

Kitty's Forty.

It doesn't do men any good to live apart from women and children. I never knew a boy's school in which there was not a tendency to rowdiness. And lumbermen, sailors, fishermen, and all other men that live only with men, are proverbially a half-breed sort of people. Frontiersmen soften down when women and children come—but I forget myself, it is the story you want.

Burton and Jones lived in a little shanty by themselves. Jones was a married man, but finding it hard to support a wife in a Down East village he had emigrated to Northern Minnesota, leaving his wife under her father's roof until he should be able to make a start.

He and Burton had gone into partnership and had "pre-empted a town site" of 320 acres.

There were perhaps twenty families scattered over this site at the time the story begins and ends, for it ends in the same week in which it begins.

The partners had disagreed, quarrelled and divided their interests. The land was all shared among them except one valuable forty-acre piece. Each claimed that piece of land, and the quarrel had grown so high between them, that the neighbors expected them to shoot at first sight. In fact, it was understood that Burton was on the forty-acre piece, determined to shoot Jones if he came, and Jones had sworn to go out there and shoot Burton when the fight was postponed by the unexpected arrival of Jones' wife and child.

Jones' shanty was not finished, and he was forced to forego the luxury of fighting his old partner in his exertions to make wife and baby comfortable for the night. For the winter sun was surrounded by "sun dogs," instead of one sun there were four, an occurrence not uncommon in that latitude, but one which always boded a terrible storm.

In his endeavor to care for his wife and child Jones was modified a little, and half regretted that he had been so violent about that piece of land. But he was determined not to be backed out, and he certainly would not let Burton shoot or hit himself.

When he thought of the chance of being killed by his old partner, the thought was not pleasant. He looked wistfully at Kitty, his three year old child, and dreaded that she would be left fatherless. Nevertheless, he would shoot or be shot himself.

While the father was busy chopping wood, and the mother was otherwise engaged, little Kitty managed to get the shanty door open. There was no latch as yet, and her prying little hands easily swung it back. A gust of cold air almost took away her breath; but she got sight of the brown grass without, and the new world seemed so big that the little feet were fain to try and explore it.

She pushed out through the door, caught her breath again, and started off on a path bordered by sere grass and the dead stalks of wild sunflowers. How often she had longed to escape from restraint and paddle out into the world alone. She would find out where the path went to and what there was at the end of the world! What did she care if her nose was blue with cold and her chubby hands red as beetles? Now and then she paused to turn her head away from the rude blast, a forerunner of the storm; but having gasped a moment, she quickly renewed her brave march in search of the great unknown. The mother missed her and supposed that Jones, who could not get enough of the child's society, had taken the little one out with him.

Jones, poor fellow sure that the darling was safe within, chipped away until that awful storm broke upon him and at last drove him, half smothered by snow and half frozen with cold, into the house. When there was nothing left but retreat, he had seized an armful of wood and carried it into the house with him to make sure that he had enough to keep Kitty and his wife from freezing in the coming awfulness of the night, which now settled down upon the storm-beaten and snow-blinded world.

It was the beginning of that terrible storm in which so many people were frozen to death, and Jones had fled none too soon.

When once the wood was stacked by the stove, Jones looked around for Kitty. He had not more than inquired for her when father and mother each read in the other's face that she was lost in the wild, dashing storm of snow.

So fast did the snow fall, and so dark was the night, that Jones could not see three feet ahead of him. He endeavored to follow the path which he thought Kitty might have taken, but it was buried in snow-drifts, and he soon lost himself.

He stumbled through the drifts, calling out to Kitty in his distress, but not knowing whether he went. After an hour of despairing wandering and shouting, he came upon a house, and, having rapped at the door, he found himself face to face with his wife.

He had returned to his own house in his bewilderment.

When we remember that Jones had not slept for two nights preceding this one, on account of his mortal quarrel with Burton, and he had now been beating against an arctic hurricane and tramping through treacherous billows of snow for an hour, we cannot wonder that he fell over his own threshold in a state of extreme exhaustion.

Happy for him that he did not fall bewildered on the prairie, as many another poor wayfarer did on that fatal night.

As it was, his wife needs had given up the vain little search she had been making in the neighborhood of the shanty. She had now a sick husband, with frozen hands and feet and face to care. Every minute the thermometer fell lower and lower, and all the heat the cook stove in Jones' little shanty could give would hardly keep them from freezing.

Burton had stayed upon that forty-acre lot all day, waiting for a chance to shoot his old partner Jones. He had not heard of the arrival of Jones' wife, and so he concluded that his enemy had proved a coward and had left him in possession, or else that he meant to play him some treacherous trick on his way home.

So Burton resolved to keep a sharp lookout. But he soon found that im-

possible, for the storm was upon him in all its fury. He tried to follow the path, but he could not find it.

Had he been less of a frontiersman he would have perished there, within a furlong of his own house. But in his efforts to keep the direction of the path he heard a smothered cry, and then saw something rise up covered with snow and fall down again. He raised his gun to shoot it, when the creature uttered another wailing cry so human that he put down his gun and went cautiously forward.

It was a child.

He did not remember that there was such a child among all the settlers in New Brunswick. But he did not stop to ask questions. He must, without delay, get himself, and the child too, to a place of safety, or both would be frozen.

So he took the little thing in his arms and started through the drifts. And the child put its little icy fingers on Burton's rough cheeks and muttered "papa!" And Burton held her closer and fought the snow more courageously than ever.

He found the shanty at last, and rolled the child in a buffalo robe while he made a fire. Then, when he got the room a little warm, he took the little thing upon his knee, dipped her aching fingers in cold water, and asked her what her name was.

"Kitty," she said.

"Kitty," he said, "and what else?"

"Kitty," she answered, "nor could she find out any more."

"Whose Kitty are you?"

"Your Kitty," she said. For she had known her father, but that one day, and now she believed that Burton was he.

Burton sat up all night and stuffed wood into his impotent little stove to keep the baby from freezing to death. Never having had to do with children, he firmly believed that Kitty, sleeping snugly under blankets and buffalo robes, would freeze if he should let the fire subside in the least.

As the storm prevailed with unabated fury next day, and as he dared neither to take Kitty out nor to leave her alone, he stayed by her all day and stuffed the stove with wood, and laughed at her doll baby talk, and fed her on biscuit and dried bacon and coffee.

On the morning of the second day the storm had abated. It was 40 degrees cold, but, knowing somebody must be mourning for Kitty for dead, he wrapped her in skins, and with much difficulty reached the nearest neighbor's house, suffering only a frost bite on his nose by the way.

"That child," said the woman to whose house he had come, "is Jones'! I see 'em take her outen the wagon day before yesterday."

Burton looked at Kitty a moment in perplexity, then he rolled her up again and started out. "Travelling like mad," the woman said as she watched him.

When he reached Jones' he found Jones and his wife sitting in utter wretchedness by the fire. They were both sick with grief, and unable to move out of the house. Kitty they had given up for buried alive under the snow mound. They would find her when spring should come and melt the snow cover off.

When the exhausted Burton came in with his bundle of buffalo skins they looked at him with amazement. But when he opened it and let out the little Kitty, and said:

"Here, Jones is this yer Kitty?"

Mrs. Jones couldn't think of anything better to do than to scream.

And Jones got up and took his old partner's hand and said: "Burton, old fellow!" and then choked up and sat down, and cried helplessly.

And Burton said: "Jones, old fellow, you may have that forty-acre patch. It come mighty high making me the murderer of that little Kitty's father."

"No! you shall take it yourself," cried Jones. "If I have to go to law to make you!"

And Jones actually decided his interest in the forty acres to Burton. But Burton transferred it all to Kitty. This is why this part of New Brunswick is called "Kitty's Forty."

NOTICE.

The business carried on under the name and style of A. H. Gillis & Co. in the store owned by George M. Johnston, opposite the Commercial Building, has this day been closed, and all accounts due will be collected by A. H. Gillis, W. S. Loggie.

Chatham, 2nd April, 1881.

I take this opportunity of thanking my friends for the liberal patronage extended to me in the past, and beg to announce that I am engaged with Mr. W. S. Loggie as cutter in his Custom Tailoring Department in the upper end of the Commercial Building, where I will be glad to see my friends, and solicit a continuance of their patronage.

A. H. GILLIS.

Chatham, 22nd April, 1881.

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Field Seeds,

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Address, JAMES VICK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SALT! WHEAT!

The subscribers have in stock, a quantity of Fishery Salt.

Also, a quantity of

"Lost Nation" Seed Wheat.

FOR SALE LOW.

GEO. BURCHILL & SONS, Nelson, 26th March, 1881. 4114

General Business.

VICTOR HUGO.

The Northern Agricultural Society's Extra Home "Victor Hugo," will travel the usual circuit, the coming season, at the usual low price of \$4.00, and for the accommodation of persons living outside the circuit of travel, he will be found at the stable of the groom, Mr. George Dickson, Napun, up to the first of May. By order D. T. JOHNSON, Secretary, Chatham, March 22nd 1881.

BEST REFINED IRON.

Lowmoor, Swede, Londonderry common Root Iron and Fire Iron.

CAST STEEL.

Thos. Firth and Son's Extra Axle, Tool and Drill Steel.

Spring, Sleigh Shoe & Tire Steel.

—ALSO—

ROUND MACHINE STEEL.

Manufacture of STEEL & JACKSON.

Tinplates, CHARCOAL and COKE.

Sheet Iron,

Black and Galvanized.

A special lot of Galvanized Sheet Iron—

First class make (Davies) and well adapted for ROOFING BOLTERS, etc. Besides a heavy stock in store, we expect early in March, per good ship "Albion,"

11,224 Bars of Reformed Iron.

260 Bbls. Hoop Iron.

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Dry Goods, Groceries and

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Choice Brands of LIQUORS, always kept on hand.

Customers will find our Stock complete, comprising many articles, it is impossible here to enumerate and all at moderate prices.

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(ETC., ETC., ETC.)

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NEWCASTLE.

NEW GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED,

100 LADIES' LONG JACKETS,

they are nicely cut and beautifully trimmed.

275 MEN'S REEFING JACKETS & OVERCOATS.

The best value ever shown in Miramichi.

1,500 TWEED & WORSTED COATS, PANTS & VESTS.

In men's, Youth's and Boy's. This lot comprises the best assortment of clothing ever seen in Miramichi, and every person can get suited at prices to please themselves.

50 DOZ. MEN'S DRAWERS AND LINDERS.

bought before they went up in price and will be sold low.

50 DOZ. WHITE, OXFORD, & F.C.Y. FLANNEL SHIRTS.

As low as 40 cents, and will be sold cheap to clear them out.

30 pes White, Scarlet Grey and Fancy, FLANNELS, splendid value.

30 pes Black and colored Lustres, Cashmeres, French Merinoes, etc.

Must and will be sold low.

90 PIECES PRINTED COTTON.

Commencing at 2 cents per yard.

200 Bundles Park's St. John WARPS, at lowest price.

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My stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods is large and will be found well assorted.

My motto is, "Quick Sales and Small Profits."

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS, a fine stock.

A Good assortment of Groceries, Tailors' Notions, Hardware, Jewellery, Paraffine Lamps, Oil, etc.

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JAMES BROWN.

Hams, Sausages, Butter,

Lard Cheese, Kailfish,

Cucumbers, Apples,

Granulated, Brown & Crushed Sugar,

Cranberries, Corn Beef,

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A good stock of

Home Made Preserves of all kinds.

GROCERIES,

of every description, usually kept in a first class Grocery. Also, a large assortment of

BREAD, BISCUIT & CRACKERS,

CAKES of all Descriptions.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. We are SURE DEATH to high prices.

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SEEDS.

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