

MASK AGAINST MASK.

THE WHITE ONES SCARED THE BURGLARS AND SAVED THE SILVERWARE.

We were telling ghost stories one rainy evening at a house party in a Maine town, says a Youth's Companion contributor, when a young lady remarked, with a laugh, "Mine is not exactly a ghost story, but is something like one, and it is, besides, a personal experience.

"I was spending a week with a friend Frances Livermore, a few years ago, during the absence of her father and mother. The housemaid was called home by illness in her family, and my friend and I were left alone but for the company of a big hound. We were not at all timid, for Tige was an excellent watchdog.

"On the last day of my stay we went to a picnic, from which we returned very tired and with faces sadly sunburned. We applied buttermilk and then covered them with white linen masks, with holes cut for eyes and mouth. We had great merriment over our comical appearance.

"Frances expected her father and mother to return that evening, and we sat up rather late awaiting them. At last, however, we gave them up and retired to bed and were soon asleep, with our masks still on.

"Along in the night we were awakened by a noise in the rooms below stairs,

"They're come!" whispered Frances "I'll run down and see if they are all right," saying which she rose, lighted a candle and started down stairs.

"As soon as she left the room I decided to follow her, and lighting another candle I threw on a white wrapper and hurried after her.

"The sounds came from the dining room, and we proceeded in that direction. Frances opened the door, expecting to see her mother and father. Instead we beheld two masked men hurriedly putting the silverware into a bag.

"The burglars looked up as we appeared, then hastily dropped bag and silver and fled to the kitchen and out of an open window.

"We did not scream, but stood for a moment petrified with astonishment and terror. Then we looked at each other and did not wonder that our appearance had frightened the burglars. We were in white from head to foot, and with those masks, by the weird light of the candles, we must have looked like veritable ghosts.

"Tige it appeared, had been lured into the stable and shut up, making it apparent that the burglars were men whom the dog knew. Mr. and Mrs. Livermore had been detained a few miles from home by a broken bridge

"Frances and I rallied from our fright, hunted up Tige and sat up the remainder of the night, but nothing further occurred. The burglars had carried off nothing."

Bring your own bottles to the Drug Store and have them filled with essences perfumes, oils, &c. When buying small quantities you get twice the quantity for the money. Estey & Curtis.

A YANKEE ROMANCE.

Hawthorne found romance on the shores of old New England, and there is a good deal of it unmined in the modern life of the Yankees. The following story of love and marriage, strange as it may seem, is known to the writer to be true:

Years ago a summer boarder, at a cottage on a point of land which formed the protecting arm of the harbor of a fishing-town in Massachusetts, was shown a girl-baby only a few months old. He looked at the babe and admired; then said to the mother:

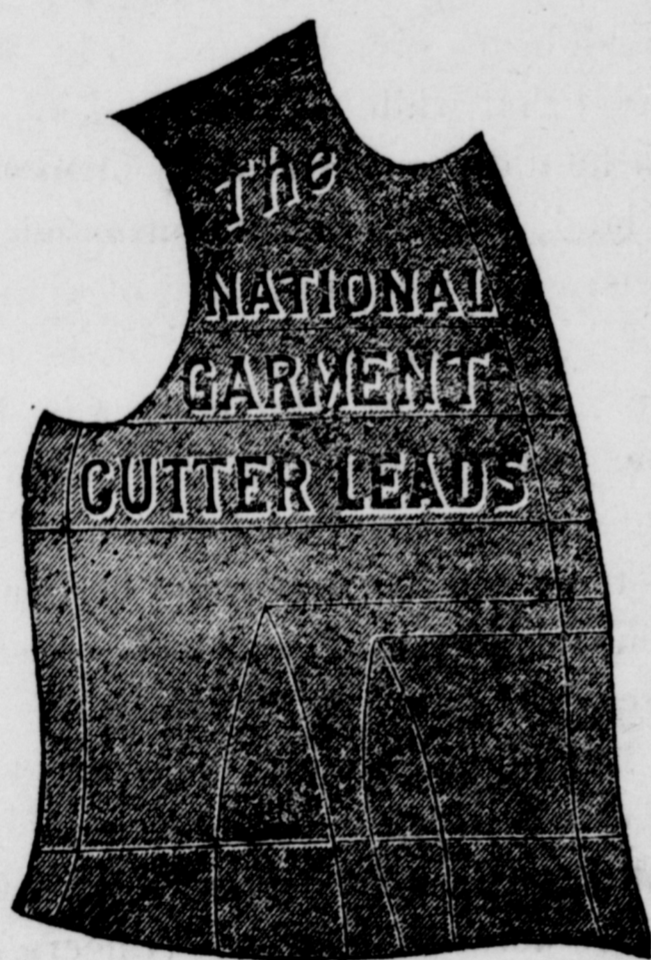
"Will you give me that babe for my wife?"

The mother had known the young man for several summers; she liked him and therefore answered promptly "Yes."

"Will you promise never to tell her that you have selected me as her husband?"

"Yes."

The condition of the singular betrothal were observed. The girl-baby grew up, and summer after summer the young man courted her. When she was eighteen he married her, and not till then did she know that she had been betrothed to her husband while in her cradle. Can old romance be more romantic than this story of a New England fishing-town?—Youth's Companion.



Mrs. J. F. Alcorn
Fashionable Dressmaker

Cutting, Fitting, and everything in the line of Dressmaking will receive my personal attention. Orders from customers living at a distance will be promptly attended to. Prices reasonable and Satisfaction guaranteed.

Opp. Forester's Hall, Main Street
Hartland, N. B.

Time-Table



In effect Oct. 3rd, 1897.

GOING UP.			
	FR'T	EXP.	SUB
Woodstock.....	9 00	12 27	4 35
Hartland.....	10 17	1 30	5 25
Peel.....	10 45	1 41	5 40
Florenceville.....	11 25	2 00	6 02
Bristol.....	11 40	2 08	6 13
Bath.....	11 58	2 17	6 25
DOWNWARD.			
	EXP.	SUB.	FR'T
Bath.....	2 54	6 50	10 50
Bristol.....	3 03	7 04	11 07
Florenceville.....	3 12	7 15	11 25
Peel.....	3 30	7 40	11 55
Hartland.....	3 42	7 58	12 17
Woodstock.....	4 22	8 50	1 30

T. B. THISTLE

The only Merchant Tailor in the Village, has the finest stock of :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

CLOTHS AND TRIMMINGS

Ever shown in the place

Will Guarantee

a Perfect Fit and

Workmanship as

well :: :: :: :: :: ::

I can give as good a bargain as anyone in the trade, call and get samples and prices before purchasing elsewhere. You will find me just below the Jeweler Store, in the same building.

Keith & Plummer

... OFFER ...

MEN'S Coon and Australian Bear Coats. Men' Astrachan and Banner Caps

LADIES' Coon and Astrachan Coats: Ladies' Astrachan Opposum, Electric and Greenland Seal Capes. Ladies' Opposum and Greenland Seal Collars. Ladies' Mink and Black and Gray Opposum Ruffs.

PERSIAN LAMB SKINS
ASTRACHAN SKINS,
OPPOSUM SKINS

Just what you require to patch that old coat or jacket or to make a new cap.

A Full Line of Seasonable Goods.

KEITH & PLUMMER.