

CHIGNECTO POST.

WILLIAM C. MILNER, Proprietor.

Reserve Success and you shall Command it.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum, Postage prepaid. If paid in advance \$1.25.

VOL. 7.-NO. 20.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1876.

WHOLE NO. 322.

LITERATURE.

One Summer.

CONCLUDED.

"I must go back now," she said. "Ah, dear, not so soon," pleaded Bessie; "you look so ill." She dared not ask how Gem was. His pitiful moaning reached them through the stillness. Bessie shuddered; Leigh's face looked gray and hard as if carved out of granite. "It is dreadful to hear him, is it not?" she said; "but he does not know. The doctor says he is quite unconscious of his suffering."

"Is there no hope?" asked Tom. "Very little," said Leigh, in a dry, mechanical tone. "He has been ill for days. He will do that for hours longer; but we shall know before the morning."

"Ah! there's Ogdin," cried Tom. And he walked forward to cordially grasp Philip's outstretched hand. Under these strange auspices, Philip met his old friend and was presented to Mrs. Ogdin, who, in the painful excitement of the moment, found herself wondering what Leigh saw to dislike in him.

"I must go back," exclaimed Leigh, impatiently, "but it is better for me to be with Gem." And putting her arms around Bessie's neck, she kissed her once, and without another word went swiftly back to the house. Tom looked very much as if he were going after her. In answer to his glance, Philip said:

"Better let her stay, Ogdin, she is about worn out, but one night more can't make much difference. Miss Doane I think meant that she found it harder to control herself away from Gem than with him, even if it can do nothing for him."

"Ogdin, let me know if I can be of any use. I leave that willful girl to your hands. Bring her down to us if she faints. I hope everything will come out all right."

"I hope and believe it will. This is Miss Doane's happy Wednesday. She was anticipating it with the utmost pleasure and delight," Philip said gravely.

Tom drove off, and Bessie silently leaned against her husband.

When they arrived at the house he took her in his strong arms, carrying her up the stairs like a child and deposited her in the big chair.

Bessie smiled at him.

"Tom, you are a good boy if you are silly sometimes."

"You flatter me, upon my honor you do, really."

"Tom, I want to tell something to you."

"My ears are open," he said as she hesitated.

"Leigh and Mr. Ogdin are," she began, "and that is, they will be—I mean—I think so. Of course one can't know certainly about all such things, but still, Tom, I feel perfectly sure—yes, perfectly."

"I never was accused of being hypercritical, but I think I may say that I have, in the course of my life listened to a more fluent and lucid announcement of a person's views," said Tom, gravely. "My dear, I'd not presume to dictate, but I would humbly suggest—as the old deacon said in his prayer—that you try that again."

"Why, do you understand, dear? It's quite clear. Did you not notice her when she turned to him as she went away, and said, 'You understand?'"

"But you do not faint, Miss Doane, nor cry."

Philip glanced at her as she sat beside him in the rumbling old wagon. "I did not know that young ladies could work as hard as you ladies could for three weeks, crowning it all by a night of extreme anxiety without one moment's sleep, and then to look so brilliantly happy at five o'clock in the morning."

"But everything looks happy and fresh and lovely. I never was so blessed in my life. Wasn't that the sweetest smile you ever saw?" that he gave me? Wasn't it?" she repeated eagerly.

"Gem has taught me more than I have him, and has been of greatest service to me in a thousand ways. I think you did him much good, Mr. Ogdin."

"I?" said Philip in real surprise. "Not a bit of it! I'm the last man in existence to go about reforming his fellow-creatures," he went on with some bitterness. "Miss Doane, I lead the most selfless, aimless life in existence. No man ever was of less use."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Leigh, "I always encourage sentiments of that

kind. It is so seldom one sees a man show the least humility, and when he does, it is over so soon, and then he immediately forgets that he ever knew the meaning of the word. But then, Mr. Ogdin, you do preach, you know, sometimes," she added, laughing. "Gem told me about the snail-sermon."

"And Gem told me about your snail-sermon lecture," Philip returned coolly.

"How very difficult it is to be at all charitable to people whose ways one does not understand!" said Leigh, thoughtfully.

"Oh, Mr. Ogdin, would you be so kind as to get me a few of those ferns? They look so cool and fresh, and Bessie would like to see them at breakfast. What a lovely, lovely world it is, now that my little Gem is better!"

As he stood on the edge of the wood, carefully selecting the prettiest ferns, she said:

"You must not notice how many foolish things I say this morning, Mr. Ogdin. I am not quite responsible, you know. I imagine I am in a wild state of delirium, and it is of little consequence to me what I say, provided I can talk. Fortunately for you, I shall soon have my family to afflict."

With the quiet manner she knew so well, he said, passing her a great bunch of feathery ferns, and getting in the wagon:

"If I can only succeed in taking you safely to your sister, I shall congratulate myself."

As they stopped at Miss Phipp's gate he said: "May I come down to-night, report Gem's case and see how you are?"

"Certainly; I shall depend upon hearing from Gem, and Tom will be very glad to see you," Leigh said, sedately.

"How are you, Ogdin? Leigh, what's the matter with you? Why do you 'twinkle, twinkle?' I am afraid of you."

"Ogdin, you'll take breakfast with us, of course?"

"My sister will be extremely well pleased to have you," Leigh added, cordially.

"I shall be glad to stay on every account," replied Philip, "but particularly because Miss Doane has promised me the pleasure of seeing her get intoxicated on coffee."

"If you know her as well as I do," said Tom, "you'd grow hardened and indifferent to all her wicked ways." And he smiled affectionately at the girl, who made in return a mocking little face at him.

"Come, my little dears! We can not stay here a star-gazing forever. That fragile flower is drooping," said Tom, pointing to Leigh. Upon a pile of planks, lying conveniently on the old pier, which jutted out from the middle of the bridge, Leigh sat at Bessie's feet, leaning her head quite languidly against her sister's knee. Philip thought her pale and sweet both faces looked in the half-light, and Tom paced up and down before the group with his cigar.

"Come, children!" repeated Tom. "Leigh, are you going to condescend to sleep to-night? No one knows, Philip, how I've labored to-day to make that obstinate girl close her lovely eyelids; but my very sweetest failed to move her."

"It's a pity to go," said Bessie, with a sigh. "It is so pretty, and it will never look the same again."

"It is likely to look better before it looks worse," said Tom, in a hearty, unsentimental manner.

And they turned away and walked slowly along the bridge towards the house. Leigh and Philip fell a little behind. They discussed the time of the probable appearance of the little "Idlewild."

"I hope you will have the happiest trip imaginable," said Philip, "and get thoroughly rested. With Tom and Blake you can't fail to be quite jolly."

"Why did he not say 'we,' Leigh asked herself. Was he not going too?" The question almost passed her lips but something withheld it.

She had been silent so long, it was "difficult to speak now. And yet, why not? Why wait even a moment longer? There were Bessie and Tom. She had on," she deferred speaking until she should be here. Now was the opportunity. "I'm-morrow, who can tell?" The "Idlewild" might come in, and all would be excitement and hurry and confusion, and she might go away with never an honest word of apology, and leave Mr. Ogdin with the thought that she was ungenerous, ungrateful.

"Miss Leigh, shall we go on?"

asked Philip.

"I wish to stay, for I have something to say to you, and I may not see much of you after this." Philip started, and watched her closely. "I wish to tell you," she went on, simply, but without looking up at him, "that I am very sorry I was so rude and foolish, and received you in such an inexcusable way at the fort. I thought then I had some reason; I think now I had none," she continued rapidly as Philip was about to speak, "Please let me finish. I only want you to know how good you've been to me, and with what kindness and courtesy and generosity you have repaid all my rudeness, and I'm very sorry for everything,—everything," she repeated; "and if you can forgive me—"

"I beg you will not say another word," said Philip, in a low, hurried voice, taking both her hands in his impetuously, and holding them in a firm grasp. "You pain me by talking so. Why should you say 'forgive' to me? I have nothing to forgive—nothing whatever. It is my place to beg for pardon at your feet—for pardon and for more, my darling—Leigh, do you not know—?"

"Ah, don't," said Leigh, turning away and burying her face in her hands. His manner, his eager words and the strange depths in his voice were a revelation to her. Tenderness which had often sounded in his tones she had accepted unconsciously, or construed into simple kindness to her and Gem. This passionate voice was a different thing. She could not misunderstand its meaning, nor that of the face which was looking directly into her own. She was inexpressibly weary in mind and body. Fatigue and excitement, followed by the long, quiet waiting, were at last telling strongly upon her, and sending a penetrating languor over her whole system. Never, perhaps, in her life had she been so unnerved as she was, even before Philip had spoken, and what he had said seemed too much for her to bear.

"Shall we go on now, Miss Leigh? Tom and your sister have just started I believe." She took his proffered arm and they resumed their walk.

"You are very good," she said very gratefully, when they had gone some moments in silence. "I didn't mean—I didn't know," she went on very brokenly; then, not even making an effort to complete her sentence, said simply, "I'm very tired."

"Yes, I know," Philip replied very gently. "Forgive me for troubling you. We are only Gem's two friends now."

"I think, perhaps, we are friends for our own sakes, through Gem of course, but—" she hesitated; her words were still refractory; they would not come at her bidding.

"Miss Leigh, forgive me if I trouble you, but I have so much to say to you. May I say one word more?"

"Of course you may say what you like, Mr. Ogdin. I am not entitled to so much consideration. I am tired and stupid, you know," she said, and put her hand to her head wearily.

"Pardon me for saying it now, but I may not have another opportunity. I made arrangements a few weeks ago to join a party of friends who are fishing at Manhegan, instead of going on the 'Idlewild' trip. I thought my presence would not be agreeable to you. I did not wonder at that," he added, meeting Leigh's regretful and deprecating glance. "You see, I thought, even after the amicable relations we had assumed for Gem's sake, some unlucky reminiscence would continually pop up and disturb your peace, and I concluded it would be altogether better if I should not go with you."

"You were extremely thoughtful," said Leigh, quietly, turning away, and, with face pressed close against the pane, peering out into the darkness.

"But now I feel differently. I regret that I have agreed to go to Manhegan. I have been due there some days, but could not, of course, leave Gem." He paused, then went on, growing more rapid and earnest every moment. "Lately I have dared to hope that my presence on the boat might not drive away all of your pleasure. Leigh, I have not thought it, I have only hoped, and I have even dared to tell myself that possibly you would allow me to join the party later at some place where the yacht puts in." Leigh listened very silently but did not turn her head. "Do not misunderstand me. I am asking nothing of you. You pledge yourself to nothing. It is simply your permission to see you again—to receive from you a friend's welcome

only that." And his voice pleaded so earnestly that again he held himself back, and said, "Forgive me—try to forgive me—I am presuming again upon your patience. You need not answer a word to-night."

"Mr. Ogdin, I cannot, of course, fail to understand you. Pardon me if I was cowardly and foolish on the bridge just now. You have a right to speak and be answered. You startled me; and you give me much to think of—far, far too much for me to answer now." Here she faltered a little; then, regaining her composure, "Yet I would like you to know that I think you are very, very good to me, and such goodness as yours demands in return far, honest treatment at least." Looking earnestly in Philip's eager face, she said, "You say that I pledge myself to nothing by what I say now?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"I'm glad," said Leigh simply. "I could not promise anything. I do not know."

"You need not promise and you need not know."

"Then, Mr. Ogdin," slowly, with grave, sweet dignity, "I would be pleased if you were to go with us on the 'Idlewild,' and if you were to join us by and by I would give you the friend's welcome. I think I will not wait for my sister to come. Good night, Mr. Ogdin."

Reverentially, as if she were a young Princess, Philip lifted to his lips the hand she extended to him, and thus silently he expressed his gratitude.

"What amazing sounds," exclaimed Leigh, as she, with Tom and Bessie, returning from Gem's one afternoon, rode slowly along the old winding woodland.

"Ladies, pardon our emotion," said Mr. Blake, approaching the wagon and receiving laughing and cordial greetings from Bessie and Leigh, "but we only arrived an hour ago."

"Can you join us to-morrow, Mrs. Ogdin?"

"Oh, thanks, but to-morrow is very soon."

Leigh's disinclinations to leave Gem quite yet was met with facetious remarks from Tom, and importunate prayers from the other young men.

"Where is the boy? Show him to me," said Mr. Blake. "Be he alive or be he dead, I'll take him along with us, if he is the one impediment in Miss Doane's path to the 'Idlewild.'"

"I only wish you might take him," said Leigh. "The dear child would be so happy to go; but it would not be safe. He only sits up an hour or two each day."

"But where is Ogdin? Is he with the wonderful boy? Where shall I find him?"

"Where the breaking waves dash high on the stern and rock bound coast of Manhegan."

"And is he off there? I depended upon him. Frailty, thy name is Ogdin!"

The Idlewild people were received with great rejoicing by numerous friends at Bar Harbor, and it occurred to one hospitable soul to give a picnic of gigantic proportions in their honor.

"Leigh," whispered Tom, "don't drop your mullin on the buttered side, or pour your coffee down your sleeve in your agitation, but Ogdin came over to Southwest Harbor yesterday, and he arrived here to-day, and he's about five feet off."

In a moment Philip approached, and saw Leigh's

"Sweet face in the sunset light upraised and glorified."

"And are you glad to see me, dear? And are you quite 'sure of yourself' now? And is it like your 'theories'?"

"I was very, very glad, but I think you took an unfair advantage in surprising me, and some day I will have my revenge."

"And will you go out on the prairies and live in a log-cabin with me, if ever I ask you? Will you, Leigh?"

"No, sir, never, if you persist in remembering all the idle words I ever said, and wickedly repeating them to me."

"Shall we not find Bessie?"

Suddenly she stepped back to Philip. The moon shone gloriously on the water, and threw its white radiance over the girl as she said impulsively,

"Please sit down, just where you were. There is something I must do. Close your eyes," she commanded. Philip obeyed. Half tenderly, half laughingly, she murmured, "This is reparation." And he felt the light, timid touch of her lips on either closed eyelid. "I am so sorry,—I was so sorry then,—I have been sorry all the time," she murmured. "How cruel I was!"

And Philip, with his great happiness sounding in his voice, yet with the same lightness of manner which Leigh had assumed, to cover a strange depth of emotion, said—

"That memorable blow did close my eyes for a time, it is true, but only to open them to new and wonderful radiance. My whole life shall show you my gratitude for it."

Business Cards.

L. B. BOTSFORD, M. D.
Office: In the Store lately occupied by M. Wood & Sons.
Residence: - - - at Mr. Robert Bell's, Sackville, July 20, 1876.—6m

H. S. & T. W. BELL,
Sackville, N. B.
The best and cheapest Soap in the Market.

JOS. HOWE DICKSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office:—Over the Sackville Drug Store, SACKVILLE, N. B.

CHRIS. W. COLE,
AUCTIONEER,
SACKVILLE, - - - N. B.

A. E. OULTON,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
Office: - - - A. L. Palmer's Building, Dorchester, N. B.

HENRY ALDRICHT,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Notary Public,
Conveyancer, &c.
Office formerly occupied by Judge W. A. D. Morse, AMHERST, N. S.

CARD.

D. C. ALLEN, M. D.
OFFICE: - - AT THE DRUG STORE.
RESIDENCE: - - AT HOR. A. McQUEEN'S.
POINT DE BUTE, N. B.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

W. D. KNAPP, M. D.
Physician & Accoucheur.
May be consulted at the residence situated opposite the store of Mr. John Bell, Sackville.

T. W. KNAPP, M. D.
Graduate at the University of Edinburgh.
THANKS his friends and the public for the patronage they have given him during the last twenty-five years. He may be consulted at his residence, near Bridge Street, Sackville. oct17

COLONIAL BOOK STORE,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Musical Instruments,
Paper Hangings, School Books, Stationery, Periodicals.
THOMAS H. HALL.

G. F. THOMPSON & SONS,
White Lead, Zinc, Paint, and Color Works.
OFFICE AND SAMPLE ROOMS
73 PRINCE ST. - ST. JOHN, N. B.
Cils, Turpentine, &c., &c.

PUGSLEY, CRAWFORD & PUGSLEY,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,
90 PRINCE W. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
G. R. Pugsley, E. E. Crawford, W. Pugsley, Jr., aug 29 '76

L. WESTERGAARD & CO.,
Ship Agents & Ship Brokers,
(Consulate of the Netherlands),
(Consulate of Austria and Hungary),
No. 127 WALNUT STREET,
GEO. S. TOWNSEND, July 24

CHARLES R. SMITH,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.
AMHERST, - - - N. S.
Prompt attention paid to the collection of debts and transaction of business generally.

George Nixon,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
PAPER HANGING,
Brushes and Window Glass.
KING ST. - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Marble & Freestone Works.

P. HAGAN,
(Successor to H. J. MacGowan)
DORCHESTER, N. B.
All kinds of Monumental Work,
Executed at the most reasonable prices.

VICTORIA
STEAM CONFECTORY WORKS.
Waterloo St. St. John, N. B.

WE call the attention of Wholesale dealers and others to our Stock of Pure Confections. Wholesale only.

J. B. WOODBURN & Co.,
Victoria Steam Confectionery Works.
J. R. WOODBURN. H. P. KERR.

SEND 25c. to G. P. BOWELL & CO., New York, for Sample of 100 pages, containing lists of 8000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Quills and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples sent free. \$1 free. STRICTLY & Co., Portland, Maine.

Business Cards.

MACLELLAN & Co.,
BANKERS & BROKERS,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

EVERY kind of legitimate Banking done, and all the facilities of an incorporated Bank afforded to Depositors and Customers. June 12, '76

ALEX. NEAL,
Merchant Tailor,
MONCTON, N. B.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF
Fashionable Cloths,
ON HAND.
PERFECT FIT in every case guaranteed.

G. H. VENNING,
Clock and Watch Maker.

BEG respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Sackville and vicinity that I have taken the shop opposite Mr. Robert Bell's, where I will be happy to attend to any customers in my line of business, and can promise strict attention and reasonable despatch. Jewelry neatly repaired. aug 11 '76

NEW BRUNSWICK
PARLOR & VESTRY
Organ Manufactory.
PETITCODIA, N. B.

CABINET ORGANS of all descriptions on hand, and manufactured to order. Piano Stools, Covers, &c., always on hand. All instruments of my manufacture warranted to give satisfaction. A liberal discount made to churches.

W. M. MURPHY,
Proprietor

GEO. CONNERS,
Manufacturer & Builder,
Petitcodiac, N. B.

Estimates made of Buildings
Doors, Sashes, and Coffins Furnished.

All kinds of planing and sawing executed at the shortest notice.
The facilities for filling orders cheaply and promptly are unsurpassed. oct20

SAWS! SAWS!
ALEXANDRA
WORKS.
Saw Factory,
Corner of North and George's Streets, St. John.
J. F. LAWTON,
Proprietor.

PIANOFORTES,
CABINET ORGANS, &c
G. FLOOD,
75 Prince William Street, St. John

KERP'S constantly on hand PIANOFORTES and ORGANS from the leading manufacturers in the United States

FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Catalogues forwarded, and all other information on application.
Instruments sold payable by instalments or exchanged.
Orders for Tuning and Re-pairing attended to with despatch. if-7

MARBLE **FREESTONE**
AND **WORKS.**

H. J. McGRATH,
Dorchester, N. B.

PARTIES desirous of erecting Monuments or Tomb Stones, will find at our establishment, a superior Stock of
American & Italian Marbles.

We have also had quarried specially for us, at the Dorchester Freestone Quarry, a number of Freestone Monuments, which we will sell cheaply. sept17

CARD.

NORTHWESTERN
Mutual Life
Insurance Co.,
OF
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Assets over \$16,000,000.

EDWARD F. DUNN,
General Agent for New Brunswick.

FLEMING & MOORE,
Medical Advisers, Sackville.

DRESS MAKING.

MISS ANNIE & LOUISA BOWSER
are thankful to the Ladies of Sackville and vicinity for their past patronage, wish to inform the public generally that they are now prepared to do
Dress Making & Millinery
At the residence of Mr. John Bowser, next door to the post office.
Sackville, May 17, 1876.

Hotels, &c.

Hamilton Terrace Hotel,
AMHERST, N. S.
W. J. HAMILTON, PROPRIETOR.

THIS HOTEL, entirely new, is pleasantly and conveniently situated near the Railway Station, Post Office, Telegraph and other public offices.
A Night Porter in attendance.

Terms Moderate.
aug 18m

WELDON HOUSE,
[Opposite the Railway Station.]
SHEDIA, N. B.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally that he has newly furnished the above Hotel throughout in first-class style, and it is now open for the accommodation of the travelling public.
W. M. J. WELDON,
Proprietor.

Coches leave daily for North shore on arrival of trains.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has this day associated his son, JOHN MITCHELL BAIRD, with him, in his general business as Merchant.
THOMAS BAIRD.
Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

CARD.

THE Business heretofore conducted by THOMAS BAIRD will hereafter be continued under the name and firm of
THOMAS BAIRD & SONS.
And we respectfully solicit a continuance of public patronage.
T. BAIRD & SONS.
Sackville, May 26th, 1876.

CARD.

THE Subscriber begs to thank the public for the generous patronage he has received while proprietor of the "Brunswick House" and to intimate to his friends and the public that he has commenced a
Flour and Grocery Business
next door to C. A. Bowser, and he hopes to merit a share of public patronage.
B. ESTABROOKS.
Sackville, June 21, 1876.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT!

THE Subscriber begs to intimate to the inhabitants of Sackville, and vicinity, that he has opened a
Custom Tailoring Establishment
Opposite the new store of Messrs. M. Wood & Sons, Crane's Corner, where he will be prepared to wait on Customers on the most LIBERAL terms.

Clothing, Made and Trimmed
In the Latest Styles, and at the Lowest Living Profits.

Parties furnishing their own material will be dealt with on the most liberal terms.

JOHN MEAHAN,
Sackville, May 17, 1876.

LUMBER.

THE PETITCODIAC LUMBER CO., having unsurpassed facilities for manufacturing Lumber during the winter, is prepared to fill orders for early spring delivery.

Ship Plank, Frame Stuff,
Enclosing Flooring and Finishing Boards, Scantling of all sizes, 1 1/2 and 3 in. Dry Pine Plank, Hemlock Boards, Plank and Timber, Spruce Pine and Cedar Shingles of any quantity.

LATHES, PALINGS & CLAYBOARDS constantly on hand.

Cheap Boards in 10 ft. lengths for snow fences and in 16 ft. lengths for snow sheds!

P. O. Address:
PETITCODIAC LUMBER CO.,
Petitcodiac, N. B.

HARNESSES!

A SPLENDID STOCK OF
HARNESSES
May be seen at the Subscriber's, which will be sold

LOWER than can be Bought Elsewhere for CASH.

THE Subscriber is constantly manufacturing Harnesses, which for quality of stock used and superiority of work are unsurpassed in the vicinity. Orders promptly attended to at reasonable rates.
Sackville,
Nov. 24, 1875. STEPHEN AYER.

THE BRUCE & CHARD
CABINET ORGANS!

THE Subscriber having been appointed by Messrs. Bruce & Chard of Boston, Their General Agent for the Maritime Provinces FOR THESE
Beautiful Instruments,
Respectfully calls attention of intending purchasers to their superiority of tone, power and finish over any Organ yet introduced.

Persons requiring Organs for Churches, Halls, Lodges, or for Residences, are invited to correspond with the subscriber at "Lamy's Hotel," Amherst, N. B. Second-hand Organs or Malicious taken in exchange.

Pianos furnished direct from the best makers of Boston at prices lower than any in the market.

The subscriber is also prepared to furnish specifications of
PIPE ORGANS
From the best makers in London and the United States at prices ranging from \$200 to \$10,000.

GEO. G. REELICK,
Amherst, N. B., May 19, 1876.