Board of Works

The Union Advocate,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. & J. ANSLOW. Our Country, with its United Interests. EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. XII.—No. 50. Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, October 8, 1879. WHOLE No. 622.

WAVERLY HOTEL,
NEWCASTLE, ... MIRAMICHI, N. B.

This House has lately been refurnished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travellers.

☞ LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD OUTFIT, ON THE PREMISES.

ALEX. STEWART,
Late of Waverly House, St. John.) Proprietor.
Newcastle, Dec. 2, 1873. 3

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
NEWCASTLE, - - - MIRAMICHI,
NEW BRUNSWICK.

THIS HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, has recently been fitted up in FIRST CLASS STYLE, is in close proximity to the I. C. Railway Station, and the wants of travellers will be attended to promptly.

Meals prepared at any hour. Oysters served up in evry style at short notice.

JOHN FAY, PROPRIETOR.
Newcastle, Oct. 8, 1877. 10

CANADA HOUSE,
CHATHAM, ... NEW BRUNSWICK.
WM. JOHNSTON, - - Proprietor.

CONSIDERABLE outlay has been made on this house to make it a first class Hotel, and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort. It is situated within two minutes walk of steamboat landing. The proprietor returns thanks to the public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

☞ Good Stabling on the Premises.
May 13th, 1878. 14 1y

ROYAL HOTEL,
KING SQUARE.

I HAVE much pleasure in informing my numerous friends and the public generally, that I have leased the Hotel formerly known as the "CONTINENTAL," and thoroughly renovated the same, making it, as the "ROYAL" always had the reputation of being, one of the best Hotels in the Provinces.

Excellent Bill of Fare, First-class Wines, Liquors and Cigars, and superior accommodation.

Blackhall's Livery Stable attached.

THOS. F. RAYMOND.
St. John, July 9, 1877.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
RIVER DU LOUP,
JOSEPH A. FOUNTAIN, PROPRIETOR.

THIS HOUSE is situated in the immediate vicinity of the Railway Station, and is well calculated to meet the requirements o travellers, as neither pains or expense have be spared to secure the comfort of guests. Situated on an elevation, it affords a splendid view of the St. Lawrence and adjacent country.
October 24, 1877. 31-1yr

MIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS.
WATER ST., - CHATHAM.
WILLIAM LAWLER,

Importer of MARBLE & Manufacturer o. MONUMENTS, TABLES, HEADSTONES, MANTELS, TABLE TOPS, &c.

A GOOD STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.

☞ GRANITE MONUMENTS made to order; CAPS and SILLS for windows supplied at short notice. FREESTONE WORK in all its branches attended to. and satisfaction given.
January 24 1876.

S. N. KNOWLES,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
Trunks, Valises, Satchels, &c.
66 KING STREET,
(South Side.) SAINT JOHN, N. B.

CANVAS COVERS MADE TO ORDER.
SAMPLE TRUNKS A SPECIALTY.
May 5, 1879. 1yr.

WANTED.

A SHOP and OFFICE BOY—one willing to make himself generally useful.

Apply to DR. FREEMAN.
Newcastle, Sept. '77.

RUBBER BELTING.

EXTRA Stretched and Paten Smooth Surface Rubber Belting. In Stock—various widths in 3, 4, 5 and 6 Plies.

LEATHER BELTING.

"Hoyt's" Celebrated Paten Stretched and Riveted Oak Tanned Leather Belting, (double and single).

SAWS! SAWS!! "Disston's" Mill, Circular, Rotary, Cross Cut, Hand and Jig Saws. MACHINE OILS. Lard, Olive, Seal, West Virginia and Cylinder Oils. MILL SUPPLIES. Lacing Leather, Files, Emery-wheels, Belt Punches, Rivets, Saw Swages, &c., &c.

ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO.,
(Successors to Z. G. Gabel),
Prince Wm. St., St. John. may21

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. uly30-1yr.

Teas, Sugar and Rice.

By Steam via Halifax, from London and Liverpool:—

150 HALF CHESTS FINE CONGO;
6 Hhds. No. 1, } S. REFINED
6 " " 2, } SUGAR;
50 Bags RICE. Daily expected.

BERTON BROTHERS.

IN STORE—10 bbls. Dried CURRANTS;
25do, Dried APPLES. aug20.

Law and Collection Offices
—OF—
ADAMS & LAWLOR,
Barristers and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Bankruptcy
Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c.,
Real Estate, & Fire Insurance Agents.

☞ CLAIMS Collected in all parts of the Dominion.

OFFICES:
NEWCASTLE AND BATHURST.
M. ADAMS. R. A. LAWLOR.
July 18th, 1878.

SAMUEL THOMSON,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy,
NOTARY PUBLIC &C.

LOANS Negotiated, Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches, executed with accuracy and despatch.

OFFICE—PUBLIC BUILDINGS,
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.
July 17, 1878.

WILLIAM A. PARK,
Barrister & Attorney at Law,
SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICE—Over the Store of William Park, Esq.
Castle Street, - - NEWCASTLE.
May 1, 1877. 2

L. J. TWEEDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
CHATHAM, - - - - - N. B.

OFFICE—Snowball's Building.
May 12, 1874. 13

JOHN McALISTER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Conveyancer, &c.,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

May 5, 1879. 7-6m

A. H. JOHNSON,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC,
&c., &c.,
CHATHAM, N. B.
July 10, 1877.

WILLET & QUIGLEY,
Barristers, Attorneys,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, &C.,
Princess St., Ritchie's Building, (up stairs.)
ST. JOHN, N. B.
John Willet.
Rich'd F. Quigley, LL. B., B. C. L.,
ap30 *Commissioner for Massachusetts.*

CARD.
DR. H. A. FISH
Has commenced Practice in NEWCASTLE, and can be consulted at his Office.

Mrs. Fowler's Building—two doors above Masonic Hall.

OFFICE HOURS—10 to 12,
2 " 5,
7 " 10.
June 16, 1879. 18

HERBERT T. DAWSON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

OFFICE—In Mr. John Dalton's House;
RESIDENCE.
At Mr. Wm. Gremley's, opposite Office.
Newcastle, March 26, 1877. 28

DR. McDONALD,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

OFFICE:
At MRS. HALEY'S, next door to the Post Office, Newcastle.

RESIDENCE:
At MR. THOMAS MALTBY'S.
Newcastle, March 26, 1879. april16-1yr

Leather & Shoe Findings.

THE Subscriber returns thanks to his numerous customers for past favors, and would say to all that he keeps constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of goods to be had and at lowest rates for cash. Also, S. R. Foster & Son's Nails and Tacks of all sizes, and Clark's & Son's Boot Trees, Lasts, &c. English Tops as well as home made Tops to order, of the best material. Wholesale and Retail. J. J CHRISTIE,
No. 65 King St., St. John, N. B.
April 29, 1879. 30

JAMES G. McNALLY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Furniture, Crockery & Glassware,
LAMPS, TABLE CUTLERY,
Silverware and Fancy Goods,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
April 30, 1879. 6m

PETER LOGGIE,
Wood Moulding & Planing
MILL,
Near the Ferry Landing,
CHATHAM.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
FINISHING
for House or Ship Work, manufactured to order.

Venetian Blinds, Doors and Sashes, Pine and Walnut Mouldings. Jig Sawing and Planing, a Specialty.

☞ Estimates and Specifications furnished on application.

Orders attended to with despatch.

P. LOGGIE.

A. D. SHIRREFF,
AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Life, Fire & Marine Insurance
AND
GENERAL AGENT,
Chatham, N. B.
August 29, 1876. 30-1y

Carriage Repairing.

The Subscriber has erected a shop on the property lately owned by Dr J. S. Benson, and is prepared to attend to the Making and Repairing of

CARRIAGES, HEAVY FARM AND LUMBER WAGGONS, &C.

Prompt attention given to all orders. Good Work guaranteed.

ANGUS McLEAN.
Newcastle, July 23, 1878.

Lamps, Oils, &c.
CHANDELIERS,
BRACKET,
TABLE and HAND LAMPS.
Chimneys, Wicks, &c.,
AMERICAN & CANADIAN OILS.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
J. R. CAMERON,
"ENNIS & GARDNER BLOCK,
Prince William Street."
St. John, May 7, 1878

DENTISTRY.

Dr. Freeman,
will attend to DENTISTRY in its various Branches, as his other engagements will permit.

Having procured every appliance and the most recent improvements, Dr. F. guarantees all operations and gives special attention to the insertion of

ARTIFICIAL TEETH,
Either on Rubber or a new and improved Base called Celluloid.

☞ Being a resident in he County his patrons will find no difficulty in having every guarantee made good.
Newcastle, April 18, 1876. 19tf.

WILLIAM WYSE,
GENERAL DEALER,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

Merchandise and Produce received on Commission.
Liberal Advances made on Consignments.
NO CHARGE FOR STORAGE.
AUCTION SALES, and all Business in connection with the same, attended to promptly.
July 15, 1879. 16

SEPTEMBER 16TH!

Just Received:

52 PACKAGES Brandram's White Lead;
5 Casks Colored Paints;
20 bbls. Turpentine;
10 bbls. Fire Proof Paint;
10 bbls. Iron Clad Paint;
3 cases Plumbers' Goods;
10 Improved Howe Scales;
25 Fishing Nets.
1 cask Table Cutlery;
2 cases Coffin Handles and Plates;
200 kegs Horse Shoes;
250 boxes Mooney's Horse Nails;
2 cases Yale Locks;
200 rolls Tarred Paper;
20 bbls. Roofing Pitch.

W. H. THORNE & CO.,
Market Square.

H. V. WILLISTON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
OFFICE
That formerly occupied by Dr. Balcom,
BATHURST, N. B.
RESIDENCE AT MRS. NAPIER'S, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.
Sept. 9, 1879. tf

DAVIDSON'S SYRINGES.
Hypodermic Syringes.
Metal Syringes.
Nipple Shields.
Throat Atomizers.
Nursing Bottles.
India Rubber Tubeing.
Perfume Atomizers.

For sale by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
35 and 37 King Street

VEGETINE.
Will cure Rheumatism.

MR. ALBERT CROOKER, the well-known druggist and apothecary, of Springvale, Me., always advises every one troubled with Rheumatism to try VEGETINE.

Read His Statement:

SPRINGVALE, ME., Oct. 12, 1876.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:—
Dear Sir,—Fifteen years ago last fall I was taken sick with rheumatism, was unable to move until the next April. From that time until three years ago this fall I suffered every thing with rheumatism. Sometimes there would be weeks at a time that I could not step one step; these attacks were quite often. I suffered everything that a man could. Over three years ago last spring I commenced taking VEGETINE and followed it up until I had taken seven bottles; have had no rheumatism since that time. I always advise every one that is troubled with rheumatism to try VEGETINE, and not suffer for years as I have done. This statement is gratuitous as far as Mr. Stevens is concerned.
Yours, etc.
ALBERT CROOKER.
Firm of A. Crooker & Co., Druggists and Apothecaries.

VEGETINE
Has Entirely Cured Me.
BOSTON, Oct., 1870.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:—
Dear Sir,—My daughter, after having a severe attack of Whooping Cough, was left in a feeble state of health. Being advised by a friend she tried the VEGETINE, and after using a few bottles was fully restored to health.
I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. I have taken several bottles of the VEGETINE for this complaint, and am happy to say it has entirely cured me. I have recommended the VEGETINE to others with the same good results. It is a great cleanser and purifier of the blood; it is pleasant to take and I can cheerfully recommend it.
JAMES MORSE, 364 Athens street.

Rheumatism is a Disease of the Blood.

The blood in this disease, is found to contain an excess of *fibrin*. VEGETINE acts by converting the blood from its diseased condition to a healthy circulation. VEGETINE regulates the bowels which is very important in this complaint. One bottle of VEGETINE will give relief, but to effect a permanent cure it must be taken regularly, and may take several bottles especially in cases of long standing. VEGETINE is sold by all druggists. Try it, and your verdict will be the same as that of thousands before you, who say, "I never found so much relief as from the use of VEGETINE," which is composed exclusively of *Barks, Roots* and *Herbs.*

"VEGETINE," says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures, after all other remedies had failed, I visited the laboratory and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from barks, roots and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

VEGETINE.
Nothing Equal To It.
SOUTH SALEM, MASS., Nov. 14, 1876.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:—
Dear Sir,—I have been troubled with Scrofula, Canker and Liver Complaint for three years; nothing ever did me any good until I commenced using the VEGETINE. I am now getting along first-rate, and still using the VEGETINE. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints. Can heartily recommend it to everybody.
Yours truly,
MRS. LIZZIE M. PACKARD,
No. 16 Lagrange street, South Salem, Mass.

VEGETINE,
Prepared by
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists and wholesale by T. B. Barker & Sons, St. John, N. B. Oct. 8-4w

Selected Literature.

DENA.

BY WM. M. F. ROUND.

A brown little face, which one could hold easily and lovingly between his palms, and still have fingers left to fold in the gold of her hair; great blue eyes,—deep and tranquil as a forest lake; bare, ruddy legs, and shoeless and stockingless feet, that were kicking the cloverheads and the daisies; and little fat hands that folded tiny fingers over a bunch of wheat and scarlet poppy-blooms. There she lay in the midst of a field, where high and blooming clover was awaiting the scythe of the mowers, and where, meanwhile, butterflies had their sport, and bees sought honey,—droning lazily, because their task was such an easy one. And this is our heroine. She is not more than three years old, and she doesn't know any more about the sorrows of life than that bedtime comes too early, and that sometimes her bread is not buttered evenly.

The place—where is it? In a field by Grein-on-the-Danube; a sunny, happy, lazy and contented town that has no bustle more than that made by the river as it rushes into the Strudel whirlpool. And who is she? Why, it is Leopoldine, called Dena, for short, the only daughter of a charcoal burner, and the merriest, jolliest child in Grein: a baby for whom the sun and the stars and the moon do not shine in vain; a child who opened her eyes to the earth and discovered it to be filled with blooming flowers and singing birds. Ah! she was a royal child! her kingdom was the morning, and she was, indeed, queen of it. Seeing her lying there, one wondered that the butterflies did not mistake her for a blossom,—or the sum of all the blossoms, so rosy red and sweet was she.

She lived and did not know she lived; she kicked about the cloverheads and laughed softly, and wondered at the great white clouds, and at the big deep sky, and finally fell asleep, unconscious how the fates, with nimble fingers, were weaving a net about her that should hold her closely by-and-by. Indeed, she has entered into the temple of her life's full destiny already, and the story begins with her having wrapped herself in an old scarlet cloak of her mother's, as she came playing out of the cottage-door in the morning.

Ah! that scarlet cloak! what wealth it was to her! She had played with it since she had come to know bright colors from dull ones. It had served all sorts of uses; now it was the robe of a princess; now, rolled into a bundle, it became a flaming doll-baby; and now it served for sacred purposes,—as, indeed, do all mantles that enfold baby-hood, and remembering the stoled priest at vespers, the little Dena sometimes clothed herself in scarlet, and held up her wooden doll as she had seen the priest lift up the monstrance in benediction. Half under her, half over her, the cloak folds the child, and she lays and sleeps among the clover and the daisies,—perhaps the angels whisper to her, for she smiles.

Dena is the heroine, and Theodor shall be the hero. A heroine of three, a hero of seven! verily we must be very wise to associate with the wisdom of such babes. See how sturdily our hero marches into the field. He is lithe, strong, well knit together, in complexion the very opposite of Dena, for his eyes and hair are of the jettiest black, and the whitest part of his arm is darker than the back of Dena's little hand. When the sun falls upon Dena it gives her the color of the rose; when it falls on Theodor it gives him the color of the chestnut.

Theodor comes from Dena's mother to look for Dena. He is the son of a neighbor; his father is a farmer; and already, in sweet baby fashion, he is little Dena's lover. He enters the field and calls,—

"Dena! De—ena!" and then he folds his brown hand about his brown ear and listens. There is no reply, and so he calls again. Then he mounts upon a stile and looks all about, for knowing how little Dena is, he knows that she might hide herself in the tallest of the clover. Now he spies her,—just a bit of red and gold on the other side of the field,—the scarlet cloak and her sunny hair, that is all he sees. He is about starting to waken her, when he hears a terrible roaring, a crashing, a breaking of twigs, and then, coming furiously through the broken hedge at which he has just entered, is a savage bull that has broken his tether in the next field and is mad with the new wine of freedom.

The animal is a savage one. Its head is close to the ground, and only lifted now and then that he may see his way to something to gore and toss. He goes straight towards the sleeping child. He hasn't spied that maddening red rag of a cloak yet; but he will presently, and then,—and then,—and Theodor feels a thumping in his bosom, a fullness in his throat, and a burning heat from head to foot. He thinks fast enough and big enough thoughts for a man. Back, back to the stile! Quick! a bar slipped from the stile,—a bar as thick as the boy's wrist, a staunch bar of oak, heavy to little seven-years-old at another time, but light enough now.

Now run, Theodor! He does run. The brown feet whip over the clover-tops, until he stands between Dena and the beast. He braces himself, lifts his club, and waits. The bull sees him, gives a terrific roar, and makes for him. What a whack the old fellow meets! He gets it between his eyes; and when he goes to toss Theodor, Theodor is not there to be tossed. Now begins a battle. A boy of seven—big of his age and strong of his age—on one side; on the other an infuriated beast, that, like some great people, wishes to begin the celebration of liberty by bloodshed. The boy is like a rubber ball bounding hither and thither. He strikes accurately. Every blow tells. He dodges nimbly. The beast is baffled, hurt; and, great cowardly fellow that he is, turns at last and goes trotting off to find the gap in the hedge, and leaves our hero in possession of the field.

Dena, in the meanwhile, has wakened, and sitting, sees through her half opened lids her dear Theodor, fighting with a great creature ten times his size. She at first thinks it fun, and then knows it to be dangerous. She begins to laugh, and it ends in a cry. When Theodor, victorious, comes to her, she is sobbing and crying like a little woman. And what does Theodor? He puts his hand out, takes the child's hand in his, wipes away her tears, and says.—

"Come home, Dena. You poor child, what would become of you if I didn't take care of you?"

And so he leads her out of the field, and she never forgets the day; the words "Come home, Dena," somehow ring in her ears all through her life,—aye—to its very end.

And the children grow up. They grow through hobble-de-hoyhood into manhood and womanhood, and living side by side, are fast friends all through. They go to school together, and have their first communion on the same day—and they think they love each other like a brother and a sister.

I think I am not far wrong in saying that Theodor Walchshofer—I haven't told you his last name before,—was the most popular young man in the village; he was certainly as manly a young fellow when he touched his nineteenth year as one would wish to see. And Leopoldine—she was simply a beauty—everybody said so, and everybody was right.

With Leopoldine at fifteen and Theodor at nineteen, I come down to a troubled year—the year of the triple alliance against Austria, the year of the war that had Solferino in it, and which ended with the Peace of Villafranca. There were many broken hearts in the Austrian towns and villages in those days: fathers and husbands and brothers and lovers called into the army, and going forth to battle. Grein suffered with the rest, and you may be sure that Theodor had to go to war, he was exactly the type of a man they wanted.

So one morning just as the sun was rising, our hero marched away—with a little squad of Greiners, and what did Dena, she went out on the side of the old Donauberg, and watered the moss with her tears and wondered why her heart did not break at once. And when the day was spent and night came creeping on, she went home to her own little chamber, and sat up a little shrine with the picture of Theodor in between two candles, and a vase of fresh flowers underneath, and hung above them all a little picture of the Virgin to whom she prayed night and morning for his safe return. Then she thought of him; she thought of him all day long and dreamed of him at night.

They did not part as lovers,—oh no, they didn't know they were lovers; they only knew that they loved each other; and so it had been from babyhood.

Theodor promised to write, and Leopoldine watched anxiously for letters. The letters in those days were carelessly delivered in Grein; indeed they were not delivered at all, they were simply received by the Post Master, who put them in a shallow basket on the table, and everybody came and took his or her own. For weeks Leopoldine watched the incoming mails most anxiously.

Nothing for her but heart-sickness. Once she heard that there was a letter for her in the basket—she flew to the office, but no, it was a mistake. That night she could not eat her supper, and after that people said she was fading; she grew pale, and they even thought of sending for a doctor. She thought Theodor might write just one letter—only a little letter, for was he not like her brother, and did she not every night and morning take down his picture and kiss it?

She had no confidante—she did not even tell her mother how she worried; but the mother knew all the same, yet dared not comfort her. Mothers know how sacred a thing love is!

And now the bulletins of battle began to arrive. They came to Vienna and the boat brought them daily to Grein, and every day they were posted up in Herr Flam's *gasthaus*, and all the people came to read them. Some came tremblingly to read the lists of dead and wounded, and some went away with wet eyes and weary lives henceforth, when they had read them. Dena came to read these bulletins also, she too read the lists of the unfortunate, and when she had done so she went away and thanked God—because his name was not among them.

Long, long weeks and no letter. And it so hard to keep one's griefs to one's self. There is one girl in the village, a schoolmate of Dena's that she thinks she may tell her sorrows to. She is a bonny lassie just Dena's own age. In many little affairs, they have been confidantes already. Anna Staupitz is a good girl, she thinks; why not tell her? It would be such a relief. So one night after the mail has come in and brought no letter from Theodor, the two girls stroll beside the river, and Dena unburdens her full heart. Once the torrent starts, nothing can hold it back. The whole story is told. How she loves Theodor—as a brother of course. How good, how noble, how true Theodor is, and yet he has not written to her, nor even sent her a message and she is in despair.

"It *is* strange, very strange," said Anna, "not at all like Theodor, and he esteemed you so; he has often told me how much he respected you."

Esteemed!—respected—these words sound so strange to her!

"I hate wars," she sighs out after a little. "I wish it was all over."

"And so do I Dena. Ah, I long for that day when it will all be over and I shall have my Theodor back again."

Dena grew pale at this. Her Theodor,—what could she mean.

"You look surprised,—Dena, you're pale; didn't you know then? We are lovers, Theodor and I. He told me how he loved me when he went away, and in every letter he repeats it. You must be a fool then not to have noticed it; didn't you see how I cried when he left? See, here is a ring which he gave me when he went away," and the girl took two letters from her bosom, "here are his last two letters," and she held them up and showed Leopoldine the hand writing and the affectionate words and signature at the end.

Poor soul. Dena could not speak. The letters were written by Theodor. It was all over then. The dream was dreamed out and she had been roughly awakened. Why should she care? What right had she to speak aught else? Surely Theodor had a right to love whom he pleased. Only she couldn't talk any more about it. So she went home and took the picture down, and put it away, and said it was all over.

But it wasn't all over. Love is never all over. She couldn't keep the thought of Theodor out of her mind, and when she prayed, she prayed for him more fervently than ever.

After that her life was heavy. The sun didn't shine any more for her. If she had buried her love then, her soul was about the saddest place and thing on earth. She went and read the bulletins all the same, but went no more to look for letters. She grew paler and paler. She hardly ever smiled. People said she was dying. Anna Staupitz she saw sometimes, and she tried not to hate her, but she did hate her nevertheless. She prayed against this sin, but God did not vouchsafe her victory.

So the summer went by, and died, and winter was coming on. It was a cold late autumn night, and the boat came up from Vienna, bringing news of the battle of Custozza. The whole town flocked to Herr Flam's to read the bulletins. Dena went with the rest, and she saw Anna there, gaily chatting with her friends as if his name might not be among those who had suffered or died in the battle.

The bulletin is posted. At the top is written the word "Killed!" and underneath the names of four young men of the neighborhood. Then "wounded!" She reads down the list. It is a long one. She is nearly through. There is a little half-stifled cry, and what? Two strong men are bearing away a fainting girl, and it is our heroine. They take her home, and all the night through they stand by her bedside, while a struggle between life and death goes on. As the new day dawns she rallies. She takes her poor old mother's hand in hers, and holds it the day through. Another night,—and another day she is stronger. She begs her mother to go and enquire if further news has come. Not yet. Another day and another goes by,—leaden days all of them, and at last the mail brings a letter to his mother. Now they know it all,—his leg has been horribly mutilated by a shell, and perhaps he will die; surely he will be a cripple for the rest of his days, as nothing but amputation can save his life. While they tell her this she hears Anna Staupitz laughing under her window. She is chatting merrily with one of the young men of the village.

"Does she know it?"

"Yes."

"And she laughs?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"She, whom he loved?"

"Anna Staupitz! He love Anna Staupitz! It was impossible! I don't believe it! He never told me so. They were good friends, no more."

It was Theodor's mother who said this.

"He loved you, Dena," she continued. "I knew that long ago."

"Did he tell you so?"

"No; but I knew it."

"How?"

"Because he was my son. We mothers feel the passions of our children, their joys and their sorrows,—we need not be told."

"I thought he loved me,—like a sister. But he never told me even that. And he has written me not so much as a word."

"Poor child!"

"Do not pity me; pity him. And he suffering so, and nobody near to comfort him. In the hospital at Trieste, you say? Ah! that is so far away,—such a long, long journey. How will he ever get home?"

After that Dena said nothing, and Frau Walchshofer talked a long, long time of Theodor, telling Dena oft repeated tales of his childhood and youth,—a precious theme to both the women. Presently Dena closed her eyes, and seemed to be asleep, and her mother and Frau Walchshofer left her. The next day Anna Staupitz came to see her. She came in as merrily as if nothing had happened.

"What ails you, Dena?" she said. "Surely you don't let this affair of Theodor's trouble you? It is nothing; plenty of men are worse off than he. See, I don't take it to heart. He was a nice fellow, handsome, and all that; but then"—

"Then what?"

"Why, no girl is going to marry him now, of course. That is bad,—for him. But if people go and fight and lose their legs, why, of course they can't expect people to marry 'em."

"Anna!"

"Well?"

"You are so cruel!"

"Cruel? I call it sensible. I've no romance about me. We'll be good friends when he comes back; but of course it's all over between us. I told Carl Brundig last night that he might have me if he would. He's asked me often enough. Theodor can have plenty of people to love him as you love him,—as a brother,—but to love him as a husband, that is a different thing. See, here are his letters!—You have a fire; that's good. Here they go!" and she gave them a toss into the flames. "They burn prettily, don't they? Now they are ashes and that is the end of it!"

Dena had neither the inclination nor opportunity to speak. She saw the letters burn, and as they burned up it somehow gave new hope to her. She was not sorry when Anna left her; and when the girl had gone she turned upon her pillow and fell into a deep sleep. The next day she was better. Her appetite was returning. In a few days she was able to sit up; and one morning, scarce a week after the dreadful bulletin, she appeared to the family while they were at breakfast, all dressed for a journey.

Very calmly, as if it was the most common-place thing in the world to announce, she said,—

"I am going to Theodor."

"To Trieste?" asked her mother in surprise.

"Yes, to Trieste."

"It is a long journey. You have not money enough," said her mother.

"Then I'll walk."

"You're crazy, child."

"Perhaps; but I'm going all the same."

The mother knew by the girl's tone that remonstrance would be useless. She rose from the table, went to a cupboard and brought out a little purse. She poured its contents into Dena's palm, and the two women counted it. There were thirty-one gulden in silver and a few copper coins.

"I have eleven guldens more," said Anna.

"Forty-two gulden in all," said her mother, counting the copper coins; "that will hardly take you half way."

"I have some trinkets; I can sell them."

"But for so little; it will hardly make you fifty gulden in all. It costs so much to travel. And who will take care of you and protect you? Ah! my poor child, you must not go!"

"I must! I have no fear. Have I not God to protect me? Theodor needs me. I shall go to him." And she kissed her mother and went out upon her journey. She went in the steamer to Vienna, and reaching the great city rested there for a day. It would have been better had she passed it by altogether, for she met with a mishap, that but for her stout heart, would have put an end to her journey.

(To be continued.)

How India-Rubber is Obtained.

A correspondent of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, writing from the Amazon river, Brazil, gives the following account of the method of gathering rubber, as lately observed by him. The process, in many respects, resembles the method of obtaining sugar from the maple trees in Vermont:

"At last we arrived at the encampment, which seemed to be on an island in a vast archipelago. Though the Indians divided the water into river, creek, and lagoon, the latter formed by the overflow in the rainy season, I could not perceive the distinction. In some instances the lagoons appeared to have a current, while the rivers had none, but I accepted their names.

"There were abundant groves of rubber trees in all directions, and men women, and children were engaged in collecting the rubber, with more method in their labors than I should have expected among such a rude and savage people. Each one had a certain number of trees allotted to him, which he bored with an auger. He then inserted in the hole a piece of hollow cane. To the bark of the tree he fastened with mud a shell of the terrapin, or of a large clam, found in some of these rivers. These serve to catch the liquid. When it drips from the cane it is white as milk, but thicker or with more body.

"A trough dug out of a log is stationed in a central point, and when the trees are all tapped, the man goes his rounds, watching the shells and pouring the contents, when full, into the trough. Toward sunset a fire is made of leaves and twigs, upon which is thrown the fruit of a certain kind of palm, which gives forth a dense smoke.

"A small round bladed paddle, like those used in the canoe, is dipped into the milk, and turned over once or twice. It is then drawn out, covered with the coating of the liquid gum, and held at once in the smoke of the fire, which hardens and also darkens the coating. It is again plunged into the milk and again smoked, and this process is kept up until the blade of the paddle is covered an inch to an inch and a half in thickness. A knife is passed along one edge of the blade and the mass removed. It appears in shape like a shoemaker's lapstone with a sort of nozzle on one side. In this state it is shipped. From one of these lumps of commercial gum the different coatings may be readily detached."

The Human Face a Mask.

So inscrutable may the human face become that frequently it is but a mask which conceals the real character. The men and women most famous for heartless cruelty have often been celebrated for their handsome faces; writers of fiction have not been unmindful of the fact and Faust is represented as being a handsome man; while the German fishermen sing of the sirens who drag men's souls down to perdition with their fatal power of beauty.

Some faces tell nothing of the owner's character. The merriest men often have sober faces, and the most serious frequently have cheerful faces. Frequently the most heartless coquette has the shy graces of a girl of sixteen while the heart of some woman who looks you through with cold, steady eyes, may be filled with love and tenderness. So we all go on wearing guises of different device, never quite concealing, never revealing, the life within.