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En Masque.

A STORY BY B. J. FARJEON. Jackass Flat, a large plain in the vicinity of the Castlemaine gold field. was riddled with holes, each shaft employed two men, who worked from sunrise to sunset, in the hope of coming upon a rich pocket. As a rule they had little to grumble at. When the rush first set in, the half dozen gold miners working on the flat had succeeded in unearthing some tolerably large nuggets, and were making a hundred pounds a week a man. All were not so fortunate, but there was scarcely a claim on the flat in which fair wages were not being made, sufficient to pay for meat three times a day, drink, and tobacco and for an indulgence in the newest fashions in water tight boots, fine flannel guernseys and cabbage tree hats. The sinking was shallow and easy; there was no rock or tough formation to get through, and the golden gutter was generally reached at the depth of from twelve to twenty feet. It occupied but a few hours to peg your claim, dig your shaft, erect your windlass and lay bare the precious gutter in which the gold was found. Some of the wash dirt yielded two penny weights to the tub, some two ounces. On Jackass Flat there were a great many prizes and few blanks.

As a consequence, therefore, everybody was in the best spirit, and men try." sung over their work. The finest singer on the Flat was Shad Ryley, whose top | that settled the question. She was C would have made a professional tenor's mouth water. Shad did not know the value of that C, as he had not been brought up to the stage, but there was no doubt that had his voice been cultivated, he would have made a sensation in fashionable circles. He had everything in his favor-voice. a little too-" figure, face. He stood six feet in his stockings, was broad in the shoulder. had an eye as bright as sunlight, and a laughing mouth that women that way Is that what you are trying to say?

to end," said Shad Ryley. Woman's riddle. "I know how it is to end." she said softly, and turned away with a sigh not an unhappy one, by any means, for she had made up her mind to be Mrs. Ryley ; and despite Pat's shyness, she was confident it would all come right. "In matrimony, I suppose," said Shad Ryley.

"It shant be my fault if it doesn't," sing a beautiful song, but he could not she retorted as bold as brass. be prevailed upon. Rachel pestered and "They had grown into the habit coaxed and worried him, until he was talking to each other in this fashion. at last compelled to give her a promise. She knew very well that Shad Ryley bolder and more manly. "Well," reloved the very ground that she walked " when the Bradys come out. upon, and that she could be as saucy to m as she pleased ; but she had discovered that it would not do to be too fellows, fired by Shad's description of

soft and confiding with this strong man who was ready to take advantage of any feminine weakness into which she might be betrayed. "Rachel," said Shad, "don't you see, that Pat isn't-that is to say-" "Isn't in love with me?" interrupted Rachel defiantly. "Is that what you able. are trying to say?"

"Yes; that is what I was trying to family of us."

say.

sincere.

once more.

"Don't you think I can make him in ove with me?" she asked, turning her melting eyes upon Shad. "Indeed, and I think," he replied with much tenderness, "that you could make a stone love you if you cared to

"I might do worse," said Shad; "they are comely lasses. There's Norah-"Well then," she exclaimed as though defy you to match her. A complexion like mik and roses. secretly pleased with him for his flat-"Bless my heart!" cried Rachel, in a tone so tart that it must have deprived tery, which was at once insidious and her blessing of much of its sweetness. "Then it's Norah you'll marry?" He grew cool presently and returned "I will if she'll have me and you to the attack. don't see any objection. "Oh never fear me, Shad Ryley, "But don't you think, Rachel, that exclaimed Rachel loftily, "I shan't you are a little too-that is, that Pat is

object.' "I shall ask you, anyhow," said Shad. She helped him out of his difficulty "before I ask Norah." Suddenly, one morning, it was announced that the overland mail was "That I am a little too old for Pat?

Shad.

signalled from the Heads, and Jackass Flat went wild with excitement. That He nodded, somewhat terrified, for was always the way when the mail ar-



ed could scarcely resist. Between him and his brother Pat there was a he expected a storm. No small matter | rived from home. This present mail wonderful resemblance, but Pat was built on a smaller scale. He stood not more than five feet three; he was slimmer in limb, and his features were more delicately cut. It is true there it?" was an important gap in the ages of the brothers. Shad confessed to thirty, and Pat was not more than twenty. though the young fellow was rather shy about his age ; boys like to be considered men before they have arrived at that estate, and that may have been the case with Pat. He did not look twenty, and it was plain that there was plenty of time before him for his whiskers to grow. Shad had a fine pair of them and could have grown a noble moustache. Perhaps it was vanity that prevented him; it would have hidden his laughing mouth. The brothers were among the fortu-

nate ones on Jackass Flat. Their clain paid them at the rate of twenty ounce: per week and their hearts were light and merry. The first fifty ounces of gold they made went flying away across the water, in the shape of a draft, pay able to the order of a certain Mat thew Brady, and its mission was to bring out the whole family of Bradys, blind mother, lame father, their sou Matt' and no fewer than seven young Irish lasses, every mother's daughter of them. With tears and smiles they bid word, willy-nilly, and I must be satisadieu to their native land and turned fied." their faces to the gold fields where they were to make their fortunes and live happy ever afterwards.

There was no greater favorites on have sighed and pulled a long face ; he Jackass Flat than the Riley's and it should have gone on protesting and apwas pleasant to see the care the man pealing. "I'll punish him for it," she took of the lad, giving him all the light said to herself. "He shall have no work to do, although Pat was not behindhand in willingness. With every- had disturbed her ; never in her life had body who knew them it was Pat and she been so passionately kissed, and she Shad to their faces, and behind their | could not help thinking that Shad Riley backs they were spoken of as the Ry | was a proper man. If it had been sugley boys. Shad of course stood for gested to her that it was possible a wo-Shadrack, and Pat for Patrick, but to have called them by their full Christian name would have been like giving insinuation. It is really an open quesone of them a slap in the face, which would lead to a shindy. They had |y analyzed, nor have its limits been Irish spirit with their Irish blood, although singularly enough they hadn't

much of the brogue-just the slightest | the aspect of affairs underwent a change. touch of it to render it captivating to Pat became less coy, though he still soft glare of lights. the ear. held off, but he appeared to be warming, "Any one in ?" cried Shad The favorite resort of the gold diggers and Rachel Cary absolutely forced a after sundown when their work was kiss from him-that is to say, she shamvoices, and he and Rachel were cheerily done, was the Rose, Shamrock and ed one from him. She had to thank welcomed. She was at home in a moment. She kissed he girls and the Thistle, a wooden hotel, the master of Shad for it. He twitted his brother mother, and shook hands with the which was a woman. This was as it in her presence of his over-modesty, and old gentleman, who was brimming over should be, as most of her customers said that women loved men either to with pleasant fun, and with Matt, who were Irish. She herself, Rachel Cary treat them badly or to be a little too was almost as fine a fellow as Shad by name, was a woman of Devon; a bold. Either course set them on fire, Ryley.

to trifle with a woman's age. But she met the attack bravely. If we are satisfied, whose business is letter from Matthew Brady saying that "Nobody's " said Shad Ryley, " and I'm a fool for my pains. Forgive me. He held out his hand. She accepted it. and Willie was in port. He gave her fingers a brotherly squeeze, she returned it with a sisterly pressure. you !" "So you have finally and positively "God bless you, Shad," said Pat. made up your mind to be Mrs. Ryley?' "That is just it, Shad." "Say it again !" he cried. It was the irst time she had addressed him by his Obristian name alone; hitherto it had een Shad Ryley or Mr. Ryley. "Say what again ?" she inquired, startled by his vehemence. " Shad." each other at this moment. "Well, there-Shad ! What harm is

n it? We're going to be brother and sister." "And there's no turning you ? You re determined to be Mrs. Ryley ?" "If I am not I'll live a single woman all the days of my life." "There's no help for it then," said Shad, with an air of comic resignation. wav. "Give me a kiss on it." He took one Rachel' "I'll be ready for you. without waiting for permission-a loving, warm kiss, which made her palpitate. "You are a woman of your

She did not quite know what to make of this. He accepted the loss of her Rachel?" too lightly, she thought. He should

as he took his leave. more kisses." But his ardent embrace sky shone the Southern Cross. man could love two men at one time, she would have indignantly repelled the tion. Love has never yet been proper-"I hope so." accurately ascertained and defined. From the date of this conversation

"You never spoke truer words, Rachel. There's the Brady tent." It had been set up on an elevation,

had met with mishaps. The steamer had broken her screw and had been detained nearly four weeks. Here it was, "That's our affair, Pat's and mine. however, safe at last, and it brought a Portland, Boston and New he and his seven sisters and parents were in the good ship Joe and Willie; and the very day after this letter was delivered came the news that the Joe " Pat," said Shad Ryley, putting his arms around his brother, "God bless If you think there is anything unmanly in two brothers kissing each other, you are, of course, welcome to your opinion. In certain established forms of manliness there is a dash of snobbism, which, on occasion, could be advantageously dispensed with. Anyhow, a very tender feeling existed between these two brothers, and there was nothing unmanly at their kissing Two days afterward Shad presented himself at the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle at an unusually early hour. "Rachel," he said, "the Brady's have arrived, and are now in their tent setting things to rights. Pat can't leave his frienda and he wants you to come to the Bradys this evening to shake hands with them. If you like I'll be here at nine o'clock to show you the "Thank you kindly, Shad," "You'll be a happy woman to-night," said Shad, in a tone of tender regret. ' for, says Pat to me, 'Shad, if Rachel Cary, in the presence of the Bradys, asks me to marry her, I'll not hold out a moment longer. I've treated her cruelly. What do you think of that, "Pat's an angel," replied Rachel, Was I right or wrong in saying I'd bear no other name than Mrs. Ryley?" "Right, I hope," said Shad softly, He presented himself at 9 o'clock to T. C. HERSEY, the minute, and arm in arm Rachel walked from the township to Jackass Flat. It was a beautiful night; the air was sweet and before them in the clear "Which is my star,?" mused Shad aloud, looking up. "Is it that one (he pointed to the brightest in the heavens) or that?" His outstretched finger traced the swift descent of a star

'This is Norah,' said Shad, pulling comely creature not more than twenty- | if they loved a fellow ; and Shad declarforward a lovely lass of eighteen whose five years of age. Her brother had ed to behave as Pat was behaving, saucy eyes had already made many a built the hotel in the township adjoin- neither one thing nor the other, was heart ache. ing Jackass Flat, and catching colonial absolutely shameful. Somehow or other a little cloud came

fever died of it. He left the hotel to Give her a kiss, Pat," he cried "for the side of Norah she was number two. into Rachel's face, for she felt that by his sister, who proved herself a capable my part, I don't care a fig !" Here he 'But where's Pat ?' she asked woman, and conducted the Rose, snapped his fingers. "I love her bet- anxiously.

Shamrock and Thistle with spirit. She | ter than you do, though she'll not be-The centre of the tent was divided by was not exactly a Bodicea, for she was lieve it. 'But what care I how fair a green baize.

"Here," said Pat, and at the sound tender-hearted and had fallen a victim | she be, if she be not fair for me?' of his voice Matthew Brady stepped to to the snares of cupid. She pined to That's what the old saying is, isn't it? the partition, held it aside, and led forth change her name. Cary was good Look, here, now, I join your handsa pretty, demure girl so like Pat that enough in its way but not to be compar- Pat has a pretty hand, hasn't he ?-and Rachel gazed at her in bewilderment. 'Pat !' she exclaimed, putting her ed with Ryley. If you have any idea give you both a brother's consent and hand to her heart. 'Patsy, if you please,' said Pat

whispered Rachel.

said to her. CHINE, to any parties requiring the same, or to. And she tried to make detect be make detect be obliged to confess to herself that Shad's obliged to confess to herself that Shad's and was launched last spring, she may be seen on any ordinary employment. Those who engage at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Derby B. N toss of her head. "They say they don't see how it is in him as Shad Ryley had. Then why Patsy's.

that she fell in love with the proper man blessing. Will that satisfy you, Rachel of the two, the one who was suited to Cary? Giving my heart away so freely? Ryley with a wistful look at Rachel. her in years and strength, you are mis-but my brother Pat. Mind that ! I d fault that I'm a woman.' taken. She fell in love with the wrong fight anybody else for you, that I would, "Thank God you are one !" cried man-too often the way with wilful if he were the best man in the world ! Matthew Brady. . "How could you be woman. Over head and ears in love But I can't fight my own brother Pat, my wife if you were not ?" with Pat Ryley she fell, the foolish even though you've set your heart on There was a silence for a few mohim, and given him the place I ought ments. Rachel Cary's eyes were fixed creature, snapping her fingers at the to hold. I know by my own feelings, on the ground; her face and neck were that love can't be controlled. You do covered with blushes. Patsy stole to Wines, creature, snapping her fingers at the stripling, while she was a full grown like me a little, don't you Rachael?" her side and put her arms about her. "Yes, I do, Shad," she said, some-what confused, "more than a little up she and the Ryleys were alone. The woman, at least five years his senior. It was somewhat reversing the order of bit." And she cast sheep's eyes at Pat, Bradys had retired behind the green things, but what are five years, or fifty who was looking earnestly at the pair of baize. for that matter, or five hundred, if you them 'You might have told me, Patsy !! please, when Cupid is playing pranks "I must be content with that," said Shad. I believe if Pat were out of the 'Ah, but forgive me !' pleaded the with you ! It is a game, however, that | with you! It is a game, however, that two must play at if it is to lead to here's my hand.' For you are bound to a girl, how could I have continued workagreeable and satisfactory results. become Mrs. Ryley—you've pledged your word to it. Come, confess—if was in Ireland, and I didn't want to be VICTORIA WHARF Rachel Cary made hot love to Pat, you were not so much in love with Pat pestered with other men. Say you forand Pat blushed, and twiddled his fing-I should stand a chance. Honest, now, give me !' ers and held back, and was ashamedor I'll never believe there's faith in ' And me !' said Shad as sometimes, not always happens with She turned to him. If he had lookwoman raw lads-and absolutely had scarcely "Indeed, Shad Ryley," said Rachel ed wicked or triumphantly at her, his overcome by his vehemence' "you are chances would have been over. But a word to say for himself. What made his love was too sincere and strong, and not entirely wrong." the matter worse was that it might "Which means that I am entirely she saw that his eyes were moist with have led to a collision between the right. Kiss her, Pat, and seal the tears. brothers, for Shad Riley was as much bargain. I'll turn my head." 'I'll keep my word,' she said, with Rachel looked so bewitchingly at a sigh of mingled pain and joy, 'I'll be in love with Rachael Cary as that head-Pat, that he mustered courage and kiss. Mrs. Ryley. strong voman was in love with Pat. ed her on the cheek. Now, Shad had He caught her in his arms, and al-It was in everybody's mouth, and no It was in everybody's mouth, and no kissed her on the lips, and was altogether most frightened her by his violent em-Notice to Mill Owners, was going to end. Shad Riley told stronger, and older-and more used to 'You picked out my star for me to-STEAMER LORNE. CALL AT THE hish you everything. \$10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home RENT TO Sash and Door Factory. it than Pat." The young one would night,' he said. Rachel so. over night. No risk whatever. Many new improve in time; she would help him to. And she tried to make herself be-round again and again, and Rachel was workers wanted at once. Many are making for-tunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men. And young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more workers wanted at once. Many are making fer-tunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men. And young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more No one who is willing to work fails to make more not work fails to make more who is built of birch, pine and juniper, be may be seen on THE Subscriber is prepated to furnish his PA-TENT LOG TARRAGE SHIPPING MA-"Everybody's talking about it," he PUBLIC WHARF, - - - - CHATHAM