POOR COPY

The Cobbler's Story.

"He came running down the steps of my shop—this very basement—and sat down in the chair, all out of breath.

"I was hammering away, polishing off a new sole which I had just fitted to a customer's boot. I was in a hurry, because I had promised the boots at 2 o'clock, and it was now a full quarter past. I should not have minded that, but the gentleman said he should certainly call for them at 2. He was a good customer, and I did not wish to disappoint him.

"I had finished one and was nearly through with the other. I looked up and was glad to see that it was not the owner of the boots, and I kept hammering all the harder.

"The young man—he was a young man, not more than one-and-twenty—sat about a minute, till he got his breath. Then he spoke up in a savage, domineering way:

"'Look here, old fellow, here's a little job I want you to attend to while I wait; I am in a hurry.'

"I did not like his tone; and raising my eyes to his face, did not like his looks, either. For all that, he was a handsome, well-built fellow—a regular dandy, I should say. What struck me particularly was, that he was as pale as a ghost.

"'Can't touch your job till I am through with this. I shall be done in a few minutes.'

"Times were dull, you see, and I thought I would hold on to him, if I could.

"He swore a big oath, which startled me so much that I dropped the boot—in fact, I may say it was as good as finished—and held out my hand for his. He had already pulled it off.

"'How long?', he demanded sharply.

"I examined the boot—a neat button gaiter, almost new, best French leather, first-class in every way; in fact one of Stiles best—you know Stiles is first class-should say the pair must have cost $14, perhaps $14.50, with the leather buttons, which are extra. The strangest part of the whole was that the heel had been torn off and the soleripped clear away to the centre—an odd kind of a job wasn't it?

"'Well,' exclaimed the man, savagely, 'what are you waiting for? Why don't you answer?'

"'Where's the heel? I asked.'

"'In perdition,' he muttered, 'and I have half a mind to send you there after it.'

"I was frightened. I had read so many murder cases in the newspapers, I was afraid I was to make one of them. He looked at me as if he would not think twice before putting one of my own knives through me.

"'It will take a good hour, and I can't make a good job at that.'

"'Will give you thirty minutes,' he answered taking out his watch. 'Botch it any way you like, only make it strong. Thirty minutes, mind.'

"'I went to work with all my might, the young man eyeing me every instant.

I felt all the time as if he was pointing a revolver at me.

"'Do you object if I do this with peg work?' I said when I came to the heel; 'it will save a good fifteen minutes.'

"'Peg away. he growled. Time's almost up.

"I managed to get the heel on in some sort of fashion. It didn't look much like its mate—ha, ha, ha!—but I paid no attention to that.

"On went the boot.

"'Now button it,' he said.

"I did so.

"He took a glance at the street, then he fumbled in his pocket, and pulling out a roll of bills, threw me a five.

"'There you are!' he exclaimed. 'Will be back one of these days for the change.'

"So saying he darted off double quick, and, turning up the street, was out of sight before I could count three.

"My first thought was that he had given me a counterfeit note. But I discovered on examining it that it was genuine, and no mistake

"'I am in luck to-day,' I thought. 'Five dollars for thirty minutes work.'

"On looking a little more carefully at the bill, I perceived on one corner a drop of something red, which did not appear to be quite dry. No, I can't say it was red, like red paint or vermillion—yes, it was red though—leastwise more red than anything else. It looked so fresh that I put my finger on the spot, just as one might say, without thinking of anything particular; yet I was in a kind of puzzle, too, considering it did look, as I was telling you, quite fresh like. When I put my finger on the spot and took it off again, something stained it—something which—well, I can never forget until my dying day. I did not know what to do, so I called to my wife—she was in the next room and the door was open. Says I:

"'Wife, come here.'

"'What's that on my finger?' says I, holding it up.

"'Blood, says she. How did you cut yourself?"

"'Its somebody else that's cut, I'm thinking,' and I told her about it.

"'Go right away to the police,' she exclaimed.

"'And get myself locked up for life as witness? That's the way they serve you in New York. I'll wait first and see if the papers have anything to say about it?"

"'Strange Mr. B—don't come for his boots,' said my wife. 'I wonder if you could be mistaken about his calling for them.'

"'Perhaps he has forgotten them himself and is waiting at home for them; and here it is three o'clock.'

"So saying I took the boots and started for my customer's house. I had a good way to go, but hurried as fast as I could, thinking all the time of the spot, on the greenback, and the spot on my finger, and I thought I ought to wash it off.

"I mounted the steps and rang the bell.

"The door was opened so quick that it started me, and there stood a sweet, pretty girl, fourteen years old, dressed for travelling—hat and all on.

"'Papa is not home yet, and it so strange!' she cried. I was watching for him. We were to leave for Boston by the quarter past three express train, and it is that now. Papa is always so punctual, I can't think what to make of it.

"She appeared to be more thinking aloud than talking to me.

"'Probably business detains him Miss——; something unexpected, no doubt.'

"I could not help casting a glance at my finger as I spoke—I mean the finger that had the spot on it. I looked from the finger to the young girl.

"Do you think anything has happened to him?' She demanded earnestly.

"'Happened to him! No indeed. Sure to be home in a few minutes.'

"The words nearly choked me. How I got them out I don't know. I left the house as quick as possible, holding the finger separate from the other fingers till I reached my shop.

"'Something awful has been going on, wife. We will see it for certain in the papers.'"

"'Peter,' said he, 'be sure you don't wash that finger.'

"'Why not!' said I, my teeth chattering. 'Good gracious, wife,' said I, 'have I got to be all night with my finger so? I shall not sleep a wink.'

"'Yes you have,' says she, 'and I will do it up with a rag, so nothing can rub the stain out.'

"'Please don't do that, wife. It makes me feel strange.'

"But before I was done speaking, she had the rag on. Then she got supper, but not a monthful could I eat.

"'It's of no use, can't work; I may as well go to bed,' I said.

"I did not light up the shop, but went into the other room and got into bed. I lay awake nearly all night in a terrible state with my finger. At last I fell asleep, and dreamed it began to swell and kept growing larger and larger until it was bigger than my head. I was in great trouble. There was my wife standing over me, with a newspaper in her hand.

"'The awfulest thing that ever happened!" she cried. 'Mr. P——was murdered yesterday afternoon, and it was his murderer you did that job for. Read!

"'The account was short. Mr. P——has been discovered in the basement of his warehouse near his vault, quite dead, stabbed ever so many times. The vault—it was where he kept his valuables—was open. Everything disposable was taken, of which was a large sum in bank bills- a tremendous robbery. From the basement into the vault you crossed an area, covered with an iron grating, which let light into a cellar below. The murderer's heel must have caught between the bars during the scuffle. It was wrenched off and found stuck there. There was no clue whatever except the heel. This was the whole story.

"I jumped out of bed.

"'Now Peter, what are you going to do?' asked my wife.

"'I am going to see lawyer E——(he was one of my customers) and tell him all I know.'

"That's right,' said she.

"I hurried off as soon as I was dressed. Lawyer E——was not up. I waited for him. As soon as he came into the room I told him my story. He took it coolly enough; but that was because he was a lawyer, I reckon-

"'Wait till I have my breakfast,' he said, 'and I will go with you to police headquarters.'

"'To be locked up?' says I. Won't that be the way of it?'

"He laughed.

"'I will take care of you, Peter,' says he; 'will go bail for your appearance if necessary.'

"After he had his breakfast we started off together. Lawyer E——took me to the chief man. I forgot what they call him. I told my story over again. Then I answered so many questions that I began to feel as if I had killed Mr. P——myself.

"But before they got through they showed me the heel of the boot. I could have sworn to it on a stack of Bibles. Then I pulled off the rag and showed him my finger.

"'What's that for,' said the police officer.

"I told him.

"'Never mind that; let's see the bank-bill,' he exclaimed.

"I took it from my pocket and handed it to him.

"He marked it carefully, and then made me mark it so that I should know it again, he said. Then he put the bill in his safe.

"They handed me a paper to go before the Coroner's jury that afternoon, and lawyer E——gave his word that I should be there. Then I went home.

"I told the story for the third time before the Coroner's jury, and that was all the good it did.

"It was a nine days' wonder—the papers were full of it. Folks came crowding to my shop to hear and ask questions. They only hindered my work, it didn't do me any good. The police kept arresting people, and would fetch me to look at them, but they never got the right man.

"'Is that all?' I asked.

"'All!' exclaimed the cobbler, with a start; 'I wish it was all! I have only just begun."

So saying, he took from his pocket a large colored handkerchief, wiped his face and proceeded:

"Nothing more came to light for five years—five years. The whole affair went to sleep—forgotten as things are in New York. Often, though, I used to think of that sweet, pretty girl who opened the door for me the day I took Mr. P.'s boots home, dressed for her trip to Boston, and of her eager anxiety when she asked me, "Do you think anything has happened to him?' Oh, dear! oh, dear! I never could bear to recall it, and to think I had her father's blood on my finger at the very time she asked me the question!

"Well, as I was saying, nothing more for five years—five years to a month. I was working hard as usual, just as I expect to work all the days of my life. I don't know what made me cast my eyes up to the street—it is seldom I do it—but I did do it, and—may the Lord help me! I saw going by, at that moment, Mr. P.'s murderer.

"He had a young woman on his arm; she held by the hand a little tot of a child not more than three years old, who tripped along with her.

"The wretch cast a strange glance into my place—he could not see me—and then turned away.

"I threw down my work and ran into the other room for my wife.

"'I have seen him, I have seen him, I have seen the murderer!' I screamed in her ears. 'Put on your hat and shawl, and follow him—follow him to the ends of the earth, and see where he goes—young woman and child. Do you hear?'

"Quick as thought, almost, my wife was on the sidewalk.

"'Be careful,' says I; don't let him suspect.'

"Before the words were fairly out of my mouth she was out of sight.

"I sat like a petrification for more than a good long hour. Nobody can tell. First, I was so crazy glad to discover that wretch, I did not know what to do. Then I began to settle down more quiet, and when an hour passed and my wife did not get back, I fell into a great thinking, and so many things came crowding, crowding into my mind.

"'This is his wife with him,' I said to myself, 'and that little tot, trudging, is his child. God forgive me! what am I trying to do? To make the young woman a widow, and the little tot an orphan.'

"The perspiration stood in big drops on my face—I could scarcely breathe.

"Suddenly the vision of the young girl waiting for her father to come home appeared to me. There she was, standing in the doorway.

"'He shall hang!' I exclaimed aloud. What is his wife to me or the child either.

"After that I settled down, weak as a kitten, and remained in a tremble until my wife came back.

"When she did come she did not look to be the same woman she was.- She had taken off her hat and was swinging it, crazy like in her hand. Her eyes were as big again as they were before, and she looked neither to the right nor left, but plumped herself square into her seat and said nothing.

"'Well, where did he go to?' I asked, after waiting a little while.

"'Peter,' said my wife, solemnly, 'are you sure he is the one?'

"'Sure as I am that we are now talking together.'

"'Then, may the Lord have mercy on our souls!' she exclaimed.

"I thought she had gone off in a fit, but she came too, presently, and undertook to tell me.

"'I followed them to Mr. P.'s house,' she articulated, 'as sure as I live I followed them to Mr. P.'s house, where Mr. P.'s widow lives, and there they went in. I asked the servant, who stood on the stoop a minute, if the gentleman and his wife where staying there.'

"'What's that to you, impudence?' she said.

"'Nothing,' I answered, 'only I thought I knew the gentleman.'

"'Then you ought to know he stays here without asking.' And with that the door was slammed in my eyes. O Peter, Peter, it can't be the one!'

"'It is the one,' I repeated, 'and that I'll prove in less than an hour.'

"I started for lawyer E——. He went once more to the head police. The head police took me all to pieces again; then he charged me to say nothing myself, and not to let my wife breathe a word to any one.

"I heard not a thing for three days, and began to think it was all given up, when slap came the arrest, and I was called upon to be present at the examination.

"I have told the particulars of the awful crime but once since. I doubt if I ever can do it again.'

The cobbler stopped, took a long breath and proceeded:

"What do you suppose? It was Mr. P.'s own nephew, who lived in Philadelphia, who murdered him. He confessed the whole before he came to trial. He had been on here for two days, and taken leave of his uncle the night before, expecting to start for home in the morning, but being detained the next day, he walked to the counting-room and saw his uncle stooping down to the vault. He entered, unperceived, and waited till the vault was opened, and then committed the murder and robbery. He escaped without notice, and in thirty minutes after he left my shop, he was on the train, and, strange to say, was never suspected. Three years afterward he courted and married his cousin Miss P——, whom on the fatal day I encountered at the door. She was his wife, and little tot their daughter. O, my God!

"He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The Governor commuted the sentence to State prison for life. There he is now.

"I sometimes feel sorry," continued the cobbler, after a pause, "that I ever saw the man. But," he added, thoughtfully, "I suppose it was best."

"'What became of his wife and child?'

"I cannot tell—they left the country. Died, for aught I know."

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10.30 a. m.	12 noon.
2 p. m.	3 p. m.
5 p. m.	6 p. m.

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" Chatham, for Indiantown } Calling at Intermediate places. }	11 "

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Newcastle, Sept. 28, '80.

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Jacket River to Bathurst inclusive		30	36	58	71	54
Newcastle, Chatham Jun., Chatham		27	33	55	65	50
Barnaby River to Weldford, inclusive		25	31	54	61	47
Point du Chene, Shediac		24	30	49	56	45
Campbellton to New Mills inclusive	BOSTON, MASS.	35	40	60	75	58
Jacket River to Bathurst, inclusive		33	38	58	71	56
Newcastle, Chatham Jun., Chatham		30	35	55	65	52
Barnaby River to Weldford, inclusive		28	33	54	61	49
Point du Chene, Shediac		27	32	49	59	47
Campbellton to New Mills, inclusive	NEW YORK, N. Y.	48	53	73	95	83
Jacquet River to Bathurst, inclusive		46	51	71	91	81
Newcastle, Chatham Jun., Chatham		43	48	68	85	77
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OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq

CASTLE STREET

NEWCASTLE, N. B

R. B. ADAMS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

Office up stairs, Noonan's Building,

Water Street, Chatham.

THEOPS. S. DESBRISAY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CONVEYANCER, &c., &c.

BATHURST, N. B.

NOTICE TO

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

Extract from Local Summary Convictions Act, Chap. 62 of Consolidated Statutes of New Brunswick:

Sec. 41—Every Justice of the Peace, shall make to the County Council, of the County of which he is a Justice, an annual return in writing, under his hand and solemn declaration; stating whether or not any convictions have been by or before him during the twelve months previous, and if any, the name or names of the prosecutor or prosecutors; and the name or names of the defendant or defendants, the nature of the charge, date of conviction, amount of fine or penalty imposed and received, and the date of receiving and the manner of disposing of the same, together with such explanatory notes as may be necessary.

Sec. 42—Every such annual return shall be filed in the office of the County Secretary, *on or before the first day of the first sessions meeting in each year*; and such returns shall be made up to the *Tuesday next preceding* such meeting, and the same shall be submitted by the County Treasurer to the Council.

Sec. 43—It shall be the duty of the County Secretary to have blank forms of the returns required by the Chapters printed at the expense of the Council, and supply the same, gratis, to any Justice, on application therefor.

Sec. 44—Any Justice of the Peace neglecting or refusing to make any such return, shall be subject to a penalty of not less than five dollars, nor exceeding twenty dollars, for each act of neglect or refusal, (and the omission to make a return of such conviction, shall for the purposes of this Chapter, constitute a separate act of neglect or refusal) to be recorded before any Justice of the Peace for the County in which the penalty may have been on record in the name of the County Treasurer

The above extract is published for the information of all Justices of the Peace, who are required to take due notice thereof and govern themselves accordingly.

SAM'L THOMSON,

Sec'y Treasurer, Co. North'ld.

Dated 7th October, 1880. 6r21

Notice.

All persons having any legal claims against the estate of John Scott, late of the Parish of Newcastle deceased, are requested to render their accounts duly attested, within three months of this date, and all persons indebted to the said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned.

ANDREW SCOTT

Moorfield, August 10, '80. 6r12

Noticel

All persons having any just claim, against the estate of the late George Grant, deceased, will please render their accounts duly attested, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to the said estate, will please make immediate payment to either of the Subscribers.

RICHARD HUTCHISON, } Executors.
BRADFORD LAPHAM }

Miramichi, 26th. Aug. '80.

NOTICE.

All persons having any claims or demands against the estate of the late Helen Loban of Chatham, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested to R. Carman, Attorney-at-Law within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to the said Estate, will please pay the same to the said R. Carman

Dated at Chatnam, this sixth day of September, A. D. 1880.

WILLIAM LOBAN, Administrator

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby forbidden to land on Big du Vin Island, as has been the practice with one in the past, who have committed trespasses thereon by cutting trees and doing other damage. All such persons will hereafter be dealt with according to law.

J. & T. WILLISTON.

ESTATE NOTICE.

All persons having any demands against the estate of the late Wm. Williston, of the Parish of Hardwicke, farmer, deceased, are hereby required to render the same duly attested to the undersigned John G Williston, within three months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make payment in like manner.

Dated at Hardwick, this 16th day of August, 1880. }

JOHN G. WILLISTON,

8r2 Administrator said Estate.

NOTICE.

The subscriber will open up in a few days a very excellent line of English Scotch and Canadian Tweeds suitable for spring and summer wear. Also a beautiful and choice lot of English Coating. personally selected in Montreal.

W. S. MORRIS.

N. B.—These goods will admit of my making suits 10 per cent less than heretofore.

Lime Juice, Vinegar,

Haying Tools.

JUST RECEIVED:—

20 GALLONS, LIME JUICE,
5 Doz. Lime Juice, in pints and half pints,
3 Doz. Lime Juice Cordial,
1 Cask Cider Vinegar,
5 Demijons, French White Wine Vinegar,

SCYTHES,

"The celebrated Clippers

SCYTHE SNAITHS,

The latest patent.

RAKES,

Canadian and American.

Forks, Scythe Stones, &c.

At prices to suit the closest buyers.

GEO. STOTHART.

Chatham, July 22, '80.

JUST RECEIVED

—FROM—

NEW YORK.

An assortment of

NOVELS, SONG BOOKS, JOKE BOOKS, LETTER WRITERS, MAGIC BOOKS, DIALOGUES, READINGS, AND RECITATIONS.

General Business.

TIN SHOP.

I have now opened the well known establishment formerly occupied by the late James Gray, and with the kind patronage of former friends, am prepared to execute all work in

TIN,

SHEET-IRON,

GAS-FITTING.

TINWARE

always on hand, which I will sell low for cash.

PLOUGHS,

Also, a nice assortment of

Parlor and Cooking Stoves,

fitted with PATENT OVENS the inner shells of which draw out for cleaning purposes.

Those wishing to buy cheap would do well to give us a call.

☞ *Shop in rear of Custom House.* ☜

ARCHY M'LEAN

Chatham July 22.

TO FARMERS.

The Subscriber who is agent at Chatham, for Messrs Reid Bros., of the

Tryon Woolen Mills of P. E. Island,

begs to inform farmers that he has on hand a stock of CLOTHS, FLANNELS and BLANKETS, from that establishment, which he is authorized to dispose of on the most liberal terms.

Either wool alone, or part payment in money and the balance in wool, or whole payment in cash, will be received for any of the manufactures named.

The price for Cloth, is from 32 to 45 cents (according to quality) to cover expenses of manufacturing and 18 oz. of wool, per yard.

The price for Flannel is 20c for manufacturing and one pound of wool per yard.

The price for large blankets per pair is 10 lb. of wool and $2.20 for manufacturing.

Persons requiring first class goods for general wear, should examine the stock and samples now on hand.

JOHN BROWN, Chatham.

Lime Juice.

1 Cask Montserrat Lime Juice from the

PURE JUICE OF THE LIME FRUIT,

For sale low by

J. R. GOGGIN.

100 Kegs, CUT AND WROUGHT NAILS AND SPIKES, selling at manufacturer's prices.

BEST REFINED IRON, all sizes.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, &c.

together with a largest and most complete stock of

HARDWARE

ver offered for sale in Miramichi.

Purchasers will find it to their advantage in calling before buying elsewhere. Prices are very low.

J. R. GOGGIN

Checker Boards

At the MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE.

Wax Figures in Glass Shades

At the MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE.

Manufrs., Builders, etc.

ALBERT LIME.

THE A. B. LIME AND CEMENT CO'Y.

Are now prepared to furnish their

Best Quality Selected Lime

By the Car Load at all STATIONS on the ALBERT and INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAYS.

This Lime differs from all other Brands in the market—having peculiar cement qualities, which hardens it like stone, and makes it imprevious to the action of water. It requires no cement to improve it, and is the CHEAPEST in the market for all purposes.

For Agricultural purposes it can be furnished by the car load in bulk, CHEAP, and is the best as well as the cheapest fertilizer known.

All orders should be addressed

THOMAS McHENRY,

Manager A. B. Lime & Cement Company,

Hillsboro, Albert County

T. S. SIMMS & Co.,

St. John, N. B.

MANUFACTURERS OF

All Kinds of Brushes,

AND

CORN BROOMS.

CARD!

THE UNDERSIGNED would beg leave to inform his Patrons and the Public generally that he is now prepared to furnish

PLANS, DESIGNS

—AND—

SPECIFICATIONS

For any description of Building required.

☞ PRICES REASONABLE! ☜

GEORGE CASSADY,

Architect

Chatham, N. B 4th April, 187

ELECTRO-PLATING.

KNIVE, FORKS, SPOONS, TEA-SETS, TRAYS, CAKE and BREAD BASKETS, SLEIGH BELLS, and other articles

plated equal to new work. Orders by Express or Mail promptly attended to.

R. HENDERY.

Manufacturing Silversmith and Electro-Plater 184 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

I. MATHESON & Co.

Engineers & Boiler Makers

New Glasgow, N. S.,

Estimates Furnished for Engines and Boilers, Mill and other Machinery.

Patronize Home MANUFACTURE

I am now prepared to supply the Public with Superior Quality of

Doors, Windows, Blinds

HOUSE FINISHING,

For Inside or Outside. First Quality Pine or Cedar Shingles, and to

Plane and Match Lumber, and Plane and Butt Clapboards.

Scroll Sawing to any Pattern

TURNING, &c.

Having a Moulding Machine I am prepared to supply mouldings of different patterns, and to do Joiner work generally, at reasonable rates, guaranteeing satisfaction.

☞ ORDERS SOLICITED AND ATTENDED TO. ☜

CALL AT THE

Sash and Door Factory.

PUBLIC WHARF, - - - - CHATHAM

PETER LOGGIE.

Liberal Prices will be given for Pine and Cedar wood suitable for making Sawn Shingles

46-4 P. L.

Manuf's., Builders, etc.

CHAMPION PORTABLE SAW MILLS.

Geneva Lock writes, St. Anne, Ontario, June 17, 1879, receive his 16 h. p. Portable Saw Mill. "Last week, Monday morning three men of us commenced to tear up and to move it. We have by noon three miles, set it up and on Tuesday at three o'clock sawed a log with it. Not quite two days. In one week we moved and set it up as mentioned, and sawed twenty thousand feet. If you want full particulars soon, We sawed six hundred feet in twenty-nine minutes with this boiler." 2 saws built—12 H. P. using 44 lb. coal, capacity 10,000 per day. 16 H. P. using 48 in. saw. Capacity 4 to 5,000 per day. 20 H. P. using 52 in. saw, No 2 saw mill. Capacity 6 to 8,000 per day.

Most simple, efficient and portable mill of its size in the world.

ADDRESS WITH STAMP WATEROUS ENGINE WORKS CO., BRANTFORD, CANADA

W. A. Vernon Quarret writes from Ufracombe Muskoka, Dec. 15th, '79. The 16 H. P. Mill runs well. The other day we cut 1,030 feet in 15 minutes. The mill gives me entire sat