

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Our Country, with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, February 16, 1876.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

WHOLE No. 432.

W. ROBIN & J. ANSLAW,
OL. IX.—No. 16.
For Sale Cheap For
For Sale Cheap For

CANADA HOUSE,
THAM, N. B., NEW BRUNSWICK.
M. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.
A large and desirable outlay has been made on this house to make it a first class hotel, and to make it a desirable temporary residence for those who require a comfortable and convenient place of residence. The proprietor returns to the public for the encouragement of his past, and will endeavor by every means to merit the same in the future.
Good Stabling on the Premises.
12th St. 14 1/2
WAVERY HOTEL,
THAM, N. B., MICHIGI, N. B.
House has lately been refurnished, and is now open for the reception of guests. The proprietor returns to the public for the encouragement of his past, and will endeavor by every means to merit the same in the future.
12th St. 14 1/2
ROYAL HOTEL,
THAM, N. B., (Formerly Stubbs)
OPPOSITE CUSTOM HOUSE,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.
22nd, 1874. 24 1/2
M. ADAMS,
CORNLEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW.
W. CASTLE, N. B.
OFFICE—Snowball's Building.
22nd, 1874. 18
WM. A. PARK,
CORNLEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW.
W. CASTLE, N. B.
OFFICE—Snowball's Building.
22nd, 1874. 18
M. S. BENSON,
CORNLEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW.
W. CASTLE, N. B.
OFFICE—Snowball's Building.
22nd, 1874. 18
C. B. FRASER,
CORNLEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW.
W. CASTLE, N. B.
OFFICE—Snowball's Building.
22nd, 1874. 18
CHARLES J. DAVIS,
CORNLEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW.
W. CASTLE, N. B.
OFFICE—Snowball's Building.
22nd, 1874. 18
MATHESON & CO.,
ENGINEERS & BOILER MAKERS.
NEW GOSWOLD, N. S.
IMMEDIATELY FURNISHED FOR
ENGINES AND BOILERS,
AND OTHER MACHINERY.
J. J. C.
12th St. 14 1/2

W. & R. BRODIE,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
AND
DEALERS IN
Flour, Produce and Provisions,
No. 40, ST. PAUL STREET, No. 40,
Next the Bank of Montreal,
127 1/2 QUEBEC.
J. & W. REID,
PAPER MAKERS & GENERAL STATIONERS,
No. 40, ST. PAUL STREET, No. 40,
QUEBEC.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Machine Made Paper Bags, Blank Books, &c.,
Dealers in all kinds of
Paper Stock and
Paper Mill Supplies,
Room Papers,
Hooding Materials,
Scrap Iron & Metals,
Naval Stores.
March 12th, 1874. 12 7/2
HOSSACK, WOODS & CO.,
IMPORTERS OF
STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,
Manufacturers of
STEAM CONFECTIONERY,
FANCY BISCUIT, AND OIL PASTE BLACKING.
PROPRIETORS OF
QUEBEC COFFEE & SPICE STEAM MILLS,
22 Notre Dame St., (lower town)
QUEBEC.
March 12th, 1874. march 12 7/2
WHITEHEAD & TURNER,
Awarded Four First Class Prizes at the
Industrial Exhibition, 1871.
Manufacturers of
HAIR AND FANCY BRUSHES,
LOWER TOWN,
QUEBEC.
March 12th, 1874. march 12 7/2
T. R. JONES & CO.,
Canterbury Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.,
Importers of Every Description of
British & Foreign Dry Goods,
AND—
MANUFACTURERS OF CLOTHING,
Hosiery, Hosiery, Blankets, Lingerie,
FURNISHING GOODS,
The best assortment of stock in the lower Province
for Country Stores, Lumbermen, Mill
Owners, Railway Contractors, &c.,
Wholesale. — Terms Liberal.
July 1, 1874. 21 1/2
S. F. SHUTE,
Direct Importer of
Fine Watches, Rich Jewellery, Electro-
plated Ware, Clocks, Fancy Goods, &c.,
Orders Solicited, and goods sent to res-
ponsible parties on approval.
WATCH REPAIRING, in all its branches
promptly attended to.
AGENT for the "Florence" Sewing Ma-
chine, and "Morrison & Co's" Sewing Ma-
chine.
Remember the Place.
S. F. SHUTE,
Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.
Dec. 22nd, 1874. 24 1/2
JAMES S. NEILL,
Importer, Wholesale & Retail Dealer in
Hardware, Glass, Paint, Oil, Turpen-
tine and Putty
BAR IRON'S STEEL,
ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
OPPOSITE COUNTY COURT HOUSE,
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.
Dec. 22nd, 1874. 24 1/2
LUMBERERS, ATTENTION!
I AM SOLE AGENT FOR THE
WOODBRIDGE SAW MILL,
which with the late improvements,
stands unrivalled.
This Machine requires no expensive puffing,
as it has by its own merits become the
leading Saw Mill of Canada.
It is so geared that the Saw makes two revo-
lutions to one stroke of the piston, thus
avoiding the shaking caused by direct
action.
CHAS. C. CARLILE,
Jan. 20th, 1874.
TO MILL OWNERS!
THOMAS B. PEACE,
of New York, a Practical Saw Manufacturer
of 20 years experience, has just opened a
shop at present being at the "Waverly"
preparing to attend to professional
business.
SHOP—WATER STREET, N. B.
May 10, '75. 12 1/2 CHATHAM, N. B.
REPAIRING MADE A SPECIALTY.
A fine assortment of Saws of all kinds ex-
pected in a few days.
SHOP—WATER STREET, N. B.
May 10, '75. 12 1/2 CHATHAM, N. B.
LADIES' SATINETTE TRUNKS,
In Zinc and Leather: Gent's Extra
Bound do. do.; Solid Leather Over-
land Trunks and Valises; Canvas,
Embossed & Comp. Packing Trunks,
and Trunks of every description
made to order; Ladies' Reticules and
Shopping Satchels; Gent's Pail Bags;
Boys' School Satchels.
W. H. KNOWLES,
Trunk Factory, 49 German St., St. John.
Receipt Books,
Draft Books,
Notes of Hand.
Usually kept on hand or printed to order.

M. K. MORRISON,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS, GLASSWARE,
WOODENWARE, HARDWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES.
And a variety of other Goods suitable
for general use.
AGENT for the Steam City of St. John.
DALHOUSIE, N. B.
July 13, 1875. 17
MITCHELL & CO.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
—AND—
SHIPPING AGENTS,
22 & 23.....COMMON STREET,
MONTREAL.
August 29, 1874. sep 9
W. H. NAPIER,
BATHURST VILLAGE,
Is prepared to attend to Auction Sales in
town and country at shortest notice.
Bathurst, May 1st, 1875.
NOTICE TO BUILDERS.
R. BLAKE
Has now in full operation, his ROTARY
STEAM SAW MILL for the manufacture of
DIMENSIONED LUMBER
OF ALL SIZES.
DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS &c.
LUMBER PLANED & MATCHED.
Arrangements will shortly be made for the
manufacture of
Shingles & Clapboards.
Orders respectfully solicited.
ALL WORK WARRANTED TO GIVE SATIS-
FACTION.
Chatham, Oct. 10, 1874. 21
CARD.
THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully announces
that he has opened a new Shop near
the Ferry Landing, CHATHAM, where he is
prepared to execute, in the very best style
of workmanship, all kinds of
MILL WORK AND GENERAL JOBBING,
having obtained improved machinery for
that purpose.
Mortising Machines, and Hand Circular
Sawing Machines,
for Joiners' use, made to order.
JOHN THORNTON,
Chatham, May 19, 1875. 19 1/2
D. MACEE & CO.,
Manufacturers of
HATS, CAPS & FURS,
Wholesale,
51 KING ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.
D. MAGEE. **M. F. MANKS.**
April 21st, 1874. 23 1/2
MAIL STAGE.
THE SUBSCRIBER has received the Contract
for carrying the Mails between the
RAILWAY STATION & BATHURST POST OFFICE,
AND IS PREPARED TO CARRY
PASSENGERS AND BAGGAGE TO
MEET ALL TRAINS.
ORDERS left at his residence will be
tended to.
THOS. A. HARRIS.
Bathurst, Nov. 15, 1875. 19 1/2
NOTICE! NOTICE!
The Subscriber begs to intimate to the inhabitants
of Newcastle and vicinity, that he has opened a
BAKERY
with every facility on CASTLE STREET, adjoining
the Store of James White, and is now prepared to
furnish all kinds of
PLAIN, FANCY
—AND—
ORNAMENTAL BAKING
to all who may patronize him, and trusts by
producing a
FIRST CLASS ARTICLE,
EQUAL IN EVERY RESPECT
to that obtained abroad,
To receive a liberal share of patronage in this
community.
HENRY WYSE, JR.
Newcastle, 7th Sept., 1875. 8
GLASS! GLASS!
IN STOCK:
1000 BOXES GLASS,
Assorted Sizes.
JUST RECEIVED:
4 TONS W. LEAD, A 1;
49 barrels RAW & BOILED OIL; 6 lbs.
TURPENTINE; 2 tons PUTTY.
WHICH WILL BE SOLD CHEAP.
BLAKESLEE & WHITEHEAD,
23 German St., St. John, N. B.
Oct. 5
DENTISTRY.
D. A. BAXTER,
DENTIST!
Intends leaving BATHURST for DALHOUSIE
the FIRST OF JANUARY, where he will
remain FIVE WEEKS ONLY.
Will be in CAMPBELLTON the FIFTH OF
FEBRUARY, and CHATHAM the FIRST
OF MARCH, for a short time.
December 1st, 1875. 22

FIRE BRANCH.
ROBERT MARSHALL'S
FIRE AND MARINE AGENCY.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Applications may be made to the following
Representatives:
NEWCASTLE—A. A. Davidson, M. Adams.
CHATHAM—T. F. Gillespie, W. Wilkinson.
BATHURST—Anthony Rainey.
DALHOUSIE—George Haddow.
RICHMOND—H. Livingston, J. D. Phinney.
Imperial Fire Insurance Com'y
OF LONDON, ESTABLISHED 1802.
Capital and Cash Assets exceed £2,000,000.
The **Etna Insurance Com'y.**
INCORPORATED 1819.
Cash Capital and Assets over \$6,000,000.
The **Hartford Fire Insurance Com'y.**
INCORPORATED 1801.
Cash Capital and Assets over \$2,500,000.
BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY,
ESTABLISHED 1833.
Capital and Assets \$500,000. Its funds are
invested in undoubted securities.
PHENIX COMPANY OF BROOKLYN.
INCORPORATED 1837.
Cash Capital & accumulated fund \$2,000,000.
Dwelling Houses, whether built or in
course of construction, as well as Furniture,
containing therein, insured for terms of one
or three years, at lowest rates. Steam Saw
Mills, Vessels on the stocks—or in port,
Warehouses, Merchandise and Insurable
property of every description covered on
the lowest possible terms.
ROBERT MARSHALL,
GENERAL AGENT, NOTARY PUBLIC AND BROKER.
March 23, 1875. 20
The Citizens' Insurance Com'y.
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE.
Capital, \$2,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE, — MONTREAL.
SIR HUGH ALLAN, President.
J. H. CONWAY, Gen'l Agent.
A. E. ALEXANDER,
Agent for North Shore.
Bathurst, Nov. 5, 1875. 19 1/2
B. WILKINSON,
MILLWRIGHT AND ENGINEER.
Mill Work of all kinds attended to.
ORDERS FOR
Iron and Wood Working Machinery
WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.
All necessary information given.
RESIDENCE—Near the Court House, Newcastle.
December 1, 1875. 3mpd-8
TAILORING.
The Subscriber is prepared to
MAKE UP
GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING
In all the Latest Styles.
NEW FASHIONS CONSTANTLY RECEIVED.
SHOP—In the building owned by Mr.
Jos. Hays, fronting the Square, NEWCASTLE.
December 7, 1875. 8
NOTICE.
W. J. WILLIAMS,
PHOTOGRAPHER!
HAS OPENED HIS NEW BUILDING,
PUBLIC WHARF, NEWCASTLE.
—WITH A—
Choice Stock of SEWING MACHINES,
Picture Frames, Mouldings, Steel
Engraving, &c., &c.
Which he will sell at his usual Low Prices.
PHOTOGRAPHS
of all sizes, in the latest Style of the Art.
OLD PICTURES COPIED AND ENLARGED, and nicely
framed.
In connection with the above we are running an
Oyster and Dining Room.
Where Oysters and Meals can be obtained at the
SHORTEST NOTICE.
W. J. WILLIAMS & CO.
November 25, 1875. 24
MIRAMICHI FOUNDRY,
Water St., - Chatham, N. B.
GENERAL
IRON AND BRASS FOUNDERS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
STEAM ENGINES, BOILERS,
AND MILL MACHINERY.
Ship, Plough, Stone, Cemetery, and every
description of Castings.
CONSTANTLY ON HAND AN ASSORTMENT OF
Cooking, Hall & Parlour Stoves.
ORDERS may be addressed to JAMES W.
FRASER.
December 15, 1875. 15
PAINTS, OILS,
VARNISH, BRUSHES,
NAILS, SPIKES.
SHIP CHANDLERY GOODS
MILL SUPPLIES, STEAM PACKING,
&c., &c., &c.
Constantly on hand.
FOR SALE CHEAP—FOR CASH
ROBT. B. PATTERSON.
Chatham, May 13, 1878. 16
JOHN W. CAMPBELL,
DALHOUSIE, N. B.,
AUCTIONEER
FOR COUNTIES OF
RESTIGOUCHE & NOVA SCOTIA
All Business connected with Auction
Sales in these Counties will receive prompt
attention. Goods and produce sold on
Commission.
Dalhousie, Oct. 30, 1875. 19 nov 10

Selected Literature.
LOVE'S VICTORY.
BY D. L. FAIRBANKS.
Published by Harper Brothers.
SCENE THE SECOND.
IN BELGRAVIA.
CHAPTER VIII.
LAURA'S DREAM.
'Dear child, while my head was
bowed down by shame, and darkness
encompassed me, I tried hard to be-
lieve him. I fought with my reason,
with my sense of right and wrong,
and said, 'he can not be guilty; his
word is sufficient.' But the missing
key was found in his office coat—the
missing link at his judgment; and
when these proofs were brought for-
ward, and I heard the damning testi-
mony of a fellow-clerk, the comments
of the people, the reluctant admission
of his own counsel that he did not
see how he could resist the evidence,
and that all he could do was to plead
the extenuating circumstances of
youth and indiscretion—when I thought
the summing-up of the judge, and the
rapid decision of the jury, 'Guilty'—
I—hope died utterly away, and I
could no longer doubt the guilt of
the brother I had loved so dearly.'
'Even then he declared his innocence.'
'To the last. Before sentence was
passed, he said proudly, in reply to
an observation made by the judge in
reference to the plea for mercy, 'I do
not ask for mercy, my lord, for that
would carry with it an admission of
guilt. I am as one in a web, and I am
innocent, as I hope for future mercy.'
The judge rebuked him for his ob-
stinacy, and sentenced him to trans-
portation for life. I bade him good-
bye as though he were on his death-
bed.'
'Oh, father, it was hard!'
'It was just. His last words to
me were, 'Brother, the day may
come when you will repent your in-
justice; and I told him that the ob-
ject of my life should be the restitu-
tion of the money he had embezzled.
He made a gesture of despair, and
we parted forever. Until that day I
did not realize how terrible was the
blow that had fallen upon me; but
the knowledge came swiftly. The
moment I stepped out from the prison-
door, after that last interview
with my brother, the world was
changed to me. Every friend and
acquaintance fell away from me, and
would know me no more! Not one
merciful word, not one kind look
was given to me; not one hand clasped
me in friendship; I was tainted and
disgraced; my brother's infamy had
made me infamous. You know the
rest; you know how vainly I strove
to save; and though you tried to
help me, poor child, I might have
died with the debt of shame still
clinging to me had it not been for
the noble-hearted man who, for your
sake, supplied me with the means to
repay the money my brother had
stolen.'
Both her sympathy with her father
and her joy at the confirmation of her
dearest hope kept Laura silent; but
the unspoken words were in her
mind, 'For my sake! Be still, my
heart. For my sake!' Over the des-
pairing story what bright clouds
were stealing to blot it out forever!
'Again dear child,' continued her
father, in a quieter tone, 'shall this
story, with my consent, pass my
lips. I should not have told it now
but that it seemed to me necessary
to show the generous kind-
ness and nobility of our best friend
in his true light. No words of mine
can express my gratitude. Last
week for the first time since I left
the bank, I passed the bank-door as
the clerks came out, and then I knew
that the story of the restitution was
known, and that my shame was
wiped away. They raised their hats
to me—to me, the poor hall-porter!
The youngsters who used to avoid me
clustered around me, and held out
their hands to me. With the pres-
sure of their young fingers upon
mine, with the music of their voices
singing in my heart, I—I could
not help it—I cried for joy!
There were tears in his eyes now.
Brighter grew the clouds in Laura's
dream.
'All this has our noble friend done
for me, for your sake, dear child—
Through him we are here, honored
and respected. He has restored to
me my debt, for your dear sake—
I'm his debtor now, and you can re-
pay him.'
'How?' asked Laura, shyly, and in
a voice so low that, had her head not
rested on his breast, he could not
have heard it.
'That is his secret, which he wishes
to tell you himself. But can you not
guess how you can repay him?'
'I think I can,' she whispered.
'Yes, you will, dear child.'
'Lord, bless you! What joy it
brings to me to know that your
heart is in your words. I have not
suffered in vain.' The curtains were
gently drawn apart, and another per-
son entered the recess. 'See he is

here—our friend and benefactor—the
restorer of my honor.'
He kissed her with great tenderness,
and releasing himself from her
embrace, left the place. Laura stood
in blissful silence for a few moments,
with night's soft light shining on her
face. Then, turning her head, she
saw standing by her side—Mr. Arm-
strong!
CHAPTER IX.
A DECLARATION OF LOVE.
It is not often that the dream of a
life is shattered in an instant of time.
Generally, the conviction that we
have been living in a shadow-land,
made bright by hopes which are
never to be realized, comes only by
gradual stages, and in such a manner
as to lessen the bitterness of the
shock. We fight against our reason;
we question and doubt; we find and
invent excuses; we are so tenacious
of our treasure, so unwilling to be
robbed and disenchanted, that we
obstinately close our eyes to the fact.
The woman we love is false. Who
dare say so? We look with anger
on the person who first whispers the
reason in our ears, and were it in
our power to inflict a mortal injury
upon him, we would do it without
compunction, and find justification
for the act in his baseness. He was
our friend; he is no longer so. We
used to confide in him; he is no
longer worthy of our confidence.
'Why, it was to this very man that
we first confessed our love for the best
and purest being the world ever con-
tained; it was to him we poured out
our grief when, ungrateful that we
were, we fancied she was cold to us—
to him we poured out our joy when
she spoke the dear and precious
words which made the days fairer
and the flowers more beautiful, and
which kindled in our heart, a star of
love, and faith, and truth, the light of
which could never be dimmed. And
now this false friend has played the
traitor, and has muttered black
treason to us. Out upon him!—
Never again shall our hands be
clasped in friendship; the mask has
dropped from his treacherous face.
He goes from our presence with a sad
countenance, and when next we meet
we are strangers—as we should always
have been but for our folly and trust-
fulness. Yet his words have left a
sting, and we feel the smart. They
recur to us during the sleepless night
of his life's disclosure, and our
brain is alive with uneasy doubts.
Babeve and anon through the rest-
less hours they pale in the light of
the star of love that shines in our
heart. Her face, with a smile upon
it, rises to our imagination, and gives
him the lie. 'Can you mistrust me?'
it expresses. 'Look in my eyes for
truth.' We look, and find it. But
the doubts arise again. We throw
the blame of our suffering upon the
false friend, and it intensifies the
wrong he has done us. When we
see her again, her face seems to re-
proach us; but she smiles as she did
yesterday, and her embrace is not
less warm; her hand lies in ours, her
lips are as soft and willing.
The doubts have fled; we have
lost a friend, but love, and faith, and
truth remain. The star shines
brightly. Yet within a week we
are conscious of a change in her;
what change and how it came we
know not, but it is there. (It is not
only with the leaves of a flower that
'He loves me—loves me not,' is
played; and men and women are
seldom so single-hearted as Mar-
garet as to play it but once in life.)
The doubts revive, and the sting
which we thought her constancy had
plucked out, smart again. And we
hear other whispers. We fight and
struggle against them; the fault is in
ourselves, not in her. Yet we cannot
dwell so long on this. In her manner
is not the same. She is more beautiful
than ever, but her lips smile less
frequently. The grateful and kindly
feelings toward our kind, which our
love brought prominently into play,
are awakening; a beggar who stands
at the corner of the street in which
she dwells suffers from this. We used
to give alms to the beggar; to-day we
pass him by without a thought. We
study the history of our acquaintanceship
and love; we dwell on the
memory of words, and looks and
kisses which we have treasured in
our heart of hearts. Undoubtedly
she is colder than she was; her en-
thusiasm in four amity; the mask has
dropped from her face; her conversation
does not flow as in the
old days—already and unconsciously
we adopt the phrase, 'The old days.'
And so, and so, gradually and
surely, we learn the truth. The woman
we loved is false, as all women
are. Truth and constancy are
things of air, delusions of the brain,
to be found only in the dictionary.
Pool that we were, to believe in them!
Life is tasteless. 'Fidelity, thy name
is woman.' The star of love shines
no longer in our heart. The days
are not as fair, the flowers are not so
beautiful, as they were. The world
is changing for the worse. Our
dream is shattered.
And as with love, so with friend-
ship, so with faith in human nature,
so with other hopes and fond antici-
pations that animate the shadow-land
we conjure up around us.

But to Laura was not given a slow
and merciful awakening from her
dream. The presence of Mr. Arm-
strong in place of the man she loved,
and whom she expected to see, awoke
her suddenly and mercilessly. She
comprehended it all in an instant, and
in that instant she understood that
the brightest chapter in her life was
closed, never to be continued to the
happy ending which her fond musings
had written for her in her heart—
The shock was very terrible, and it
was well for her that she was so
placed that she could turn her white
and terror-stricken face from Mr.
Armstrong, and hide from his sight the
anguish depicted there. It faded
soon, and left her sad, and in a
measure resigned. The image of her
father rose before her—her father
whose life had been one long des-
pair—rose, and strengthened her for
what was to come. Could she plunge
him back into the abyss from which
he had been raised? It was through
her, and for love of her, that his
honor had been restored and his life
brightened. By whom? By a man
whom she had long esteemed and ad-
mired, and whom she knew to be
good and just and noble. And this
man came now to ask for his reward,
and she had promised to give it to
him. At this crisis in her life there
came to Laura a courage of which no
one who knew her would have be-
lieved her capable, but it is only on
such occasions that the exercise of
great qualities is called for. On one
side stood Love; on the other, Duty.
It was for her to choose between
them.
Mr. Armstrong, when he entered
the recess, was not the bold, over-
speaking man we have hitherto seen.
He had come to play his great stake,
and his manner now displayed much
tenderness and some timidity. His love
for Laura had not been a sudden
passion; it had grown out of his ac-
quaintance with her; and it was
based upon a sure foundation.
When it suggested itself to him that
he was growing to love her, it sug-
gested itself also to him that he either
should struggle against the feeling,
or see Laura no more. Then he
asked of himself, 'For what reason?'
Why should he shut the gates of
happiness upon himself? Leading a
busy life, and surrounded by acquaint-
ances, he was still a lonely man; and
of a night when he entered his room,
their silence palled upon him. 'If
Laura were sitting in that chair,' he
often thought, when he was alone,
'if I could hear Laura's voice about
the place!' His thoughts did not end
there; he carried it further on into
the years, and drew pictures which
made his heart beat with new thrills
of happiness. These sensations
coming to him when the heyday of
his youth was past, were all the
more powerful because of that.
He was emphatically an earnest
man; in everything he undertook
this great quality displayed itself; all
his beliefs and opinions, all his im-
pressions of men and manners, were
founded upon a firm rock of earnest-
ness, and this, in conjunction with
a strong love for justice, in small things
as well as great, formed the nucleus
of a character which the few admired,
and the many either disliked or did
not understand. There was a notable
feature in connection with his grow-
ing love for Laura that he found an
interest in a certain kind of litera-
ture which he had hitherto disregarded.
If he chanced to meet with a
story in which children and good
women were depicted with tenderness
and effect, he read it more than
once, and irretrievably in some way
associated Laura with it. Of this vein
of newly developed sentiment he
made no parade; he enjoyed it in
secret, and wondered why he had
not enjoyed it before. So he allowed
things to take their regular course,
not opposing them, and giving him-
self up to the pleasant beguilement.
He could not fail to see that Laura
derived pleasure from his society,
and his hope grew with his love. He
was curious to discover the reason
of Laura's going on the stage, for he
perceived in her none of that ambi-
tion which most actresses display
in some way or another. By this time
he had established himself as well
father's friend as well as hers, and so
considerate was he toward the old
man that he won his confidence. He
questioned Mr. Chappell concerning
Rigby, and learned that the old man
had been in the bank since he was a
lad, but from the banker he learned
nothing more. At length, however,
he heard the story from Rigby him-
self, and then he saw a way to per-
form an act in perfect consistency
with his character. All this occurred
before Richard Barton's appearance
upon the scene.
And now Mr. Armstrong stood be-
fore Laura, prepared to play his great
stake. Having spoken to the father,
and obtained his delighted and grate-
ful consent, he came to the daughter
to make his confession. That she
should turn her face from him when
he saw him was to him a natural and
modest action, for he knew that her
father had prepared her for the in-
terview. That she should be silent
was also natural. If was for him to
speak.

For a few moments, however, no
word was spoken. Frequently, when
we are most deeply in earnest, the
words do not flow too readily. But
during the brief silence strength came
to both.
'Your father has spoken to you,
Laura,' said Mr. Armstrong, some-
what diffidently.
'Yes,' she replied.
'Has he told you every thing?'
'He has told me much—oh, so much
of your goodness to him, to me.'
'Let that pass, Laura. I have been
actuated by selfishness in much that I
have done.'
'No, dear friend,' said Laura, her
voice growing firmer; her duty was
becoming clearer to her every mo-
ment, 'let us speak plainly. Nay,
hear me first. During the time we
have known each other you have
treated me with such unwavering
kindness that I should have been un-
grateful, indeed, if I had not learned
to—esteem you, and to be proud of
your friendship.'
'The merit was in you, not in me,
Laura.'
'When we were first introduced, I
was a poor actress, commencing my
profession, and your kind words en-
couraged me. Your counsel was like
wine to me. You gave me strength
to battle with the difficulties, and
you are great ones—that surround a
young actress. But for you, I might
not have had the courage to continue
my work, and I was grateful indeed
that I had won so true a friend. But
during those days I—time went on
until a wonderful thing occurred—
My father was enabled to pay a debt
—Laura's voice faltered here—a
debt of shame, and to hold up a
head once more. A change came
over our life—suddenly and unex-
pectedly to me—and I left the stage,
there being no longer any occasion
for me to remain upon it. But there
were not the only happy events that
occurred. Here, in this very house,
to whose master my father was for
years a servant, we find ourselves in-
vited guests, honored and respected.'
'As you deserve.'
'It is but a few minutes since,' con-
tinued Laura, with deep emotion,
'that I learned to whom we owe all
this—io you, most noble of friends!
It is in you who have renewed my
youth, and who have given to me
the happiness of seeing him I
love as I love to see him.'
'Then you are happy, Laura?'
She did not hesitate in her answer.
'Happy in the change that has come
upon us? Yes.'
'It makes me glad to hear you say
so. Laura, has your father told you
nothing else?'
'No,' she faltered, 'except—ex-
cept—'
'Except,' he repeated, with tender
encouragement.
Her head drooped—'That you had
a secret.'
'You shall hear it. I have come
to tell it to you, hoping that you
guess it, and not that you hear it
first. You said that during the first
days of our acquaintanceship you
sometimes questioned yourself as to
my motive for my conduct. Laura,
I had but one. It was not long before
the interest I took in you deepened
into esteem—it was not long before
esteem ripened into love. I confess
it is for you, and for your sake, that
I have helped your father. Selfish as
it may sound, and selfish as it is, it
is to this moment I have looked for-
ward—may I say, my reward? No, reward
is a wrong term. I ask for no sacri-
fice—although,' he said thoughtfully,
'in his determination to be just, 'it is
much more than yourself. Laura, I
love you! You know me, and know
what these words mean when I speak
them, as I do, in full sincerity and
earnestness. They are from my
heart. Believing that I can make
you happy as you can make me, I ask
you to be my wife.'
She knew, indeed, what the words
meant from him. She knew that she
could trust him, that he would be
faithful, true, and kind to her—
'Duty, gratitude, honor, my father's
peace of mind, all called me to him—
and yet, oh, my heart! The words
were not spoken, she thought them
only; she could not muster sufficient
self-control to speak aloud.
(To be continued.)

A wee bit of a boy having been
slightly chastised by his mother at
very quietly in his chair for some
time afterward, no doubt that he
very profoundly. At last he
out thus: 'Maz-
anousse house-
see'n you round

