## EXTENSIVE CLEARING SALE

## Seleet Story.

## Esther Chillingworth's Ring. day; and none knew it at first, for we

Sout of the old lacquered cabinet and looked for May flowers, and, later on, where Aunt Lucinda's odds and for the blue violets that crept up through ends of family relics-mememtomoris, the rustling dead follage of last year. antique trinkets, and souvenirs of the past ; her past, that seemed so very, v. ry old, for she was my mother's aunt, not mine, were stowed away in rows of imy drawers, packed in soft jewelers' cot on and smelling sweet and strong of Tonk beans. It was a ring of old, yellow Lold, curiously dressed with the jacinth cut crescentwise and set in tiny seed pearls; and the jewels and the setting, as in many old rings, opened at the coaxing of a fin ger, and showed a wee space for hairwhose?

I asked Aunt Lucinda, but she was hurrying to shut up the cabinet, and only said :

'Remind me tell you about it in the morning, child,' for it was late, and she wanted to send me off to bed. 'Can't I keep this, just to wear while

I'm here-it is so pretty-and I'll take her father's door.' such good care of it, Auntle?'

'Well, put it on,' said Aunt Lucinda, 'and then run away, for it's past 11 o'clock. To think of you keeping me up talking before quite well; Gov. Winthrop, whose until this late hour !

So I went away to bed, slipping the narrow band of fretted, carven, crusted gold over my first finger, and watching the rich, warm flake of light in the heart of the jacinth-like a drop of clear honey.

l slept alone at Aunt Lucinda's, in a queer old room, with an open tireplace and brass andirons, with a great, high- the little bright pearls, and slipped it [ posted bed, dark with flowered chintz over mine.

emrains, and a high and almost inaccessible mountain of feathers, into which I usually leaped with the aid of a chair is a lock of my own hair under the stone, when I had blown the candle out. I al- and you shall give one of those precious ways went to sleep drowsily speculating dark locks to keep and kiss when we are upon the ancestral personage who had

reposed in this old ark of a bed, under exchange our love gift; back again, here that ancient red silk quilt, and wondering in this very wood, my sweetest.' if any of their forgotten dreams lurked "Ile took the lock of hair that curled

in his eyes; and so I loved him. He stayed in Salem, and I saw him day after strayed far away in those green woods

And at last he came to my father's house but Abel Chillingworth was old and stern, and I feared him, and I had no mother: and so we kept our secret-Roger and I. I feared notning, asked nothing, in love;

was content with its full draft of joy, and never dreamed, with summer and roses around me, of winter and decay, and dust

met in the Salem woods to part. "'No tears my little Mayflower,' Roger

within his strong arm. 'I have never seen the drops in thosesweet eyes of thine before, and I would not have my last sight of them so marred. It is only for a little

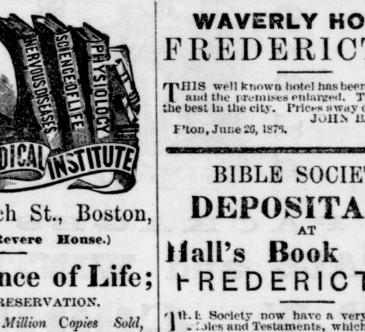
away my little Puritan maiden before the first leaves of autumn have turned red by

"'Why-why will you go, Roger ?' cried, as I clung round him; and I asked it only to hear over again what I knew blood relation he was, had sent him here.

and now recalled him, on business of the only \$1.00. Commonwealth, and how he must obey leaving me only for a little while-" very little while.' I made him whisper over and over, with my arms about his neck. And then he pulled from his finger that ring, with its dark yellow stone and

"'See,' he said, 'you shall wear this as my pledge of love and loyality ; there parted; and in two little months I vow to

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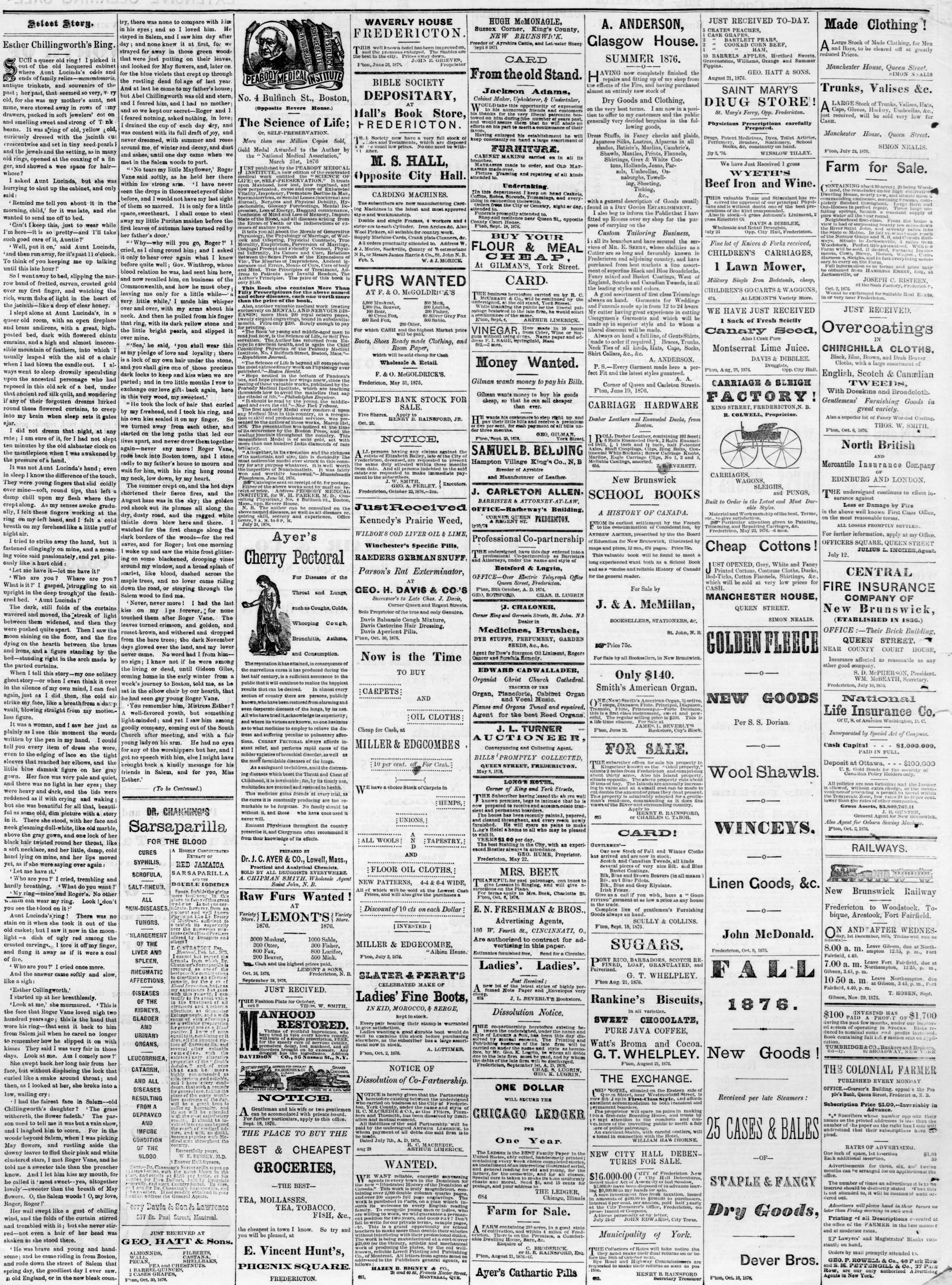
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into my brain when sleep sets it gates his own kiss sealed it on my finger. So tion of skill and professional services, was pre-I did not dream that night, at any started on the long paths that led our

rate; I am sure of it, for I had not slept lives apart, and never drew them together ten minutes by the old alabaster clock on again-never any more! Roger Vane, the mantlepiece when I was awakened by rode back into Boston town, and I stole the pressure of a hand.

It was not Aunt Lucinda's hand; even wait for him, with his ring hung round in sleep I know the difference of the touch. my neck, low down, by my heart. They were young fingers that slid coldly over mine-soft, round tips, that left a shortened their fierce fires, and the damp chill upon my flesh where they August haze was in the sky; the golden creptalong. As my senses awoke gradually, I felt these fingers working at the dry, dusty road, and the ragged white ring on my left hand, and I felt a cold thistle down blew here and there. I breath on my forehead like a little puff of watched for the first change along the night air.

I tried to strike away the hand, but it eaves, and for Roger; but one morning fastened clingingly on mine, and a moan- I woke up and saw the white frost glittering voice said passionately, and yet pite- ing on some blackened, drooping vines ously like a hurt chid :

'Let me have it-let me have it!'

"Who are you? Where are you? maple trees, and no lover came riding What is it ?' I gasped, [struggling to sit down the road, or straying through the upright in the deep trough of the feath- Salem wood to find me. ered bed. 'Aunt Lucinda !'

The dark, still folds of the curtains kiss on my lips forever, for none wavered and moved, the streak of light touched them after Roger Vane. The between them widened, and then they leaves turned crimson, and golden, and were pushed quite apart. Then I saw the russet-brown, and withered and dropped moon shining on the floor, and the fire from the bare trees; the dark November dying on the hearth between the brass days glowed over the land, and my lover and irons, and a figure standing by the bed-standing right in the arch made by the parted curtains.

When I tell this story-my one solitary coming home in the early winter from ghost story-or when I even think it over week's journey to Boston, told me, as he in the silence of my own mind, I can feel again, just as I did then, the cold air. strike my face, like a breathfrom a damp vault, blowing straight from my motionless figure.

It was a woman, and I saw her just as goodly company, coming out of the South plainly as I see this moment the words Church after meeting, and with a fair written by the pen in my hand. I could young lady on his arm. He had no eyes tell you every item of dress she wore. for any of the worshippers but her, and I even to the edging of lace on the tight got no speech with him, else I might have sleeves that reached her elbows, and the orought back a kindly message for his little blue damask figure on her gray triends in Salem, and for you, Miss gown. Her face was very pale and quiet, Esther.'

CURES

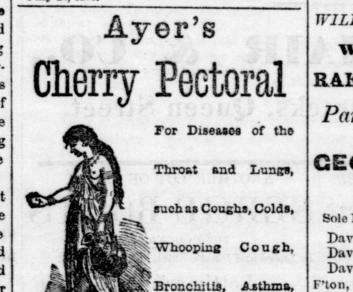
SYPHILIS,

SCROFULA,

and there was no light in her eyes; they were heavy and dark, and the lids were reddened as if with crying and waking ; but she was beautiful for all that, beautiful as some old, dim picture with a story in it. There she stood, with her face and neek gleaming dull-white, like old marble, above the gray gown, and one lock of her black hair twisted round her throat. like a soft necklace, and her little, damp, cold hand lying on mine, and her lips moved yet, as if she were saying over again : 'Let me have it.'

"Who are you?" I cried, trembling and hardly breathing. 'What do you want ?

sadly to my father's house to mourn and The summer crept on, and the hot days rod shook out its plumes all along the



'My ring-mine and Roger's. No other woman can wear my ring. Look ! don't you see the blood on it ?' Aunt Lucinda's ring ! There was no

stain on it when she took it out of the old casket; but I saw it now in the moon. light -a dish of ugly red among the crusted carvings. I tore it off my finger, and flung it away as if it were a coal of fire.

"Who are you?" I cried once more. And the answer came softly and slow, like a sigh:

'Esther Collingworth.'

I started up at her breathlessly. 'Look at me,' she murmured. 'This is the face that Roger Vane loved nigh two hundred years ago; this is the hand that wore his ring-that sent it back to him from Salem jail when he cared no longer to remember how he slipped it on with kisses They said I was very fair in those days. Look at me. Am I comely now?' She swept back her long hair from her face, but without displacing the lock that curled like a snake around throat; and then, as I looked at her, she broke into a low, wailing cry:

· I had the fairest face in Salem--old Chillingworth's daughter? 'The grass withereth, the flower fadeth.' The parson used to tell me it was but a vain show. and I laughed him to scorn. For in the woods beyond Salem, when I was picking May flowers, and rustling aside the downy leaves to find their pink and white clustered stars, I met Roger Vane, and he told me a sweeter tale than the preacher knew. And I let him kiss my mouth, for he called it 'most sweet--yea, altogether lovely'-sweeter than the breath of May flowers. O, the Salem woods ! O, my love, Roger, Roger !'

Her wail swept like a gust of chilling wind, and the folds of the curtain stirred and trembled with it; but she never stirred-not even a hair of her head was skaken as she stood there.

'He was brave and young and hand. some; and he came riding in from Boston, and rode down the street of Salem that spring day, the goodliest day I ever saw. n old England, or in the new bleak coun-

DOUBLE LODIDES GALT-RHEUM. Space. forbids the giving more testi neny in this place in favor of this great ALL SKIN-DISEASES, tifeate, however, from an eminent and we'l hown Physe or Lie Lr. Bessey of Montreal sufficient to e tablish its superiority TUMORS. over the numerous mix turos called Blood Puriler MLARGEMENT offered by Druggists and others OF THE T. C. STRATTON Esq. Montreal, Fob. Ict., 1875. LIVER AND I cannot bat regard the SPLEEN, formul. from which Dr Channing's Sarsaparilla is prepared. as one of the RHEUMATIC best possible combi to constituta an effectual AFFECTIONS. remely, for the c ro cf Blood Imparities. Solar as my experience has gone with this remedy. I can DISEASES testify to its great value OF THE in the treatment of all trumous and Cachectie KIDNEYS. affections, as Glandalas Enlargements, and a wide BLADDER range of skin affections as a reliable preparati AND for general use as a blood purifier. I kn w ef none equal to it, combining as it URINARY loes, all the imputed vir-ORGANS. tues of Earsapar, lia, and several other valuable remedies, with the extractionary alterative LEUCORRHŒA properties of the " Doul lodides," and of none that can be more highly recommended as CATARRH, safe. certain and reliable, AND ALL and 1 have every confilence, that such a remedy DISEASES for general use, taking the place of the many worth-RESULTING less nostrums of the day, will be a great been to suffering humanity, and its use will be attended FROM A DEPRAVED with the most satisfactors results. It should be in-valuable to remons beyond the reach of medical ad-AND IMPURE vice, and will, no doubt, become copular with Me-dical men throughout the CONDITION in'ry OF THE Respectfully yours, BLOOD. W E. BESSEY, M.D. 8 Beaver Hall Square, S Beaver Hall Square, Netz.-Dr. Channing's Sarsay arilla is put up a large lottles, with the name blown in the lass, and retails at \$1.00 per bottle, er Six offles for Five Dollars, fold by Druggists onerally, and mort Country Stores. Be cure, "I ask for Dr. Channing's Sarsapariila, and the no other. If not readily obtained in your ceality, address the General Agents. erry Davis & Son & Lawrence 577 St. Paul Street, Montreal. JUST RECEIVED AT GEO, HATT & Sons. FILBERTS, CASTANA, SHELLBAKS, ALMONNDS, WALL, PECAN, PEA and CHESTNUTS. 1 BARREL QUINCES, 2 CASES GRAPES, F'ton, Oct. 30, 1876.