

The Country.

PLEASANT VALLEY.

PLEASANT VALLEY, Oct. 30.—The weather of the past few days has been quite stormy.

Mr. Joshua McNabb of Bartholomew made a flying trip to his home at this place, Wednesday, Oct. 28 h.

Miss Agnes McNabb of Fredericton is spending a week at her father's, Mr. Peter McNabb's.

Our teacher, Miss Marguerite M. Norrad of Bloomfield, has returned, after spending Sunday at her home at that place.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Lizzie M. Ross is confined to her home with the measles. She is being attended by Dr. S. F. Wainwright of Stanley.

We are glad to hear that Miss Pearl Ross has recovered from her illness.

Mrs. E. Brewer of St. Mary's is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Ross of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLellan were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Fraser on Sunday last.

Mrs. Roderick Ross was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. John McNabb of Nashwaak Bridge, on Thursday last.

There is a new photographer set up in this place. We hope he may have success in his new enterprise.

Rev. A. D. MacDonald passed through this place on Wednesday.

Mr. Grace, of Fredericton, passed through here today looking for beef cattle.

Mrs. J. A. McNabb, of Nashwaak Bridge, is spending a few days in Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ross of this place were the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McConnell, of Gloucester, on Sunday last.

Miss Bessie Cameron made a flying trip to Zionsville one day this week.

Miss Reeves, of Zionsville, has gone to St. John to work in the S. A. there.

Mr. Clarke Sutherland passed through this place one day this week on his way to Nashwaak Bridge.

Spinning is the order of the day.

JEWETT'S MILLS.

JEWETT'S MILLS, Oct. 28.—The snow storm of last Monday evening has made a change in the appearance of things in general. The people of the community are preparing for the fast approaching winter.

Our mill pond which has been dry so long on account of the drought is filled to overflowing, a great convenience to the public.

Our stone mason, Mr. Frank Jewett, is splitting stone for Mr. George Hagerman for a new house in the near future. They have started on a stone about sixteen feet long, twelve feet high and twelve feet wide. The stone is an oval shape on top and will take about fifty wedges to split it the first time.

The people of this place and of Scotch Settlement feel the need of another mail per week, which would be a great convenience. There is a Saturday mail comes to the offices at Keswick Ridge and the mail that we should have on Saturday lies there until Monday. We feel that this matter must be looked into in the near future.

About all the cattle have made their way from the island since the snow storm except some that have strayed, one two year old Jersey belonging to Fred Clark, marked E. C., and another two year old heifer with horns cut off, belonging to Charles Gordon, marked H. J., which these men would like to find.

W. E. Gaudin has just finished pulling his carrots, a few carrots over a hundred. They were all yellow.

GORDON VALE.

GORDON VALE, Oct. 30.—Most of the farmers have finished threshing and are wending their way toward the lumber woods.

Misses Jessie Smith and Violet H. Spencer were visiting friends and relatives of this place today.

Misses Edith and Lida Hinchey are spending the winter in Fredericton.

Quite a number of the young people attended the meeting at Bloomfield Ridge Thursday evening, Oct. 29 h.

Meers, Frank Calhoun and James Hinchey intend going to the woods next week for J. McNabb.

Misses Bartha Calhoun and Annie Boies made a flying trip to the Caledonia Saturday, Oct. 31st.

A. W. Green had a large bear last week between Mr. Hinchey's and Mr. J. Calhoun's.

Miss Bessie Calhoun intends going to Fredericton next week to spend the winter with her aunt, Mrs. John Lister.

The Snow Bros. intend lumbering for themselves this winter.

Mr. Arthur Boies was the guest of Miss Calhoun on Sunday, Oct. 25 h.

Mr. Robert C. Munn passed through this place yesterday with his fancy day driver. Robert is an up-to-date man.

Miss Fanny Munn is the guest of John Snow.

The young people of this place in-

Nature's Nobleman.

Continued.

Lord Raymond nodded. "Certainly," he said. "You shall have every assistance. Follow me, please."

He led the way by the back entrance to the small hall, and here, Mr. Hinchey stopped with an inquiry.

"Has this hall been interfered with, my lord, since the burglary?"

"I believe not," replied Lord Raymond. "But I can soon ascertain for certain," and he called the footman to make the inquiry.

No; neither the hall nor Lord Northcliffe's rooms had been touched.

Mr. Hinchey gave a sign of satisfaction, and, dropping on his knees at the foot of the stairs, very much like a penitent crawling on the steps of St. Peter's, at Rome, he made the ascent of the staircase, and looked into the first room. Here he rose to his feet, and, with a slow glance all round, nodded twice.

"You have discovered something?" said Lord Raymond, interrupting. "Is it a clue?"

"Not exactly," what I should term a circumstance," replied Mr. Hinchey. "What is it?" asked Lord Raymond, whose restless eyes had watched every movement of the slow, sure man with burning excitement strongly suppressed.

"Well," said Mr. Hinchey, slowly, "there were two heads in this affair, my lord, and two pairs of feet, but one pair made off by that hall door and the other pair got away through the house."

A shudder, imperceptible, but not the less keenly felt, ran through Lord Raymond's frame.

He looked with new feelings at the light eyes, which, under their faded mask, had such deep, fearful power of penetration.

"How do you know that?" he asked, in a hushed, quick voice.

"Mr. Hinchey pointed to the floor. 'List slippers don't make any noise, my lord, but they leave as good a track as a pair of muddy boots. If your eyes are good—which I am thankful to say mine are—you will observe the clear print in bits of lists on these stairs of two pairs of feet, but only one pair on the stairs leading down to the hall door. The second pair went through the hall on his way back.'"

Lord Raymond averted his gaze from the thin face as the dead lips were raised with quiet power to his.

"I think you are mistaken," he said.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Hinchey, interrupting him and picking something from behind the safe with a gleam of light on his face. "Ah! Now, this is what I call a clue," and he lifted up the cap which had escaped Lord Raymond's notice when he made good his escape from the room.

"A cap," he said, his voice trembling slightly. "You think this leather cap belonging to the ruffian, of course?"

Mr. Hinchey nodded, and dropped on his knees again, peering at the pool of blood and all round it like a blood-hound.

"Here! here a scuff here. Two pairs of feet again. Ah, no doubt, my lord, as I expected, your father got his ugly blow on this very spot," and he measured with his feet a little distance from the blood. "If so, then he was struck from the front. Yes, and the assassin who dealt the blow made off down the hall, while—but let us see the safe, my lord," and, breaking off, he trod cautiously to the rifled safe.

"Hurry, terrible hurry, my lord," he repeated, turning over the door. "Used a jimmy, my lord. Now if I had that jimmy, my lord, I think, with the cap and one more clue, we should have a second, you say, my lord, that you were asleep that night—slept soundly?"

"Very soundly, I regret to say," said Lord Raymond, with a sigh. "I did not wake until some time after Lord Northcliffe had been discovered."

"Do you always sleep as soundly, my lord?" asked the detective, eyeing him with respectful attention.

"Always," hesitated Lord Raymond, as if he scarcely saw how the question or answer could help the inquiry.

"Yes? I don't ask the question for mere curiosity," said Mr. Hinchey. "Detectives are not a curious class, my lord, strangely as it sounds. Why I ask is that I may get a hint as to whether there was a ruffian going on."

Again Lord Raymond felt the indescribable thrill.

"Drugging?" he repeated.

"Ah, drugging the grog at night. Oh, yes, often done, my lord; and when we find it, we look for the man we want near home."

Lord Raymond shook his head, with a sigh.

"I am afraid that you will find no clue that way. I only drank a little brandy and water, which I mixed for myself and Lord Northcliffe."

The detective nodded.

"Have you examined the room sufficiently?" asked Lord Raymond.

"Yes, my lord," replied Mr. Hinchey, and Lord Raymond led the way back to the library.

Mr. Hinchey employed a few moments in making notes, then he looked up and said:

"Any poaching lately, my lord?"

"Not much," replied Lord Raymond. "You've had some good neighbors for that sort of thing too," remarked Mr. Hinchey. "I saw the evidence of a grouse encampment on the moor."

"Evidence?" said Lord Raymond, fully intending it should not be.

"They were there the night before the burglary," said Lord Raymond, musingly.

Then with a sudden eagerness he held out his hand.

"Let me see that cap, please."

Mr. Hinchey handed it to him, and he examined it nervously, then, holding it at a little distance, he exclaimed: "Can it be possible?"

"Please speak out, my lord; every scrap of suspicion is useful."

"Well," said Lord Raymond, "I have a suspicion, but I scarcely like to give it breath, certainly not until I have told you something that may seem to justify it."

And then he proceeded to relate that he had been stopped while running in the woods and robbed of his diamond studs a few months before.

Mr. Hinchey bit at his pencil hurriedly and jotted down the full particulars.

"My lord, this is most important," he exclaimed, in his dry, slow voice. "Is it?" said Lord Raymond, innocently.

"Yes. Now if you could give me a description of the man, not leaving out the smallest fragment either of voice or look or dress, it would be of the greatest assistance."

"I will try," said Lord Raymond. "And he gave a malignant description of Tazoni."

"And the cap," said Mr. Hinchey. "You say he wore one like it?"

"Yes; it might be the same. Indeed, it was the sight of that as you held it up that brought the man's whole face and figure before my mind."

Mr. Hinchey rose.

"I'm much obliged to your lordship. I suppose I can have a dogcart and a fast horse to take me on the road?"

"You can have anything you may want," said Lord Raymond. "And there is a check for a hundred pounds to commence with. Bring the ruffian, or ruffians if there are two, to justice, and I shall not stint you of your reward."

Mr. Hinchey pocketed the notebook, composed his eyes into their sleepy state and took his departure.

While he was wandering up and down the yard in so listless and indifferent a style that the hostess and stable help called him a dunderhead among themselves, the unobtrusive manner concealed the sharpest scrutiny.

"Large house, three chairs in the hall, fifty stairs to first floor. Lord Raymond, rather white, eyed me rather suspiciously. Wonder what made that hand, his no shaky? Seemed rather surprised to see the cap. Didn't like my mentioning the double foot tracks. Noticed him shudder—it



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Three years ago, writes Mrs. John Graham, of 208 Plumb Street, (Frankford) Philadelphia, Pa., 'I had a very bad attack of dropsy which left me with heart trouble, and also a very weak back. At times I was so bad that I did not know what to do with myself. My children advised me to take your 'Favorite Prescription,' but I had been taking so much medicine from the doctor that I was discouraged with everything. I came to Philadelphia two years ago, and picking up one of your little books one day began to read what your medicine had done for others. I determined to try it myself. I took seven bottles, and today I am a strong, well woman, weighing 125 pounds. Have gained 25 pounds since I started to use 'Favorite Prescription.'

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets clear the complexion and sweeten the breath.

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RETURN TO WORK.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 3.—Representatives of the National Association of Marble Workers and the National Association of Marble Dealers, who met here yesterday, have announced that the differences between the new organizations have been amicably adjusted and that the men would return to work Tuesday.

Deafness is Curable.

Sufferers from impaired hearing will be glad to know that their affliction is probably not due to any organic defect in the ear, but results probably from a thickening of the lining of the middle ear caused by catarrhal inflammation. Hundreds of perfect recoveries as a result of the inhalation of Catarrhine are reported, and on the highest authority we recommend this treatment to our readers. Catarrhine quickly restores lost hearing and its efficiency is placed beyond dispute by the case of Mr. Warren of Toronto, who recovered perfect hearing by using Catarrhine, after years of deafness. Price \$1. At Druggists or by mail, from Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Two Legs For \$2.50.

Those famous pants made from the Moncton cloth, make life easier—no worry—but you'll have your own time wearing them out. Oak Hall sells them at \$1.25 a leg. a.

FROM CHATHAM.

CHATHAM, Nov. 2.—Rev. Mr. Colquhoun conducted the preparatory Communion service in St. Andrew's church, Chatham, on Friday evening.

Mrs. Tweedie and Mrs. E. Hutchison have returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. Tweedie's daughter, Mrs. W. T. Benson, at Bridgetown, N. S.

Miss Jessie Stothart was presented with a gold watch chain by a number of her young friends on Thursday evening.

Mr. Bonnie Murdoch, the presentation of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Newcastle, gave a Halloween party on Saturday evening. A number attended from Chatham.

In the game of football between Harkin's Academy, Newcastle, and Chatham Grammar School boys played in Newcastle on Saturday. The Grammar School was defeated, the score being 5 to 3.

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