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Guelph Evening Mercury
 OFFICE.....MACDONNELL STREET.
 MONDAY EVEN'G, NOVEMBER 25.

NORAH CUSHALEEN
 OR THE
HAUNTED CASTLE.

After much painful effort and frequent pauses, they entered the long street of Dundarra, and gained the house, where their arrival made old Bridget, the house-keeper, quite useless through fright, and Dash frantic with joy. But soon the old woman was made to comprehend the state of matters, and at once instituted herself as Norah's nurse, while the dog and Terry exchanged the most extravagant expressions of endearment.

Terry would have departed at once to the ruin, but he was afraid to leave Norah, inasmuch as symptoms of approaching fever showed themselves. For some hours she lay tossing upon her couch, her body tortured by a dry, burning heat; but at length a draught which Bridget administered brought the moisture, and she fell into a deep and quiet sleep.

Terry was induced to throw off his boots and coat, and lie down in the adjoining room just for half-an-hour's rest, as he intended; but five minutes had not elapsed ere he, too was in as sound a sleep as ever weary man enjoyed, and no longer master of his own frame.

This result is not to be wondered at. For twenty-four hours he had undergone constant and exciting exertions, so that body and mind were utterly worn out and demanded repose. It was, in fact, mid-day when he awoke, and greatly astonished and annoyed was he when he learned how long had been his slumber. Norah had awaked at an early hour, weak but composed, and anxious as she was to return to her child, she would not allow herself to disturb Terry's slumber, for well she knew what need he had of rest.

Now, however, that he had waked of his own accord, she urged him to take the breakfast which Bridget had prepared, and accompany her to the mountain. Terry looked at her.

'No Norah, avic,' he said; 'you are not strong enough, and, forby, you'll be as safe at Dundarra as in the old ruin.—So I'll go myself and bring down the old man and the boy, and see what Mr. Hargreave means to do.'

It was rather difficult to persuade Norah to this course. Her felt weakness, however, assisted Terry's logic, and she consented.

Accordingly, about the middle of the afternoon Terry left the village, and reached the ruin as the last hues of sunset were fading from the mountain peaks.

The door of the tower stood half open a circumstance which caused him some alarm; but his mind was at once set at rest by finding old Michael in the chamber below absorbed in the interesting duty of feeding his grandson, who was now a big, rosy boy, full of good humour and content.

'Och, misha!' exclaimed Michael—'Didn't me heart leap to my mouth when I heard yer fut in the passage. I didn't know but it might be that murderin' blackguard Blantire. God save ye then, and where's Norah?'

'Down in the house,' replied Terry.

'It's meself that thought she would be there—Misther Hargreave did the same.'

'Where is Mis'her Hargreave?' asked Terry.

'Sorra a bit o' me knows,' answered Michael. 'They all left an hour after daylight.'

'Left?' repeated Terry, staring at the old man. 'It there no one here but you?'

'Not a soul but meself and the ould lady in the cell.'

In answer to other questions put by Terry, it came out that Hargreave and Andrew, accompanied by Mary, reached the ruin shortly after midnight, and that a stranger arrived about two hours after them. Then, after morning dawned, they took their departure in one company, the stranger going with them from the ruin. By the description which Michael gave of the stranger, Terry concluded that it could be no other than Captain Jack himself.

But where had they all gone, or for what purpose? This Michael could not tell. Only Mr. Hargreave had assured him that they would hear of or see him again before very long; and his present parting advice was to release Lady Blantire and quit the ruin, longer residence in it being quite unnecessary.

Terry scratched his head in great perplexity, as his cogitations issued in nothing, and as it was getting dark he resolved on complying with the advice which had been left for him; and the first thing for him to do was to release her ladyship; so he lighted a torch, and went to a chamber above.

He approached and looked through the grating. Lady Blantire lay on the floor of the cell in a very dirty state, but the flash from her dark eye and the scowling look with which she regarded Terry showed that her fierce, stern spirit was neither broken nor bent.

'Yer ladyship has had a mighty long time of it in yer own trap,' he remarked. 'She made no reply, but her eye flashed again, and the scowl deepened on her face.'

'And much ye've made wid all yer son's scheming and yer own bloody intentions,' he added, in the hope of stinging her into a rejoinder. 'Miss Mary was taken from him at the very altar, and now she's gone away with Misther Hargreave; and the frightened blackguard has to confess before them all that Norah is his lawful wife, and her party boy is the heir of Blantire. So, as that draws all yer teeth, and ye can't bite any more, it's meself that's going to free ye, and ye can walk down to Blantire Castle at yer own convenience.'

To this information Lady Blantire listened in perfect silence. The speaker was sure that it galled her terribly, but by the exercise of her iron will she concealed her passionate feelings.

Terry had some difficulty in redeeming his promise to liberate her. He pressed the projecting stone, but it moved not; again and again he made the attempt, till at length he was rewarded by hearing a sharp click, and the ponderous wall began slowly to revolve.

it had time to close again. Long confinement and disease had cramped her limbs, and it was with extreme difficulty that she could totter across the chamber.—Pride and passion are, however, wonderful physical strengtheners, and these working together within her, she proceeded down the stone stair, Terry following close behind her, though of his presence she took no heed.

'The top o' the evening to ye,' he cried after her, as she traversed the passage, and went out by the oaken door. She neither spoke nor turned her head, but stalked majestically forth, and, crossing the grassy esplanade, took the nearest path to Blantire Castle.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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 Wholesale Grocers,
 39 Front-st., TORONTO,
 ARE now receiving Ex. S. S. Nova Scotian, Moravian, and other vessels,
 Boxes New Valencia Raisins
 " New Layer do
 " Very Prime West End Layer Raisins
 Bbis English Crushed Sugar
 " New Currants
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AND DAILY EXPECTED—
 Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles, Sauces, Preserves.
 The above, together with a large stock of
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WINES & LIQUORS,
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THOMAS GRIFFITH & CO.,
 WHOLESALE GROCERS,
 39 Front Street,
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 OPPOSITE THE MARKET, GUELPH.

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 FOR SALE, a Thoroughbred Galloway Cow, with pedigree, took two First Prizes at the Provincial Exhibition. Also, a thoroughbred Galloway bull calf, six months old. For sale cheap by

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TAKES pleasure in informing his customers and the public that he has received his Stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS, consisting of
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CLOTH SOLD BY THE YARD. A lot of
CANADIAN TWEEDS at Greatly REDUCED PRICES!
 N. B.—Agent for all the Best Improved Sewing Machines.
N. CROFT,
 Canada Clothing Store, Wyndham Street, Guelph, Nov 10th, 1867. do8m

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Ladies' Rubber Guards,
Ladies' Rubber Necklets,
Gents' Rubber Alberts,
 JUST RECEIVED.
D. SAVAGE.
 Guelph, November 18, 1867. dw

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 Ladies Lamb's Wool Underclothing,
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WM. STEWART'S.
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 Guelph, 6th November, 1867. dw

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 A FRESH SUPPLY OF
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COMMERCIAL BANK BILLS
TAKEN AT PAR
AT THE
GUELPH
CLOTH HALL!
A. THOMSON & CO.
 Guelph, 5th November, 1867. dw1

OYSTERS!
 IMPORTED direct from the Packing House in Baltimore by
GEORGE WILKINSON,
 Those celebrated and select
XXX BALTIMORE OYSTERS!
 Wholesale and Retail, equally low as any house in the trade. Enquire prices before purchasing elsewhere.
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 Next door to the Telegraph and Express Office
 Guelph, Nov. 1, 1867. daw tf

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 PARTIES wishing to hire Saddle-horses, or Horses and Buggies, can do so at moderate rates, by applying to the undersigned, at the Wellington



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HOGG & CHANCE,
GOLDEN LION, GUELPH,
 Have Bought a WHOLESALE BANKRUPT STOCK of DRY GOODS, value over
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 AND ARE NOW OFFERING THE SAME AT ABOUT ONE HALF ITS VALUE.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS!
 CALL AT ONCE. Goods are being offered at Great Reduction on manufacturers' cost. We have bought this large Bankrupt Stock, and are determined to offer the whole at such prices as will ensure a complete clearance in a short time.
 Goods Wholesaled 20 per cent. under Hamilton or Toronto prices.
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 Guelph, 2nd November 1867 dw

New Dress Goods
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ALL WOOL REPPS,
FRENCH MERINOES, AND
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 The greatest curiosity in the Dominion is that exceeding
TINY WATCH SET IN A FINGER RING.
 Dial about the diameter of a 5 cent piece, and ornamented around by Diamonds and Rubies.
 Workmanship of the most delicate description, and perfect in all its parts. Manufactured by THOMAS RUSSELL & SON, London and Liverpool, and is now to be seen and bought

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YES!
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