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VOL. 13.-NO. 47.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1883.

WHOLE NO. 670.

Between Two Visions.

CHAPTER I.—THE VISION BEFORE THE STORY.

Every man has certain landmarks in his life. He speaks of this event (an unimportant or trivial one) as having occurred so many months or years before, or after, some other thing which stands out above the else dead level of existence. I am no exception; there are landmarks in my past. When a man sits down to write a romance he selects interesting characters; he selects interesting events; he judiciously leaves out all that is commonplace; in a word, he presents one side of real life in the strongest light he can focus upon it. How about biography? Worse yet, how about autobiography? We find the narrative loaded down with the pettiness of every day existence; the "truth" which is stranger than fiction, almost covered from sight. Is it any wonder that most readers prefer romance?

New I realize the temptations which lie in the path of the autobiographer, and I am going to ask my audience of readers to pardon any slips I may make. But I promise to try (and to try earnestly) to leave out all of my personal history that belongs in my biography instead of in my story. I shall select two landmarks in the road along which my life has moved, and shall tell what lies between them. To the stranger who reads these lines, it is all in my life worth the telling. I put up one sultry night in June, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-two, at a small hotel in a small Western town—the town of Cranville. I was very tired, and I retired early to the small room which had been assigned me. In five minutes I was sound asleep. An hour later I awoke with the unpleasant sensation in my head which story-tellers have often described, and prosaic people outside of stories so often felt—the sensation that there was some one besides myself in the room. So vivid was this feeling that I raised up in bed. Were I an artist I could now paint the scene which had been before me. The moonlight scene outside which I saw through the low window of my room. To those who say that I was dreaming I can only reply, that I had not seen that view of the place before, and that the new from the window in the morning was the same as the one I saw that night. The quiet houses had faces at the windows, and life in the yards, in the morning, it is true; but the houses were the same. The sunlight came to glaze the place, the church which had been silver-like at night. But the river ran on by day as by night, and the group of tombstones on the distant hill stood as chill and cold as ever.

No, I was not dreaming! And this is what I saw. A form clad from head to foot in some soft fleecy fabric came between me and the window. I could not see the face, but I felt instinctively that the slight figure was that of a woman. We judge emotions by very slight signs. Sometimes, the woman (I will call her so) turned her hidden face towards the window. I felt as sure that she was filled with utter despair as I should if I could have seen her face. The motion had despair in it. She slowly sank on her knees. Her whole body was rigid. Gradually another shape took form. Hands and face were hidden in this case, too. But this form floated in at the window much as one of us might if we were superior to gravitation. It seemed to rest, face downward, and in an almost horizontal position, on the impassable air. Slowly its head and arms sank nearer the kneeling woman, until its hands lay in silent benediction on her head. I felt no fear. The picture was too sweet and beautiful. I would gladly have had it last. But it slowly faded out. My two invisible visitors faded into nothingness, and the white, purplish moonlight lighted the empty space between me and the window.

CHAPTER II.—THE STORY.
"Are you a lawyer?" The words were full of hope and desperation. The man who uttered them was a wrecked-looking specimen of humanity. He appeared a man whose life was likely to be spent in contest with law, and ended by the sternest exercise of it.

"I am," I answered. "What can I do for you?"
"Nothing for me—this time," the last reflectively, and spoken rather to himself than to me; "that is, nothing for me directly. My brother is in trouble, and no one here seems willing to help him. You being a stranger, are I thought—I thought—"

"Out with it. What did you think?"
"I thought you wouldn't be prejudiced, and that you would help my brother—if there is any chance for help."
"What is the case?"
The man looked uneasily down the street, and hooked and unhooked his fingers nervously. He came a step nearer, and said, under his breath:

"Money is no object. You shall have all you ask. Here is two hundred dollars now. Will you try to help my brother?"
Two hundred dollars looked very large to me then. I am almost ashamed to say that I took it at once, and gave my promise to take

the case, and then questioned the man.
"What is the trouble?"
"They've arrested him,"
"What's the charge?"
"Murder!"
I recoiled from the man as though he had given me a blow.
"You speak lightly of so serious a matter," I said. "You have evidence to clear him, I suppose?"
"Yes, get justice. You want justice, don't you?"
"To hang him?" I asked.
"Yes, to hang him. A man who spent the best years of his life in prison hasn't much hope of putting his character in the balance against the hangman's rope, has he?"
"What has your brother been in prison for?"
"Nothing worse than burglary—until now."
"Well, cheer up. Even burglars get justice in this age."
"Get justice—in—?"
"Yes, get justice. You want justice, don't you?"
"You don't mean the man did it?"
"Beyond a doubt, in my mind. Your business is to clear him."

It was a most horrible affair. One of the wealthiest men in Cranville had been killed in his own house. Cranville was too small and too honest a place to have had many residences strongly guarded against the entrance of the evil minded during the night. The locksmith who examined the lock of the door found open in the morning could not swear it had been picked; it certainly might have been picked without much trouble, but then it would have been an unusual negligence if it had not been locked at all.

There was no money missing. The man who had been struck down in his own room, by a dagger-thrust from behind, had been found by the servants only after hours had elapsed. And not a thing had been taken.

I went to see the prisoner. The man who had been struck down in his own room, by a dagger-thrust from behind, had been found by the servants only after hours had elapsed. And not a thing had been taken.

Everything that could be done to influence public sentiment against my client was done. Mrs. Mabel Vincent, the widow of the murdered man, was the most beautiful woman I ever saw. And she was clad in the deepest mourning, in full sight of the jury day after day, absent for one single moment of the whole long trial. For I was obstinate, and fought fiercely for the liberty of a man I believed was guilty, and so the trial was a long one. They showed up the guilty past of the accused in spite of all my effort to have such evidence excluded. They showed how this lost wretch, in one of the intervals in his life when he was free from prison, had dared to take to the hand of Mabel Vincent. They proved the threats he made when he came from prison again and found her married to her cousin. They introduced the words as near as they could be remembered, in which the angry man had said to her: "I will have you for gold. What could be more absurd and unreasonable? Thus the man who had made crime his calling had threatened that John Vincent should regret his marriage. They proved it all.

What need to go into details? Little by little, with a slow reluctance, they wove the web about Bill Bandy. He had frightened Mrs. Mabel Vincent by his continued attentions, and John Vincent had struck him. He had been seen going towards Mr. Vincent's on the night of the murder. He had been seen leaving from home the night after. They left no loophole of escape, save only the one poor last resort which we lawyers sometimes hold up between guilt and the gallows; I made a grand speech on insanity, but it was a failure; it was time and effort wasted. The jury gave a verdict of guilty without leaving their seats, and the judge sentenced Bill Bandy to be hanged.

He stood up white and stern to receive his sentence.
"I am innocent," he said, "and if there is any justice beyond this life, the lawyer who has worked so hard to save me shall know the truth—when I am dead."
I cannot tell how gladly I let the memory of the guilty man drift from me. I had shown great powers, it seems, in his defence. Work in

my profession came to me because of it. Cranville became a well-known and frequently visited place.
I met Mrs. Mabel Vincent. She was cold, distant, formal. She seemed suspicious of the man who had done his best to save the life of the one who had killed her husband. Did I say she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw? Let me repeat it. I decided on that, while she was the merest stranger. But I came to love her later, and to wish her less beautiful, less wealthy, less charming; changed in some way so that I might have a better chance of winning her. Is it "better" to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all? I for one would not say so. But I felt that I should never cease to call myself the most fortunate of men if I could win her; if my path, down by the dark valley of the shadow of death in which murder had been done, led through the temple of the law in which justice had been done, should sometime lie in hers.

But my love did not prosper. I found myself disheartened and discouraged more and more as time went by. Not that I seemed to have rivals. No one seemed near her heart. But I could never rest content in the negative blessedness of being no worse off than anyone else. I must have full and perfect success—or nothing.

Yet all remember what the great poet says: "I took my tide at the flood, and as unknowingly as we most of us do."
It was at an evening party. The host was an example of that numerous class who are ready to work night and day to save men from the gallows. He interested himself in Bill Bandy as a matter of course. He wanted every one else to be interested in him. He said to me:

"You defended him. Of course you will sign a petition for his pardon. I hope we shall get him free. The names we have given great weight. You cannot refuse yours."
"I must refuse you my name," I said. "I did only the plain duty of a lawyer when I tried to clear him. But I believe he is guilty—and perfectly sane."
"Thank you," said a sweet voice at my elbow, and turning, I saw Mrs. Vincent; "you have lifted a heavy load off my mind. I shall never know what peace is until Bill Bandy is dead." And we walked away together.

Taken at the flood, indeed! In one month more I had won the promise of Mabel Vincent to be my wife.

Meantime, Bill Bandy's friends (not, not his friends, for those who did not want him associated with him) had been busy. They had taken advantage of the fact that he was a prisoner, and had secured a release from him. He was now free, and was working for a pardon. But the evil day was pushed into the future more than once.

Friday morning after our wedding my wife came shyly up to me. "It is a ghastly thing to ask of a bridegroom," she said, slowly, "but I shall never be quite happy until I know that—that my husband's murderer is dead. He is to be hanged this afternoon. Will you go? It is only a ride of an hour on the cars. Tell me how he looks, what he says, and bring me word that he is dead."

Remembering that I loved the woman who asked this, I will not wonder that I went. I had less difficulty than might have been expected in getting admission to the execution. The fact that I had defended the prisoner was in my favor, and while the officials objected at first to allow me to be present, they consented at last.
Bill Bandy was quiet and grave. There was neither fear nor bravado in his words and actions. He shook hands with me, and the hand he gave me did not tremble. He thanked me for the interest I took in him. I wondered if he saw any ambiguity in the interest that would prompt me to see a friend hanged by the neck until he was dead. But I didn't ask him. The jail yard was dark and narrow. The sky was black with the promise of coming rain. Every countenance was sad and serious except one. Bill Bandy, standing conspicuously on the threshold of eternity, had a brighter face than any of the rest of us.
He walked up the steps bravely and without help. He listened quietly and respectfully to the legal formalities, and to the religious exercises which followed. He spoke briefly:

"I've been a very bad man. But I am innocent of the crime for which I die. I have nothing more to say."

There was no fading out this time. On the contrary, the lines of the picture on which I gazed strengthened and deepened. The right hand which had lain in blessing on the head of the kneeling woman moved lower down, and clutched her throat. It shook her slowly to and fro. I could not move. At last the woman reached down into the bosom of her dress, and drew from its concealment a dagger, which the floating figure took and hid. A second shaking, and a rope with a hangman's knot in it came in the same way and was disposed of as before.

Those who found me senseless by the side of my bed said that only one shriek rang out on the air of that winter night, and that the voice which uttered it was my own. I doubt that; I cannot do otherwise. For all of a sudden the veils which had concealed the faces of the two figures were swept aside. The woman was the one whose first husband had died by a dagger-thrust on his own hearthstone, and whose second had been sent to see Billy Bandy die at the hangman's hand. In her look, more despair and desolation than human words can picture. Above her, her face close to hers, the hideous mouth opened already for the exultant shout which one moment later echoed through the room and out into the night, the Archfiend himself.

The Census and the Forests.

Hitherto the forests have been looked upon chiefly as the source of lumber, and the census has been taken of them only as far as to report the statistics of the lumber trade, and some of the industries connected with it or derivable from it.

But the importance of the forests as an appendage to the census is now being recognized. The census of 1870 reported the annual value of sawed lumber produced by our forests as \$210,159,327, and that there were 63,928 establishments engaged in the manufacture of articles made of wood, valued at \$109,518,248. The census of 1880 reported that the value of the products annually drawn from the forests was \$1,000,000,000, and of the vast imports of Great Britain two thirds are said to be of vegetable character. Such facts show at once the very prominent place which the forests of the world hold among national interests.

The memory of the next few days will stay with me always. It was the heaven of happiness for me which I think falls at some time or other into every life, however low and humble.

Friday morning after our wedding my wife came shyly up to me. "It is a ghastly thing to ask of a bridegroom," she said, slowly, "but I shall never be quite happy until I know that—that my husband's murderer is dead. He is to be hanged this afternoon. Will you go? It is only a ride of an hour on the cars. Tell me how he looks, what he says, and bring me word that he is dead."

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Scientific Items.

—The blood of crabs and other crustaceans has been proved by M. Frederic to have the same saline constitution and the same strong and bitter taste as the water they inhabit; but the blood of the sea fishes is very different. It has not the same constitution as the water, and thus shows a marked superiority over that of crabs.

—In an American Association paper Dr. Britton describes a post tertiary, pre-glacial deposit, near Bridgton, N. J., compact enough to furnish a building material, which weighed three cubic metres. The deposit was not considered bright intellectually, yet is described as becoming, late in life, thoughtful and reserved. He had been a slave.

—A new method of storing grain is proposed in air-tight cylinders or bins of sheet iron, to be sealed after a partial exhaustion of the air. It is said that wheat, flour and bread so stored for seven months have been found in excellent condition, and that taking into account the security of the grain against dampness, fermentation, attacks of insects and large vermin, fire and other risks, when sealed up in a partial vacuum, the new plan is more economical than ordinary storage in a granary.

—M. D'Abadie maintains that in certain regions insects from marshy places are secured by sulphur fumes applied to the naked body. In Sicily the workmen in sulphur mines on low ground suffer less from intermittent fever than the rest of the population engaged in other occupations. Zephyria, a once flourishing town of Greece, having not less than 40,000 inhabitants, has been almost quite depopulated through marsh fever. It is said that its decadence kept pace with the decadence of sulphur mining operations to the East, so that the emanations do not reach the site of the town, because now a mountain mass intervenes.

Odds and Ends.

—Pat (to traveller): "An' is it the next train for Dublin ye want? Faith, it's at ten an' hour ago, sorr."

—With this bonnet the world is worn slightly open" is the wording of a sign in the window of a Paris modiste.

—I hope you will forgive that naughty girl who struck you just now, my daughter. "Yes, I will, Mamma, if you don't catch her," was the innocent reply.

—Doctor: "Well, Pat, have you taken the box of medicine I sent you?"
Pat:—"Yes, sir, be jabbers, I have! But I don't feel any better yet; maybe the lid hasn't come off yet!"
—London Daily.

—Alexander Gun, an officer in Scotland, being dismissed from his employment for misconduct, an entry was made in a book kept for the purpose, as follows: "A. Gun discharged for making a false report."

—A lady advertises that she has "one, nice, well furnished bedroom, with a gentleman's twelve foot square." Another has "a cheap and desirable suite of rooms for a respectable family in good repair." Still another has "a ball bedroom for a single woman eight or twelve."

—Frenchman (to policeman): "Monsieur le Gendarme, could you direct me to the Academy of music?"
Officer: "A lady, lately reported, has been found dead in a room, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second Streets, or (reflectively) maybe it's on the north side of Fourth Avenue, further down."

—A woman relates that she has recently sat before another woman a stranger to her, in an Old Colony car. As the train passed Quincy, the stranger pointed to the crowded burial-place, so near the track, and remarked, in a complacent tone: "I've got three of the best husbands laying there that ever a woman had."

—"I shan't be gone long," remarked Juniper, as he left the house the other evening. "Not going anywhere in particular; only going to take the air." "Be careful that you do not come in air-tight," was the injunction of Mrs. J., whose knowledge of Juniper's failing had not been forgotten.

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ALL AMOUNTS due KRAFF Bros., whether by Book Account or Note of Hand, previous to January 1st, 1883, must be paid before the FIRST DAY OF APRIL, as after that date all amounts unpaid will be left with our Attorney for collection. KRAFF BROS. Sackville, March 7, 1883. 41

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WILL LEAVE SACKVILLE:
Express for St. John and Quebec, 9.28 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 6.03 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.30 p. m.
Express for St. John, 9.14 p. m.
Accommodation for Moncton, 9.17 a. m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill, 8.53 p. m.

WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER:
Express for St. John and Quebec, 9.55 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 5.36 a. m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou, 1.09 p. m.
Express for St. John, 8.16 p. m.
Accommodation for Moncton, 10.00 a. m.
Accommodation for Amherst and Spring Hill, 8.08 p. m.

The Express Train from Quebec runs to Halifax and St. John on Sunday morning, and the Express Train from Halifax and St. John runs to Campbellton on Sunday morning.
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Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
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As a Blood Purifier, try CHANNING'S SARSAPARILLA.
For Rheumatism, try ST. JACOB'S OIL.

For Women in Children, try the GERMAN WORM REMEDY. Price, 25 cents.
For Catarrh, try the GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE. Price, 75 cents.
As a Home Laxative for Stomach, try KENDALL'S SPASM CURE. Price, 50c per bottle.
As a Tonic, try IRON and WINE.
For General Debility, try CHEMICAL FOOD or FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES.
For a Cough, try GERMAN SYRUP or WISTAR'S BALSA.
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For General Debility, try CHEMICAL FOOD or

Furniture, Furniture.

BEDROOM SUITS

In Ash and Walnut.

PARLOR SUITS

In Walnut and Mahogany.

Chairs and Rockers

In Great Variety.

Bedsteads, Spring Mattresses, &c.

Trunks, Valises, &c.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Trunks, Valises, Bags, &c.

ALL PRICES.

Room Paper.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

ROOM PAPER,

CHEAP, NEW STYLES.

S. W. PALMER.

Dorchester, July 5, 1882.

EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foe Choo's Balm of Shark's Oil

Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the

Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.

THIS OIL is extracted from the skin of the

shark, and is the only one known to

cure deafness. It is a powerful

stimulant, and will cure all cases of

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NEW GOODS!

Spring Goods!

First

Spring Importations!

First

Cases New Goods

EMBRACING

All Kinds of Goods

REQUIRED BY THE PEOPLE.

AS OUR STOCK IS TOO EXTENSIVE

TO ENUMERATE ARTICLES, WE

WILL SIMPLY ASK CUS-

TOMERS TO GIVE US A

CALL AND INSPECT

OUR GOODS.

Our Motto: Small Profits and Quick Sales.

ADDITIONAL GOODS RECEIVED

WEEKLY.

We are Bound to Sell Cheap, and

Don't You Forget it.

J. E. HICKEY.

OPENING THIS WEEK

AT THE

Sackville Book Store.

Per Steamer "Newcastle City" direct from

England:

LATEST London Style of Note Paper and Enve-

lopes: Pocket Books, Purse, Pen Knives;

Mug Books, Note Books, Exercise Books;

Ladies' Day Books, etc.;

Pamphlets, Ballads, etc.;

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CHIGNECTO POST AND BORDERER.

SACKVILLE, N. B., MARCH 29, 1883.

Mt. Allison Agricultural Course.

Thirteenth Lecture.

Fertilisers.

Probably lime and its com-

pounds are the artificial fertilizers

most commonly used in this country.

Lime itself and chalk (limestone,

shells, marl, &c.) supply only one

constituent of plant food, viz., lime;

but when mountain limestone is used

magnesia is also supplied. These

two substances are of course of great

importance, but lime is chiefly val-

uable on account of its action on the

other constituents of the soil. It is

especially valuable for its mechanical

effect on clay soil which it dries and

breaks up thoroughly. It also hastens

the decomposition of the organic

matter in the soil, and makes avail-

able as plant food a quantity of

potash and phosphoric acid. Thus

lime not only improves the physical

properties of the soil, but it largely

increases the supply of plant food in

general. Then, lime increases the

absorptive power of soils for many

valuable food constituents, and it

sets ammonia free as it is formed.

Lime is also a powerful antiseptic,

and is abundant in nature. Mixing

with ashes, mud, &c., is advised.

As a top dressing for grass and

clover it gives good results, and

should be applied in showery weather

so as to provide for its rapid

washing down among the roots.

A detailed description of the

other artificial manures would oc-

cupy more time than we have at our

disposal, and it will be of service

to the farmer in choosing his fer-

tilizers for particular crops if he has

before him the results of the exten-

sive experiments of Lawes. These

experiments extended over about