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# MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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**BUSINESS NOTICE.**

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The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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## THEIR STRANGE FIRST MEETING

I.

From the very moment that Jones' boarding house opened its doors to the Bensons, and extended to them its unrivalled hospitality, I was seized by a premonition of impending evil.

I took a violent dislike to Benson from the moment I was introduced to him.

I shall never forget our first meeting. It was just prior to our entering the dining-room. Benson acknowledged the introduction with a sinister glare and an unintelligible grumble that fairly sent the cold chills creeping up and down my back.

How utterly different—of what superior clay was Alice Benson. It seemed impossible to realize that they were man and wife. Surely love could not have impelled her union with this man.

She was beautiful to a shade of loveliness that words fail to justify.

She appeared of such a gentle and winning disposition, a woman capable of so much affection, of loving and being loved, that almost unconsciously I found myself idly debating whether she would not be happier—as another man's wife.

At times I detected a look in her eyes that I did not fancy. A wild, haunted look of dread seemed to find expression in their depths, as though she lived in constant fear of something. Perhaps this modern Bluebeard of a husband ill-treated her. Heaven! I was beginning to hate the man though I hardly knew him.

"I am more than pleased to meet you," she said, simply, with a depth of feeling that sent a pleasureable thrill tingling through every vein. "I feel sure we shall be friends—the best of friends."

Perhaps I echoed the sentiment with a little more fervor than the occasion demanded, but I expressed myself in all sincerity. As I seated myself, a feeling of contempt swept over me against the man to whom she had linked her destiny.

During the course of the meal, Benson maintained a rigid silence. His wife entered gaily into the general conversation, but refused to discuss her own affairs. Occasionally she would look intently at her husband, and that troubled look crept into her eyes.

A number of times during that half-hour I found myself stealing an apprehensive glance at the silent man across the table. Twice I caught his lips moving, as though he had something on his mind and could not help repeating it.

After finishing their meal the Bensons left the room. A few moments later we heard the street door close behind them.

That evening they did not return to supper. Having no engagement that necessitated my leaving the house, I retired to my room shortly afterwards.

My lady nicotine wooed my mind to strange conceptions. Slowly the shifting cloud of smoke surrounding me assumed the form of a woman's face. The radiant, smiling features of Alice Benson floated before me. Dazzled, bewildered, I leaned towards it. The vision faded. Again the smoke swirled and shifted. Again a form slowly evolved itself. Horrible phantasy! A serpent's head of hideous proportions hung suspended! I shuddered and closed my eyes. When I opened them all was gone.

How long I sat there I do not know. I was aroused by hearing someone mounting the stairs, and by the sound of subdued talking concluded it was the Bensons going to their room. They had been assigned the apartment adjoining mine.

Upon entering my room I had unintentionally left my door slightly ajar. The couple halted as they came opposite the opening, and I could easily distinguish their voices.

"John, to-night is your last chance. There must be no mistake."

I found myself listening intently for Benson's answer. His wife's words savoured of mystery.

"Have no fear that I shall fail," answered Benson firmly. "I will despatch Freeman in such a manner that no one will ever suspect it of being the work of an amateur. The role of killing a man is new to me, Alice, but I'd murder a dozen if it made you any the happier."

I gripped the arms of the chair in a frenzied grasp of horror.

"I know it, John," murmured the woman softly. "You're the best husband in all the world, and—and—I love you for it. But you are sure you will not weaken at the crucial moment? It's a terrible thing to face such an ordeal."

"Tush! My little woman, you are nervous. A Benson lose his nerve! Absurd! Freeman will be here shortly."

For a moment the horrible realization of what I had overheard fairly stupified me. My first impulse was to rush after the plotters and confront them with my knowledge of their dastardly intentions. A moment's deliberation proved its futility.

This creature, whom I had placed upon the highest pedestal of ennobling womanhood was only fit to rank with the lowest of degraded criminals. Her beauty was merely a mask, the smile on her lips the siren's bait to lure men to destruction. Her husband's face bore the infallible stamp of crime—fixed and unchangeable—but she, this irresistible goddess of infamy, was far worse than he.

The unutterable suspense that I endured for the next half-hour can well be imagined. The slightest noise on the lower floor I interpreted as the arrival of Freeman. When the door-bell finally rang, the deep, continuous peal stabbed me to the heart like a point of steel.

I heard Benson leave his room and go to the head of the stairs. A moment later he greeted someone effusively. My blood was at fever heat to warn Freeman of his danger, but a hasty demonstration on my part would avail nothing beyond placing me in an awkward position.

The two passed through the hall and entered Benson's room. I heard the metallic click of a key in the lock as the door closed behind them.

II.

Leaving my room I crept softly to Benson's door and listened. It was impossible for anyone in the room to surprise me. He would first have to unbolt the door. This would enable me to retreat.

The first sound that reached me was the woman's voice. She appeared to be speaking to the visitor, and her tones betrayed some excitement. Finally, Benson broke in with a question, and the discussion that followed was spoken in lower tones. Strain as I would I could not hear it.

Occasionally I caught a word or two, but they came at such disconnected intervals as to give me no clue as to the conversation.

I was about to abandon my position in disgust, when Benson's voice rang through the room with bloodcurdling emphasis.

"Then die, you fool!"

There was a quick movement upon the part of someone, sounding like two bodies coming in sudden contact, followed by a fall and a half-smothered groan. The woman gave a half-stifled scream—then the silence of death.

The horrible truth flashed upon me like a thunderbolt. Freeman had been murdered almost before my very eyes, and I had not so much as raised a hand to save him. What a gruesome failure I had made of it!

The blow had been struck with so little warning, and with such deadly effect, that it gave me no chance to interfere.

Though the murder of Freeman had completely staggered me, coming with such abruptness, yet I was fired by the fierce determination that the Bensons should not triumph in their awful deed. Their scheme had been successfully planned and executed, but their escape would not be so easily assured. To catch them red-handed would prove convicting evidence. The police-station lay but a few streets away. To reach it was only the matter of minutes.

I was down the stairs and out in the street in a moment, sprinting for the station like a madman. I forgot that I had on my smoking-jacket, and was hatless. People stopped and stared. I flew on unheedingly.

I reached my destination distressed and breathless, but nerved to my duty. By chance I found the inspector at the sergeant's desk. Inspector Little was a man of action.

Scarcely three minutes elapsed from the moment of my arrival until we were dashing down the street.

Mrs. Jones met us at the door. The sight of the officer was the first intimation she received that something unusual was transpiring. She gasped and nearly sank to the floor with fright. A hasty explanation on my part only served to make matters worse. She followed us up the stairs, sobbing softly.

Inspector Little halted at the head of the stairs, while I silently pointed out the door.

He then walked to the door and knocked boldly. There was no response save a sudden commotion within. Little smiled grimly. No doubt the Bensons were making a hasty effort to conceal their crime. Little did they imagine that justice was already stalking at their heels.

Mr. Little was an officer, and knew his duty. Pressing his shoulder against the panel he surged forward. There was a sound of splintering wood, and the door flew inward with a shattered lock.

I took in the room at a glance. A perspiring individual in the corner stared at us in incredulous amazement. Mrs. Benson seemed on the verge of fainting. She clung to her husband's arm in white-faced terror.

Benson stood and glared, fully half a minute, crimson with unspeakable rage.

Finally he found his voice.

"How dare you break into my room like this?"

I felt a strange sensation of weakness creeping into my bones. Could that man in the corner be Freeman—and alive? Could I have made a mistake? My flesh fairly creeped.

"I knocked," began Little half apologetically, "and received——"

"Knocked?" snarled Benson savagely. "We heard you and thought it was some fool trying to be funny. This house is full of fools."

He ended by glaring at me.

"Your arrival completed the list," I retorted.

He would have sprung at me, but the inspector stepped between us.

"We are laboring under some delusion, gentlemen," advised Little. "Perhaps it would be wiser to get down to more logical reasoning. I was notified that a crime had been committed here. I am willing to admit that there must be some mistake."

"Perhaps the occupants of this room can explain the suspicious sounds that I heard scarcely half an hour ago," I said testily.

"No doubt the gentleman can explain," interposed Inspector Little.

Benson looked at his wife and laughed, guffawed like a fool. She smiled back at him in her pretty winsome way. The man in the corner grinned like a Cheshire cat. I saw nothing funny.

Benson turned to Little with mock politeness.

"We were rehearsing!" he announced with cutting emphasis.

"Mr. Freeman, my wife, and I," continued Benson, ignoring my effort to speak, "are members of the Royal Greys Dramatic Company. Mrs. Benson stars as the leading lady, with Freeman in the corresponding role. I play heavy. During the course of the second act in 'Her Crime,' I am required to kill the hero. I consequently stab Mr. Freeman, otherwise James Tressis, in the back after delivering myself of the melodramatic utterance previously mentioned. Not being very proficient in our respective parts, we decided on a private rehearsal as a final test, as the company takes to the road to-morrow. I hope our realism will not impress our audiences as vividly as it has on this occasion."

The weakness in my bones was rapidly nearing downright collapse. I groaned inwardly as I gazed after the retreating form of Inspector Little. He had apologized for his intrusion, and was leaving.

I turned to Benson.

"Mr. Benson," I began, "I wish to explain."

"Go!"

I went.

## UNDESIRABLE SUITORS

### How They Are Disposed of by the Maids of Georgia.

Down in rural Georgia the "boys" go to see the "girls" on horseback. It is the custom generally for suitors to arrive Saturday afternoon at the cabin where their admired ladies live; there the horses are turned into the meadow, and the young men are entertained until Sunday evening. It is expected that the girls will ride behind the boys on horseback to church Sunday morning.

At the widow Nancy's home, not long ago, Joe and Jake, arrived, after riding many miles, in De Kalb county, to spend Sunday with young Nancy and Narcissy, the widow's pretty daughters. Their father being dead, young Hank, a simple-minded boy of 19, was the only man on the place. Hank, though foolish as general wisdom goes, was yet wise in one respect he was a good farmer, and the household stores, in bin and on the board, were not lacking.

Young Nance and Narcissy did not object to entertaining Joe and Jake for one evening; but as announced suitors they were not acceptable, and the girls did not wish to be seen riding to church on horseback behind them. In the morning after breakfast, Narcissy and Nance were doing up the work in the kitchen. On the front porch of the log cabin sat the Widow Nancy, conversing with Joe and Jake. In that rural region, the mother of the family holds prime social importance; and it is her office to lead in entertaining guests while the girls, in the modest background, carry on the household machinery of hospitality. Dismissal of unwelcome visitors in Georgia's country districts is brought about by the query, "Do you want your horse caught?" Upon that hint, the visitor accedes, and his horse is brought to the doorstep, where he

MOUNTS AND RIDES AWAY.

The girls had decided that they would not ride to church behind Joe and Jake, and young Hank, as the man of the place, was called in to assist in the unpleasant task of dismissing the young men.

"Hank," said Narcissy, the elder girl, "you must go an' ax them two fellers if they wants their hosses."

"Naw," said simple-faced Hank, "that ain't no way to act. Pap wouldn' never druv Joe an' Jake off th' place."

"But we don't like them two fellers, Hank," explained Nance, "an' we don't want t' ride t' church behind 'em. You must go an' ax 'em if they wants their hosses."

Inherited hospitality, however, was strong in Hank's feeble intellect; he still demurred, and the girls could not move him.

"Hank," Narcissy said, with a sudden inspiration, "if them two fellers' hosses stays here all day, y'll half t' feed 'em two more times—an' they'll eat a powerful lot o' all that good corn you growed this summer."

A resentful gleam glowed in Hank's dreamy blue eyes. He got up quickly from the kitchen doorstep and trotted briskly around the corner of the cabin.

Listening, Nance and Narcissy heard his voice piping shrilly through the open windows.

"Does you two fellers want yer hosses ketched?"

"Why, Hank," exclaimed the Widow Nancy, taken greatly by surprise and much mortified, "What do you mean, talking to Joe an' Jake like that?"

Foolish Hank hung his head, and sheepishly stammered:

"Narcissy said so."

## GLAD THERE WAS SOMETHING

"There are not a few people who take a pitiable and morbid delight in believing that they are assailed by an incurable disease which must shortly close their careers," observed a doctor.

"I am sure there is something the matter with my lungs; please tell me the truth," said a very anxious old lady to her physician the other day.

The latter made a careful examination and replied. "I find that your lungs are in a normal condition."

The patient, with a deep sigh of resignation, asked: "And about how long can I expect to live with them in that condition?"

"Fritz, what are you doing there?" said the mother to her boy sliding down the banisters. "Making trousers for orphans," said Fritz.

**MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY**
STEAM ENGINE AND BOILER WORKS
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JOSEPH M. RUDDOCK, - - - PROPRIETOR
Steam Engines and Boilers, Mill Machinery of all kinds; Steamers of any size constructed & furnished complete.
GANG EDGERS, SHINGLE AND LATH MACHINES, CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
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DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

## About the ....House

### HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS.

It is the exception rather than the rule for the housekeeper in this country to keep a small daily ledger for the petty accounts of the household. The very best encyclopedias published on household matters fail to take any note of the home ledger, although many of them contain elaborate essays written by distinguished lawyers on all matters of law pertaining to the household. It is just this laxity in keeping accounts which keeps many larders depleted and purses poor. It is a simple matter to keep a domestic ledger. The rules of single entry bookkeeping will suffice. A simple form is as follows, the two pages of the account book facing each other being here represented. Mary A Smith in account with cash:

| 1888. | Dr. |
|---|---|
| Aug. 1, to cash in hand | $10.00 |
| Aug. 5, to J. Smith | 25.00 |
| Carried over | $35.00 |
| 1888. | Cr. |
| Aug. 1, 12 yds. calico | $ 1.20 |
| Aug. 20, 20 lbs. sugar | 1.40 |
| Aug. 4, bbl. flour | 6.25 |
| Aug. 4, servant's hire | 10.00 |
| Carried over | $18.85 |

At the end of each of these twin pages the credit side is subtracted from the debit side and the remainder should correspond with the amount of money remaining in hand. This is a form in which all items of receipt and expenditure with which a busy housekeeper may be charged at any hour of the day can be entered. It will be found to be of value in the matter of dates, for how often do otherwise methodical women look back hopelessly into the recesses of a treacherous memory to recall just when she bought her last barrel of flour or her last package of sugar, and it may, moreover, in some instances serve to recall to the financial head of the house when the last installment actually was paid, and show the many ways in which it was expended. It is also the only way of systematizing the expenditure of the home finances, and there are few women who are either so poor that they do not need an account book or so rich that they may afford to spend money without system—that is, without setting aside in proper proportions the money for the different purposes for which they spend it.

### BENZOIN'S USES.

"I could not keep house without benzoin," a friend said to me one day. I happened in just as she was applying something from a bottle with a wooden toothpick to an aching tooth, writes Helen M. Richardson.

"This is a compound tincture of benzoin which may be procured at any druggist's," she continued. "It forms a coating over the sensitive nerve of an aching tooth, which excludes the air and very soon allays the pain.

"For cuts and bruises, and the cracks which so often appear on the fingers in cold weather, it is the best thing I have ever used. To be sure, it stains the fingers, but the discoloration soon wears off. The same as with an aching tooth, it forms a glazing over the wound, and at the same time allays the soreness.

"For toilet purposes, the plain tincture of benzoin is a delightful addition to the bath. This, also, I have prepared for me at the druggist's, and a few drops added to the water imparts an agreeable odor, and is very refreshing. It is also said to prevent wrinkles.

"This, you see, is quite different in appearance from the compound tincture," she said, holding another bottle up to view. "It is milky looking, while the other is of a dark brown color. A few drops of the plain in a pint of water gives a milky look and imparts a delightful vanilla-like fragrance. The bottle should be well shaken before using."

"How is your tooth?" I asked, as she ceased speaking.

"The pain has entirely left it," she replied.

I assured her that I should stop at a druggist's on my way home, and lay in a supply of benzoin.

"Be sure that you have the bottles labeled, so as to avoid mistake in using. Remember the plain tincture is for toilet purposes, and the compound tincture for cuts, bruises, etc," she called out to me as I was going down the steps.

### DOMESTIC RECIPES.

To Spice a Beef's Tongue—Wash and trim the tongue, rub it with a mixture of half a pint of sugar, half a teaspoonful of saltpetre, a tablespoonful each of ground cloves and allspice, with a teaspoonful of black pepper. Place in a strong brine and let it remain two weeks. When wanted, take out of pickle, wash and wipe dry, roll in a thin paste of flour and water, put in a dripping pan and put into the oven to bake. Baste with butter and water. When done remove the paste, skin, and let stand till perfectly cold before slicing.

Baldwin Pudding—Put a layer of buttered bread crumbs in a pudding dish, then a layer of sliced apple with chopped almonds, lemon juice and a few gratings of nutmeg. Alternate crumbs, apples and seasoning until the dish is full, having the top layer of crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour. Serve with whipped cream sweetened and flavored. This pudding is a sort of Brown Betty familiar to many cooks.

Hamburg Steak—Buy two pounds of lean beef from the round and have your butcher chop it fine. If you like onion with it, mix two teaspoonfuls of minced onion with the meat and season with salt and pepper. Form into small cakes or balls and fry with a little butter or clarified dripping. Make a sauce while the meat is cooking by putting together a tablespoonful each of browned flour and butter; when they bubble pour on them a half pint—one cupful—of beef stock if you have it, water if you have not. Stir to a smooth brown sauce and season to taste. Turn over the meat which you have arranged upon a platter.

Oatmeal Crisps—Mix oatmeal and boiling water to a stiff dough, knead it a little, using wheat flour to prevent from crumbling, mold it, and cut into small thin cakes. Bake twenty or thirty minutes in a hot oven. If made very thin and kept in a cool, dry place, these remain good for several days.

### SOME DONT'S.

Don't keep custards in the cellar in an open vessel. They are liable to become poisonous.

Don't pour boiling water over china packed in a pan. It will crack by the sudden contraction and expansion.

Don't moisten your food with the idea of saving your teeth. It spoils the teeth, and you will soon lose them.

Don't use steel knives for cutting fish, oysters, sweetbreads or brains. The steel blackens and gives an unpleasant flavor.

Don't scrub your refrigerator with warm water. When necessary sponge it out quickly with two ounces of formaldehyde in two parts of cold water.

Don't put tablecloths and napkins that are fruit-stained into hot soapsuds; it sets or fixes the stains. Remove the stains first with dilute oxalic acid, washing quickly in clear water.

Don't sprinkle salt for the celery on the cloth or on your plate. Dip the celery in the small salt-cellar in front of you. If there are shakers on the table instead of cellars, put some on the bread plate.

Don't salt or pepper your food before tasting it, and even then do so very unostentatiously—it is a criticism on the cook. Never put ice in your wine—it is a criticism on the taste of the host. The small plate at the left is for bread as well as butter. Individual butter plates of small size are out of fashion.

Don't bite off celery—break off a small mouthful as you wish it. Never bite bread and then break it off or bite it. Break off a small mouthful as wished for and butter that. Butter is not served at dinner on some tables. Don't ask for it if you don't see it.

**Piles** To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
**Dr. Chase's Ointment**

### THE COST OF WARS.

The announcement that the English Government will make a Transvaal loan amounting to something like $150,000,000 within the next few months draws attention to the enormous cost of the Boer war. Its total cost to Great Britain is estimated, by F. R. Fairchild, of Yale University, to have been $1,063,000,000. A comparison with the other principal wars in which Great Britain has been engaged since 1688 shows that the total cost of this South African war has been exceeded by that of any one other war, the twenty-three years' war with France (1793-1815). No other war, not even the prolonged struggle waged against Napoleon, reached half the cost of this South African war. A greater proportion of the cost was met by borrowing than was the case in any of the other important wars.

Bookkeeper—"I would like a little more salary, sir. You see, I'm married now, sir——" Employer—"And need the increase for your family?" Bookkeeper—"No, sir; for myself. You see, my wife knows just what I'm getting now!"

**The Chest Pains of Bronchitis**

**The dry, tight cough, the soreness aggravated by coughing, all disappear with the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.**

It is the tendency of every cold to develop into bronchitis, consumption or some form of lung trouble. Bronchitis is most dreaded, because it has a tendency to become chronic and return again and again, until the patient becomes worn out or falls an easy prey to consumption or pneumonia. Only the most robust constitution can throw off bronchitis. Aged people, children, and all who are in delicate health or have weak lungs have every reason to fear this ailment.

If the cough is dry and hard; if there is pain, soreness or tightness in the chest; if breathing is difficult and causes pain in the chest, you have every reason to suppose that you have bronchitis, and should promptly begin the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Cough mixtures that may help an ordinary cold have no effect on bronchitis and asthma, but Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has won its enviable reputation on account of its wonderful success in curing these ailments. It is far more than a mere cough medicine, and acts on the whole system, thoroughly eradicating disease.

Mr. John Clark, coachman, Port Hope, Ont., states:—"Being exposed to all sorts of weather I frequently catch cold. Last winter I was so bad with a cold that I could not speak above a whisper and had great pains in the chest. At last I feared it would develop into consumption if I did not succeed in getting proper treatment.

"A friend advised me to use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and I began to improve before I had taken half a bottle. One bottle cured my cold, which I believe would have proven very serious if I had not used this medicine."

It is necessary for you to be careful when buying Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, for there are many substitutes and imitations offered. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on every bottle of the genuine, 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## UNCLE GOTTLIEB'S BEQUEST

In the basement of the building in which his office was located, he found it, tumbling out of a box with other papers placed there an age ago, it seemed from their yellow mildewed appearance. Dr. Allen Frew would scarcely have noticed it had it not been for the quaint look of the square envelope, one of the kind made by business men for their own special use, long before envelopes were designed and put in circulation.

Carrying it up to the light, he noted the name, faint and run together, "Gottlieb Irvin." Tearing it apart to wipe off a bottle, other marks inside the envelope came to view—four small marks looking something like a maltese cross, and then, "Front door, south, ten paces; east, four; second chestnut, three."

"Now, what old codger thought of making a memoranda inside of an envelope? The very place one would be sure to lose it," he said aloud. "Looks as if someone might have been hiding a treasure. Let me see, a certain distance away from some front door, then so far from a certain tree in a row of trees. Wonder if that front door belonged to a miser?" And with this comment, the young doctor flung it into the waste basket. An hour after, the wind from an open window went frisking down into that basket, and catching up the old envelope, threw it at his feet, those marks now uppermost. With another glance of wonder at them, this time he flung it out of the window. Going out to dinner, there came that old fragment blowing about his feet, now the name uppermost.

"Well, Gottlieb," he said, with a laugh, "it seems that you are bound to get acquainted with me." Then he asked of the janitor, who was passing into the building, "Who is or was Gottlieb Irvin?"

"He isn't much of anything, now, I reckon," was the answer. "He was a rich old fellow that lived over at Freeman 50 years ago and more now. His folks lawed over his will and lawed all his money away. This buildin' was the court house then, i spose they had all his letters and papers in court, and that's how that old envelope got stuck away with other court leavin's."

Why he did it he could not tell, but Dr. Frew doubled the paper and stuck it into his pocket, finding it there, rather to his surprise, the next call he made upon the young lady he was to marry some day when his practice was assured and his income sufficient to keep two.

"A queer old envelope with some queer old marks on," he said, turning to throw it in the grate. The girl caught his hand, a grave expression clouding her face.

"Gottlieb Irvin," she read. Then went on in explanation. "Did you know this man was my great uncle? Gottlieb Irvin was my grandmother's brother. He left her all of his property except a box of precious old coins and some jewels that he had picked up in trade. These were to go to my mother, then a little girl.

"He had a strange mania for hiding away money in odd places. He feared burglars and was tortured more than once by them and forced to disclose the hiding place of valuables, but more than burglars, he feared banks. He had a queer habit of putting four crosses to the end of his name, and on all business papers. But my mother often in those days, before she died, told me that he was not insane, and had it not been for his brothers going repeatedly to law to prove that he was, my grandmother would have inherited that which he wished her to have, and through her my mother and myself would have also inherited much money. It was a shameful thing for my great-uncles to do. They were hard, exacting men, and hated their brother Gottlieb in his lifetime, refusing to give him shelter in his young days when he needed it. His sister at that time proved his only friend."

"And the box of coins and jewels?" queried Allen.

"It was never found. The ground was thoroughly dug over and the house razed to find buried treasure by these brothers. Between the and burglars it must have disappeared."

"Somehow it came about that a patient, brought back as she believed from death to life by the untiring exertions and skill of Dr. Frew, sang his praises so unceasingly to her relatives over in Freeman that they were constrained to send for him in critical emergencies of the kind. Before many months had rolled around, Allen, so little known in the big city, found himself mounting the crest of a high wave of popularity in Freeman.

"I don't like the idea of going so far from you, Mazy," he said to his affianced, "but it is the best for me to take up a permanent residence there. It will not be long at this rate until I will have a home for you as well as myself."

To his surprise, on questioning an old resident, one who had little to do by reason of old age but con over old time scenes for those who stopped to listen, he found that his boarding house was built on grounds once belonging to the cottage in which Gottlieb Irvin had spent the last years of his life.

"Yes," explained the old resident to Allen's look of inquiry, "these grounds all belonged to Gottlieb's house in them days. There it stood frontin' on what was a village street then, but now is the alley way. That cottage that's built there for rent covers part of the ground where a row of chestnut trees growed. Gottlieb was always a-plantin' trees and potterin' around in his garden to the last. Them trees, and like as not some of them shrubs between your boardin' house and the cottage are of his plantin'."

As the old man mused on about Gottlieb, pointing out where olden objects had once stood, and declaring that if ever man was sane, and truly that, it had been Gottlieb, Allen paced off the distance given in that old envelope. The last three steps led under the corner of the cottage. If buried treasure lay there, the cottage stood well over it, he thought.

One night his landlady saw him gazing in a musing way out of a window in his room, overlooking the rather gloomy grounds at the back of the boarding house.

"Do you know," she said in a tone slightly confiding, "one of my boarders—such a nervous thing, anyway: why, she gives me the trembles just to look at her—made me change her room (she was occupying this one), because she imagined when she looked out of the winder you're at there, that she could see white things movin' under them trees. Did you ever hear tell of sich foolishness?"

Allen merely smiled and muttered something about nerves being accountable for many strange ideas and feelings, but a young waiting maid, passing the door, heard and heeded in a way the landlady might have deplored had the outcome turned against the financial welfare of her house as it did the one beyond the trees and shrubbery; for this girl being sent out on the grounds that night on an errand, came screaming back, declaring that she saw a little old man digging under one of the bushes. "It is the old miser that once lived here digging for the gold he buried," she said. Amidst laughter and joking, the servants sallied out to look. There was nothing in sight but a big, strange dog.

"He was a diggin' fur a bone he had buried there. That dog's your ghost," said the cook. But the girl was not convinced.

Stories breed more stories. It was not long until the cottage opposite became the breeding ground for ha'nts, as Allen's landlady called them. All manner of uncanny sights and sounds were seen and heard. All imagination, rats, and the pranks of boys," declared its owner.

But this declaration did not stay the sudden departure of renters until the house stood at last barred against the world, for no renter would enter it, and no one would buy it. And then, one stormy night, a tramp must have forced an entrance somehow, and on leaving it dropped a coal from his pipe. An hour after nothing remained of it but a mass of red debris.

It was some time before Allen thought of the designated spot, now free for the digging into. In fact, it was Mazy who brought it to his mind. And then, one evening late, under pretence of digging for fishing bait, he went farther than bait usually crawls, striking a substance which proved to be a moldering cedar box.

"Rather light for treasure," he thought, as under his coat he carried it up to his room. And it proved but a light find—a few silver pieces not exceeding fifty dollars in all.

"And that was all?" asked Mazy gravely, when he brought the box to her. Mazy was not of a serious nature, except at the mention of Uncle Gottlieb's name. "Now, I do not believe this is all. Uncle Gottlieb, so mother used to say, did all things with a reason for doing them, except, perhaps, the making of those four crosses. He did not bury this small amount of silver simply to hide it from burglars. He buried it to hide something greater. It may be that below this is the greater treasure. He might have argued: 'If burglars force me to tell, I can tell them of this, and thinking there is nothing further in this place, they would leave it. Now, you dig farther down. I don't care who that land belongs to, all the money hidden in it is mine by right of will as well as inheritance, for I am the last one of the family."

It was some time before Allen could be induced to make further secret investigation of that spot, but when he did, below where the other box had been, he found a metal box, heavy and corroded with age. Its contents clearly proved to be the box intended for Mazy's mother.

"Poor old uncle," sighed Mazy, "he meant well by us, but those dgs were not like these, and I suppose people thought they must hide money if they kept it safe. I have no doubt that had he not died without a moment's warning, he would have left directions for the finding of his buried treasure. But as it is, it is not so bad for us. This old stuff is valuable, and with it we will buy the grounds it was found upon and there build our home."

"Isn't it strange?" said the landlady to Allen Frew's wife, one day. "Sence you built your new house and fixed up these grounds, the ha'nts all seems to hev disappeared. Must have been imagination."

### A FREE MEAL.

A tramp entered the shop of a London baker. Although the weather was not very cold, he shivered and trembled piteously.

"A loaf, please, mum," he said, depositing the money on the counter. The woman lifted one from the shelf, and having wrapped it in paper, handed it to him. As he took it he said with shaking voice:

"Would you please, mum, tell me where the nearest 'orspital is?"

"The nearest hospital?" she ejaculated.

"Yes, mum, please. I'm feeling very bad. I believe I'm sickening for something—the scarlet fever, I think."

"What!" she shrieked. "Get out of my shop, you wretch!"

He turned submissively to obey. "Here, take your vile money," she cried. He did so; then, proffering the bread, asked humbly. "You'll take yer loaf, won't yer, mum?"

"Get out of my shop."

He crawled out, and with bowed head went round the corner. Presently a twin monument of wretchedness came towards him.

"Well, Bill?" he said.

"It's all right. I worked it in foine style."

In order to allay as far as possible his incessant dread of assassination the Sultan of Turkey never sleeps in the same chamber two nights running. In the Royal palace at Constantinople there are several bullet-proof bedrooms, the positions of which are unknown to the public. Which of these apartments he will occupy the Sultan determines for himself each night only a few minutes before he retires to rest.

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