

BUSINESS NOTICES

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, New Brunswick, N. B., every Saturday morning. The price of a copy is 25 cents. It is sent to any subscriber in the United States, Canada, or elsewhere, for 50 cents per year. Subscriptions are received at 25 cents per month, plus the cost of postage. The paper is sold at 25 cents per copy, plus the cost of postage.

"Miramichi Advance" is sold at large news-stands throughout the Dominion of Canada, and in the United States and U.S.A. It is also sold in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. It is sold in the Maritime Provinces, and in the Yukon, Alaska, and British Columbia.

Viking and Acadiano, parades, offer services to the public.

Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B.

MARBLE WORKS.

We manufacture the works to the specification known as Golden Hall ceiling, Chatham, which is prepared to receive varnish.

MONUMENTS,
HEAD-
STONES.
TABLETS &
CEMETERY
WORK.

GRANITE, MARBLE, QUARTZITE AND TABLE TOPS.

WE ALSO MAKE OF MARBLE CONTINUALLY ON HAND.

HOWARD BARRY.

MIRAMICHI

MARBLE, FREESTONE AND GRANITE

WORKS,

John H. Lawlor & Co

PROPRIETORS.

Monuments. Headstones, Tablets, Mantels & Tabletops, Garden Vases, Etc., etc.

OUT STONE & MARBLE MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.

CHATHAM, N. B.

For Sale or To Let.

The Dwelling House and premises situated on St. John's Street, Chatham, formerly occupied by Mr. G. W. Murray, late occupied by Mr. Miller, Esq., now let to Mr. J. T. MacLennan, Esq., under a lease for three years, commencing January 1st, 1895.

Dated at Chatham, March 1st, 1895.

Robert Murray.
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC, INSURANCE AGENT,
Etc. Etc. Etc.

CHATHAM, N. B.

G. B. FRASER,

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC

AGENT FOR THE

WOMEN'S EXHIBITION

ARMED GUARD INSURANCE COMPANY.

Warren C. Winslow.
BARRISTER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
COLLECTOR OF BANKS OF MONTREAL
CHATHAM, N. B.

"THE FACTORY"

JOHN MCDONALD,

(Successor to George Cassidy)

Manufacturer of Sashes, Windows

and General Hardware.

Bands and Scroll-Sawing.

Constantly on Hand.

THE EAST END FACTORY, CHATHAM, N. B.

FOR SALE.

These two comfortable dwelling houses pleasantly situated on the hillside overlooking the town of Chatham, now occupied by William J. T. MacLennan, Esq., under a lease for three years, commencing January 1st, 1895.

Orders filled at Factory Price, and Freight Allowance made on lots of 10 kgs and upwards at one shipment.

KERR & ROBERTSON,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

N. B.—IN STOCK AND TO ARRIVE 100 DOZEN K. & R. AXES.

F. O. PETERSON,

Merchant Tailor

Next door to the store of J. B. Snowball, Esq.

CHATHAM—N. B.

All Kinds of Cloths,

Suits or Single Garments,

portion of which is respectfully invited.

F. O. PETERSON.

Z. TINGLEY,

HAIRDRESSER, ETC.,

SHAVING PARLOR

Rooms Building

Water Street, Chatham.

We will have a first-class stock of

Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes,

Smokers' Goods generally

Lime For Sale

Apply to

THE MARITIME SULPHUR FIBRE CO. LTD.

REMOVAL.

The firm of Hoben & Son have their office at the corner of Queen and Pitt Streets, Chatham, N. B.

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POOR COPY

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE, CHATHAM NEW BRUNSWICK, DECEMBER 19, 1895.

General Business.

A HEAVY MORTGAGE.

Now a prominent farmer quickly freed it.

A mortgage has been described as an incentive to industry; a heavy mortgage, as a sure sign of ruin. The last in particular is true, for if a man's property will not all pay off the taxes, in this connection Mr. Henry Fowler, of Huson writes: "I have my boyhood scribbles had published in the papers, and I am sorry if it had a life mortgage on my blood. I suffered fearfully with sores, and knew many days of pain and misery. A doctor after doctor prescribed for me, and finally a Toronto specialist told me bluntly that my complaint was a dangerous and terrible blood disease, Sarcoptosis. I knew it was a good blood medicine, and I sent for a bottle of the best oil and ointment, the famous Dr. Scott's Sarcoptic Liniment, and I have stuck to it. It has lifted my mortgagage, for to-day I am well again. My skin is smooth, my eye-sight is not blurred, my tongue is not furred, and I have no irritation. I look upon Scott's Sarcoptic Liniment as a miracle. I am sure it will cure any life long disease in so short a time."

Scribbles, pimples, running sores, rheumatisms, etc., are generated by poisonous humors in the blood are cured by Scott's Sarcoptic Liniment. The kind that causes sores, blisters, ulcers, etc., is sold at \$1 per bottle by your druggist. Does from half to one teaspoonful.

For sale by CLIFFORD HICKIE, Chatham, N. B.

WORTH A GUINEA

A BOTTLE,
SHARP'S BALM OF HORSEHORN

FOR
CROUP,
COUGHS & COLDS.

50 - YEARS - IN - USE.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS

ST. JOHN, N. B.

LADIES'

WOOL,
SEAL

CAPES!

JUST OPENED in all
lengths from 16 in. to 30
in. the

BEST VALUE

Never offered in these goods.
Will send on approval to
any address for express

CALL OR WRITE.

R. A. MURDOCH.

HEAD QUARTERS.

THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES
IN THE

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.

We have on hand now, as usual, a

LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY

of the different Manufactures, Luscious, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Tropics, Rheumatics, Kidneys, Asthma, Catarrh and other Cures.

TOO THICK, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTHPOWDERS AND PASTES
PERFUMES & SOAPS.

Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and we have a large stock of them. We will offer them at special prices.

We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobacco, Pipe, Tobacco Pouches, Cigars and Cigarettes, etc.

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE,

E. LEE STREET. - PROPRIETOR.

J. F BENSON,

TYPEWRITER, & C. & C.

ALSO

AGENT FOR "NEW YORK" TYPEWRITING COMP.

FANCY FOR NORTHERN COUNTIES.

OFFICE:

BRUNSWICK BLOCK

CHATHAM, N. B.

NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF
TICKET LICENSES

Quebec Law Opened, 12 Dec., 1895.

The attention of all Holders of Ticket Licenses is called to Section 10 of the Timber Regulation, which reads as follows: "Fire trees shall not be cut by any Licensee under any circumstances, except in cases where the diameter of the tree is less than 6 inches in diameter and less than 12 inches in height, and where the tree is not liable to fall, and the holder of the license shall be liable to double stampage fees."

and all Licenses are hereby notified, that for the future, the provisions of this section will be rigidly enforced.

L. J. TREDIE, Surveyor General



IF YOU ARE HUNTING

for instant reward in jewelry and an all round supply of watches, clocks and jewelry, then you are in the right place. Here's a tantalizingly simple device to possess about the trade clock store shows that buyers are not respecting the law. We have a golden shower of temptation mounting 15 dollars a week. You'll always be right on time with us. Our motto is "We have the best of the market." We have the best of the market. Call and see us tomorrow.

OUR WATCH-REPAIRING
DEPARTMENT

In first class all classes. All

WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND JEWELRY.

insured as short notice, and

Guaranteed to give the best Satisfaction.

W. R. GOULD

Chatham, Oct. 8.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Instead of printing the ADVANCE on Wednesday evenings, as usual, we will, for the next two weeks, print it on Tuesday evenings, 24th and 31st inst. in order to avoid work on Christmas and New Year's days. Advertisers and others interested will therefore remember that their favors must reach the office not later than Tuesday morning each of those weeks, in order to appear in the paper.

Miramichi Advance.

CHATHAM, N. B. - DECEMBER 10, 1895.

The Wallace Resignation.

A little Nemesis - a very little one, however - has gone in her work upon the Liberal-Conservative party. Mr. Clark Wallace who was a member of the Government, but not of the Cabines has resigned. The reason is because the Cabinet would not shape its policy with regard to a constitutional matter in accordance with the prejudiced views of a secret society to which Mr. Wallace belongs. Although he held on to office for months apparently for the same reasons which induced him to do so, the first place, Mr. Wallace seems to have at last, placed his absurd position and acted upon the light he so much needed.

Mr. Wallace belongs to a class of men who are the least desirable in prominent public positions. Mr. Curran, who was recently made a judge, is another man of this class. It is an open secret that because Mr. Curran was advanced to the Ministry and was objectionable to the Orange faction, a sop had to be thrown to them also. That was why the office of controller of customs was created for Grand Master Wallace. He was not appointed because he was especially qualified for the public duties he was supposed to perform, or was distinguished above others in parliament as a statesman." He was simply an Orange Grand Master and entered the Government as such, to offset Mr. Curran's appointment. Now, he leaves it because he cannot force his government colleagues to carry out the Grand Lodge programme instead of the constitution of the country.

Nemesis has thus asserted herself in his resignation, and the Government must suffer the consequences of whatever loss of support and prestige his defection may involve. A government must only weaken its hold upon the confidence of the people when it caters to either Roman Catholic or Orange influences, as was manifestly done when Messrs. Curran and Wallace were given ministerial positions. Patriotic Catholics and Protestants alike, although they may be silent in regard to such trivial feelings towards both nations directly concerned, addressed to the sense of justice of one to the magnanimity of one of the great powers of the world, and touching its relations to one comparatively weak and small, should have produced no better results." The dispute he says, "has reached such a stage as to make it incumbent upon the United States to take measures to determine with sufficient exactness what is the true divisional line between the Venetian and British Colonies," and he suggests the appointment of a commission for the purpose, stating that in making this recommendation he is "fully alive to the responsibility incurred and keenly realizes all the consequences that may follow." Nevertheless, he says, "while it is a grievous thing to contemplate the two great English-speaking peoples of the world as being otherwise than friendly competitors in the arts of peace, there is no calamity which a great nation can inflict which would not be far worse than the living or the dead that was division." This characteristic of Mr. Elder is recalled by the paragraphs that are being published on a former resident of St. John who recently died in the west. Here he was known as the keeper of a resort of questionable reputation, a prize fighter, and now again an inmate of the police station. But in the west he was "head bartender in a leading hotel and very popular," and "news of his death was heralded by many friends in this city." I would not, except in the case of right, interfere with the personal freedom of the person noticed, and we want the person noticed to be credit to the Telegraph." The utility of personal notes is destroyed by an indiscriminate use of them. I think Mr. Elder was right and that everyone who wades through a full column of persons every morning without finding the name of a single individual whom he can identify, will agree with him. In Mr. Elder's time all material of a personal character that was submitted for publication in his paper was returned to the author. The editor of the Standard, however, said, "Merit is recognized and rewarded, no attempt was made to build up a reputation for the living or the dead that was division." This characteristic of Mr. Elder is recalled by the paragraphs that are being published on a former resident of St. John who recently died in the west. Here he was known as the keeper of a resort of questionable reputation, a prize fighter, and now again an inmate of the police station. But in the west he was "head bartender in a leading hotel and very popular," and "news of his death was heralded by many friends in this city." I would not, except in the case of right, interfere with the personal freedom of the person noticed, and we want the person noticed to be credit to the Telegraph." The utility of personal notes is destroyed by an indiscriminate use of them. 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**NOTHING TOO GOOD
FOR CHRISTMAS.**
C. WARMUNDE
OFFERING
SPECIAL BARGAINS

IN
Watches, Clocks, Jewellery,
Silverware & Novelties.
during the holidays. All new goods. Give it
We are glad to welcome visitors, please to show
our goods and ready to make direct sales to all.

C. WARMUNDE EXPRESSED WATCHMEN,
Fallon Corner, Chatham, N. B.

Miramichi and the North
Shore, etc.

GENTLEMEN of refined taste chew BEVER
plung exclusively. It is absolutely pure with
a rich flavor. Refuse cheap imitations.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—A box of clothing
for the Chatham fire sufferers has been re-
ceived by George Wright from Mr. Jas.
Ryan of Moncton.

THE LOCAL LEGISLATURE is expected to
meet about the same time as last year,
probably on the last Thursday in January
or the first Thursday in February.—Bobo.
Perhaps so!

RECOVERED.—The sleds, chains, and
harness connected with the Allen team,
which went through the ice last week, were
grappled the other day. The oats, fish and
stove however were not recovered.

TWO MOONS in oct. month is a rare
thing. There was one on 2d inst. and
there will be another on 31st. An exchange
says it will be the first time there have been
two full moons in December since the month
in which Christ was born.

BAD AND MEAN!—It is bad enough for
the Mountie Transcript to stink from
the ADVANCE and publish it as original, but
it is an equally wretched practice for the
St. John Record to wait until the master is
two or three days old and then to publish
it giving credit thereto for the Transcript.

A BIG FORK.—Richard Red of
Springfield brought to market this morning
a porcupine which weighed 629 lbs. This hog
was eight months old, was purchased by
Mr. D. Richards of the People's
Bank and forwarded by Caudis Eastern
train to Mr. Wm. Richards at Boscawen.—
[Glovers.]

TOKEA smoking mixture don't bite the
tongue, and is cool, sweet and lasting. Try
one package or 4 lb. Tin.

SOLENT WARNING!—What do you think
your innocent wife and children think
of you, or your whereabouts if after they
have put you under ground, before you had
fall into their hands? Better
attend to the master before it is too late.
[Boston News.]

You—look on your date slip on this very
paper. It is on the top of the 1st page.

SPRINGFIELD PRESS.—Wm. G. Eliot
Red was at the St. John exhibition in
October he purchased a pair of
rough-hewn Berkshire pigs. They are now
fourteen weeks old and the boar weighs 124 lbs
and the sow 110 lbs. Good judges pronounced
them the finest stock ever seen here.
It would be well if there were more attention
paid to bringing such animals to the country.

WANTER.—A special travelling agent to
work counties of Restigouche, Gloucester,
Northumberland and Kent, for a leading
Canadian Life Insurance Company issuing
most popular and attractive policies.

Lifelong contracts given to a competent
agent.

For further particulars address "Insur-
ance" Chatham.

OLD LETTERS.—Any person having old
letters received before 1870, can get good
prices for the postage stamp thereon, by
writing to Jno. Lester, Lock B-3, St. John,
Ontario, furnishing the date of issue for
each, and paying high in \$100 per each for
rare kinds. Leave the stamps on the envelopes
as they are worth more than the paper.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC.—A Christmas carol
in preparation for St. Luke's Church will be
rendered next Sunday evening. The choir
will sing the anthem by Vane "There were
Shepherds abiding in the fields."—Mr.
McLean, soloist; also, sentence by Krantz,
"New Joy Amongst the Angels." During
the offering Miss Harris will sing the solo
by Paul Rooney, "A Dream of Bethlehem."

CHRISTMAS GOODS.—In addition to those
who realized last week that they had stock
of goods for the holidays that would bear
imposition and command patronage, a few more
have come forward since. Among them Mr. W. S. Loggie, Chas.
Flanagan, J. D. Creaghan, Tom Buckley
and E. Lee Street of Newcastle.

ANXIETY FOR HUNTERS.—A Fredericton
deacon of Tuesday to the St. John Globe
describes as follows:

"Sir, I enclose a letter from the States on
Tuesday, which reads as follows:
BLACKBURN BROS., Halifax, Nova Scotia.

"The enclosed \$— for an old account
but it is yours nevertheless. I have
not sent the words of the post in order to
further impress this lesson. In answer to
a question put by a newspaper reader we
are as follows:

The angel band replied,
"I am in the knowledge given,
Dishonored in the printers' books.

Let the intelligent ADVANCE subscribers
remember their past short comings and
resolve to pay up at once, so that they
will not feel meanly on Christmas over the
knowledge that they haven't paid for
the paper.

Timber Lands.

Evening battles of timber lands were sold
at the Crown Land Office at noon on Wed-
nesday last week, six of them a three-mile
block on Claracter brook, a three-mile
block on Middle and Little river, Glouces-
ter, a two-mile berth at Adams Gulch,
Ridgeview, a two-mile block on El river,
a two-mile berth on Christopher's brook,
and a two-mile berth on South Branch Trout
Creek at the head of the brook. The res-
ervation was made by Alexander Robertson,
A. E. Alexander and King McFarlane. A
two-mile berth on the Leprechaun ridge,
applied for by W. T. Whitehead was
knocked down to Geo. E. Barnhill at \$71
per acre. A four and a half mile berth on
Barbique river and Green brook, applied for
by Mr. J. G. McLeod at \$50 per acre. A
one mile berth on Salmon creek, applied for
by Mr. F. W. Murray at \$7 per acre. A
three mile berth on Northwest Beacon,
Jaquet river, applied for by T. B. Winslow
at \$27 per acre, and the Prescott Lumber Co.
at \$27 per acre. The timber lands were sold
at \$27 per acre, and a five and a half mile
berth on north of Canadian river, applied for
by Mr. R. M. Ward for their cheerful response
to his offer.

A Correction.

In our report of shipments of deals from

Miramichi to transients post for

1895, published last week we placed those

of Mr. E. E. Peck at \$72.47, f. o. b.

Montreal, and those of Mr. J. G. Mc-

Leod at \$80 a ft., according to his bills of lading.

These may, no doubt, be accepted as

more correct than the custom house re-
turns, from which the report in the

ADVANCE was made up. We have pub-
lished these returns annually for twenty-
one years and this is the first time any
error in them has been reported to us.

Chatham correspondence of the St. John
Sun, published in that paper last Friday

says:

"The spot wood industry, which is in

its infancy, makes a good profit on

this \$72.47 per acre, were shipped

to Great Britain. Of this amount Clark,

Skilling & Co. sent 2,577,137 sq. ft.,

M. McKay, 658,146 sq. ft., and

Alton 618,689 sq. ft. The palings shipped

amounted to 322,610 pieces, and all but
14,250 pieces came from Great Britain and
Ireland. I respectfully call the attention of
the editor of the ADVANCE to the above
figures. If he compares them with the
figures in my report of the shipping of
goods to Great Britain in 1894, he will find
he was in error to the amount of 113
tons and over six hundred thousand super-
fluous feet of timber in his version of the
same."

The foregoing is not very clear. What
the "above figures," which relate to spot
wood and palings exclusively, have to do
with the cost of the ships is not clear.

John J. H. Hargrave, President.

William McKeown, 2nd Vice-President.

Samuel L. LaPlante, Recording Secretary.

Joe J. Mehan, Financial Secretary.

James J. Power, Treasurer.

Thomas Keenan, Guard.

John E. Baldwin and Edward Hall, Trust-
ees.

John E. Baldwin, Representative to the
Grand Council.

James J. Power, alternate.

Circulating Library.

Circulating or Reading Library. Good

reading at the Circulating Library.

A lot of nicely bound R. C. prayer books

also on hand. Inspection respectfully solicited.

MISS L. FLANAGAN.

Letter from Rev. Joseph McChey.

To the Editor of the Advance.

DEAR SIR.—Having delivered an address
under the auspices of the Salvation Army, in
the hall of the YMCA, on Saturday evening,
Tuesday Oct. 26th, and having learned that
the Sun would fail to detect such errors
as are to be found in the Advance, I wish
to say in the interest of truth and
accuracy that my object in the address was
not an attack upon any church, but to set
forth, on an historical basis, the reason for
the apparently hostile attitude of many
ministers toward the Salvation Army.

JOSEPH MCCHEY.

Thieves Abroad.

Burglars were operating in Chatham on
Tuesday night. There appears to have been
two of them. They entered an outbuilding
on Mr. John Fliegner's premises and stole a lot
of his carpenter's tools. They showed a nice
discrimination, taking only the best pieces,
augers, bits, etc. They also took a
hand saw, a compass, a square, a mallet, a
compass, a brace and a gimlet.

The same or other robbers went to Mr.
Robert Gordon's residence at a late hour.

They entered the rear door which was not
locked. After getting in they observed by
the light of an electric lamp outside that
there was a man in the room, a lamp held by
a bracket. "Here's a lamp, let's light it!" said
one, and he did so. There were two
men, one a tall man, the other shorter, who
had a compass, a brace and a gimlet.

He was a carpenter, and he was

an expert.

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TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

CHAPTER I.

"Not another word, sir," said old Ebenezer Withers in his usual decisive manner. "I know nothing about the girl, and I don't care to, but I do not intend you to marry for some years, and then you are not to choose a penniless bride. You are to build up the family fortune, sir, not scatter it. No; I will not listen." And he turned to his morning paper again.

Young Eben said more than his prayers sometimes, and it would not do to set down all he said to himself as he lay in the room. He was as plucky as any boy was in school, but he had always been obedient, partly from a sense of duty, partly because of the genuine love that existed between father and son.

But even young Eben, after his mother's Mildred, saw things a little differently and would perhaps have used another word than love in speaking of his father. Certainly it did not seem so if his filial love was very strong when he came to tell her what his father had said. In those days he told her everything. Afterward, he grew older, and learned a good many things.

Mrs. Mildred did not take it well. Young Eben was dissatisfied with the promptness with which she said that she would never forgive herself if she should be the cause of a quarrel between him and his father.

Young Eben looked at her attentively before speaking again, and that was a thing calculated to bewilder a man. You couldn't fully appreciate the beauty of her brown hair with its odd gleams of red and gold before you would be admiring her broad low forehead, full in the temples, rounded and symmetrical as it was.

It was a bright, happy year for the youngsters, contrary to the laws of fiction, for they had love and hope and hard work to fill the time and good common sense to guide them, but old Eben had never relaxed, and there was a shadow over the little home, happy as it was.

One evening late in the year young Eben had come home from his work and settled himself, as his habit was, to study, when he was suddenly interrupted.

"All this beauty, which his father had undertaken to deny to him, without even seeing it, made young Eben desperate. 'Then you want me to marry some other woman,' he said.

"No, no! Never!" she exclaimed almost wildly as she threw her perfect arms around his neck and began to sob at the thought. Her quick emotions were not the least of her charms.

And that is why she did not take it well. She would, and she wouldn't listen to either side of the question. Young Eben must obey his father, and he must never cease to love her or ever marry any one else. And nothing was ever to induce her to waver in any respect. It was delightful—and somewhat perplexing.

"If you won't settle the matter," he said finally, "I will." This, by the way, was what he had intended from the first.

"Settle it, how?" she asked in some alarm.

"By marrying you," he said firmly, "but not just now."

It must be said that the next few months were pretty hard ones for the boy. He had set himself to wait till he should be of age, the next December, not with the thought of defying his father even then, but because he would rather die than serve his master the last of his days. His duty was done at his desk in the counting room so well that his father could not complain, rigid taskmaster though he was. His sweetheart was not neglected, and yet he found time or trouble it to keep up his studies faithfully.

Of course, the birthday came in due time. Birthdays do. In the morning old Eben met him with something like emotion.

"I have looked forward to this day," he said, "as anxiously as you. You have been a good son and I believe you always will be. I am proud of you, and I believe you will live to be proud of yourself. Now that you are a man I want to start you with this. It is yours to do with as you like."

This was a check for a small fortune. He took it from his pocket as he spoke and handed it to the young man who flushed with surprise and perfectly natural pleasure as he looked at it.

"It would be idle, sir, to try to thank you in words for this, or for all your kindness to me all my life," he said. "But I have something else to say. Even this princely gift of money seems small compared to that."

Old Eben's face darkened. He did not like to hear money spoken of lightly, and it seemed an ungracious speech. However, he spoke kindly and with all sincerity.

"What is it, my son? You are not likely to ask anything that I could refuse to-day."

"I want you, sir, to reconsider what you said about my marrying. Let me introduce you to the world."

The dark face grew rigid. "Let us understand this now," said the father interrupting. "I insist upon your obedience so long as I play the part of a father. I have no legal claim, I know."

"Don't talk of a legal claim, father," said the son, interrupting in his turn.

"Very well. It is not a claim, but I am still your father, and as long as you continue in my home you are my son. Let me hear no more of this folly. I will never consent to this marriage. Do you understand?"

"Oh, God help me!" exclaimed young Eben. "And you must understand also. I shall certainly marry the girl I love, and I do not change, sir, any more than you. I will obey you in all else, but not in that."

"Then we may as well part now," said old Eben, stung beyond endurance by the first defiant words he

had ever listened to. "You can have no claim on me henceforth."

"If we part," said the lad, his voice breaking, "let us part in kindness at least. I ask for nothing more."

And he stepped forward with his hands outstretched.

But the other drew back. "I

said you had no claim on me. My

kindness was for my son, not for

an ingrate. Obey me and every-

thing shall be as it was. If not, go now."

With a despairing gesture the young man turned away, but his father spoke again. "Stop a moment," he said. "You have forgotten your check."

And he pointed to where young Eben had dropped it on the table. "I gave you that, sir, before you had defied me. It is still yours."

"I cannot take it, father," said young Eben, with some spirit, though not defiantly. "You could not give it to me now, and I could not receive what does not come from the heart's good will."

"As you choose," said his father. "I certainly would not give it to you now."

And after the young man left the room, he picked up the slip of paper and tore it in bits before throwing it into the fire. Then, seating himself at the table, he rang for his breakfast. When it was brought, however, he sat for an hour looking straight before him and finally leaving it untouched. He arose and went to his office. "God help your poor father," said Mildred as she nestled in young Eben's arms in the shelter of their new home the night before Christmas.

"Amen!" said young Eben. "He is poor indeed in his loneliness, but I never can cease loving him."

CHAPTER II.
HOW THE SECOND ONE WENT.

It was a bright, happy year for the youngsters, contrary to the laws of fiction, for they had love and hope and hard work to fill the time and good common sense to guide them, but old Eben had never relaxed, and there was a shadow over the little home, happy as it was.

One evening late in the year young Eben had come home from his work and settled himself, as his habit was, to study, when he was suddenly interrupted.

"I want to talk a little while," said Mildred, pulling his book away and seating herself on his knee.

"'G'day," said young Eben, smiling, "but you must pay for my time."

"No, no! Never!" she exclaimed almost wildly as she threw her perfect arms around his neck and began to sob at the thought. Her quick emotions were not the least of her charms.

And that is why she did not take it well. She would, and she wouldn't listen to either side of the question. Young Eben must obey his father, and he must never cease to love her or ever marry any one else. And nothing was ever to induce her to waver in any respect. It was delightful—and somewhat perplexing.

"If you won't settle the matter," he said finally, "I will." This, by the way, was what he had intended from the first.

"Settle it, how?" she asked in some alarm.

"By marrying you," he said firmly, "but not just now."

It must be said that the next few months were pretty hard ones for the boy. He had set himself to wait till he should be of age, the next December, not with the thought of defying his father even then, but because he would rather die than serve his master the last of his days. His duty was done at his desk in the counting room so well that his father could not complain, rigid taskmaster though he was. His sweetheart was not neglected, and yet he found time or trouble it to keep up his studies faithfully.

Of course, the birthday came in due time. Birthdays do. In the morning old Eben met him with something like emotion.

"I have looked forward to this day," he said, "as anxiously as you. You have been a good son and I believe you always will be. I am proud of you, and I believe you will live to be proud of yourself. Now that you are a man I want to start you with this. It is yours to do with as you like."

This was a check for a small fortune. He took it from his pocket as he spoke and handed it to the young man who flushed with surprise and perfectly natural pleasure as he looked at it.

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"Amen!" said young Eben. "He is poor indeed in his loneliness, but I never can cease loving him."

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"No, no! Never!" she exclaimed almost wildly as she threw her perfect arms around his neck and began to sob at the thought. Her quick emotions were not the least of her charms.

And that is why she did not take it well. She would, and she wouldn't listen to either side of the question. Young Eben must obey his father, and he must never relax,

and there was a shadow over the little home, happy as it was.

One evening late in the year young Eben had come home from his work and settled himself, as his habit was, to study, when he was suddenly interrupted.

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