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## BARNEY'S FORTUNE.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

It was spring in Ballymorán and the turf had taken on that vivid green seen nowhere beyond the shores of Ireland. The pungent peat smoke drifted lazily against the intense blue of the sky. Thrushes sang on the boughs of gnarled apple trees that skirted the low stone walls. Barney thought he never had seen the village look lovelier; but then, as every one knew, Barney was the most happy-go-lucky lad in the parish.

A thatched cabin of one room and a couple of pigs comprised his worldly possessions; but "Light of purse and light of heart," he often said, "is better than riches and the goat." He found only one drawback in poverty, and that was that he could not ask Eileen Kearney to marry him till he had more to offer her.

Yet hope is always a stir when one is young, and Barney knew that with thrift and perseverance he could lay by enough; so rain or shine he worked in the peat bogs with a song on his lips, for he felt that every penny he laid by was bringing Eileen nearer to him.

He thought of this exultantly as he strolled with her in the long twilights when the scent of apple-blossoms came faintly on the air.

Eileen was like an apple-blossom herself, to Barney's thinking. She had the same delicate coloring, and a grace as airy as the swaying of a bough. Yet if she loved him she gave no sign. If she smiled on him she also smiled on his cousin Hugh, a sullen-mouthed lad far more prosperous than poor Barney.

Eileen divided her favors equally, and the village looked on and wondered which man would win. Now fate seemed inclined toward one, and now toward another.

The villages themselves inclined toward Barney. Everyone liked him, from the bare-legged children to the wrinkled woman who cowered above the hearth-stones.

He was a favorite, too, with his old uncle Seamus McShane, who had left Ireland for America years before when Barney was only a bit of a lad. But his uncle wrote to him every year, and it was an accepted fact that Barney would be his heir—though the legacy was a thing of the dim future—so dim that it hardly made a background for present need.

Seamus McShane came of a sturdy, long-lived race. Therefore it was with a distinct shock that one fine spring morning Barney received notice of his uncle's death. The lad's first feeling was one of sorrow that Seamus should have died in a far land without either wife or kin; yet his uncle was only a memory, so it was pardonable that his next should be one of joy at the possibilities opened to him, for now he could marry Eileen. How much he had fallen heir to he did not know, but guessed it to be in the neighborhood of forty pounds—not a large sum in itself, though it seemed like riches to the folk of that wind-swept, famine-ridden village.

As the news of Barney's fortune sped his popularity trebled.

"I always had a fondness for the boy," said Biddy McBride.

"'Tis a foine lad he is entoیره," agreed old Donnelly.

Barney carried himself modestly enough. He was not unduly elated at what had befallen him, though his heart sank within him at his luck, and his feet seemed scarcely to touch the earth as he went from house to house bidding his friends to the wake which he purposed having the following evening in memory of his uncle.

"'Tis no keening I want ye to do, at all," he declared. "'Tis not in such mournful

fashion he'd have us keep him in mind. But come and drink his scowl's peace with me."

No one in the village was neglected from this general invitation, and they arrived early at Barney's bare little home, where candles burned with a cheerful glow, and where laughter and shuffling of feet half muffled the music played by a wandering fiddler. All the village was there save Hugh, and no one seemed to know where he had gone or what had become of him.

One of the children vouchsafed the information that he had been seen riding away from Ballymorán at a brisk canter—a piece of news to which Barney paid small heed, so engrossed was he in watching Eileen as she swung through a rael, eyes a-light and step as swift as a fairy's. It seemed to Barney that he had never been so happy. He went about among his guests, promising gifts to this one and that, and hardly hearing the thanks they gave him in return. Presently the door opened and Hugh appeared among them.

"'Tis late ye are, avick," said Barney, "but ye're none the less welcome."

"'Tis from the post office I am," answered Hugh, and drew from the pocket of his mud-bespattered coat an official-looking envelope, the seal of which was not yet broken.

"Belike it's from Uncle Seamus," Hugh went on, and the guests gathered round him, while Eileen held the candle that he might read.

Barney sat on a table nearby, swinging his feet. He stole a glance at Eileen and noted the shadow the candle threw across her face and how her dark lashes swept the rose of her cheek. "Arrah, my darlint," he whispered to himself, "before this evenin's gone I'll have your promise!" Then he composed himself to listen to the letter.

It was very brief—brief the hopes of Barney, for it was to Hugh that Seamus McShane had left his fortune. When Hugh had finished reading the letter the guests drew a long breath. Barney was the first to come forward and congratulate him.

"Shure, there's no one more deserving of it than yourself," he said steadily; but his voice was lost in the general acclaim, for Hugh had become the hero of the evening. The attentions that had formerly been showered on Barney were now lavished on him. His good fortune went to his head like wine.

"Since I'm the heir," he cried, "ye must all come home with me and drink remembrance to Uncle Seamus!" This was greeted with a shout of acquiescence. The fiddler started up "The Rocky Road to Dublin," and, singing and laughing, the guests danced out the door. A few paused long enough to say good-night to their host and could not pass without a word at his expense.

"Don't forget my red petticoat," says Biddy McBride, "and the package of tay ye were for giving me."

"Nor the baccy ye promised," chuckled old Donnelly, "and the dhudheen I'll like ye be smoking next week!" To which Barney answered gayly enough, smiling with set lips. He had kept up gallantly before them, yet after all he was only a lad, and when the last guest was gone and his cabin was deserted he sat down by the table and buried his face in his arms.

Deeper than the disappointment over the money was the thought that Eileen had gone without so much as a word. "She'll marry Hugh," groaned Barney between his teeth. "She'll marry Hugh. And oh, if there's a miserable lad in the country that same is myself!"

The door creaked on its hinges, "'Tis only the wind," thought Barney. Then something made him turn and look. Eileen stood in the doorway.

"Have ye left something?" said Barney, starting to his feet.

Eileen's eyes were very bright and tender. "Tis my heart I've lost," she answered.

"Hugh's a lucky lad, Eileen," said Barney, "a lucky lad—and I wish ye joy, the both of yez."

"'Tis not Hugh that has my heart," cried Eileen; "'tis—ah, Barney, can ye not see—can ye not understand—"

"Shure—shure, it's never me ye mean?" gasped Barney. "Why, Eileen, girl, I'm poor—" Suddenly a light broke on him, and he caught her to his heart. "No," he cried, "I'm the richest man in the whole wide wurld!"

Thus fortune came to Barney after all.

## Dyspepsia.

Medical science doesn't seem to be able to cure it. One professor says one thing about it, another professor says another thing, and all the time people keep on suffering terribly. Now what's the use of wasting words in arguing the matter? Why don't you get some Hutch tablets and try them? Take one after each meal. Plenty of people have cured themselves in this way, and that ought to be proof enough that it will cure you too. It is an unusual medicine and does unusual things. It's a doctor for ten cents. 200 sent for \$1.00. One gives relief.

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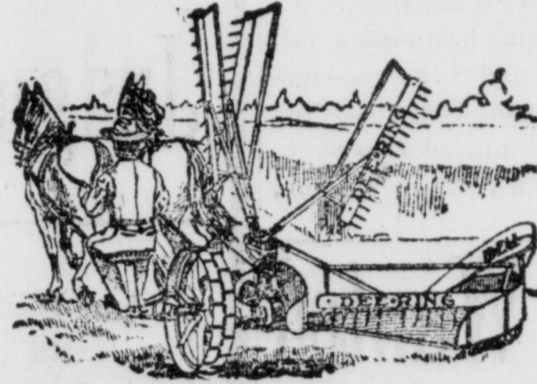
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## LOST.

Two promissory notes, one for \$50 and the other for \$48, made on the 9th day of April by William Waugh and indorsed by David Waugh. One note was due Aug. 9th and the other falls due Oct. 9th. To the person returning these notes to me I will give a reward of \$5.00.

Aug. 29th-31.

EDGAR A. GRANT, Gordonsville.

## In The Supreme Court In Equity.

Between Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, Plaintiff, and Robert B. Atkinson Defendant.

Take notice that, under and by virtue of a Decree of Foreclosure and Sale in above cause, made by Mr. Justice Barker, Judge in Equity, on the tenth day of July A. D. 1906, there will be sold at Public Auction, with the approval of the undersigned Referee in Equity, in front of the office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills in and for the County of Carleton, in the Town of Woodstock in the said County of Carleton, on Thursday the eleventh day of October A. D. 1906, at the hour of two of the clock in the afternoon, the following described lands and premises, namely:— "All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Kent in the County of Carleton and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Commencing at a marked cedar stake on the bounds of the road leading from Allen McLean's to Joseph Curtis's place or dwelling and adjoining lands occupied by Charles Dyer; thence running southerly within six inches of Charles Dyer's barn to a marked birch tree, or stump standing on the side hill, six feet from the foot of said side hill, thence running along side hill easterly six feet from the foot or bottom of said side hill, until it strikes the above mentioned road; thence westerly along said road to the place of beginning, and being the same land and premises conveyed by Rainford Giberson and wife to the late Dr. J. G. Atkinson by Deed dated the twenty sixth day of April A. D. 1901, and being the same land conveyed to the said Robert B. Atkinson by Cassie C. Rogers and Sankey K. Rogers, her husband by deed bearing date the ninth day of May A. D. 1904, and recorded in the Records of the said County of Carleton in Book J. Number Four, on page 449 and 450, together with all the buildings, and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto, belonging. At which sale all parties have leave to bid.

Dated this second day of August A. D. 1906  
THANE M. JONES,  
Referee in Equity.

H. H. PICKETT  
Plaintiff's Solicitor.  
Aug. 8-Oct. 10.



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