

The Daily News

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

W. & J. ANSLAW.

VOL. XVI.—No. 36.

Our Country, with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, June 27, 1883.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS

WHOLE No. 816.

C. E. MCKEEN,
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.
PREPARING FOR THE SPRING & SUMMER TRADE.
WENSE IMPORTATIONS
ARE BEING RECEIVED FROM ALL POINTS, OF
BOOTS AND SHOES,
ALL DESCRIPTIONS AND QUALITIES, (CANADIAN AND AMERICAN). A FULL SHOW OF
HATS AND CAPS—NEW GOODS, LATEST STYLES,
AND A FULL STOCK OF
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

WALTHAM WATCHES.
In all the different grades, which I am prepared to sell at lower rates than any other dealer in the County. Also, a great variety of
SWISS WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVER-WARE, SPECTACLES, CUTLERY, REVOLVERS (from \$1.25 up), CARTRIDGES, etc.
ALL GOODS AT BOTTOM PRICES.

C. E. MCKEEN.

Newcastle, April 9, 1883.

Waverley Hotel.

NEWCASTLE, 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.

Newcastle, Dec. 3, 1873.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,

NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

This Hotel is very pleasantly situated, has recently been refurnished, and every possible arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travellers.

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.

WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

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 for business and pleasure.

The house is situated within two minutes walk of the Public Wharf, and affords a large Sample Room for the public for the storage of goods.

Good Stabling on the Premises.

May 12th, 1873.

CENTRAL HOUSE,

CARACQUET, N. B.

George Young, Proprietor.

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 large Sample Room for the public for the storage of goods.

Good Stabling on the Premises.

February 1, 1882.

SEELY & McMillan,

BARRISTERS, &c.

7 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

St. John, N. B.

GEO. B. SEELY. T. H. McMILLAN.

Attorneys-at-Law.

Collecting promptly attended to.

Office—Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.

April 2, 1877.

J. J. FORREST,

BARRISTER,

Attorney-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

Collecting promptly attended to.

Office—Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.

April 2, 1877.

J. M. O'BRIEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.

Office—Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.

April 2, 1877.

HAND WRITTEN CARDS,

PRINTED BY

W. C. BURNHAM,

Bathurst, N. B.

Northam, April 8, 1883.

PHINCE BAKER.

Northam, April 8, 1883.

SAMUEL THOMSON,

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,

Solicitor in Bankruptcy,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

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 & LAWOR,

Barristers and Attorneys at Law,

Law Solicitors in Bankruptcy,

Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c.

Real Estate, & Fire Insurance Agents.

CLAIMS Collected in all parts of the Dominion.

OFFICES: NEWCASTLE, CHATHAM AND BATHURST.

M. ADAMS. R. A. LAWOR.

July 18th, 1878.

L. J. TWEDDIE,

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,

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.

DESBIRAY & DESBIRAY,

Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries,

Conveyancers, etc.

OFFICE—

St. Patrick Street, Bathurst, N. B.

Thompson & Desbairay, C. C. T. Swaney Desbairay

JOHN McALLISTER,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

OFFICE—MURRAY'S BUILDING, WATER STREET.

May 1, 1882.

RICHARDSON & McINERNEY,

BARRISTERS,

NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

OFFICES AT RICHMOND AND NEW CASTLE.

C. RICHARDSON. GEO. V. McINERNEY, LL.B.

Sept. 13, 1882.

EDWARD B. ROWE,

BOSTON, MASS.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE FORWARDED.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION GIVEN TO

FORWARDING FRESH FISH.

RE-ICEING, &c.

at low rates. Address

E. B. ROWE, Boston.

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.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Graduate of University Medical College, New York.

OFFICE—In Dr. Freeman's Building.

Newcastle, July 12, 1880.

DR. H. A. FISH,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office Residence of James Fish, Esq.

Hours 10 to 12, 1 to 4, 6 to 9.

Newcastle, March 1, 1881.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

Provident Mutual Life Association of Canada.

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,

TABLE TOPS, &c.

A GOOD STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.

GRANITE MONUMENTS made to order; CAPS and SILLIS for windows supplied at short notice. FURNITURE WORK in all its branches attended to, and satisfaction given.

January 24, 1876.

ALEX. L. WRIGHT & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF LUMBER,

BERRY'S MILLS, N. B.

All kinds of Lumber constantly on hand.

FINE SPRUCE, HEMLOCK AND HARDWOOD,

LATHS, PALINGS, SHINGLES—FINE,

SPRUCE AND CEDAR, PINE,

CLAPBOARDS.

Lumber Placed & Matched.

ORDERS SAUN TO DIMENSIONS.

March 10, 1883.

MILLINERY!

Now opened—a large stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

comprising the most fashionable styles of

HATS & BONNETS,

TRIMMINGS IN GREAT VARIETY.

Orders from any quarter will receive prompt attention.

S. A. JARDINE.

Newcastle, April 8, 1883.

Just Received,

20 DOZ. OF

MANCHESTER

ROBERTSON

CELEBRATED

DOLLAR SHIRT

(UNLINED).

Sent post free on receipt of price.

James C. Fairly, Sole Agent.

Newcastle, May 1, 1883.

THIRTY YEARS.

Important trial of THIRTY YEARS decided, and a jury of half a million people have given their verdict that

MINARD'S LINIMENT

Is the best Liniment ailing and Pain destroyer in the world. 500 Medical men, and use it in their practice, and believe it is worth the name.

KEY OF LIFE!

\$100 will be paid for a case it will not cure or help of the following Diseases: Diphtheria, Rheumatism, Scalds, Chills, Galls, Boils, Sprains, Lumbago, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stomachic, Cholera, Typhoid, Typhus, and all other diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs.

And will produce a fine 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 testimonials of men who have been cured by its use.

A Positive Cure for Corns and Warts.

And will produce a fine 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 testimonials of men who have been cured by its use.

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New Advertisements.

A TRIP TO THE SEA.

THE NEWCASTLE SQUARE COMM. TEE have chartered the **STMR. ANDOVER**,
—FOR AN—
Excursion to Burnt Church,
(weather permitting) on
Thursday Next, 28th June.

This will be the first excursion down river of the season, and will afford an opportunity which should not be missed, of enjoying a sail on the water, a visit to the interesting Indian Village and Church, and a delightful day generally.

Good music for dancing on deck will be provided.

Refreshments for sale on board the boat.

Steamer will leave Nelson at 8.30 a. m., Newcastle at 9.30, and Chatham at 10.40, returning from Burnt Church at 4 p. m.

FARE FOR THE DAY'S TRIP, 50 cts.
By order of the committee.
Newcastle, June 27, '83.

New Clothes!
New Hats!

CLOTHING!! CLOTHING!!

Suits! Coats! Pants! Vests!

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST, AND
BEST ASSORTED STOCK
IN MIRAMICHI.

—ALSO—
FELT & FUR HATS,
A FINE LOT TO PICK FROM.

RUBBER AND TWEED
Waterproof Coats,
A FINE LOT TO PICK FROM.

My Stock of
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY
GOODS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
is large, and prices will be found low. Call and examine.

BOOTS AND SHOES,
A good assortment and cheap.

Guns! Guns!! Revolvers! Revolvers!!
From \$1.50 up.

CHEAP CASH STORE.

JAMES BROWN.
Newcastle, June 27th, 1883.

JUST OPENED AT
J. W. DAVIDSON'S,
A LARGE STOCK OF
Unlaundried White Shirts,
the best in town, and only
90 CENTS!
AN EXTRA FINE QUALITY AT \$1.50.

COLORADO CAMBRIC SHIRTS
with two collars and detached cuffs, laundried and unlaundried at assorted prices.

WORKING SHIRTS,
astonishingly cheap.

MEN'S NIGHT SHIRTS.
The latest novelties in
COLLARS AND TIES,
MEN'S HOSE from 12 cents per pair up
ward; FELT AND STRAW HATS in
great variety; MEN'S AND BOYS' SUM-
MER CAPS at 10c, 15c, and 20c. The new-
est styles in
Boots, Shoes and Slippers,
AT BOTTOM PRICES.
Call and examine these goods and you will
be convinced that
DAVIDSON'S
is the place for Gent's Furnishings.
Newcastle, June 26, 1883.

ORGANS.

Uxbridge Organ
COMPANY.

James C. Fairey,
AGENT,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Samples on hand which I shall be pleased
to show intending purchasers.

JUST RECEIVED.

LADIES'
Waterproof Gossamers,
50 to 60 INCH.

Children's Do.,
35 to 46 INCH.

JAMES C. FAIREY.
Newcastle, June 26, 1883.

DENTISTRY.

D. A. BAXTER,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Is now at Dr. J. Baxter's Office, Water
Street, Chatham, where he can be consulted
during June and July only.
Chatham, June 25, 1883.

New Advertisements.

PENITENTIARY SUPPLIES.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Supplies," will be received at the office of the Warden of the Dorchester Penitentiary, on TUESDAY, 10th July, 1883, at 5 o'clock, p. m., from parties desirous of contracting for supplying that institution for one year from the first day of July, 1883, with the articles comprised in the following classes—

Class 1. White Flannel.
2. Dry Goods.
3. Flour ("Strong Baker's").
4. Groceries and Coal Oil.
5. Butchers' Meat.
6. Leather and Findings.

Not less than one of the foregoing classes in its entirety shall form the subject of a tender, but several classes may be included in one tender.

Samples of articles comprised in the first two and the fifth classes to be submitted with the tenders.

The signature of at least two responsible parties, willing to become sureties, in the event of the tender being accepted, are required to be submitted to the undersigned.

Any tender not in the prescribed form will be rejected.

All information respecting the details of these supplies, together with blank forms of tenders and copies of specifications and conditions, and also samples, will be furnished on application to the undersigned.

The printed form of specification will require to be filled up in detail, both extensions being carried out and additions completed.

BLAIR BOTSFOED,
Warden.
Dorchester Penitentiary,
14th June, 1883.

ADJOURNED SALE of Choice and well situated Farm Lands in the Province of Manitoba and North-West Territories of Canada.

AT BRANDON, commencing on TUESDAY, the 2nd July next, there will be offered at Public Auction, a portion of the even-numbered sections lying along and adjoining the Canadian Pacific Railway in Manitoba, and the Territories, District of Assiniboia, and of the even-numbered sections lying between the Twenty-fourth and the Twentieth line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the international boundary, and between the Red River and the Coteau or Dirt Hills.

SOME of the details of the lands, the upset prices, and the terms and conditions of sale, may be learned at the Dominion Lands Office, Winnipeg.

By order,
LYNDAY RUSSELL,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, June 5, 1883.

PARIS GREEN.

IN STOCK,
2000 LBS. PARIS GREEN.
For sale low by
T. B. BARKER & SONS.
St. John, June 21, 1883.

LONDON PURPLE.

TO ARRIVE:
1 TON LONDON PURPLE. For sale low by
T. B. BARKER & SONS.
St. John, June 21.

TAMARINDS.

JUST RECEIVED:
1 BBL. TAMARINDS, extra fine. For sale low by
T. B. BARKER & SONS.
St. John, June 21.

BABBITT'S POTASH.

DAILY EXPECTED:
500 D. B. BABBITT'S POTASH.
For sale low by
T. B. BARKER & SONS.
St. John, June 21.

ROLL BACON

AND
HAMS.
FOR SALE LOW BY
JARDINE & CO.,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.
St. John, June 19, 1883.

APPRENTICE WANTED.

A boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age, a fair scholar, is wanted at the office of the **UNION ADVOCATE** to learn the printing business.
W. & J. ANSLAW.
Newcastle, June 18, 1883.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

The semi-annual meeting of Northumberland County Council will be convened at the Council Chamber, Newcastle, on Tuesday the third day of July next, at twelve o'clock noon. All persons having claims against the County are requested to render the same daily stated, forthwith to this office.

SAMUEL THOMSON,
Secretary-Treas.
Co. Northumb.
Secretary's Office, Newcastle,
18th June, 1883.

S. P. Q. R.

BUDA!

JUST RECEIVED:

ONE CARLOAD

BUDA PATENT FLOUR,

ONE CARLOAD

SUGAR,

Granulated, Extra C, and Cut Loaf.

60 CADDIES AND BOXES

MCDONALD TOBACCO,

Mariners, Prince of Wales, Napoleon and Brunette.

Wholesale at Low Rates to the Trade.

JOHN McLACCAN.
Newcastle, May 12, 1883.

MOLASSES & SUGAR.

Landing ex brig. Ceres, from Barbados:
240 casks. CHOICE
7 bbls. MUSCOVADO MOLASSES.

15 CASKS SUGAR,
In Store—220 casks Choice Eastern
Trinidad Molasses.

FOR SALE LOW BY
JARDINE & CO.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
June 16, 1883.

JUST RECEIVED.

1 case Saponin;
1 case Morse's Pills; 4 cases Sapolio;
1 case Silver Soap;
1 case Schenk's Pills;
1 case Green Mountain Asthma Cure;
3 cases Fowler's Solution;
6 cases Gum Camphor;
10 bbls. Spirits Turpentine;
2 cases Acme Feeders;
1 case Maltopepsin;
1 case Canadian Hair Dye;
16 cases Maline Preparations;

For sale by
T. B. BARKER & SONS,
85 and 87 King Street.
St. John, June 15, 1883.

NOTICE.

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

CHARLES MARSHALL, Executor,
JOHN A. MURPHY, Attor.
Newcastle, 11th June, 1883.

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

W. H. THORNE & CO.
Market Square
St. John, June 13, 1883.

WISDOM.

who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own homes. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address **STROUSE & CO.**, Portland, Maine.

TREMENTOUS BOOM

INJUNCTION GRANTED
—AGAINST—
EXORBITANT PRICES
—BY THE—
SUPREME COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION.

Consternation Everywhere among Competitors.

SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN,
IMPORTERS,
NEWCASTLE.

The great success we have acquired in business for the past nine years is a guarantee of fair and upright dealing. The large influx of trade and constant RUSH of customers to our Establishment is the result of promptness and attention to the requirements of our patrons, the HIGH CHARACTER of our Goods and our small profits. Our

this season, (making the
Largest Entry of Dry Goods
ever made at the Newcastle Custom House,) were selected personally by Mr. Sutherland in the factories of Great Britain at

PROMPT CASH DISCOUNTS.

SO WE DO sell Merchandise as CHEAPLY as FIRST CLASS houses in St. John, Montreal or anywhere in Canada. And why not? Our carrying facilities are as easy and cheap, our expenses less, and COMMERCIAL STANDING quite as good. Our trade has increased from \$2,500 stock in the year 1875 to

\$50,000!!

\$50,000!!

\$50,000!!

SUMMER DRY GOODS

in 1883. These Goods are perfectly MAGNIFICENT in detail, BEAUTIFUL in design, and PRODIGIOUS in extent. We are making GIGANTIC STRIDES in securing the patronage of the public. We do not mean to monopolize the Drapery business, but we fearlessly say that the people of Miramichi pay too high for supplies, and we are determined by FAIR COMPETITION to deal

DEATH TO EXORBITANT PRICES!

'Tis ABSURD FOLLY to suppose that large profits CAN CONTINUE to be ROLLED IN by merchants in face of our great inducements and the readiness of a discerning public to profit by them.

This announcement may ANNOY, CONFUSE and PERPLEX competitors. No matter. SIDE BY SIDE with our low prices and sound goods they must supply our people on as good terms as can be had in any part of this Dominion or else relinquish business. We have in stock

DRESS FABRICS,

in every new shade and check. AN AVALANCHE of Prints, Pique, Crash and Light Textures for cool Summer Garments. A perfect PANORAMA of Fancies, Ribbons, Novelties, Nic-Nacs, &c. A SHOWER of Flowers, Feathers, Ornaments, &c. &c. A KALEIDOSCOPE SCENE of Haberdashery, Jewelry Trimmings, &c. MOUNTAINS of Household Goods, Grey and White Cottons, Shirtings, Window Curtains, &c. STRUCK BY A TORNADO OF DESTRUCTIVE PRICES.

Josephine Kid Gloves, 2 to 6 Button, Hosiery, Skirts, Mantles, Umbrellas, FOR SUN AND SHOWER.

Men's Ready-Made Clothing,

HATS, FURNISHINGS, &c.

We respectfully invite the public to call and see our Goods—A FREE SHOW—get patterns, compare price and quality, see how FAST IN COLOR and PERFECTLY FREE FROM SHODDY they are. Call whether you want to purchase or not, and tell your friends about the BARGAINS.

STORE KEEPERS AND DEALERS, GET OUR

WHOLESALE PRICES AND TERMS

before dealing outside. Our goods are cheaper and you can get smaller quantities free of freight.

SUTHERLAND & CREAGHAN.
Newcastle, June 1, 1883.

LEASEHOLD BY TENDER.

SEALED TENDERS will be received at the store of Mr. John Fish, Newcastle, until THURSDAY, the 28th June, at noon, for the leasing for a term of from ten to fifteen years of the

HARKINS' FARM,
near the residence of W. C. Anslow. The lessee to fence the same and leave it well fenced at the termination of the lease.

WM. FISH,
GEORGE STOTHART, Com.
JOHN FISH.

Newcastle, June 19, 1883.

Haying Tools.

WE have all our HAYING TOOLS now in store, viz:

500 doz. SCYTHES, Dunn Edge Tool Co's and Canadian; 800 doz. HAND RAKES, 200 bbls. Hay and Manure Forks; 200 bbls. HOES.

500 bbls. Iron and Wood Shakes; 60 bbls. Potatoes, Forks and Hacks; 640 bbs. Scythe Stones.

3 Carloads Grindstones; 1 Carload Barbed Wire Fencing; 1 Carload Frost & Wood Celebrated New Model Buckeye Mowers, Horse Rakes, Flows, etc.

Intending purchasers will find to their advantage to inspect our stock, it is the best and our prices are the lowest.

W. H. THORNE & CO.
Market Square
St. John, June 13, 1883.

WISDOM.

who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own homes. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address **STROUSE & CO.**, Portland, Maine.

TRUCK WAGGONS, Slovens, Carls,
etc., on hand or made to order.
REPAIRING and PAINTING promptly executed.
ALEX. ROBINSON.
Chatham, June 12, 1883.

ICE CREAMS

TEMPERANCE DRINKS,

FRUITS IN SEASON.

CANNED FRUIT OF ALL KINDS,

Confectionery and Groceries.

GEORGE STABLES.
Newcastle, June 12, 1883.

THE BEST LOT

WAGGONS
Ever offered for sale in Miramichi, will be sold at prices to suit customers.

The stock comprises the following styles: Double and Single Seat "Pump Box"; Double and Single "Concord"; the "Dexter Queen"; a new style single seat wagon, which is greatly admired. The "White Side Bar," improved style, (single seat). Two well and substantially built

TROTTER SULKIES,
weight 64 lbs. Also

Truck Waggon, Slovens, Carls,
etc., on hand or made to order.
REPAIRING and PAINTING promptly executed.
ALEX. ROBINSON.
Chatham, June 12, 1883.

MANCHESTER,

ROBERTSON & ALLISON,
IMPORTERS OF
DRY GOODS and MILLINERY
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL
MANUFACTURERS OF
SHIRTS OF ALL KINDS.
27 & 29 KING ST. SAINT JOHN.
St. John, October 15, 1881. 19-1v

Spring
Importations
NOW COMPLETE
AT
JAMES FISH'S.
GREY COTTONS,
at a discount of 17 1/2 per cent. on previous low prices.

Coatings, Tweeds & Cottonades for Spring and Summer wear.

Gents' Ready Made Clothing
to fit and suit every one in want. A large stock of

BOOTS & SHOES
in Ladies', Misses', Children's and Men's sizes, also a complete stock of the leading articles in

Earthenware, Woodenware, Hardware, Paints and Oils, &c.

Our usual stock of
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS
at bottom prices.

JAMES FISH.
Newcastle, May 1, 1883.

LOST. LOST.

A WOODEN PIPE
WITH AN AMBER STEM, ABOUT 34 INCHES LONG.

The finder will be amply rewarded by leaving it at the

SALTER BRICK STORE.

JOHN FERGUSON.
Newcastle, June 12, 1883.

Dental Notice.
DR. CATES, Dentist, intends visiting RICHMOND on or about
Thursday, 14th Instant,
and will remain there for four days. Will return to Newcastle not later than Wednesday, and will then be prepared to attend to orders in Newcastle and vicinity.
June 12, 1883.

THORLEY'S
IMPROVED
HORSE AND CATTLE
FOOD.

For sale at the
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE
E. LEE STREET,
Proprietor.
Newcastle, May 16th, 1883.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needed for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: the entire fulfillment of its promises.

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dandruff, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE
WHISKERS
Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ALL THE FORMS OF
Scrofula, Mercurial, and
Blood Disorders,
the best remedy, because the
most searching and thorough
blood-purifier, is
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles, \$5.

CHOICE BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale the BUILDING LOTS designated in the annexed sketch, situated in the town of Newcastle. They are eligible situated in every respect, as sites for Private Residences, and would furnish in block a magnificent situation for a Public Hotel. For further particulars apply to the Office of the subscriber, where a plan of the Lots can be seen.

Terms of sale liberal.
Newcastle, April 10, 1883.

SAMUEL THOMSON.

Odell Street.

Regent Street.

Queen's Highway.

Brumswick Street.

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

100

G. A. BLAIR, Merchant Tailor.

Chatham N. B.

On hand, a first class stock of
English, Scotch & Canadian
TWEEDS.

BROADCLOTHS, DOESKINS, &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.
Palmer's, Water Street.

Chatham, Nov. 16, 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
ENGLISH, FRENCH AND
SCOTCH
TWEEDS AND
SUITINGS,

which they are prepared to make up in the
most fashionable styles.

Orders from all sections of the Province
will receive the very best attention.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.
St. John, April 10, 1882. my-1yr

FREDERICTON
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 would 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 CLOTHS,
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' FURNISHING
GOODS, which will be sold at
Hard Times' prices.

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

REST

Just Received, and Now Open for
Inspection.

3 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, - - - 58 KING ST.
St. John, April 9, 1883.

NEWCASTLE
CARRIAGE FACTORY.

ON HAND
Single and Double Sleighs, Pumps, &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

SAS H & DOOR FACTORY,
CHATHAM.

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

VENETIAN BLINDS
MADE AND REPAIRED.

GEORGE CASSADY,
Chatham, Feb. 19, 1882. 1yr.

MILL SUPPLIES.

Extra quantities of Rubber and Leather
Belting. All belting warranted.

DISSTON'S GANG & CIRCULAR SAWS,
MACHINE OILS of all kinds,
LACING LEATHER.

EMERY WHEELS,
RUBBER HOSE for fire purposes,
STEAM PACKING.

Our stock includes Mill Supplies and
Rubber Goods of all kinds.

ESTLEY, ALLWOOD & CO.,
69 Prince William St. St. John.

SEEDS!

SEEDS!!

SEEDS!!!

FRESH

Garden, Vegetable and Flower Seeds,

Dr. McLearn's Drug Store, Newcastle Dispensary.

April 24, 1883.

1883. Carter's Seeds! 1883.

Carter's
LONDON.

Choice. Fresh. Reliable.

GARDEN SEEDS,
FIELD SEEDS,
FLOWER SEEDS,
GRASS SEEDS,
CLOVER SEEDS.

THE BEST, AS LOW AS THE
LOWEST.

Our 1883 stock of seeds is warranted
equal in every way to any stock of seeds
offered at home and abroad.

Parties ordering seeds by mail will receive
them postpaid.

Call and inspect. Wholesale and Retail.

DAVIS, STAPLES & CO.,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRUGGISTS,
Fredericton, April 23, 1883.

JOHN M'LAGGAN,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in

FLOUR, CORNMEAL

PROVISIONS, and
GENERAL GROCERIES

WAREHOUSE—PUBLIC WHARF.

NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

Sept. 11, 1882.

\$72

A well made seed, some by the in-
dustrial. Best business now be-
ing done. Capital not needed.

We will start you. Men, women,
boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for
us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time,
or give your whole time to the business. No other
business will pay you nearly as well. No one can
fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once.
Selling out and terms free. Money made fast,
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EMERY WHEELS,
RUBBER HOSE for fire purposes,
STEAM PACKING.

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A. O. SKINNER

HIS OWN AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXX.—(CONTINUED.)

"And now," he continues, with deepening excitement, "now that you reap your own sowing, you are surprised—miserably surprised!"

"I am!" cry I, incoherently. "You may not believe me, but it is true—as true as that God is above us, and that I never, never was tired of Roger!"

I stop, choked with sobs.

"Yes," he says, sardonically, "about as true. But, be that as it may, you must at least be good enough to excuse me from expressing joy at his return, seeing that he fills the place which I am fool enough to covet, and which, but for him, might—yes, say what you please, deny it as much as you like—would have been mine!"

"It never would!" cry I, passionately. "If you had been the last man in the world—if we had been left together on a desert island I never should have liked you, never! I never would have seen more of you than I could help! There is no one whose society I grow so soon tired of. I have said so over and over again to the boys."

"Have you?"

"What good reason can you give me for preferring you to him?" I ask, my voice quivering with a passionate indignation; "I am here, ready to listen to you if you can! How are you such a desirable substitute for him? Are you nobler, cleverer, handsomer, unselfish?—if you are!" (laughing bitterly, "you keep it mighty well hid.")

No reply; not a syllable.

"It is a lie," I cry, with growing vehemence, "a vile, base, groundless lie, to say that I am not glad he is coming back! Barbara knows—they all know how I have been yearning for him all these months. I was not in love, as you call it, when I married him—often I have told him that—and perhaps at Dresden I missed the boys a little—he knows that, too—he understands; but now—now—(clasping my hands upon my heart, and looking passionately upward with streaming eyes), "I want no one—but him! I wish for nothing better than to have him—him only!—and to-day, until I met you—till you had made me loathe myself and you, and every living thing—it seemed to me as if all the world had suddenly grown bright and happy and good at the news of his coming."

Still he is silent.

"Even if I had not liked him," pursue I, finding words come quickly enough now, and speaking with indignant volubility, as, having risen, I again face him—"even if I had wanted to flirt with some one, why on earth should I have chosen you?" (eyeing him with scornful slowness, from his wide-awake to his shooting-boots, "you, who never even amused me in the least. Often when I have been talking to you, I have yawned till the tears came into my eyes! I have been afraid that you would notice it. If I had known" (speaking with great bitterness), "I should have taken less pains with my manners."

He does not answer a word. What answer can he make? He still stands under the wintry tree, white to lividness; drops of cold sweat stand on his brows; and his fine nostrils dilate and contract, in an agony of anger and shame.

"What could have put such an idea into your head?" cry I, clasping my hands, while the tears rain down my cheeks, as—my thoughts again flying to Barbara—I fall down from contempt and scorn to the sharpest reproach. "Who would have thought of such a thing? when there are so many better and prettier people who, for all I know, might have liked you. What wicked perversity made you fix upon me who, even if I had not belonged to any one else, could never, never, have fancied you!"

"Is that true?" he asks, in a harsh, rough whisper; "are you sure that you are not deceiving yourself? are you sure that under all your rude words you are not nearer loving me than you think?—that it is not that—with that barrier between us—you cannot reconcile it to your conscience?"

"Quite, quite sure!" I interrupt I, with passionate emphasis, looking back unflinchingly into the angry depths of his eyes, "it has nothing to say to conscience! it has nothing to say to the wrongness of it"—(crimsoning as I speak). "If it were quite right—if it were my duty—if it were the only way to save myself from hanging" (reaching after an ever higher and higher climax), "I never, NEVER could say that I was fond of you! I do not see what there is to be fond of in you! before God, I do not!"

"There!" he says, hoarsely, stretching out his hand, as if to ward off a blow, "that will do!—stop!—you will never out do that!" A moment's pause.

Down in the loneliness of this dell, the twilight is creeping quickly on: when once it begins it carries not. Out in the open country I dare say that it is still broad daylight; but here, the hues of the moss carpet are growing duller, and the brook is darkening. In a sudden panic, I hastily catch up my hat, which has fallen to the ground, and without a word or look of farewell, begin to run fast along the homeward path. Before I have gone ten yards he has overtaken me. His face is distorted by passion out of all its beauty.

"Nancy," he says, in a voice almost unrecognizable by extreme agitation, walking quickly alongside of me, "we are not going to part like this!"

"Do not call me Nancy!" cry I, indignantly; "it makes me sick!"

"What does it matter what I call you?" he cries, impatiently; "of what consequence is such a trifle? I will call you by what name you please, but for this once you must listen to me. I know, as well as you do, that it is my last chance!"

"That it is!" put in I, viciously. The path is beginning to rise. After mounting the slope, we shall soon be out of the wood, and in the peopled open again.

"How can I help it if I have gone mad?" he cries violently, evidently driven to desperation by the shortness of time before him.

"Mad!" echo I, scornfully, "not a bit of it! you are as sane as I am!"

All this time we are posting along in mad haste. Thank God! the high-road is in sight, the cheerful, populous, light high-road. The trees grow thinner, and the path broadens. Even from here, we can plainly see the carts and carter. He stops, and making me stop, too, snatches both my hands.

"Nancy!" he says, harshly, stooping over me, while his eyes flame with a haggard light. "Yes, I will call you so this once—to me now you are Nancy! I will not call you by his name! Is it possible? You may say that it is my egotism; but, at a moment like this, what is the use of shamming—of polite pretence? Never, never before in all my life have I given love without receiving it, and I cannot believe"—(with an accent of passionate entreaty)—"that I do now! Feeling for you as I do, do you feel absolutely nothing for me?"

"Feel!" cry I, driven out of all moderation by disgust and exasperation. "Would you like to know how I feel? I feel as if a slug had crawled over me!"

His face contracts, his eyes darken with a raging pain. He throws my hands—the hands a moment ago so jealously clasped—away from him.

"Thank you!" he says, after a pause, in a stiff voice of constraint. "I am satisfied!"

"And a very good thing, too!" say I, sturdily, still at boiling-point, and diminishing with quick steps the small space still intervening between me and the road.

"Stay!" he says, overtaking me again, as I reach it, and laying his hand in detention on my arm. "One word more! I should be sorry to part from you—such friends as we have been"—(with a sneer)—"without one good wish. Lady Tempest, I hope"—(smiling with malevolent irony)—"that your fidelity will be rewarded as it deserves."

"I have no doubt of it!" reply I, steadily; but even as I speak, a sharp, jealous pain runs through my heart. Thank God! he cannot see it!

CHAPTER XXXI.

Yes, out here in the open it is still quite light; it seems two hours earlier than it did below in the dark dell—light enough as plainly to see the faces of those one meets as if it were midday. I suppose that my late companion and I were too much occupied by our own emotions to hear, or at least notice the sound of wheels approaching us; but no sooner have I turned and left him, before I have gone three paces, than I am quickly pressed by an open carriage and pair of grays—quickly, and yet slowly enough for me to recognize the one occupant. As to her—for it is Mrs. Huntley—she must have seen me already as I stood with Mr. Musgrave on the edge of the wood, exchanging our last bitter words.

It is impossible that she could have helped it; but even had it been possible—had there been any doubt on the subject, that doubt would be removed by the unusual animation of her attitude, and the interest in her eyes, that I have time to notice, as she rolls past me.

I avert my face, but it is too late. She has seen my hat thrown on anyhow, as it were, with a pitchfork—has seen my face swollen with weeping, and great tears still standing un wiped on my flushed cheeks. What is far, far worse, she has seen him too. This is the last drop in an already overfull cup.

There is nothing in sight now, not even a cart, so I sit down on a heap of stones by the road-side, and covering my hot face with my hands, cry till I have no more tears left to cry with. Can this be the day I called good? Can this be that bright and merry day, when I walked elate and laughing between the deep furrows, and heard the black-bird and thrush woo their new loves, nor was able myself to refrain from singing?

My brain is a black chaos of whirling agonies, now together, now parting; so that each may make their separate sting felt, and in turn each will have to be faced. Pre-eminent among the dark host, towering above even the thought of Barbara, is the sense of my own degradation. There must have been something in my conduct to justify his taking me so confidently for the bad, light woman he did. One does not get such a character for nothing. I have always heard that, when such things happen to people, they have invariably brought them on themselves. In incoherent misery, I run over in my head, as well as the confusion of it will let me, our past meetings and dialogues. In almost all, to my distorted view, there now seems to have been an unseemly levity. Things I have said to him; easy, familiar jokes that I have had with him; not that he ever had much sense of a jest—even at this moment I think this incidentally—course through my mind.

Our many *tele-a-tetes* to which, at the time, I attached less than no importance; through many of which I unfeignedly, irresistibly gaped; our meetings in the park—accidental as I thought—our dawdling saunters through the meadows, as often as not at twilight; all, all recur to me, and, recurring, make my face burn with a hot and stabbing shame.

And Roger! This is the way in which I have kept things straight for him! This is the way in which I have rewarded his boundless trust! he, whose only fear was lest I should be dull! lest I should not amuse myself! Well, I have amused myself to some purpose now. I have made myself common talk for the neighborhood! He said so. I have brought discredit on Roger's honored name! Not even the consciousness of the utter cleanness of my heart is of the least avail to console me. What matter how clean the heart is, if the conduct be light? None but God can see the former; the latter lies open to every carelessly spiteful, surface judging eye. And Barbara! Goaded by the thought of her, I rise up quickly, and walk hastily along the road, till I reach a gate into the park. Arrived there, and now free from all fear of interruption from passers-by, I again sit down on an old dry log that lies beneath a great oak, and again cover my face with my hands.

What care I for the growing dark, the darker the better! Ah! if it were dark enough to hide me from myself! How shall I break it to her—I, who, confident in my superior discernment, have always scouted her misgivings, and turned into derision her doubts? If I thought that she would rave and storm, and that her grief would vent itself in anger, it would not be of half so much consequence. But I know her better. The evening has closed in colder. The birds have all ceased their singing, and I still sit on, in the absolute silence, unconscious—unaware of anything round me; living only in my thoughts, and with a resolution grow ever stronger and stronger within me. I will not tell her! I will never tell any one. I, that have hitherto bungled and blundered over the whitest fib, will wade knee-deep in falsehoods, before I will ever let any one

guess the disgrace that has happened to me. O, that by long silence, I could wipe it out of my own heart—out of the book of unerasable past deeds.

Of course, by the cessation of his visits, Barbara will learn her fate in time. In time. Yes! but till then—till the long weeks in their lapse have brought the certainty of disappointment and mistake? How can I—myself knowing—watch her gentle confidence (for latterly her doubts—and whose would not?—have been set at rest) decline through all the suffering stages of uneasy expectation and deferred hope, to the blank, dull sickness of despair? How, without betraying myself, see her daily with wistful eyes looking—with strained ears listening—for a face and a step that come not? If she were one to love lightly, one of the many women who, when satisfied that it is no longer any use to cry and strive for the unattainable, the out of reach, clip and pare their affections to fit the unattainable, the within reach—! But I know differently.

Hitherto, whenever love has been offered to her—and the occasions have not been few—she has put it away from her; most gently, indeed, with a most eager desire to pour balm and not vinegar into the wounds she has made; with a most sincere sorrow and a disproportioned remorse at being obliged to cause pain to any living thing; yet, with a quiet and indifferent firmness that left small ground for lingering hopes. And now, having once loved, she will be slow to unlove again.

It is quite dark now—as dark, at least, as it will be all night—and two or three stars are beginning to quiver out, small and cold, in the infinite distances of the sky. The sight of them, faintly trembling between the bare boughs of the trees, is the first thing that calls me back to the consciousness of outward things. Again I rise, and begin to walk, stumbling through the long wet knots of the unseen grass, toward the house.

But when I reach it—when I see the red gleams shining through the chinks of the window-shutters—my heart fails me. Not yet can I face the people, the lights—Barbara! I turn into the garden, and pace up and down the broad, lonely walks; I pass and repass the cold river-beds of the unplaying fountain. I stand in the black night of the old cedar's shade. On any other day no possible consideration would have induced me to venture within the jurisdiction of its inky arms after nightfall; to-day, I feel as if no earthly or unearthly thing would have power to scare me. How long I stay, I do not know. Now and then, I put up my hands to my face, to ascertain whether my cheeks and eyes feel less swollen and burning; whether the moist and searching night-air is restoring me to my own likeness.

At length, I dare stay no longer for fear of being missed, and causing alarm in the household. So I enter, steal up-stairs, and open the door of my boudoir, which Barbara and I, when alone, make our usual sitting-room. The candles are unlit; and the warm fire—evidently long undisturbed—is shedding on a dull and deceiving light on all the objects over which it ranges. So far, at least, Fortune favors me. Barbara and Vick are sitting on the hearth-rug, side by side. As I enter, they both jump up and run to meet me. One of them gives little rapturous squeaks of recognition. The other says, in a tone of relief and pleasure:

"Here you are! I was growing so frightened about you! What can have made you so late?"

"It was so—so—pleasant! The thrushes were singing so!" reply I, thus happily inaugurating my career of invention.

"But my dear child, the thrushes went to bed two hours ago!"

"Yes," I answer, at once entirely non-plussed, "so they did!"

"Where have you been?" she asks, in a tone of ever-increasing surprise. "Did you go farther than you intended?"

"I went—to see—the old Busseys," reply I, slowly; inwardly pondering, with a stupid surprise, as to whether it can possibly have been no longer ago than this very afternoon, that the old man mistook me for the dead Belinda—and that I held the old wife's soapy hand in farewell in mine;—"the old—Busseys!" I repeat; "and it took—me a long—long time to get home!"

I shiver as I speak.

"You are cold!" she says, anxiously. "I hope you have not had a chill!"—(taking my hands in her own slight ones)—"yes—starved!—poor dear hands; let me rub them!" (beginning delicately to chafe them).

Something in the tender solicitude of her voice, in that touch of her gentle hands, gives me an agony of pain and remorse. I snatch away my hands.

"Not no!" I cry, brusquely, "they do very well!"

Again she looks at me, with a sort of astonishment, a little mixed with pain; but she does not say anything. She goes over to the fire, and stoops to take up the poker.

"Do not!" cry I, hastily, "there is plenty of light!—I mean" (stammering) "it—it—dazzles me, coming in out of the dark."

As I speak I retire to a distant chair, as nearly as possible out of the fire-light, and affect to be occupied with Vick, who has jumped up on my lap, and—with all a dog's delicate care not to hurt you *really*—is pretending severely to bite every one of my fingers. Barbara has returned to the hearth-rug. She looks a little troubled at first; but, after a moment or two, her face regains its usual serene sweetness.

"And I have been here ever since you left me!" she says, presently, with a look of soft gaiety. "I have had no visitors! Not even"—(blushing a little)—"the usual one."

"No?" say I, bending down my head over Vick, and allowing her to have a better and more thorough lick at the bridge of my nose than she had ever enjoyed in her life before.

"You did not meet him, I suppose?" she says, interrogatively.

"I?" I start, guiltily, and stammering. "Not I! Why—why should I?"

"Why should you not, rather?" she says, laughing a little. "It is not such a very unusual occurrence?"

"Do you think not?" I say, in a voice whose trembling is painfully perceptible to myself. "You do not think I—I—"

("You do not think I met him on purpose," I am going to say; but I break off suddenly, aware that I am betraying myself.)

He will come earlier to-morrow to make up for it," she says, in a low voice, more to herself than to me;—"yes"—(clasping her hands lightly in her lap, while the firelight plays upon the lovely mildness of her happy face, and repeating the words softly)—"yes, he will come earlier to-morrow!"

I cannot bear it. I rise up abruptly, trundling poor Vick, to whom this reverse is quite unexpected, down on the carpet, and rush out of the room.

It is now evening—late evening, drawing toward bed time. I am sitting with my back to the light, and have asked for a shade for the lamp, on the plea that the wind has cut my eyes; but, in spite of my precautions, I am well aware that the disfigurement of my face is still unmistakably evident to the most casual eye; and, from the anxious care with which Barbara looks away from me, when she addresses me, I can perceive that she has observed it, as, indeed, how could she fail to do? If You Tou were here, she would overwhelm me with officious questions, would stare me crazy; but Barbara averts her eyes and asks nothing.

We have been sitting in perfect silence for a long while; no noise but the click of Barbara's knitting pins, the lower flutter of the fire flame, and a sort of suppressed, choked, inward bark, with which Vick attacks a phantom tomat in her dreams.

Suddenly I speak.

"Barbara," say I, with a hard, forced laugh, "I am going to ask you a silly question: tell me: did you ever observe—has it ever struck you—that there was something rather—rather offensive in my manner to men?"

Her knitting drops into her lap. Her blue eyes open wide, like dog-eyes in the sun; she is obliged to look at me now.

"Offensive!" she echoes, with an accent of the most utter surprise and mystification. "Good heavens, no! What has come to the child? Oh!" (with a little look of dawning intelligence)—"I see! You mean, do you not smite them too much? Are not you sometimes a little too hard upon them?"

"No," say I, gravely; "I did not mean that."

She looks at me for explanation, but I can give none. More silence.

Vick is either in hot pursuit of, or hot flight from, the tomat; all her four legs are quivering and kicking in a mimic gallop.

"Do you remember," say I, again speaking, and again prefacing my words with an uneasy laugh, "how the boys at home used always to laugh at me, because I never knew how to flirt, nor had any pretty ways? Do you think"—speaking slowly and hesitatingly—"that boys—one's brothers, I mean—would be good judges of that sort of thing?"

"As good as any one else's brothers, I suppose," she says, with a low laugh, but still looking puzzled; "but why did you ask?"

"I do not know," reply I, trying to speak carelessly; "it came into my head."

"Has any one been accusing you?" she says, a little curiously. "But no! who could? You have seen no one, not even—"

"No, no!" I interrupt I, shrinking from the sound of the name which I know is coming; "of course not; no one!"

The clock strikes eleven and wakes Vick. Barbara rises, rolls up her knitting, and going over to the fireplace, stands with one white elbow resting on the chimney-piece, and slender neck drooped, pensively gazing at the low fire.

"Do you know," she says, with a half confused smile, that is also tinged with a little anxiety, "I have been thinking—it is the first time for three months that he has not been here at all, either in the morning, the afternoon, or the evening!"

"It is?" say I, slightly shivering.

"I think," she says, with a rather embarrassed laugh, "that he must have heard you were out, and that that was why he did not come. You know I always tell you that he likes you best."

She says it as a joke, and yet her great eyes are looking at me with a sort of wistfulness, but neither to them nor to her words can I make any answer.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Next morning I am sitting before my looking-glass—never to me a pleasant article of furniture—having my hair dressed. I am hardly awake yet, and have not quite finished disentangling the real live disagreeables which I have to face, from the imaginary ones from which my waking has freed me. At least, in real life, I am not perpetually pursued, through dull abysses, by a man in a crape mask, from which I am madly struggling to escape, and who is perpetually on the point of overtaking and seizing me.

It was a mistake going to sleep at all last night. It would have been far wiser and better to have kept awake. The real evils are bad enough, but the dream ones in their vivid life make me shiver even now, though the morning sun is lying in companionable patches on the floor, and the birds are loudly talking altogether. Do no birds ever listen?

Distacted for a moment from my own miseries, by the noise of their soft yet sharp hubbub, I am thinking this, when a knock comes at the door, and the next moment Barbara enters. Her blonde hair is tumbled about her shoulders; no white rose's cheeks are paler than hers; in her hand she has a note. In a moment I have dismissed the maid, and we are alone.

"I want you to read this!" she says, in an even and monotonous voice, from which, by an effort whose greatness I can dimly guess, she keeps all sound of trembling.

I have risen and turned from the glass; but now my knees shake under me so much that I have to sit down again. She comes behind me, so that I may no longer see her; and putting her arms round my neck, and hiding her face in my unfinished hair, says, whisperingly:

"Do not fret about it, Nancy—I do not mind much."

Then she breaks into quiet tears.

"Do you mean to say that he has had the insolence to write to you?" I cry, in a passion of indignation, forgetting for the moment Barbara's ignorance of what has occurred, and only reminded of it by the look of wonder that, as I turn on my chair to face her, I see come into her eyes.

"Have not you been expecting him every day to write to me?" she asks, with a little wonder in her tone; "but read!" (pointing to the note, and laughing with a touch of bitterness), "you will soon see that there is no insolence here."

I had quite as lief, in my present state of mind, touch a yard-long wriggling ground worm, or a fat wood-louse, as paper that his fingers have pressed; but I overcome my repulsion, and unfold the note.

DEAR MISS GRAY,—Can I do anything for you in town? I am going up there to-morrow, and shall thence, I think, run over to the Exhibition. I have no doubt that it is just like all the others; but not to have seen it will set one at a disadvantage with one's fellows. I am afraid that there is no chance of your being still at Tempest when I return. I shall be most happy to make any commissions.

Yours sincerely,
F. MUSGRAVE.

The note drops from my fingers, rolls on to my lap, and thence to the ground. I sit stiff and stupid silent. To tell the truth I am trying strongly how I should look and what I should say, were I as ignorant of causes as Barbara thinks me, and to look and speak accordingly.

She kneels down beside me, and softly drawing down my face till it is on a level with hers, and our cheeks touch, says in a tone of gentle entreaty and passion, as if I were the one to be considered—the prime sufferer:

"Do not fret about it, Nancy! it is of no consequence!—there is no harm done!"

I struggle to say something, but for the life of me I can frame no words.

"It was my own fancy!" she says, falteringly; "I suppose my vanity misled me!"

"It is all my fault!" cry I, suddenly finding passionate words, starting up, and beginning to walk feverishly to and fro—"all!"—there never was any one in all this world so blind, so ill-judging, so miserably mistaken! If it had not been for me, you never would have thought twice of him—never; and I—(beginning to speak with weeping indistinctness)—"I thought it would be so nice to have you near me—I thought that there was nothing the matter with him but his temper; many men are ill-tempered—nearly all. If" (tightly clenching my hands and setting my teeth) "I had had any idea of his being the scoundrel that he is—"

"But he is not," she interrupts quickly, wincing a little at my words; "indeed he is not! What ill have we heard from him? If you do not mind" (laying her hand with gentle entreaty on my arm), "I had rather, far rather, that you did not say anything hard of him! I was always so glad that you and he were such friends—always—and I do not know why—there is no sense in it; but I am glad of it still."

"We were not friends," say I, writhing a little; "why do you say so?"

She looks at me with a great and unfeigned astonishment.

"Not friends!" she echoes, slowly repeating my words; then, seeing the expression of my face, stops suddenly.

"Are you sure," cry I, feverishly snatching her hands and looking with searching anxiety into her face, "that you spoke truth just now?—that you do not mind much—that you will get over it!—that it will not kill you?"

"Kill me!" she says, with a little sorrowful smile of derision; "no, no! I am not so easily killed."

"Are you sure?" persist I, with a passionate eagerness, still reading her tear-stained face, "that it will not take the taste out of everything?—that it will not make you hate all your life—it would me."

"Quite sure! certain!" she says, looking back at me with a steady meekness, though her blue eyes brim over; "because God has taken from me one thing—one that I never had any right to expect—should I do well, do you think, to quarrel with all that He has left me?"

I cannot answer; her godly patience is too high a thing for me.

"Even if my life were spoilt," she goes on after a moment or two, her voice gaining firmness, and her face a pale serenity, "even if it were true—but it is not—indeed it is not. In a very little while it will seem to me as good and pleasant and full as ever; but even if it were" (looking at me with a lovely confidence in her eyes), "it would be no such very great matter—this life is not everything!"

"Is not it?" say I, with a doubting shiver. "Who can tell you that? who knows?"

"No one has been to blame," she continues, with a gentle persistence. "I should like you to see that! There has been only a—mistake" (her voice failing a little again, "a mistake that has been corrected in time, and for which no one—no one, Nancy, is the worse!")

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Print of a Felon's Hand.

On the side of the public road between this place and Harris Chapel, Tuskaroe Neck, Md., stands a large sized poplar tree, perhaps three feet in diameter at the ground, and on the bark, some ten feet from the base, is the mark of a human hand, which it has borne for about twenty years past. It was produced in the following manner: In 1863, James Wilson, a bright mulatto, about 23 years of age, committed a terrible crime upon a little child. He was hunted down, owned the crime and was lodged in our gaol. A few nights afterward he was forcibly taken from the gaol and hung and shot in the rear of that building by the infuriated populace of the neighborhood in which the crime was perpetrated. After he was dead his body was cut into pieces and burned on the outskirts of the town. But one of the hands, cut off at the wrist, was taken in charge by some one, and with a good-sized nail was spiked to the poplar tree. It remained there until it decayed, and now the hand print, full size, may be seen on the bark of the tree, the nail which held it in position still fast in the tree. We visited the place last week and can vouch for the correctness of the above statement.—*Denton American Union.*

A Cold Day for the Sparrows.

While a gentleman was walking down Pleasant street the other day he noticed several English sparrows pecking away at the tail of one of their mates. As he approached the group they all flew away except one, and that unfortunate one had its tail frozen into the thin ice. He was a prisoner. The gentleman freed the little bird and let him fly away. It appears as if the sparrows had been *dingy* away at the ice to release their captured comrade.—*Wakefield Beacon.*

The side of a church is not the proper place for a sexton with squeaky boots. He should have some other kind of "be."

ODD STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

A Skaneateles (N. Y.) youth gave his sister a live pig in a fancy box as a wedding present.

The thirty women employed in one shoe factory in Lynn, Mass., are all divorced wives.

A lady who spent over \$100,000 of her own money during the war in aiding wounded soldiers is now living in great poverty in Asherville, N. C.

Frank Hess of St. Louis has tolled the bell for the dead for a quarter of a century. He died while ringing it, tolling, as it was, his own knell.

The first wedding ceremony ever performed in America by a lady took place at Columbus, O., recently, where Mrs. Lydia G. Romick, the evangelist, married Charles Pim of Damascus to Miss Emma Bryant.

John Tyler, for many years sexton at Fayetteville, N. C., dug his own grave. As he stooped to clean out the bottom of a grave the side caved in, and before he was discovered he had been dead several hours.

Jealousy of the attentions of his mother to his seven-weeks-old sister caused the two-year-old son of Edwin Rosewinkle at Grand Rapids, Mich., to strike the child with a small stick upon the head, inflicting fatal injuries.

A panther came down over a ten-foot stone wall enclosing the cattle-pen of a Woodstock, Vt., farmer and, seizing a young steer, started off with it. But the animal was tied by a rope to another steer, and when found both were dead, hanging clothespin fashion over the wall. The panther's tracks in the snow told the story.

When Ira Phillips, a Deputy Marshal of Pittsboro, N. C. went to an illicit distiller's house to arrest him, the moonshiner dropped quietly on the floor, stretched himself at full-length, and told the officer to take away the goods. As the distiller weighed 300 pounds, the revenue officer was obliged to go for help, and when he returned the bird had flown.

A newly-married country couple were on a Memphis ferryboat, when the groom fell into the Mississippi. While he was battling for his life, his wife said: "Now Samuel, didn't I tell you so? Now, then, work your legs, flop your arms, hold your breath, and repeat the Lord's Prayer, for it's mighty uncertain Samuel, whether you land in New Orleans or in eternity."

A Georgia widow lost her husband many months ago from the bite of a spider. His body was being removed to a handsome new burial plot when an inquisitive friend asked to have the coffin opened. The corpse had turned completely over and was lying upon its face, showing that the man had been buried alive. The inquisitive friend then rushed to the widow, who lost her reason when she had heard his story.

Mrs. Martha Pedro, who was lately buried at Highland Mills, N. Y., married Pedro many years ago, and became the mother of several children. Then a separation occurred; Pedro married another woman and his wife married another man. By the latter marriage both had children. Pedro's second wife and the second husband of his first wife died. Then the original Mr. and Mrs. Pedro married again, and more children were born to them.

Lewis, the colored servant of Dr. William Norris of Baltimore, was married recently, and he convulsed the company by compelling the bride, during the ceremony, to swear upon the Bible that she "never allowed any other nigger to hug or kiss her." The bride was equal to the emergency, and, with an unflinching voice, she said: "Afore God, I never did!" Here came in more applause, and when the excitement subsided it became her turn to exact the same from Lewis, but she was unsuccessful, as Lewis had too much of the George Washington material in him. They were then stationed in the middle of the floor and the marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Way.

The collision between the Dominion and Ontario Governments over the disputed territory is coming, sure. There is an Ontario gaol nearly finished at Rat Portage, and as sure as the world it will if necessary be filled by offenders against Ontario law. The order has been issued to seize all timber cut in the disputed district which has not paid Ontario dues, and the seizure will be made as certainly as anything in future will take place. Well! What after that?

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"Why are politicians always talking about the party platform, my dear?" queried Mrs. Rattler of her husband. "Looking for the 'deals,' my love," rejoined Rattler.

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He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby more ways of exposing himself.

No. 16

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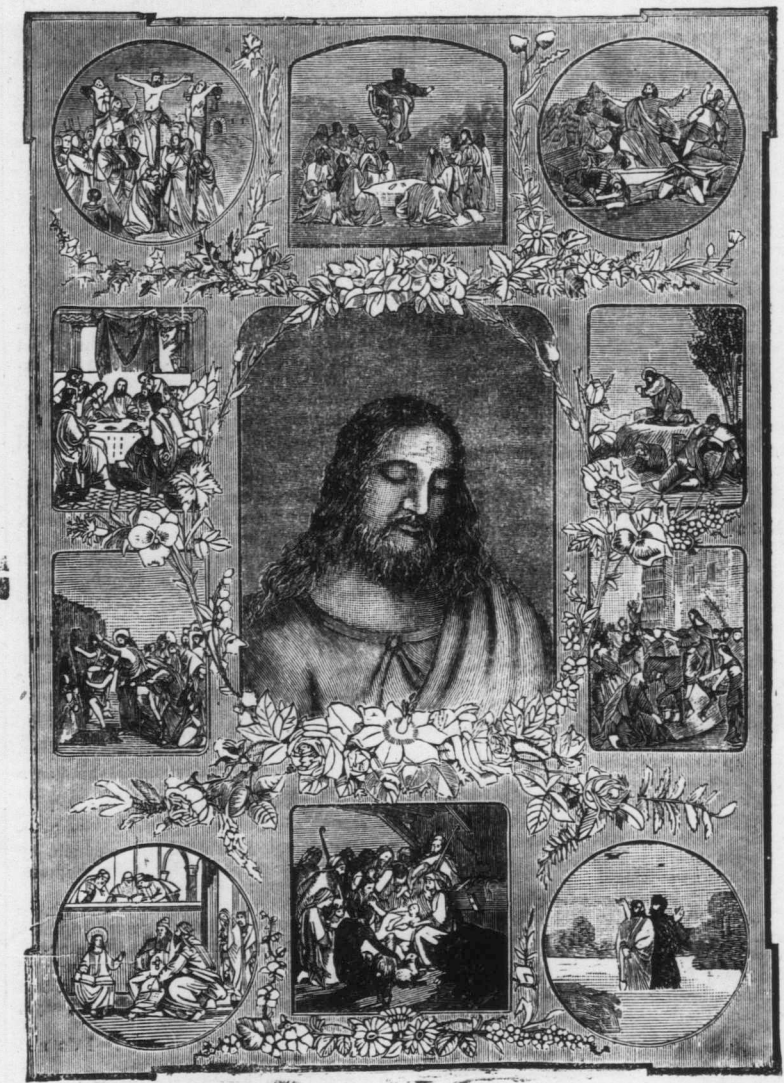
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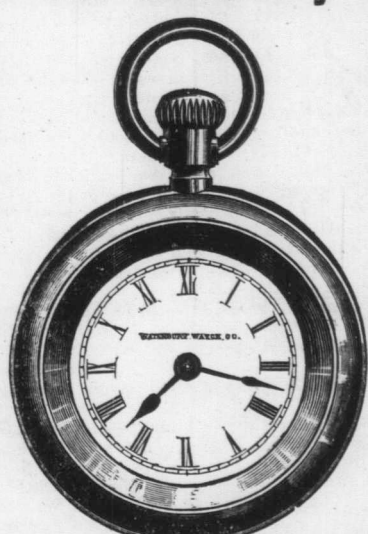
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