

Carl Bremer's Legacy.

Not many years back the late Madame Vestris was bringing out a series of Christmas extravaganzas which attracted all London to the Lyceum Theatre. It was during the "run" of the "Island of Jewels" and the pit entrance to the theatre was, as usual, crammed with a dense mob of sight-seers eagerly awaiting the opening of the doors.

In a good position, almost at the extreme end of the avenue, stood two young men side by side, endeavoring to make the time pass more rapidly by jesting with or as they termed it "chaffing" those around them.

They were about the same age—that is, from two-and-twenty to four-and-twenty—and were medical students; but, though evidently close friends, there was a striking difference in their demeanor. The one, tall, wiry, muscular, with an impudent smile sparkling from his eyes, and a bullet head covered with thick, dark curls of the texture of horse-hair, spared nothing in his attempts to get a laugh out of the crowd. The other, also tall, but with a high white brow nut-brown hair and soft, dreamy hazel eyes seemed bashful and uneasy, and frequently even blushed at the coarse jokes of his companion, while he himself ventured only on a few mild jests, which seemed intended as a set-off to the rudeness of his boisterous friend.

Immediately in front of this pair stood a thin, undersized man of middle age, poorly yet neatly clad, whose face was, though wrinkled and of the color of coffee, intelligent in the extreme. His quick, piercing gray eyes, peering from a pent-house of shaggy, dun-colored hair, his aquiline nose, and firm, well-cut mouth, all denoted intellectual powers of a high order. He looked like one of the sages of old. Eccentricity was stamped in every lineament; and yet all who had any discernment of character instinctively felt that beneath this disguise was concealed a veritable diamond.

The old man had no hat on—he had probably had it crushed in the crowd—but in lieu of it his head was covered with a red silk handkerchief knotted at the four corners. The more boisterous of the young men behind him kept up a continuous fire of covert sarcasm at his novel, if not elegant head-dress.

The old man took this all in good part; but, after some remark more bombastic and inflated than usual from the bullet-head youth, he quietly observed that he had "always understood that red excited the ire of turkey cocks."

The young man was one of that far too numerous class of jokers who are never slow to wound the feelings of others, but particularly touchy, not to say quarrelsome, where their own weapons are turned against them.

Stung by the laughter of the surrounding crowd, many of whom maliciously told him the old man was "too much for him," he was about to retort angrily, when a grating noise gave the welcome intelligence that the doors were opening. The young man instantly recovered his good humor.

"Now, then," he cried, "forward, old Ahasuerus—look sharp!" The metallic sound of money was immediately heard, the ticket distributor puffed, blew, and perspired, and the laughing, pushing, eager mob surged in and packed the pretty little theatre from floor to ceiling.

Bremer, the handsomer and by far the more gentlemanly of the two friends, was of Swedish extraction and was an unassuming, modest young fellow. Hessey, on the other hand, was a coarse lout of the worst possible type, half bully, half fool; and the intimacy between the young man was to be accounted for only by imputing it to that strange attraction which so often draws men of totally dissimilar tastes and characters together. "Like will to like" is a trite but a false saying; and we far more frequently find that men and women both choose the opposite of themselves, and that like is attracted to unlike.

The performance over, the two young men entered the theatre in order to make an impromptu supper of pork-pie and bitter ale. Strangely enough they found the old man who had been the subject of so much sarcasm in the early part of the evening, and who also had occupied a seat in the pit immediately in front of them, there before them.

"The old beggar seems to be our shadow!" said Hessey, coarsely, in an undertone, to his companion. "One would think he was a detective."

They advanced to the bar of the tavern and gave their orders.

"Do take care, Hessey," said young Bremer, "he will hear you."

"The old beggar has heard," said the strange man, with a smile full of irony, "and perhaps he may be a detective"—Hessey started—"of character" added the old man, quietly.

"Oh, that's all!" cried Hessey, carelessly.

The old man deliberately swallowed a morsel of cheese and biscuit, and, taking his glass in hand, advanced to that part of the bar where the young men stood.

"Yes that's all—and enough, too," he said. "Let me tell you, young gentlemen, that some people haven't much of that to lose."

Hessey colored and, to change the subject, said—

"Well, governor, and what did you think of 'The Island of Jewels'?"

"Beautiful!" responded the old man, enthusiastically.

"And which of the actors did you prefer, sir?" asked Bremer, somewhat timidly.

"Sir," replied the stranger, there was no acting."

"No acting?" said Bremer.

"No," was the reply—"singing, dancing, exquisite scenery, wit, beauty, if you like, but no acting."

"But, surely," said Bremer, "Madame Vestris—"

"Sir," broke in the old man, waving his hand impatiently, "she is a most wonderful woman, but—"

"Well, Sir," said Bremer.

"Did you young men ever hear this saying, 'There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet'?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Bremer.

"Rather," supported Hessey.

The stranger cast a withering glance at the latter speaker, and said—

"Well, then, this is my opinion of

dramatic matters. There is but one Shakespeare, and Edmund Kean is—alas, I should say was—his interpreter!"

"I don't wonder at that," said Hessey, laughing with the insolence which appeared natural to him.

"Why?" asked the old man.

"Because you are not unlike Shylock yourself," replied Hessey; "and there is an odor of old clothes about you."

When he had perpetrated this brutal jest, Hessey looked round for applause, as is the fashion of self-styled "wits," but a dead silence fell upon his ear.

Bremer colored crimson.

"Sir," said the old man, with dignity, "fixing his calm, penetrating eyes on Hessey till the medical student, with all his impudence, felt abashed, 'when you have lived as long as I have, you will know that youth dishonors itself in dishonoring old age.'"

A murmur of sympathy arose from all around, and Hessey felt ready to sink into the ground.

"As for you, young man," added the stranger, turning with an indescribably benevolent smile to Bremer, and putting a card into his hand, "here is my address. Do me the honor to give me yours. Strange things happen in this world, and we may meet again."

All eyes were directed to the young Swede, who, blushing and covered with confusion, drew forth his card-case, and handed a card to the old man. Taking it, without another word, the stranger vanished through the swing-door of the tavern.

"Funny old cove!" said Hessey, playing with his glass and trying to look the matter off.

"He is much respected by all who know anything of London theatres," interposed the bar-maid, looking contemptuously at Hessey.

"Has he been an actor?" asked Bremer, diffidently.

"No sir," said the young woman, with a great deal more respect than she had manifested towards his companion; but he is very fond of the drama. They call him 'Little Kean,' because he thinks Edmund Kean, the greatest actor that ever lived. They also say that he really resembles Mr. Kean in face and figure."

"You are in luck, Bremer," remarked Hessey, uneasy at the contempt which he saw displayed towards him in the countenances of several of the customers. "Shouldn't wonder if the old gentlemen left you a sack of guineas!"

"He is reported to be rich," said the barmaid, significantly.

"Come along—let's get out of this," cried Hessey, seizing the arm of his companion and hurrying him into the street. Then, when they were outside, he added, "What a shindy just because a fellow had a joke with the old cove!"

Bremer did not reply. By the light of a gas-lamp he was examining the card which the old gentleman had given to him. It bore this inscription, written in pencil—

"Jonathan Spurge, 4, Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane."

Five years later, Hessey, the reckless medical student, had, as was scarcely to be wondered at, "gone to the dogs." Bremer, on the other hand, whose quiet and studious manner had gained for him as much esteem from his fellow-students and the authorities of the hospital as the insolence and looseness of Hessey had gained for him dislike, was prospering in the world.

He was now twenty-eight years of age, and an assistant-surgeon at one of the hospitals.

It was rather a rough winter night, and about half-past six o'clock Bremer had just finished his bachelor's dinner of a fried sole and a steak, and was sitting in the parlor of his comfortable lodgings near the hospital, feet on fender, and cigar in mouth.

He was indulging in those Ahasuerus-like reveries in which most of the devotees of tobacco are prone to revel, when the sharp lad, half errand-boy, half page, who waited upon him and who, by the way, thought mischievous as most London boys of thirteen who have been taken from the streets, idolized his master—made his appearance, looking extremely mysterious and important.

"Please, sir, there's a young woman—leastways a young lady—waitin' below, as wants to see you immediate."

"Nonsense, Bob!" said Bremer, reviving his cigar slowly from his mouth and coming from a cloud of blue smoke. "Young ladies don't come out alone in the sleet and snow after dark on a December evening."

"I be almost sure she be a lady!" said Bob, stoutly, and nodding his head.

"Where is she?" asked Bremer.

"In your consultin'-room, please sir."

"Well let her wait a bit. What does she look like?"

"Look like? Oh, lor' sir!" exclaimed Bob. "Look like? Why, like a young lady!"

"Dressed lor'?" asked Bremer.

"Lor' no, sir," said Bob, with a giggle. "She are got on a old straw bonnet, and a mussy dress, and—"

"There that'll do," said Bremer, laughing. "Some slovenly maid-of-all-work who wants physic gratis!"

"Oh, no, sir; she be quite beautiful!" returned Bob, earnestly.

"Jemine! What makes you call her a lady, Bob?"

"Well, sir, she looks like one, she do; and she speaks like one, too," persisted Bob, who was not to be moved.

"Well, ask her what medicine she wants, and I'll make it up."

"She don't want no medicine, sir, she don't," cried Bob; "she ain't ill a bit, sir."

"Oh, no, please, sir! She said she wanted to see you immediate; and notin' else would do!"

Bremer's curiosity was aroused.

"Well, then, go in, and tell her I'll be with her directly."

Off flew the boy, eager to take another look at the mysterious stranger. And, when the young surgeon entered his consulting-room, this was what he saw.

Half sitting, half crouching in an arm-chair before the fire-place, in which yet glimmered a few expiring embers, more than twenty years of age—indeed, so slight, so fragile was she, that, but for the anxious look upon her face, she might have passed for a girl of sixteen.

Her attire was an old straw bonnet, a dark mussy dress, and a coarse black and white shawl of "shepherd's plaid."

She was sitting with her back to him when the young surgeon opened the door, so that all he could see of her was a shower of long golden curls, which, loosened by her walk and damp with the falling sleet, had escaped beneath her bonnet and tumbled over her shawl, gleaming in the gaslight like a cascade of burnished gold. She was looking intensely into the fire, and sighed deeply. Then, as she heard young Bremer's footsteps, she turned round, raised her

head, and rose; and the surgeon was positively amazed at her extreme beauty, as well as at her graceful salutation.

"B-b is right," he said to himself, as he instinctively bowed: "she is a lady."

He noticed that the young girl's face was wet with recent tears, as she hurriedly explained to Bremer the motive of her visit.

"My father, sir—my poor father! He has met with a sad accident, and he wishes so to see you again!"

"I know him, then," said Bremer.

"No, sir; yet—that is, he knows you. You have seen him once," she replied, putting a card into his hand.

The young surgeon looked puzzled as he read the name and address.

"Spurge," said he. "Spurge? I don't remember anyone of the name. I never saw him."

"Oh, yes, sir—yes," cried the girl, tearfully—"at the theatre—the Lyceum, I think he said!"

"A-h! I now remember," said Bremer. "Poor old gentleman! Is he ill, then?"

"Oh," answered the young girl, clasping her hands, "he has broken both his legs, sir!"

"Good Heaven, how horrible!" said Bremer. "How did it happen?"

"He has been run over by a cab, sir."

"Has he had no attendance, then?"

"Yes, sir; but he said he would not be tortured. It was useless; he knew he should die. And then he suddenly thought of you, and wished to see you. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

The surgeon saw that the young girl was rapidly becoming hysterical. He took from an cupboard a small bottle of choice Maraschino, and poured out a liqueur glass of it.

"Drink this," he said, quickly. "She obeyed him like a child; and then Bremer rang the bell."

"Fetch a cab, Bob," said he.

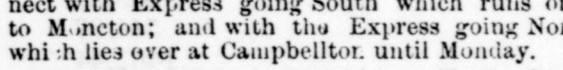
"Fetch a cab, I tell you!" he repeated.

The astonished Bob vanished; but he did his errand so well that in four minutes the cab was at the door.

The young man rose and offered his arm to his visitor, who took it without speaking; and having directed the cabman whither to drive, the pair were whirled away as fast as a hansom could take them.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

Travelers' Column.



Chatham Branch Railway.

WINTER 1879-80.

On and after Monday, November 17th, Trains will run on this railway, in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:

GOING SOUTH.

No. 1	No. 2
Chatham, Depart, 8.25 a.m.	Chatham, Depart, 8.25 a.m.
Chatham, Arrive, 1.55 p.m.	Chatham, Arrive, 1.55 p.m.
Chatham, Depart, 2.45 p.m.	Chatham, Depart, 2.45 p.m.
Chatham, Arrive, 5.30 p.m.	Chatham, Arrive, 5.30 p.m.

GOING NORTH.

No. 3	No. 4
Chatham, Depart, 4.00 p.m.	Chatham, Depart, 4.00 p.m.
Chatham, Arrive, 12.15 p.m.	Chatham, Arrive, 12.15 p.m.
Chatham, Depart, 4.55 p.m.	Chatham, Depart, 4.55 p.m.
Chatham, Arrive, 7.40 p.m.	Chatham, Arrive, 7.40 p.m.

Train leaves Chatham on Saturday night to connect with Express going South which runs only on Saturdays, and which leaves Chatham at 11.15 p.m. and arrives at Campbellton, until Monday.

The above Table is made up on T. C. Rail way time, which is about 15 minutes in excess of the time shown on the Intercolonial Railway Table. All the above Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning.

All freight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery at the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage, Custom House Entry or other charges. Close connections are made with all passenger Trains both DAY and NIGHT on the Intercolonial.

Chatham Passengers wishing to return from the Junction by the same train, will obtain Tickets for the trip both ways at one fare.

Tickets for the Chatham Railway are sold at the Junction Station (as well as at Chatham and end of the line) and all passengers are requested to procure them there. In favor of this great improvement, Second Term Opinions, Jan. 2nd, 1880, R. 25.

Chatham Passengers wishing to return from the Junction by the same train, will obtain Tickets for the trip both ways at one fare.

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Law, etc.

Sheriff's Sale.

To be sold at Public Auction, on Thursday 24th day of April, next, in front of the Registry Office, in Newcastle, between the hours of 12 noon, and 5 o'clock, p. m.

All the right, title and interest of Jeremiah Casey, in and to all that piece or lot of land, situate, lying and being on the south side of the South-western and County of New Brunswick, known as the upper half of the Lot letter O, granted to James Killen, bounded Easely, by Alexander Esson's lands; Westery by Lot N, granted to James Killen, and extending Southerly to the full extent of the original grant, and known as the David Scott property; being the lot of land conveyed by W. L. Stuart to the said Jeremiah Casey and Patrick Casey, by Deed, bearing date 12th March, A. D. 1868, and being the land and premises upon which the said Jeremiah Casey at present resides, containing 150 acres more or less.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Timothy McCarthy, in and to all that piece or lot of land, situate, lying and being on the South-western and County of New Brunswick, known as the upper half of the Lot letter O, granted to James Killen, bounded Easely, by Alexander Esson's lands; Westery by Lot N, granted to James Killen, and extending Southerly to the full extent of the original grant, and known as the David Scott property; being the lot of land conveyed by W. L. Stuart to the said Jeremiah Casey and Patrick Casey, by Deed, bearing date 12th March, A. D. 1868, and being the land and premises upon which the said Timothy McCarthy at present resides, containing 150 acres more or less.

The same having been seized under and by virtue of an Execution, issued out of the Supreme Court by the said Timothy McCarthy, against the said Timothy McCarthy and Allan Ritchie, against the said Timothy McCarthy and Jeremiah Casey.

Sheriff's Office, JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff of New Brunswick, January 5, A.D. 1880. Northernland County.

To be sold at Public Auction, on Thursday 24th day of April, next, in front of the Registry Office, in Newcastle, between the hours of 12 noon, and 5 o'clock, p. m.

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