THE MAID OF KILLEENA.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

One day Alister sought out his brother Nicol, and said to him—

"I am going away from Darroch, Nicol."

"And Kott's will be done, and a ferry good thing, too," Nicol said, looking at the young man; "if you will stay in Darroch, Alister Lewis, it is a madman you will be. The poor lass—ay, ay—what is the use of watching for her any more?—and you are thinking you hef heard her speak—it is like to mek you mad—yes, it iss a good thing you will go away and look after your school."

"I am not going to look after any school," said the young man, with a big lump rising in his throat, that wass for Alisa that I wanted to have the school. You would not have me stay in Maolbeg now, Nicol Lewis? There is no man could do that."

"And where will you be for going, then?" said Nicol.

"America."

The elder brother uttered a cry.

"Then it is no more we will see you in the world."

"I will go to Glasgow, and tell the gentlemen that they will get some one else for the school; then I can get a boat at Glasgow for New York. There are some here who will be glad to see me no more."

Nicol looked at the young man, half afraid; and suddenly the whole look and manner of Alister Lewis changed. A ghastly pallor shot into his face; he clenched his hands: and then he almost cried aloud—

"Yes! Do you not know why I am going to America? It is this, Nichol Lewis—that if I live in this island another week there will be a murder here! yes, as sure as I am alive!"

"Alister!" the elder brother said, staring at him.

"A murder—yes!" the younger man said, with a vehemency that seemed to border on madness. "And may be not the first within this month."

An indescribable horror was visible in Nichol Lewis's face; for the wild accusation was but the expression of many a strange and terrible fancy that had wandered before his own mind, and that he had striven to banish as the work of the devil.

"Alister Lewis, what is it that you say?" he replied, almost in a whisper. "What is it that you think? For the sake of Kott, Alister Lewis, you will not say that against your own brother!"

The younger man had grown more calm—at least he had sunk into a sort of gloomy taciturnity.

"I have said what I have said, Nicol; let it be between you and me. But I must go away from this country, for there is one in it whose life is not safe while I am in it too. That is sure."

No one but Nicol knew why Alister Lewis was leaving for America; most considered that he could no longer bear those scenes with which he had been familiar in happier days. The old mother wept over him—she knew she would see him no more. All his brothers went with him as far as Stornoway to catch the Glasgow steamer there—all his brothers except Duncan, with whom he refused to shake hands on leaving Darroch.

"I have left Duncan Lewis alive; but see that he does not kill himself!"—these were the last words spoken apart to Nicol by Alister as they stood on the deck of the *Clansman*, just before the great steamer steamed out of Stornoway harbor.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "PRIEZ POUR MOI" S. V. P.

When Duncan Lewis jumped out of the small boat into the sea, the sudden danger of which Ailasa became conscious did not deprive her of her senses. It was, indeed, with some sort of wild instinct of self-preservation that she immediately dashed down her hand toward the spot at which the water was rushing in; and that she found in a moment, for she was as well acquainted with the boat as Duncan Lewis was ignorant of it. She tore off the woolen shawl that she wore; she stuffed one corner of it as tightly as she could into the small hole; then she reached up her arm and took out one of the wooden thole-pins from the side of the boat. This thole-pin had been extemporized that very day; the rough bit of wood had been left much thicker at the top than at the bottom; some portion of it was sure to fit. She hastily wrapped round it a portion of the other end of the shawl, withdrew that already in, and in another minute the hole was safely plugged.

Then she looked around.

A great terror seized her, and yet she did not scream. Where were the people? She could hear no voices, only the sound of the waves along the unseen beach.

Then she remembered that the oars had gone; how should she make some desparing effort to get to land again? She threw out the stones that were in the bottom of the boat; she took the small tin can out of the locker in the stern seat, and baled out a portion of the water, which was about a foot deep; then she unfixed the rudder, and went to the bow of the boat, and tried to use it as a paddle, now on one side, now on the other. But the work was hopeless. She had to stoop so far that her back began to ache; then her arms grew so tired with the unwonted labor that she could barely move this heavy piece of wood; and at length, wearied out and yet not quite aware of the peril that awaited her, she sat down on the middle thwart, and began to cry silently.

A new sound startled her. The boat scraped against a rock. With a sudden joy in her heart she sprang to the side and reached out her arm—there was nothing there. She searched all round in the darkness—nothing but water. She knew now how rapidly the wind and tide combined were carrying her away; and as the wild fancy struck her that that was the last point of the island that the boat had grazed, and that she was drifting out to sea, she rose and called aloud in her agony to her friends, and, most of all, to her young husband. Alas! there was not even an echo to these wild cries.

She might, however, drift on to the Skeirmore rocks; and as the sea, with the wind off the land, was here comparatively smooth, she would be able to scramble over the sea-weed to some higher place of safety. But she could not make them out in the darkness of the night. She sat waiting in silence now, with a great dread stealing over her heart, listening for the sound of the waves on the rocks. At length she heard it. It made her tremble; but yet it was welcome. She kept watching the water by the side of the boat that she might be able to make out the first mass of stone or sea-weed; and she knew now that the point of the long and narrow island was near at hand. Still she kept her head down. The water was lappping all arround the boat; it confused her as she tried to listen to the breaking of the waves close by. Then she rose again. Was not the sound more distant? She had gone by the Skeirmore rocks, and was drifting out to the open sea.

"*Ailasa! Ailasa!*"

She started to her feet again. Was not that the voice of her lover, far away and faint?

"Alister!" she cried. Alister! are you coming for me?"

She listened again. There was another sound of "*Ailasa! Ailasa!*" but it seemed more faint, and how could she send back an answer against the wind? Nevertheless, despair made her try again; she called aloud from time to time, and listened; then, when she could hear no reply she gave herself up for lost, and sat down in the boat, and could only cry bitterly that she should see Darroch, and Killeena, and her young husband no more.

So she sat through the weary hours, sleepless with her utter wretchedness, and yet sinking into a numbed state with the cold and the wet. She had sacrificed her shawl; it was now lying soaked in the bottom of the boat, one corner of it plugged in with the thole-pin. She heard no more the sound of the waves along the coast; the waves were growing bigger; she knew that she was out at sea.

Day broke, cold, and gray, and misty. The islands that she could dimly see in the distance lay like huge black shadows in the white fog; but the more she gazed at them, the more she was convinced that these were not the Skeirmore rocks, with Darroch and Killeena behind. Whether had she come? A sort of stupor was beginning to steal over her; the pain in her heart alone prevented her sinking into the bottom of the boat, and letting the rain, and the wind, and the cold sea, have their will of her.

She could not have closed her eyes; yet it was with a start that she saw, far down in the south-west, a small vessel apparently coming northward. Faint as the chances were that they would descry so small an object as this boat in the midst of the fog and the rain, the sight gave her new courage. She began to think of the ships she had watched many a day go by this remote and lonely coast; might not one of them pick her up and carry her to some port from which she could make her way back to her own home? And yet if this help were long delayed she knew that they would find only a corpse in the drifting boat.

How slowly the small and shadowy ship came along! She gazed at it with such intensity that occasionally her head became giddy, and it seemed to disappear altogether; then with a quick anxiety she would rub her eyes and look again. It was a schooner. She stood up in the boat—and she had more difficulty now in balancing herself—and waved her handkerchief, looking anxiously all the while. Surely they must see her now! She watched the sails and the course of the vessel—her accustomed eye eager to perceive the slightest change in either. And there, sure enough, the schooner seemed to be slowly drawing nearer to her. She waved the handkerchief again. She began to tremble violently. Then she sank into the stern of the boat, keenly conscious of all that was around her, and yet apparently incapable of movement.

It was a small schooner, but it seemed like the huge ghost of a dozen men-of-war as it bore down upon her through the gray mists of the rain. In a sort of dream she saw what the men were doing. She saw them shorten sail; then she heard voices; then the schooner hove-to, and the small boat was sent down. There were two men and a lad in it. They pulled toward her. They came nearer, and now the whole world seemed to be rocking and surging around her, and it appeared to her that she must struggle upward to save herself from drowning, and that she was powerless to act or to speak. They hailed her; she gave one loud cry and then she knew no more.

When she came to herself she was on the deck of the schooner, and two or three men, weather-worn of face, were gazing at her in a wondering way, and speaking to each other in an unknown tongue.

"I am Ailasa Macdonald," she said; "I live in Killeena. Will you put me ashore at any place that is near to my home?"

They shook their heads; and she saw they did not understand. But the skipper—a small, red-faced man, who held a bottle and a glass in his hand—said to her:

"Engleesh?"

"Yes, yes, she said, eagerly.

"Vere, you, come?" he said, thinking of each word as he pronounced it.

She pointed over to the distant coast, now almost invisible in the fog.

"No wreck! No boat down?" he said, supplying with abundant gestures the missing words. "You come out—lost?"

"Yes, yes!" she said. "Can you take me ashore?"

He shook his head.

"Take you—there? Non! Not possible! You rest here—a boat he come back—you take the boat, yes?"

They were all regarding the beautiful young girl as though she had dropped from the skies; and yet there was nothing rude or unkindly in their gaze. One of the crew came forward with some brandy in a cup; she shuddered and refused it; but he pressed her to take it so urgently that she sipped some. Then the captain touched her dress.

"Ferr bad—ferr bad!" said he, shaking his head; for her clothes were soaking wet.

He turned to the sailors and had some consultation with them in this unknown tongue. Then he motioned her to follow him; and although she guessed they were French, and knew that the French were not liked by the fishermen of her coast, still she had no fear of sea-faring folk, and she followed him bravely.

He took her to the door of his own cabin, and pointed inside. He showed her the bolt; and when she hesitated, he said, with vehement gesture.

"No? Why no? Forr you—it is forr you. Go there, and me come back—you shall give the dresses by this way—they go to dry by the fire, yes? Why no? You are afrait? Mon Dieu, see!"

He showed her the bolt again: and there was a proud and hurt look in his face that gave her more courage than any voluble protestations could have done. She went inside the small cabin—it was not small in her eyes, accustomed as she was to the resources of much smaller craft than a French schooner—and made herself quite at home there. The sailor treated her with the greatest thoughtfulness and kindness. The boy whom she had seen in the small boat was sent to the door of the cabin to wait for her wet clothes; he brought her some coffee and biscuits; he brought her, too, abundant coverings for the hammock, and though he could not speak a word, his big black eyes and browned hands showed her what to do. Then, having partaken of this frugal but comforting meal, she bolted the door of the cabin, she rolled herself up in the warm clothes, and, tired, cold, and heart-sick beyond measure, sank into a deep sleep.

When she awoke, her clothes were thoroughly dried; and she knew the difficulty they must have experienced in drying a woman's clothes on board a boat. When she had dressed herself, she went on deck; and it seemed to her that she had entered upon a new life. Surely she had passed through the agony of death, and left all her old friends and associations behind. For now it was clear midday; and the sun had rolled back the rain-clouds to the horizon; while far across the blue sea a pale, tall, white object at the extremity of the land caught the sunlight and shone over the dark coast.

"It is the Butt of Lewis!" she cried in dismay.

"Lewis? Yes, yes, yes!" the small, red-faced, shrewd-eyed captain said.

Ailasa turned to him with terror in her face.

"And where do you go to now? You wass saying you would put me in a boat to tek me back."

He shrugged his shoulders; she had been speaking too quickly for him.

"Can not you tek me back?" the girl cried wildly. "There is many a one that will pay you for the time—or if you will tek me only to the Lewis, and I will get back to Killeena. My friends they will all think I am dead now; and it was only yesterday that they came to the wedding. And my husband, Alister, he will think that I am dead now!"

But these earnest protestations were lost on him. He shook his head. He could not understand her when she spoke like that.

"Listen," he said to her; and then he began, in a slow and careful fashion, to deliver the speech that he had word by word prepared while she lay asleep in the cabin. "This boat is the *Priez Pour Moi, S'il Vous Plait*; me, captain. We haf coffee, vine, flour. We go to Iceland—bring back the salt fish to Bordeaux. We go, we come back, you see? Ferr well. You rest here; we see the ship you desire; you go wis her to English place—good?"

"You are going to Iceland?" she said. "Will there any English ships there?"

He shook his head.

"No—not many Engleesh—one perhaps. But here, on the sea, many Engleesh ships—ve shall look—then you go back. But why you are in grand distress?"

"I hef no right to be," she said, sadly, and almost to herself. "You are ferry kind to me—kinder than my own kith and kin, that tried to murder me. And what hef I done that any one would try to murder me?"

And so the small vessel sailed away to the north; and the girl sat and watched for the ship that was to take her back to her own country. That day they saw no fewer than five; but all of these the sailors told her would be of no use to her. When she looked disappointed, the small captain would ask her if she would rather go to America than to Iceland.

Bit by bit, as she found out how to make him understand her, she told him her story; and the man's face grew dark.

"He try to kill you!"

"I do not know," she said. "I hef wished not to believe that; but I cannot help it, and he wass my own husband's brother. It was a fearful night that night; and what are they all doing now? All going round shore looking for me; or hef they gone away to the farms, thinking that I was drowned, and Alister only he will be looking for me, out by the shores of Killeena, where I wass hearing him cry to me '*Ailasa Ailasa!*'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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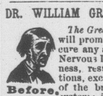

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For Rivere du Loup and Way Stations (Accommodation) Chatham Junction at 4.54 p. m., Miramichi at 5.30 p. m.

For St. John, Halifax and Way Stations (Express) Miramichi at 2.10 a. m., and Chatham Junction at 2.23 a. m.

For St. John and Way Stations (Accommodation) Miramichi 9.51 a. m., and Chatham Junction at 10.15 a. m.

C. J. BRYDGES,
Gen. Supt. Gov't Railways.

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16th, '77.

Change of Time Table.

STMR. "NEW ERA"

Will, on and after MONDAY the 10th inst., and until further notice run as follows:—

Leave Newcastle.	Leave Chatham.
7.15 a. m.	8.45 a. m
10.30 "	12 noon.
2 p. m.	3 p. m.
5 "	6.30 "

STMR. "ANDOVER."

Will during the remainder of the Season make only one trip to Indiantown daily.

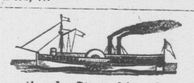
Leave Newcastle for Chatham, - - - 8 15 a. m
Chatham for Indiantown, - - - - - - 11. "

Returning to Newcastle each evening.

On Thursday the boat will run to Red Bank as heretofore.

CALL & MILLER.

Oct. 3rd, '77.



International Steamship Company.

Two Trips a Week.

ON and after MONDAY, September 17th, and until further notice, the Steamers of this Line will leave St. John and Boston, every

Monday & Thursday Morning, at 8 o'clock.

H. W. CHISHOLM,
Agent.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

MONDAY, 8th day of October, 1877.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honorable, the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 9th section of the Act passed in the Session of the Parliament of Canada, held in the 37th year of Her Majesty's Reign, chaptered 6, and intitulied "An Act to amend the Act 31 Vic., chap. 44, and other Acts amending the same and the tariff of duties of Customs imposed by the said Acts, and to alter certain duties of Excise."

His Excellency by and with the advice of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the values in the following schedule mentioned and discounted from the published price lists of the Singer Sewing Machine Manufactory, shall be the values upon which duty shall be levied and collected upon the sewing machines of the said Manufactory, and those of all other manufacture answering the description given in said schedule, from and after the date of this order.

His Excellency has been further pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the Order in Council on this subject of 20th June, 1874, be and the same is hereby rescinded.

W. A. HIMSWORTH.
Clerk Privy Council.

SCHEDULE.

Retail New York prices of the sewing machines of the "Singer Manufacturing Company," with the gold values at which it is recommended they be allowed entry for duty.

The new Family Machine.

No.		Retail $	U. S. Cy. Value for duty, gold. $ cts
1.	Ornamented in bronze, black walnut table, with drawer, oiled	30	18 90
2.	Ornamented in bronze, black walnut table, with drawer, polished	31	19 43
3.	Ornamented in bronze, in black walnut portable case, with hand attachment	30	19 95
5.	Ornamented in bronze, drop leaf table with drawers, oiled	35	21 00
6.	Ornamented in bronze, with neat substantial cover in black walnut to protect the machine, oiled	35	20 47
7.	The same with neat substantial cover in black walnut to protect the machine, polished	37	21 53
8.	The same with drop leaf table with drawers, oiled and neat substantial cover in black walnut, to protect the machine	40	22 05
9.	Highly ornamented in gold, black walnut table and folding cover with drawer, lock, &c., oiled	45	25 46
10	Highly ornamented in gold, black walnut table and folding cover with drawer, lock, &c., polished	48	27 30
11.	Highly ornamented, inlaid with pearl, black walnut table and folding cover, with drawer, lock, &c., extra finished in oil	60	35 44
12.	Highly ornamented, inlaid with pearl, black walnut table and folding cover, with drawer, lock, &c., extra finished and polished	65	38 33
13.	Highly ornamented, inlaid with pearl, mahogany table and folding cover, with drawer, lock, &c., extra finished and polished	70	42 53
14.	Highly ornamented, inlaid with pearl, rosewood table and folding cover, with drawer, lock, &c., extra finished and polished	75	44 89
15.	Highly ornamented in gold, black walnut cabinet case and folding cover, with drawers, lock, &c., oiled	65	37 80
16.	Highly ornamented in gold, black walnut cabinet case and folding cover, with drawers, lock, &c., polished	70	41 48
17.	Highly ornamented, inlaid with pearl, "mottled" black walnut cabinet case and folding cover, with drawers, lock, &c., extra finished in oil	95	55 12
18.	Highly ornamented, inlaid with pearl, "mottled" black walnut cabinet case and folding cover, with drawers, lock, &c., extra finished and polished	100	59 06
19.	Elaborately ornamented and pearled machine, carved mahogany cabinet case and folding cover, with drawers, &c., case lined with satin wood; both machine and case most beautifully and highly finished and polished	130	92 40
20.	The same with carved cabinet case and folding cover, in "mottled" black walnut, oiled	125	84 00
21.	The same with carved cabinet case and folding cover, in "mottled" black walnut, polished	125	88 20
22.	The same with carved cabinet case and folding cover in rosewood, polished	130	92 40

Manufacturing Machines

No.		Retail $	U. S. Cy. Value for duty, gold. $ cts
24.	*Medium* shuttle machine on black walnut table with two drawers for light manufacturing purposes	35	23 63
25.	The same with neat substantial cover in black walnut to protect the machine, oiled	40	26 25
26.	No. 4, Machine on black walnut table, with drawers	45	28 35
27.	No. 4, Arm machine	50	36 75
28.	No. 2, 18-inch table drop feed shuttle machine and iron stand, fitted for cloth	45	29 40
29.	No. 2, 18-inch table wheel feed shuttle machine and iron stand, fitted for leather, with rolling presser	48	31 50
30.	No. 2, 18-inch table wheel feed shuttle machine and iron stand, fitted for cloth work	45	29 40
31.	No. 2, 18-inch table, shuttle machine and iron stand, imperial, fitted for fine leather work	45	29 40
32.	No. 2, 18-inch table, shuttle machine and iron stand, imperial, fitted for fine leather work, with rolling presser	48	31 50
33.	No. 2, 18-inch table, shuttle machine and iron stand with guage for binding cap fronts	60	38 33
34.	No. 2, 18-inch table, shuttle machine and iron stand with guage for binding soft hats	60	38 33
35.	No. 2, 18-inch table, shuttle machine and iron stand with vibrating presser for stitching fine or patent leather	55	34 13
36.	No. 2, 18-inch table, shuttle machine and iron stand, imperial, with large shuttle for heavy leather work	48	31 50
37.	No. 2, 18-inch table, shuttle machine and iron stand, imperial, with shuttle for heavy cloth work	48	31 50
38.	No. 2, 18-inch table, shuttle machine and iron stand, imperial, with large shuttle and vibrating presser	58	35 70
39.	No. 3, 24-inch table, large shuttle imperial machine and iron stand, for heavy leather work	55	38 33
40.	No. 3, 24-inch table, large shuttle imperial machine and iron stand, with vibrating presser combined, with feed wheel for carriage trimming	60	44 63
41.	The new button hole machine	250	200 00
42.	The new button hole machine with cutting attachment	275	236 25

Law Notices, etc.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any just claims or demands against the Estate of the late Isabella Henderson, late of Newcastle, deceased, will please render their accounts duly attested within three months of this date, and all persons indebted to the said Estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned.

RICHARD HUTCHISON, Executor.
Miramichi, 15 Oct., '77. 7t2i

German Consul's Notice.

I AM instructed by the Department for Foreign Affairs of the German Empire to attend to any duties required of the Consul at Saint John, pending the appointment of a successor to the late A. C. O. Trentowsky, Esq., and hereby give notice to any person requiring information, or having any business at the Consulate, to communicate with me, direct, or apply through Mr Robert Thomson Jr., of the firm of Wm. Thomson & Co., whom I have; for the present, appointed my agent there.

ALEX. MORRISON,
Imperial German Consul, Chatham,
CONSUL'S OFFICE,
Chatham, 6th July, 1877.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the 15th day of February next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12, noon, and 5 p. m.:

All the Right, Title and Interest of George T. Murphy in and to all that piece, parcel or lot of Land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Ludlow, in the County of Northumberland, on the North side of the Southwest Branch of the River Miramichi, being the East half of Lot number sixty-five, granted to Daniel Duff in the grant to Ephraim Betts and associates, and is bounded easterly by land granted to Samuel Bridge, and westerly by the West half of said Lot number sixty-five, comprising eighty rods front, and containing One Hundred and Fifty Acres, more or less, being the land and premises conveyed to the said George T. Murphy by James Murphy, Senior, by Deed, dated 22nd April, 1875, as by reference thereto will fully appear.

Also, all other the Lands, Tenements and Hereditaments of the said George T. Murphy, whatsoever or wheresoever situate, in the said County of Northumberland; the same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Supreme Court by William Long against the said George T. Murphy.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Sheriff of Northumberl'd.

Sheriff's Office, Newcastle,
6th August, A. D., 1877.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TO be sold at Public Auction, on FRIDAY, the First day of March next, in front of the Registry Office, Newcastle, between the hours of 12 noon, and 5 o'clock p. m.:

All the Right, Title and Interest of Prim Brow in and to all that piece or parcel of Land and premises, situate, lying and being on the French Cove, in the Parish of Alnwick, and bounded as follows: Easterly by lands occupied by James Brow; westerly by lands occupied by Mitchel Brow; northerly by lands owned by Luke Murphy, and southerly by the Barren or black Lands, containing 50 acres, more or less, and being the land and premises on which the said Prim Brow at present resides.

Also, all the Right, Title and Interest of the said Prim Brow in and to all that piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being on the North side of the Great Road leading from Neguac to Tabusintac, in the Parish of Alnwick, and bounded as follows:—Northerly by Lot X, granted to Joseph Ross, Jun.; Easterly by the lot of land granted to Mitchel Brow;