

NEWCASTLE, SEPT. 11.

JAMES BROWN.

CARTER'S

COPYING INK!

A fresh supply of Carter's Combined Writing and Copying Ink, in Quarts, Pints and Half Pints, just received at the

MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE.

Also, an assortment of Letter Copying Books, Copying and Oil Paper, Dampening Brushes, etc.

MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE,

Chatham, July 23, '80.

CARTER'S SARSAPARILLA

The Great Blood Purifier.

A genuine fluid extract of Red Jamaica Sarsaparilla, combined with Infusio Potassio, for the cure of all diseases arising from impurity of the blood.

Not only all the diseases that trouble the human race are influenced by the state of the blood. It is pure and healthy condition.

As a purifier of the blood, a Restorer of the system, and a preserver of the power of life, Carter's Sarsaparilla has no equal.

For sale at the drug stores.

KERRY, WATSON & Co.,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, MONTREAL.

Salt!

New landing, 500 bushels Coarse Salt, (in sacks and bulk).

Also 50 bbls. more.

NO. 1 LABRADOR HERRING.

in bbls. and half bbls.

In Store—

100 bbls. choice No. 1 Winter Apples, 50 bbls. and 5 half bbls. Michigan Grapes.

Always on hand—best brands—

Flour, Meal, Molasses, Pork, Codfish, Herring, Tea, Sausages, Finnan Haddies, With a full line of Groceries. Low for Cash.

THOS. BLAIR, No. 2.

D. CHESMAN.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

Chatham, Dec. 20, '80.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

NOTICE!

SELLING OFF! GREAT CLEARANCE SALE!

IMMENSE REDUCTION.

I am now selling off my entire Stock (at greatly reduced prices, preparatory to finally closing business) consisting of the following articles, viz:

AXES.

Narrow and Bench Axes.

BRUSHES.

Hair Brushes, Coat Brushes, Stove, Blacking, Scrubbing, Counter, Window, Floor, Slating, Tooth, Nail and Paint Brushes in great variety.

BELLS.

Dinner Bell, Tea Bell and Gong, Sleigh and Cow do.

BOLTS.

Pinch, Foot, Tower, Chain and Window Bolts.

FILES.

Round Half Round and Flat Files, in all sizes, from 6 in. to 36 in. Long, and 1/2 in. to 2 in. Wide.

HINGES.

Acorn Butts, Silver Tipped do. Brass and Iron, from 1/2 in. to 2 in. Long, and 1/2 in. to 2 in. Wide.

KNIVES.

Pocket Knives in great variety, Table Knives and Forks, common and Ivory Handled, Bread Slices, and other kinds.

KNOBES.

Drawer Knobs, Picture and Door do., in Mineral, Porcelain, Silver, Glass, etc.

LATCHES.

Thumb Latches, Night and Day do., in Iron, Brass, and Steel.

LOCKS.

Chest, Drawer and Desk Locks, in Brass and Iron, Cupboard Locks, Dead Bolt, Mortise, Front Door, Stock and Padlocks.

NAILS.

Cut Wrought and Pressed Nails, and Spikes, Roof Scupper and Finishing Nails, Copper Nails, and other kinds.

OILS.

Raw and Refined Linseed, Extra Refined, Lard, Lubricating, and other kinds.

PAINTS.

White, Red, Yellow, Blue, Green, and other colors, in Oil, Water, and other mediums.

PAINTS.

White, Red, Yellow, Blue, Green, and other colors, in Oil, Water, and other mediums.

PAINTS.

White, Red, Yellow, Blue, Green, and other colors, in Oil, Water, and other mediums.

PAINTS.

White, Red, Yellow, Blue, Green, and other colors, in Oil, Water, and other mediums.

PAINTS.

White, Red, Yellow, Blue, Green, and other colors, in Oil, Water, and other mediums.

PAINTS.

White, Red, Yellow, Blue, Green, and other colors, in Oil, Water, and other mediums.

PAINTS.

White, Red, Yellow, Blue, Green, and other colors, in Oil, Water, and other mediums.

PAINTS.

White, Red, Yellow, Blue, Green, and other colors, in Oil, Water, and other mediums.

PAINTS.

White, Red, Yellow, Blue, Green, and other colors, in Oil, Water, and other mediums.

PAINTS.

White, Red, Yellow, Blue,