

The Mirror

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. & J. ANSLAW.

Vol. XVI.—No. 44.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, August 22, 1883.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

WHOLE No. 824.

WAVERLEY HOTEL.

NEWCASTLE, N. B. MIRAMICHI, N. B.

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

LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD OUTFIT, ON THE PREMISES.

ALEX. STEWART,
Proprietor.
Latest Waverley House, St. John's.
Newcastle, Dec. 2, 1878.

UNITED STATES HOTEL.

NEWCASTLE, N. B. MIRAMICHI, N. B.

This Hotel is very pleasantly situated, has recently been fitted up in first class style, is in close proximity to the I. C. Railway Station, and the wants of travellers will be attended to promptly.

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

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

CANADA HOUSE.

CHATHAM, N. B. NEW BRUNSWICK

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

Good Stabling on the Premises.
May 13th, 1878. 14-17

CENTRAL HOUSE.

CARAQUET, N. B. NEW BRUNSWICK

Having at considerable expense furnished the House of the late James Young, I am now prepared to accommodate both travellers and permanent boarders.

The house is situated within three minutes walk of the Public Wharf, and affords a fine view of the Bay Chaleur. A large Sample Room has been placed at the disposal of Commercial Travellers.

Good Stabling on the Premises.
February 1, 1882.

WAVERLEY HOTEL.

KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

This Hotel is conveniently situated in the business part of the city, its general arrangements being such as to secure the comfort of guests.

JOHN CUTHRIE,
Proprietor.
St. John, July 20, 1883.

HAND WRITTEN CARDS.

VISITING CARDS in all styles, neatly and artistically written and furnished by W. C. Burnham, late Professor of Penmanship at Rockland College, N. Y., at the following rates per dozen—Plain Blue, 12 cents; Gill Edge, 25 cents; Plain Mounted, 25 cents.
Orders received by mail. Address
W. C. BURNHAM,
Bathurst Village, N. B.
Jan 1st.

HEOLA FOUNDRY AND Machine Shop.

The subscriber has fitted up his shop with the latest and most approved apparatus, and having had a lengthy experience in mill and other general foundry work, is prepared to fill all orders satisfactorily. Heavy Moulds, Ploughs and other Castings always on hand.

JAMES MURRAY,
Newcastle, Dec. 19, 1882.

ALEX. L. WRIGHT & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF LUMBER,

BERRY'S MILLS, N. B.

All kinds of Lumber constantly on hand.

PINE, SPRUCE, HEMLOCK AND HARDWOOD,
LATIS, PULPING, SHINGLES—PINE,
SPRUCE AND CEDAR, PINE
CLAPBOARDS.

Lumber Planed & Matched.

ORDERS SAWN TO DIMENSIONS.
March 10, 1883. 14-17

MILLINERY!

Now opened—a large stock of
MILLINERY GOODS,
comprising the most fashionable styles of
HATS & BONNETS,
—AND—
TRIMMINGS IN GREAT VARIETY.

Orders from any quarter will receive prompt attention.
S. A. JARDINE.
Newcastle, April 8, 1883.

MOLASSES! MOLASSES!

FOR SALE.

ONE CAR
Choice Cienfuegos MOLASSES,
TWENTY-FIVE BARRELS
REFINED SUGAR.
To be sold Low for Cash.

P. HENNESSY.
Newcastle, April 23, 1883.

SAMUEL THOMSON,

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,

Solicitor in Bankruptcy,

NOTARY PUBLIC & CO.

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

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

ADAMS & LAWLOR,

Barristers and Attorneys at

Law, Solicitors in Bankruptcy

Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c.

Real Estate, & Fire Insurance Agents.
OFFICE—CLAIMS Collected in all parts of the Dominion.

NEWCASTLE, CHATHAM AND BATHURST.

M. ADAMS. R. A. LAWLOR.
July 18th, 1878.

L. J. TWEEDIE,

ATTORNEY & BARRISTER

AT LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCER, &c.,

CHATHAM, N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank of Montreal.
A. H. JOHNSON,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
Solicitor, Notary Public,
and Conveyancer.
CHATHAM, N. B.
July 10, 1877.

R. B. ADAMS,

Attorney at Law

Notary Public, &c.

OFFICE UP STAIRS, NOONAN'S BUILDING,
Water Street, Chatham.
July 21st, 1877.

DESBRISAY & DESBRISAY,

Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries,

Conveyancers, etc.

OFFICE IS—
ST. PATRICK STREET, BATHURST, N. B.
Thompson Desbrisay, Q. C. T. Wayne Desbrisay.

J. M. O'BRIEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, Conveyancer &c. Fire and Ship Insurance Agent.

OFFICE—Near Custom House,
Water Street, Bathurst, N. B.

JOHN MCALISTER,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Conveyancer, &c.,

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

May 5, 1879. 7

WILLIAM MURRAY,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICE—MURRAY'S BUILDING,
ATER STREET.
May 1, 1882.

RICHARDSON & M'INERNEY,

BARRISTERS,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES AT RICHMOND AND NEW CASTLE.

C. RICHARDSON. G. O. V. M'INERNEY, LL.B.
Sept. 13, 1882.

J. J. FORREST,

BARRISTER,

Attorney-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

Collecting promptly attended to.
OFFICE—Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.
April 2.

SEELY & McMILLAN,

BARRISTERS, &c.,

77 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

St. John, N. B.

DR. McDONALD,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
IN DESMOND'S BUILDING,
LOWER WATER STREET.
CHATHAM, N. B.
Chatham, June 22, 1881.

R. McLEARN, M. D.

GRADUATE OF UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE, NEW YORK.

OFFICE—In Dr. Freeman's Building,
Newcastle, July 12, 1883.

DR. H. A. FISE,

Physician and Surgeon.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

Provident Mutual (Life) Association of

Canada.

London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co. of Liverpool England.

Risks effected in town and country at lowest possible rates.

ROOMS IN MITCHELL BUILDING OPPOSITE MASONIC HALL.
J. FRED. HARLEY.
Newcastle, April 10, 1883.

WIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS.

WATER ST. - CHATHAM.

Importers of MARBLE & Manufacturer of MONUMENTS, TABLES, HEADSTONES, MANTELS, TABLETOPS, &c.

A GOOD STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.
Orders for CAPS and SILLIS for windows supplied at short notice. FREESTONE WORK in all its branches attended to, and satisfaction given.

January 24, 1876.

WILLIAM STABLES.

Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Consignments sold and prompt returns made.

AUCTION SALES attended to any place in the County.

Newcastle, May 5, 1883. 6m.

WILLIAM WYSE,

GENERAL DEALER,

Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,

CHATHAM MIRAMICHI, N. B.

Merchandise and Produce received on Commission.

Liberal Advances made on Consignments. NO CHARGE FOR STORAGE.

Auction Sales, and all Business in connection with the same, attended to promptly on our name and reputation.

EDWARD B. ROWE,

BOSTON, MASS.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE FORWARDED.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO FORWARDING FRESH FISH.

RE-ICEING, &c.,
at low rates. Address
May 10, 1882. E. B. ROWE, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

S. L. STORER & CO.,

Successors to Chappell & Storer.

WHOLESALE COMMISSION DEALERS,
and Shippers of all kinds of

FRESH FISH, LOBSTERS, TURTLE, &c.

16 FULTON FISH MARKET, N. Y.

Mammoth Freezers, 230 Front Street.

SAMUEL L. STORER. GEORGE H. CASE,
July 18th, 1882. 6m.

ROGERS & BOWLER,

Successors to E. B. Rogers & Co.,

Wholesale Commission Merchants.

ALL KINDS OF FRESH FISH, LOBSTERS, TERRAPIN AND GAME.

No. 4 FULTON FISH MARKET.

Consignments Solicited.

Branch House, 174 Commercial St., Boston.

North River Fish and Game Co.,

WHOLESALE

Commission Dealers,
and Shippers of all kinds of

FRESH FISH, LOBSTERS, GREEN TURTLES,

Terrapin, Game and Poultry.

Stands 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8 and 9.

PIER 24, NORTH RIVER, NEW YORK.

The largest freezing capacity of any one firm in the business, and the only one which has its freezers in direct connection with the stands.

August 1, 1883. 6m.

JOHN M'LAGGAN,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

FLOUR, CORNMEAL

PROVISIONS, and

GENERAL GROCERIES.

WAREHOUSE—PUBLIC WHARF.

NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

Sept. 11, 1882.

NOTICE.

ALL persons holding claims against the Estate of the late PATRICK PARRELL are requested to file the same, duly attested, with the undersigned, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

THIRTY YEARS.

Important trials/THIRTY YEARS de-

clared, and a jury of half a million people have given their verdict that

MINARD'S LINIMENT

is the best Infammatory and Pain destroyer in the world. 300 Medical men endorse and use it in their practice, and believe it is well worthy the name.

KING OF PAIN!

\$100 will be paid for a case it will not cure on help of the following Diseases: Diphtheria and Rheumatism, Scalds, Chilblains, Galls, Bolls, Sprains, Lumbago, Bronchitis, Burns, Toothache, Broken Breasts, Sore Nipples, Pelons, Stings, Frost Bites, Bruises, Wounds, Sprains, Kernels, Pain in the Side or Back, Contractions of the Muscles.

There is nothing like it when taken internally for Croup, Whooping Cough, Croup, Coughs, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat. It is perfectly harmless, and can be given according to directions without any injury whatever.

A Positive Cure for Corns and Warts.

And will produce a growth of Hair on bald heads in cases where the hair has fallen from disease, as thousands of testimonials will prove. A trial will convince the most sceptical that the above is true. Send to us for the use of Mr. S. L. STORER, MENT they have obtained a new god of Hair.

W. J. NELSON & CO.,
Proprietors, Bridgewater, N. S.
Wholesale Agent, Newcastle, E. Lee Street.

OXFORD WOOLLEN MILLS.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

The experience of more than fifty years has well sustained the reputation of the OXFORD CLOTH and enables us to offer our customers that

UNRIVALED.

OTHER manufacturers acknowledge its superiority by copying our patterns, shades and numbers, and traders admit the same fact by representing and selling these inferior imitations on our name and reputation.

We claim the right and have taken the necessary steps to protect ourselves and customers from the use of cheap shoddy or doctored cloth. All our Cloth is made from pure wool, under a skillful process, combining elasticity, strength and durability.

Hereafter any person buying cloth represented as ours and it fails to give satisfaction, will confer a favor by sending us a clipping of the cloth and the name of the dealer bought from.

We will pay \$100 for proof convicting any responsible dealer selling other cloth than ours on our name and reputation.

WOOL GLOVES throughout the Dominion will find it to their advantage to correspond with us, as we have a larger stock of Tweeds, Shirtings, Flannels, Blankets, Ladies Dress Goods and Yarn than ever before for exchange of Wool.

Our Motto: Square dealing and prompt returns.

OXFORD MANUFACTURING CO.
made at the OXFORD MILLS, and see it in the above Trade Mark. We make no cheap shoddy or doctored cloth. All our Cloth is made from pure wool, under a skillful process, combining elasticity, strength and durability.

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THE UNION ADVOCATE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1883

G. A. BLAIR,
Merchant Tailor.

Chatham N. B.

On hand, a first class stock of
English, Scotch & Canadian
TWEEDS,
BROADCLOTHS, DESKINS, &c.,
AND A GOOD VARIETY OF
Overcoatings,
Which will be made up to order promptly,
and in the best and most fashionable styles.
Particular attention given to orders from a distance.
The Latest New York Fashions
Regularly Received.

STAND—Stone Building, adjoining Dr.
Fisher's, Water Street.
Chatham, Nov. 18, 1880.

CUSTOM
TAILORING.

WM. DOHERTY & CO.,
CUSTOM TAILORS,
Market Square, next Western Union Telegraph Office.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.,
HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF

ELLIS H. FRENCH AND
SCOTCH

TWEEDS AND
SUITINGS,

which they are prepared to make up in the
most fashionable style.
Orders from all sections of the Province
will receive the very best attention.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.
St. John, April 10, 1882. mfg-lyr

FREDERICKSON
Custom Tailoring & Clothing
ESTABLISHMENT.

James R. Howie
MARBLE HALL, QUEEN ST.

DESIRE to return his thanks to his
many patrons in the North and elsewhere,
for the generous patronage extended to him,
and to assure them that no pains will be
spared to retain their custom, as it is
his aim to have all work performed in a
satisfactory and workmanlike manner. Particular
attention is given to all orders from the
country.

Now in hand
FINE STOCK OF CLOTH,
SUITABLE FOR

Spring & Summer Wear,
which will be made up in the latest styles.
Orders respectfully solicited.
A good fit guaranteed in every case.

I keep on hand a full stock of READY
MADE CLOTHING AND GENTS' FUR
NISHING GOODS, which will be sold at
"Hard Times" prices.

JAMES R. HOWIE,
Fredericton, May 12, 1879. 14

REST

not, life is sweeting by, go
and take notice you find
time leave behind you
time. 866 a week in your town, 80 cent
free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not
quered. We will furnish you everything. All
up making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men,
and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you
want fortune, which you can have, send me the
time, write for particulars to H. H. HARRIS & Co.,
Portland, Maine.

Just Received, and Now Open for
Inspection.

8 cases WILTON CARPETS, excellent value,
4 cases BEST BRUSSELS Carpets, in latest
patterns.
5 cases BEST TAPESTRY Carpets, no equal
to be had in the City.
3 cases New 3 Cord Carpets

The above WILTON and BRUSSELS
CARPETS are from the Celebrated House of
Henderson & Co., Durham, England, and
for quality and design have no equal.

SEE STORE WINDOWS.
A. O. SKINNER, 108 KING ST.,
St. John, April 9, 1883.

NEWCASTLE
CARRIAGE FACTORY.

ON HAND
Single and Double Seigs, Pugs, &c.

SLEDS—Light and heavy, Children's,
Sleighs and Sleds made to order.

Particular attention given to
REPAIRING,
PAINTING & TRIMMING.

A. C. ATKINSON,
MONEY. MONEY!

Parties who intend building this Summer
will save money by sending their orders to the

SASH & DOOR FACTORY,
CHATHAM,

where they will get satisfaction in some
form, and goods at bed rock prices.

VENETIAN BLINDS

MADE AND REPAIRED.

GEORGE CASSADY,
PROPRIETOR,
Chatham, Feb. 19, 1883. 1yr.

LIME.

JUST RECEIVED:
Per Schooners Laurel and Annie W.
45 Cask's Morrow's Extra LIME.
100 " Armstrong's "

FOR SALE LOW.
A. J. BABANG & CO.,
Moncton, July 18.

Job Printing plain and in
colors, in first class style
this establishment.

CARTER'S
LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE
SICK
HEAD
ACHE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident
to a bilious state of the system, such as Indigestion,
Nausea, Browsing, Drops after eating,
Pain in the Side, &c. While the most remarkable
success has been known in curing.

Headache, Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally
valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing
the annoying complaint, while they also correct
all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver
and regulate the bowels. It is the only cure
do without them.

Is the basis of so many lives that there is where we
make our great boast. Our pills cure it while
others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and
easy to take, and are sold in every drug store.
They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or
cause any harm. In fact, they are so gentle and
pleasant in their action that they will be well
able to do in many ways that other pills are
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They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or
cause any harm. In fact, they are so gentle and
pleasant in their action that they will be well
able to do in many ways that other pills are
unable to do without them.

At the base of so many lives that there is where we
make our great boast. Our pills cure it while
others do not.

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METEOROLOGICAL.

Reported for the Dominion Gov't by
G. A. Blair, Esq.

AUGUST.

DATE. Time. Height of Bar. Direction of Wind. Maximum Thermometer. Minimum Thermometer.

Sun. 7.46 a.m. 29.74 82.1 11.45 p.m. 29.74 73.6 50.0

Mon. 7.46 a.m. 29.71 81.2 11.45 p.m. 29.71 73.5 54.1

Tues. 7.46 a.m. 29.68 81.8 11.45 p.m. 29.68 73.5 54.2

Wed. 7.46 a.m. 29.69 81.9 11.45 p.m. 29.69 73.5 54.3

Thurs. 7.46 a.m. 29.71 82.0 11.45 p.m. 29.71 73.6 50.0

Fri. 7.46 a.m. 29.71 82.0 11.45 p.m. 29.71 73.6 50.0

Sat. 7.46 a.m. 29.71 82.0 11.45 p.m. 29.71 73.6 50.0

The column for Maximum Thermometer shows the highest temperature for every day.

The column for Minimum Thermometer shows the lowest temperature for every day.

Miscellaneous.

The best medical authorities acknowledge the great value of Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and frequently prescribe their use with the utmost confidence, well knowing that they are the most effective remedy ever devised for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver and bowels.

An exchange says: Returns from 70 out of 88 counties in the State of Ohio show that the high liquor license Act has realized \$1,494,200 in taxes and closed 1,019 saloons.

"Is this the place where I can be treated free?" asked a woman who entered the hospital, yesterday, holding her hand under her apron. "Yes," replied the doctor. "Well, then, let me have a glass of beer." The astonished M. D. turned away and fixed up a dose of bromide of potassium, handed it to the woman. She drank the mixture and left apparently satisfied.

Do you wish a beautiful complexion? Then use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and thereby removes blotches and pimples from the skin, making it smooth and clear, and cures the most disfiguring skin diseases. It is a bright and healthy appearance.

A great deal of religion runs in this way: "Bob, don't you want to get some of those apples over the fence?" "No, I don't." "Why not?" "Well, first because it's wrong to steal apples, and second because there's a big dog in the yard."

The whole thinks itself a big fish, and one cannot make a good dive without coming up to blow about it. —New Orleans Picayune.

For toothache, Burns, Cuts and Rheumatism, use PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. See adv. in other column.

A few moments sometimes make a great change. A man with blue eyes was seen going into a beer saloon yesterday and when he came out a little later he had black eyes. —Boston Post.

Rulers sway the people, but the school-masters sway the rulers.

It is a dangerous thing to allow the diarrhoea or dysentery to go unchecked and there is no need of it. A small bottle of John's Anodyne Liniment will cure the most stubborn case that can be produced.

Where happy to know, dear reader, that you will always be in luck. —N. Y. News.

A Washington country man has, after a long search, found the cradle in which he was rocked when a baby, also the cradle with which he cut his first dozen of wheat. He has the cradle with which he was first whipped for going fishing on Sunday; also the cradle with which he was first met by the devil.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not wish to pronounce any medicine so good, so reliable, and so effective as this. It cures coughs and colds we have ever at hand." —L. A. WALKER, Esq., Portland, Me., April 6, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. I can now do any work, and am in the best of health." —W. L. WALKER, Esq., Portland, Me., April 6, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. I have used it for years, and it has cured me of every cough and cold I have ever had. It is the best medicine I have ever used." —L. A. WALKER, Esq., Portland, Me., April 6, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will always cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

1883. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
ON and after MONDAY, July 16th, the
Steamers of this Line will make five
trips a week, leaving St. John every

Monday, Wednesday and Friday
Mornings at 9 o'clock.

For Eastport, Portland and Boston, connect
ing at Eastport with steamer Charles Hough
for St. Andrews, Colville and St. Stephen.
Returning will leave Boston same days at
8.30 o'clock, and Portland at 9 o'clock, p. m.,
for Eastport and St. John.

In addition to the above, the steamers will
make TWO EXTRA TRIPS during July,
August and September, leaving St. John
every SUNDAY and THURSDAY Mornings
at 8 o'clock, and Boston every TUESDAY
and SATURDAY Mornings at 8.20 o'clock,
touching only at Eastport, arriving in Boston
and St. John early the following
Mornings.

Through tickets can be procured at this
office and H. Chubb & Co's, at all points of
Canada and the United States.

No claims for allowance after goods
leave the Warehouse.

Freight received Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday and Saturday only, up to 6 o'clock,
p. m.

H. W. CHISHOLM, Agent,
Reed's Point Wharf,
St. John, July 11.

WATER COOLERS,
Enamelled Preserving Kettles,
Brass Preserving Kettles,
Granite Iron Preserving Kettles,
Bailon Fly Traps.

We have a full stock of the above goods,
and our prices are right.

St. John, July 18. H. THORNE & CO.,
Market Square.

FORESTRY.—The alarming destruction
of American forests is the subject
of an article which will appear in the
August number of *Forestry*, from the pen
of Mr. Wm. Little, of Montreal, an author
who has made the subject of
American forestry a life study. Mr.
Little states that at the present reckless
and wasteful rate of cutting the United
States will be entirely denuded of its mer-
chantable yellow pine in seven years.

Farm and Household.

Garget.

The very common disease known
popularly as garget, or mammitis, or
inflammation of the mammary or udder,
is doubtless the most frequently
troublesome disease in the dairy. It
consists in its common form of in-
flammation or congestion of the glandu-
lar substance of the udder, which
becomes hard and incapable of se-
creting milk, or otherwise secretes
acid milk, which coagulates in the
milk ducts and clogs them, or may
even secrete blood instead of milk
either wholly or in part.

It is produced by various causes,
which may affect general health of
the cow, or locally interfere with the
circulation and condition of the
organ itself. The disorder is of two
kinds, normal or physiological, and
pathological or abnormal. The
former is caused by the udder rubbing
of the cow at the period im-
mediately before calving or soon after
it, when the milk glands in a large
or rich milking cow are excessively
active and become highly developed.

The circulation and temperature of
the glands are increased, and may
easily become deranged unless at-
tention is duly given. Preventive
measures are always effective under
these circumstances. Light feeding for
a few weeks before the calf is born,
if needed, a cooling laxative
medicine, as a pound of Epsom salts,
and at the calving period, quietude
and absence of worry and excitement,
with frequent withdrawal of the
milk, which should be done be-
fore calving when the udder with
warm decoction of marsh mallows,
or the application of olive oil to the
whole udder, with gentle rubbing,
will usually prevent or remove the
trouble. Stripping the milk at short
intervals is a most effective remedy,
and will frequently avert an attack
of milk fever, or parturient apoplexy,
which is occasionally a sequence of
this disorder.

The causes of abnormal mammitis
are several, and each may be typical
of a class of special accidental or
neglected circumstances. Injuries,
as blows, or from chasing by dogs,
or overrunning, with a full udder;
exposure to cold air or water; con-
gestion of the udder from irregular
milking; over-feeding; excessive
watering or drinking cold water;
chilling by a sudden shower on a hot
day; over-heating; nervous excite-
ment from the removal of calf which
has been nursed; or from the period
of heat; acidity of the milk; irregu-
lar milking, or the use of a rubber
teat, which may be due to disor-
dered health; obstructed circula-
tion in the milk veins, by which the
secretion is charged with blood,
more or less highly—all these pro-
duce garget.

The symptoms are first a decrease
of milk; a hard and inflamed con-
dition of a portion of the whole of
the gland; the swollen glands do not
"pit" up pressure, and generally
the gland may be softened by gentle
rubbing and kneading, but soon after
returns to its former condition. The
milk may be thickened and come
away in strings or clots, or be mixed
with blood; being coagulated in the
duets or charged with blood from in-
filtration from the gorged blood ves-
sels. Sometimes the thick matter
consists of broken down cells pro-
duced by the excited condition of the
gland.

The udder may be hot and painful
or quite free from tenderness. Gen-
erally the condition of the udder due
to these forms of garget terminates
spontaneously after a few days, but
may reappear in a short time. Some-
times, however, it continues until the
glandular tissue becomes permanent-
ly hardened, loses its functional
power of secretion, and changes to a
granular or fibrous mass entirely de-
void of future usefulness. In this
case the gland, or the whole of the
udder, as one or more may be in-
volved, are lost and never afterwards
regain their original character or
function. Occasionally, by persist-
ent milking and stripping a dried or
lost teat before the cow again calves,
a permanent contraction may occur,
and flow of milk may be established;
but it is rare indeed that a renewed
attack may not again appear and
finally destroy the affected portion
of the udder. We have succeeded
in one case in restoring a quarter of
the udder of a cow, which came into
our dairy with a closed permanent-
ly lost teat, but the second year the
disease again appeared and involved
the whole of one side of the udder.
It may be worth while to notice that
after the death of this cow, which had
been every year subject to garget,
the dairy was found to have been
diseased for several years; so that it
would appear that functional dis-
turbance of that organ may be in-
cluded among the causes of garget.

—The Dairy.

TO PREVENT A HORSE KICKING.—A
horseman gives the following to
prevent a horse from kicking in the
stable. Stuff a coarse sack with
hay, making a pillow about three
feet square and suspend this by two
corners with cords attached to hooks
in the ceiling, at the rear of the stall,
so that the pillow will hang about
the height of the gambrel joint of the
horse. Of course, there will be a
struggle, the length of which will
depend upon the spirit of the horse.
But I warrant that the pillow will
have the last word. Such an ar-
rangement would make a rule su-
premacely happy.

The cutting away of the frogs of
the feet of the horse in shoeing
should never be permitted. Nature
has placed them there for a useful
purpose. They are elastic and give
the animal a light, springy step.
Besides, they aid the horse in natu-
rally in keeping his footing on the
roads. Of course, they are per-
mitted to remain intact, as it prevents
many defects and diseases of the
feet incident to use on hard roads.

—American Farmer.

Rapid plant growth requires a
condition of the soil that will furnish

plant food as fast as the plants can
take it up, or, in other words, when
we desire to force a crop we must fill
the soil with manure as will furnish
a continuous supply of material so
thorough

HIS OWN AT LAST.

CHAPTER XLVII.

This is how the ball ends for me. As soon as I am out of sight, I quicken my walk into a run, and, flying up the stairs, take refuge in my bedroom. Nor do I emerge thence again. The ball itself goes on for hours. The drawing-room is directly beneath me. It seems to me as if the sounds of the fiddling, of the pounding, scampering feet would never, never end.

The room is made up for the night; windows closed, shutters bolted, curtains draped. With hasty impatience I undo them all. I throw high the sash, and lean out. It is not a warm night; there is a little frosty crispness in the air, but I am burning. I am talking quickly and articulately to myself all the time, under my breath; it seems to me to relieve a little the inarticulate thoughts. I will not wink at it any longer, indeed I will not; nobody could expect it of me. I will not be taken in by that transparent fallacy of old friends! Nobody but me is. They all see it; Algy, Musgrave, all of them. At the thought of the victory written in Musgrave's eyes just now—at the recollection of the devilish irony of his wish, as we parted in Brindley Wood—

"I hope that your fidelity will be rewarded as it deserves."

I start up, with a sort of cry, as if I had been smartly stung, and begin to walk quickly up and down the room. I will not storn at Roger—no, I will not even raise my voice, if I can remember, and, after all, there is a great deal to be said on his side; he has been very forbearing to me always, and I—I have been trying to him; most petulant and shrewish; treating him to perpetual, tiresome tears, and peevish, veiled reproaches. I will only ask him quite meekly and humbly to let me go home again, to send me back to the changed and emptied school-room; to Algy's bills and morosities; to the wearing pricks of father's little pin-point tyrannies.

The fiddles' shrill voices grow silent at last; the pounding, and stamping ceases; the departing carriage-wheels grind and crunch on the gravel drive. I shall not have much longer to wait; he will be coming soon now. But there is yet another interval. In ungovernable impatience, I open my door and listen. It seems to me that there reaches me from the hall the sound of voices in loud and angry altercation; it is too far off for me to distinguish to whom they belong. Then there is silence again, and then at last—at last Roger comes. I hear his foot along the passage, and run to the door to intercept him, on his way to his dressing-room. He utters an exclamation of surprise on seeing me.

"Not in bed yet? Not undressed? They told me that you were tired and had gone to bed hours ago!"

"Did they?"

I can only say these two little words. I am panting so, as if I had run hard. We are both in the room now, and the door is shut. I suppose I look odd; wild and gray and haggard through the poor remains of my rouge.

"You are late," I say, presently, in a voice of low constraint, "are not you? everybody went some time ago."

"I know," he answers, with a slight accent of irritation; "it is Algy's fault! I do not know what has come to that boy; he hardly seems in his right mind to-night; he has been trying to pick a quarrel with Parker, because he lit Mrs. Huntley's candle for her."

"Yes," say I, breathing short and hard. Has not he himself introduced her name?

"And you know Parker is always ready for a row—loves it—as he is screwed to-night as he well can be, it has been as much as we could do to make them keep their hands off each other!" After a moment, he adds: "Silly boy! he has been doing his best to fall out with me, but I would not let him compass that."

"Has he?"

Roger has begun to walk up and down, as I did a while ago; on his face a look of unquiet discontent.

"It was a mistake his coming here this time," he says, with a sort of anger, and yet compassion, in his tone. "If he had a grain of sense, he would have staid away!"

"It is a thousand pities that you cannot send us all home again!" I say, with a tight, pale smile—"send us packing back again, Algy, and Barbara, and me—replace me on the wall among the broken bottles, where you found me."

My voice shakes as I make this dreary joke.

"Why do you say that?" he cries passionately. "Why do you torment me? You know as well as I do that it is impossible—out of the question! You know that I am no more able to free you than—"

"You would, then, if you could?" cry I, breathing short and hard. "You own it!"

For a moment he hesitates; then:

"Yes," he says, firmly, "I would! I did not think, at one time, that I should ever have lived to say it, but I would."

"You are at least candid," I answer, with a sort of smothered sob, turning away.

"Nancy!" he cries, following me, and taking hold of my cold and clammy hands, while what looks—what, at least, I should have once said looked—like a great yearning fills his kind and handsome eyes; "we are not very happy, are we? perhaps, child, we never shall be now—often I think so. Well, it cannot be helped, I suppose. We are not the first, and we shall not be the last!" (with a deep and bitter sigh). "But indeed, I think, dear, that we are unhappier than we need be."

I shrug my shoulders with a sort of careless despair.

"Do you think so? I fancy not. Some people have their happiness thinly spread over their whole lives, like bread-and-scrap!" I say, with a homely bitterness. "Some people have it in a lump! that is all the difference! I had mine in a lump—all crowded into nineteen years; that is, nineteen very good years!" I end, sobbing.

"What makes you talk like this now, to-night?" he asks, earnestly. "I have been deceiving myself with the hope that you were having one happy evening, as I watched you dancing—did you see me? I dare say not—of course you were not thinking of me. You looked like the old light-hearted Nancy that lately I have been thinking was gone forever!"

"Did I?" say I, dejectedly, slowly drawing my hands from his, and wiping my wet eyes with my pocket handkerchief.

"Anyone would have said that you were enjoying yourself," he pursues, eagerly; "were not you?"

"Yes," say I, ruefully, "I was very much." Then, with a sudden change of tone to that sneering key which so utterly, so unnaturally, misbecomes me—"And you?"

"I?" He laughs slightly. "I am a little past the age when one derives any very vivid satisfaction from a ball; and yet, with a softening of eye and voice, 'I liked looking at you, too!'"

"And it was pleasant in the billiard-room, was not it?" say I, with a stiff and coldly ironical smile; "so quiet and shady."

"In the billiard-room?"

"Do you mean to say," cry I, my factitious smile vanishing, and flashing out into honest, open passion, "that you mean to deny that you were there?"

"Deny it!" he echoes, in a tone of the deepest and most displeased astonishment; "of course not. Why should I? What would be the object? And if there were one—have I ever told you a lie?" with a reproachful accent on the pronouns. "I was there half an hour, I should think."

"And why were you?" cry I, losing all command over myself. "What business had you? Were not there plenty of other rooms—rooms where there were lights and people?"

"Plenty," he replies, coldly, still with that look of heavy displeasure; "and for my part I had far rather have staid there. I went into the billiard-room because Mrs. Huntley asked me to take her. She said she was afraid of the draughts anywhere else."

"Was it the draughts that were making her cry so bitterly, pray?" say I, my eyes dry now, achingly dry—flashing a wretched hostility back into his. "I have heard of their making people's eyes run, indeed, but I never heard of their causing them to sob and moan."

He has begun again to tramp up and down, and utters an exclamation of weary impatience.

"How could I help her crying?" he asks, with a tired irritation in his tone. "Do you think I enjoyed it? I hate to see a woman weep, it makes me miserable! it always did; but I have not the slightest objection—why, in Heaven's name, should I?—to tell you the cause of her tears. She was talking to me about her child."

"Her child!" repeat I, in an accent of the sharpest, cutting scorn. "And you were taken in! I knew that she made capital out of that child, but I thought that it was only neophytes like Algy, for whose benefit it was trotted out! I thought that you were too much of a man of the world, that she knew you too well," I laugh, derisively.

"Would you like to know the true history of the little Huntley?" I go on after a moment. "Would you like to know that its grandmother, arriving unexpectedly, found it running wild about the lanes, a little neglected heathen, out at elbows, and with its frock up to its knees, and that she took it out of pure pity, Mrs. Zephine not making the slightest objection, but, on the contrary, being heartily glad to be rid of it—do you like to know that?"

"How do you know it?" (speaking quickly)—"how did you hear it?"

"I was told."

"But who told you?"

"That is not of the slightest consequence."

"I wish to know."

"Mr. Musgrave told me."

I can manage his name better than I used, but even now I redden. For once in his life, Roger, too, sneers as bitterly as I myself have been doing.

"Mr. Musgrave seems to have told you a good many things."

This is carrying the war into the enemy's quarters, and so I feel it. For the moment it shuts my mouth.

"Who is it that has put such notions into your head?" he asks, with gathering excitement, speaking with rapid passion. "Some one has. I am sure as that I stand here that they did not come there themselves. There was no room for such suspicions in the pure soul of the girl I married."

I made no answer.

"If it were not for the misery of it," he goes on, that dark flush that colored his bronzed face the other night again spreading over it. "I could laugh at the gross absurdity of the idea! To begin such fooleries at my age! Nancy! Nancy!" his tone changing to one of reproachful, heart-rending appeal, "has it never struck you that it is a little hard, considering all things, but you should suspect me?"

Still I am silent.

"Tell me what you wish me to do!" he cries, with passionate emphasis. "Tell me what you wish me to leave undone! You are a little hard upon me, dear; indeed you are—some day I think that you will see it—but it was not your own thought! I know that as well as if you had told me. It was suggested to you—by whom you best know, and whether his words or mine are worthy of most credit!"

He is looking at me with a fixed, pathetic, mournfulness. There is in his eyes a sort of hopelessness and yet patience.

"We are miserable, are not we?" he goes on, in a low voice—"most miserable! and it seems to me that every day we grow more so, that every day there is a greater dissonance between us! For my part, I have given up the hope that we can ever be happier! I have wondered that I should have entertained it. But, at least, we might have peace!"

There is such a depth of depression, such a burden of fatigue in his voice, that the tears rise in my throat and choke the coming speech.

"At least you are undeceived about me, are not you?" he says, looking at me with an eager and yet almost confident expectation. At least you believe me?"

But I answer nothing. It is the tears that keep me dumb; but I think that he thinks me still unconvinced, for he turns away with a groan.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

We are home again now; we have been away only three days after all; but they seem to me like three years—three disastrous years—so greatly during them has the gulf between Roger and me widened and deepened. Looking back on what it was before that, it seems to me now to have been but a shadow and trifling ditch, compared to the abyss that it is now.

During the drive home we none of us speak. Roger and I are gloomily silent, Barbara sympathetically so. Barbara has the happiest knack of being in tune with every mood; she never jostles with untimely mirth against any sadness. I think she sees that my wounds are yet too fresh and raw to bear the gentlest handling, so she only pours upon them the balm of her tender silence. There is none of the recognized and allowed selfishness of a betrothed pair about Barbara. Sometimes I almost forget that she is engaged, as little does she ever bring herself into the foreground; and yet, if it were not for us, I think that to-day she could well find in her heart to be mirthful.

After all is said and done, I still love Barbara. However much the rest of my life has turned to Dead Sea apples, I still love Barbara; and, what is more, I shall always love her now. Is not she to live within a stone-throw from me? I do not think that I am of a very gushing nature generally, but as I think these thoughts I take hold of her slight hand and give it a long squeeze. Somehow the action consoles me.

Two more days pass. It is morning again, and I am sitting in my boudoir, doing nothing (I never seem to myself to do anything now), and listlessly thinking how yellow the great horse-chestnut in the garden is turning, and how kindly and becomingly Death handles all leaves and flowers, so different from the bitter spite with which he makes havoc of us, when Roger enters. It surprises me, as it is the first time he has done it since our return.

We are on the foremost terms now; perhaps so best; and, if we have to address each other, do it in the shortest little icy phrases. When we are obliged to meet, as at dinner, etc., we both talk resolutely to Barbara. He does not look icy now; disturbed rather and anxious. He has an open note in his hand.

"Nancy," he says, coming quickly up to me, "did you know that Algy was at Laurel Cottage?"

"Not I!" I answer, tartly. "He does not make any struggle. She never was one to strive or cry; never loud, clamorous, and self-asserting, like the boys and me; she was always most meek, and with a great meekness she now goes forth from among us—meekness and yet valor, for with a full and collected consciousness she looks in the face of Him from whom the nations shuddering turn away their eyes, and puts her light hand gently into his, saying, 'Friend, I am ready!'"

And the days roll by; but few, but few of them, for, as I tell you, she goes most quickly, and it comes to pass that our Barbara's death-day dawns. Most people go in the morning. God grant that it is a good omen, that for them, indeed, the sun is rising!

And it comes to pass that, about the time of the sun rising, Barbara goes.

Our Barbara is asleep!—to wake—when?—where?—we know not, only we altogether hope, that, when next she opens her blue eyes, it will be in the sunshine of God's august smile—God, through life and in death, her friend.

I am twenty years old now, barely twenty; and seventy is the appointed boundary of man's date, often exceeded by ten, by fifteen years. During all these fifty—perhaps sixty—years, I shall have to do without Barbara. I have not yet arrived at the pain of this thought: that will come quick enough, I suppose, by and by!—it is the astonishment of it that is making my mind reel and stagger!

Already there has grown a sacredness about the name of Barbara—the name that used to echo through the house oftener than any other, as one and another called for her. Now, it is less lightly named than the names of us live ones.

I am talking of her to Roger now; Roger is very good to me—very! I do not seem to care much about him, nor about anybody for the matter of that, but he is very good.

"You liked her," I say, in a perfectly collected, tearless voice, "did not you? You were very kind and forbearing to them all, always—I am very grateful to you for it—but you liked her of your own accord—you would have liked her, even if she had not been one of us, would not you?"

I seem greedy to hear that she was dear to everybody.

"I was very fond of her," he answers in a choked voice.

"I think," say I, "that I should like to go home for a bit, if you do not mind. Everybody was fond of her there. Nobody knew anything about her, nobody cared for her here."

So I go home. As I turn in at the park-gates, in the gray, wet gloom of the November evening, I think of my first home-coming after my wedding-tour.

Again I see the divine and joyous serenity of the summer evening—the hot, red sunset making all the windows one great flame, and they all, Barbara, Algy, Bobby, Tou Tou, laughing welcome to me from the open gate. To-night I feel as if they were all dead.

I go into the garden, and begin to pace up and down the gravel walks, under the naked lime-trees that have forgotten their July perfume, and are tossing their bare, cold arms in the evening wind.

Only one of my old playfellows is left me. Jacky still stands on the gravel as if the whole place belonged to him; still stands with his head on one side, roguishly eyeing the sunset.

Whether he resents the blackness of my appearance as being a mean imitation of his own, I do not know, but he will not come near me; he hops stiffly away, and stands eyeing me from the grass, with an unworthy affectation of not knowing who I am. I am still wasting useless blandishments on him, when my attention is distracted by the sound of footsteps on the walk.

I look up. Who is this man that is coming, stepping toward me in the gloaming? I am not long left in doubt. With a slight and sudden emotion of surprised distaste, I see that it is Musgrave. I rise quickly to my feet.

"It is you, is it?" I say, with cold ungraciousness.

"Yes, it is I!"

He is dressed in deep mourning. His cheeks are hollow and pale; he looks dejected, and yet fierce. We walk alongside of each other in silence for a few yards.

"I have come to bid you all good-bye," he says, in a low, quick voice, with his eyes bent on the ground.

"I am going away," he goes on, raising his voice to a louder tone of reckless unrest, "where?—God knows!—I do not, and do not care either!—going away for good!—I am going to let the Abbey."

"To let it?"

"You are glad," he cries, in a tone of passionate and sombre resentment, while his great eyes, lifted, flash a miserable resentment into mine; "I know—I would be."

"Am I glad?" I say, "y." "I do not know! I do not think I am! I do not think I care, one way or another!"

"Nancy!" he says presently, in a tone no longer of counterfeit mirth, but of deep and serious earnestness, "I do not know why I told you just now that I had come to bid them all good-bye—it was not true—you know it was not. What are they to me, or I to them? I came—"

"For what did you come, then?" cry I, interrupting him, pantingly, while my eyes, wide and aghast, grow to his face.

"Do not look at me like that!" he cries, wildly, putting up his hands before his eyes. "It reminds me—great God! it reminds me—"

He breaks off; then goes on a little more calmly:

"You need not be afraid! Brute and blackguard as I am, I am not quite brute and blackguard enough for that!—that would be past even me! I have come to ask you once again to forgive me for that—that old offence" (with a shamed, red flush on the pallor of his cheeks); "I asked you once before, you may remember, and you answered" (recalling my words with a resentful accuracy)—"that you 'would not, and, by God's help, you never would!'"

"Did I?" say I, "I dare say!—I do not recollect!"

"And so I have come to ask you once again," he goes on, with a heavy emphasis—"it will do me no great harm if you say 'No' again!—it will do me small good if you say 'Yes.' And yet, before I go away forever—yes!—with a bitter smile—"cheer up!—forever!—I must have one more try!"

I am silent.

"You may as well forgive me!" he says, taking my cold and passive hand, and speaking with an intense, though composed mournfulness. "After all, I have not done you much harm, have I?—that is no credit to me, I know. I would have done, if I could, but I could not! You may as well forgive me, may not you? God forgives!—at least!" (with a sigh of heavy and apathetic despair)—"so they say!—would you be less clement than He?"

"Yes," say I, speaking slowly, and still with my sunk and tear-dimmed eyes calmly resting on the dull despair of his, "yes—if you wish it—it is so long ago—and she liked you!—yes!—I forgive you!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

And so, as the days go by, the short and silent days, it comes to pass that a sort of peace falls upon my soul; born of a slow yet deep assurance, that with Barbara it is well.

And so the days go by, and as they do, as the first smart of my despair softens itself into a slow and reverent acquiescence in the Maker's will, my thoughts stray carefully and heedfully back over my past life; they overlap the gulf of Barbara's death, and linger long and wonderingly among the previous months.

What in Heaven's name ailed me? What did I lack? My jealousy of Roger, such a living, stinging, biting thing then; how dead it is now!

I have already marred and blighted a year favor me with his plan; tiresome boy. He is more bother than he is worth."

"Hush!" he says, hastily, yet gently. "Do not say anything against him; you will be sorry if you do. He is ill."

"Ill!" repeat I, in a tone of consternation, for among us it is a new word, and its novelty is awful. "What is the matter with him?"

Then without waiting for an answer, I snatch the note from his hand. I do not know to this day whether he meant me to read it or not, but I think he did, and I glance hastily through it. I am well into it before I realize that it is from my rival.

"MY DEAR ROGER—My hand is trembling so much that I can hardly hold the pen, but, as usual, in my trouble, I turn to you. Algy Gray is here. You, who always understand, will know how much against my will his coming was; but he would come. And, you know, poor fellow, how headstrong he is! I am grieved to tell you that he was taken ill this morning; I sadly fear that it is this wretched low fever that is so much about it. It makes me miserable to leave him! If I consulted my own wishes, I need not tell you that I should stay and nurse him; but, alas! I know by experience the sharpness of the world's tongue, and in my situation I dare not brave it; not would it be fair upon Mr. Huntley that I should. Ah! what a different world it would be if one might follow one's own impulses! I shall be gone before this reaches you."

I throw the letter down on the floor with a gesture of raging disgust.

"Gone!" I say, with flashing eyes and lifted voice; "it is possible that, after having deceived him there, she is leaving him now to die, alone?"

"So it seems," he answers, looking back at me with an indignation hardly inferior to my own. "I could not have believed it of her."

"He will die!" I say, a moment after, forgetting Mrs. Huntley, and breaking into a storm of tears. "I know he will! I always said we were too prosperous. Nothing has ever happened to us. None of us have ever gone! I know he will die; and I said yesterday that I liked him the least of all the boys. Oh, I wish I had not said it. Barbara! Barbara! I wish I had not said it."

For Barbara has entered, and is standing silently listening. The roses in her cheeks have faded, indeed, and her blue eyes look large and frightened; but, unlike me, she makes no crying fuss. We will go to him at once—all three of us—and will nurse him so well that he will soon be himself again; and whatever happens (with a kindling of the eye, and godly lightning of all her gentle face), is not God here—God our friend? It is very foolish, very childish of me, but I cannot get it out of my head that I said I liked him the least. It haunts me still when I stand by his bedside, when I see his poor cheeks redder than mine were when they were their rogue, when I notice the hot drought of his parched lips. It haunts me still with disproportionate remorse through all the weeks of his illness.

For Algy has always loved life, and had a strong hold on it; neither would he let go his hold on it now, without a tough struggle; and so the war is long and bitter, and we that fight on Algy's side are weak and worn out.

And so the days go on, and I loose reckoning of time. I could hardly tell you whether it were day or night.

My legs ache mostly a good deal, and I feel dull and drowsy from want of sleep. But the brunt of the nursing falls upon Barbara.

It is always Barbara, Barbara, for whom he is calling. God knows I do my best, and so does Roger. No most loving mother could be gentler, or spare himself less, than he does; but somehow we do not content him.

And so it is always "Barbara! Barbara!" And Barbara is always there—always ready.

The lovely flush that outdid the garden-flowers has left her cheeks indeed, and her eyelids are drooped and heavy; but her eyes shine with as steady a sweetness as ever; for God has lit in them a lamp that no weariness can put out.

Whether it be through her nursing, or by the strength of her own constitution, and the tenacious vitality of youth, or, perhaps, the help of all three, Algy pulls through.

Life, worsted daily in a thousand cruel fights, has gained one little victory. To-day, for the first time, we all three at once leave him—leave him coolly and quietly asleep, and dine together in Mrs. Huntley's little dusk-shaded dining-room.

We are quite a party. Mother is here, come to rejoice over her restored first-born son; the Brat is here. I am in such spirits; I do not know what has come to me. It seems to me as if I were newly born into a fresh and altogether good and jovial world.

Barbara is not nearly so boisterously merry as I, but then she never is. She is more overdone with fatigue than I, I think; for she speaks little—though what she does say is full of content and gladness—and there are dark streaks of weariness and watching under the serene violets of her eyes. She is certainly very tired; as we go to bed at night she seems hardly able to get up the stairs, but leans heavily on the banisters—she who usually runs so lightly up and down.

Yes, very tired, but what of that? It would be unnatural, most unnatural if she were not; she will be all right to-morrow, after a good night's rest—yes, all right. I say this to her, still gayly laughing as I give her my last kiss, and she smiles and echoes, "All right!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

All right! Yes, for Barbara it is all right. Friend, I no more doubt that than I doubt that I am sitting here now, with the hot tears on my cheeks, telling you about it; but oh! not—not for us.

On the morning after my mad and premature elation, it is but too plain that the fever has laid hold of her too, and in its paroxysm, withering clasp, our unstained lily fades. We take her care to Tempest at her wish, and there she dies—yes, dies.

Alas! we have no long and tedious nursing of her. She has never given any trouble in her life, and she gives none now. Almost before we realize the reality and severity of her sickness, she is gone. Neither do she and three-quarters of his life. I recollect how much older than me he is, how much time I have already wasted; a pang of remorse, sharp as a knife, runs through my heart; a great and mighty yearning to go back to him at once, to begin over again—once, this very minute, to begin over again—overflows and floods my whole being. Late in the day as it is—doubly unseemly and ungracious as the confession will seem now—I will tell him of that lie with which I first sullied the cleanness of my union.

So I go. I am nearing Tempest; as I reach the church-yard gate, I stop the carriage and get out.

As I near the grave, I see that I am not its only visitor. Some one, a man, is already there, leaning pensively on the railings that surround it. It is Roger. As he hears my approaching steps, the swish of my draperies, he turns; and, by the serene and lifted gravity of his eyes, I see that he has been away in heaven with Barbara. He does not speak as I come near; only he opens his arms joyfully, and yet a little diffidently, too, as I fly to them.

"Roger!" I cry, passionately, with a greedy yearning for human love here—at this very spot, where so much of the love of my life lies in death's austere silence at my feet—"love me a little—ever so little! I know I am not very lovable, but you once liked me, did not you—not nearly so much as I thought, I know, but still a little!"

"A little!"

"I am going to begin all over again!" I go on, eagerly, speaking very quickly, with my arms clasped about his neck, "indeed I am! I shall be so different that you shall not know me for the same person, and if—if" (beginning to falter and stumble)—"if you will go on liking her best, and thinking her prettier and pleasanter to talk to—well, you cannot help it, it will not be your fault—and I—I—will try not to mind!"

He has taken my hands from about his neck, and is holding them warmly, steadfastly clasped in his own.

"Child! child!" he cries, "shall I never undeceive you; are you still harping on that old, worn-out string?"

"Is it worn out?" I ask, anxiously, staring up with my wet eyes through the deep twilight into his. "Yes, yes!" (going on quickly and impulsively), "if you say so, I will believe it, but—(with a sudden fall from my high tone, and lapse into curiosity)—"you know you must have liked her a good deal once—you know you were engaged to her."

"Engaged to her?"

"Well, were not you?"

"I was never engaged to any one in my life," he answers, with solemn asseveration. I had known Zephine from a child; her father was the best and kindest friend ever any man had. When he was dying, he was uneasy in his mind about her, and I promised to do what I could

stained face in his breast—"I will tell you now—perhaps I shall never feel so brave again!—do not look at me—let me hide my face!—I want to get it over in a hurry! Do you remember?"—(sinking my voice into an indistinct and struggling whisper)—"that night that you asked me about—about Brimley Wood?"

"Yes, I remember."

Already his tone has changed. His arms seem to be slackening their close hold of me.

"Do not loose me!" cry I, passionately; "hold me tight, or I can never tell you—how could you expect me? Well, that night—you know as well as I do—I lied."

"You did?"

How hard and quick he is breathing! I am glad I cannot see his face.

"I was there. I did cry; she did see me—"

I stop abruptly, choked by tears, by shame, by apprehension.

"Go on!" (spoken with panting shortness).

"He met me there," I say tremulously. "I do not know whether he did it on purpose or not, and said dreadful things;—he said" (speaking with a reluctant hurry)—"that he loved me, and that I loved him, and that I hated you, and it was all so horrible, and so different from what I had planned, and so I cried—of course I fought not, but I did—I roared."

There does not seem to be anything ludicrous in this mode of expression, neither, apparently does there to him.

"Well?"

"I do not think there is anything more!" say I, slowly and timidly raising my eyes, to judge of the effect of my confession, "only that I was so deadly, deadly ashamed; that I made up my mind I would never tell anybody, and I did not."

"And is that all?" he cries, with an intense and breathless anxiety in eyes and voice, "are you sure that is all?"

"All?" repeat I, opening my eyes wide in astonishment; "do not you think it is enough?"

"Are you sure?" he cries, taking my face in his hands, and narrowly, searchingly regarding it—"child! child!—to day let us have nothing—nothing but truth—are you sure that you did not a little regret that it must be so—that you did not feel it a little hard to be forever tied to my gray hairs—my eight-and-forty years?"

"Hush!" cry I, snatching away my hands, and putting them over my ears. "I will not listen to you!—what do I care for your forty-eight years?—if you were a hundred—two hundred—what is it to me?—what do I care—I love you!—I love you!—I love you—Oh my darling, how stupid you have been not to see it all along!"

And so it comes to pass that by Barbara's, grave we kiss again with tears. And now we are happy—stilly, only happy, though I, perhaps, am never quite so boisterously gay as before the grave yawned for my Barbara: and we walk along hand-in-hand down the steps and up the hills of life, with our eyes fixed as far as the weakness of our human sight will let us, on the one dead, yet good God, whom through the veil of his great deeds we dimly discern. Only I wish that Roger were not nine-and-twenty years older than I!

THE END.

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It is now estimated that one hundred and fifty persons were drowned by the sinking of the steamer Daphne. A diver reports that the bodies in the hold of the Daphne are so closely packed that he was unable to move them. Preparations are being made to raise the vessel. Fifty-two bodies have been recovered up to the present time.

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The London Times has reviewed all the documents which Lord Randolph Churchill sent to Gladstone in support of his assertion that the Kedive incited the massacres in Alexandria. The Times concludes that there is not sufficient reason for raising a question as to the Kedive's conduct.

It is said that the Khan Bey Khandeel will be condemned and forced to submit to a short imprisonment for lack of zeal in the performance of his duties as perfect, and will be acquitted on other charges.

William Harris, one of the three convicted over a year ago, at Kingston, of criminally assaulting a young woman, has been reprieved by the Government, his innocence having been fully established.

The most fashionable stockings are of black, strawberry or primrose silk or lisle, in monochrome, stripes and checks being only second in popularity.

The French Cabinet has decided to prosecute the Anarchist speakers who threatened the judge and jury of the court in which Louise Michel was convicted.

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Some time ago a police officer at Kingston was sued for damages for falsely arresting and imprisoning one Purcell on a charge of larceny. Recently the verdict was set aside by the County Judge, evidence being tendered that the arrest was made without malice as alleged. This result, and the result of the second trial, must have significance to policemen generally.

Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-St. West, Toronto, Canada.

The Marquis of Normanby, Governor of Victoria, at the opening of Parliament there, announced the intention to negotiate with the other colonies in favor of an Australian confederation.

The English Government is showing much anxiety on the subject of cholera in Egypt, and has announced in answer to many requests for information from friends of officers, that should the epidemic spread all British troops now on duty on the Nile district will be removed to the Mediterranean district, where they will have good nursing and unpolluted air.

No. 24.

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O! AGENTS C!

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