A Ghost in the Garret.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"This is the garret floor. It's a relic of the past," said Miss Pettigrew "They do not build such garrets now. The house is more than a hundred years old. It was my grandfathers's grandfather who built it. By the way," continued the lady, turning on her guest in a sharp and bird-like manner peculiar to her—"by the way, this garret is haunted."

"How delightful! Do tell me about the ghost!" cried the young lady who had followed her into the great room which covered half the large house.

"The ghost, Miss Walker, is a soldier, an officer who was killed by a jealous husband in a duel, which took place here. He walks up and down, trailing his sword after him, and is said to be as pale as death; however, he hasn't been seen for ten years, though the servants are terribly afraid of him yet.

"They sleep," said Miss Pettigrew, "in that half of the garret which is partitioned off, and use the back stairs. They wouldn't come here for the world, so I make a sort of store closet of those shelves there, and feel perfectly safe about my sweetmeats.

"Here," said Miss Pettigrew, opening a little door—"here is still another pair of stairs. They lead to the orchard. It is said that that idiotic lady who caused the duel had them built that her lover might come to the garret without discovery. It may be true. It's evident that they were never built in the original house. Nobody ever uses them now; and they are actually mouldering away,"

With some difficulty she moved a rusty bolt, and the young lady peeped down the rickety stairs.

"I can fancy the ghost coming up," she said, with a little, soft shriek, as she drew back. "How romantic!"

Descending the large, well-carpeted stairs that ran down the middle of the house, the two ladies entered the parlor, where an elderly gentleman sat waiting. The young lady then addressed him:

"The rooms are lovely, pa, and if Miss Pettigrew will let us come, we ought to be delighted."

Miss Pettigrew gave a polite wave of the hand, which signified that she was charmed to receive such boarders.

"Elsie, dear, go out and get into the carriage," said the old gentleman. "Miss Pettigrew and I will have a word about terms."

The young lady tripped lightly away.

"I have but one condition to make madam," said the old gentleman, the instant she was gone. "That you will take no single gentlemen boarders."

"I have one, sir," said Miss Pettigrew, "Mr. Jeffers, seventy-five years old, and quite rheumatic."

"Ah! I don't mind *him*," responded Mr. Walker. "I—I mean—In fact, I have brought my daughter to this quiet place to separate her from a person who is paying his addresses to her, and I am afraid he will follow us."

"Not into *this* house," said Miss Pettigrew. "My other rooms are filled; two families, mother, father, and children; a widow lady and her daughter; and Miss Budwick, principal of a school in——."

"The place will suit me perfectly," said Mr. Walker. "We'll come over to-morrow morning;" and with a bow, he trotted down the path and also took his place in the carriage.

About a fortnight from the day on which she had received her first boarder, Miss Pettigrew descended to the dining-room at an early hour, as was her wont, and in a very cheerful mood.

"This is very comfortable, indeed," thought she to herself, "*very* comfortable. Why shouldn't I turn a penny as well as my neighbors? Certainly my house is full of genteel people, and it's really pleasanter than to live alone." And Miss Pettigrew regarded her well-spread breakfast table with just pride and pleasure.

"Very comfortable, indeed—My goodness!" The latter portion of the sentence did not belong to the former. It was an ejaculation forced from her by the sudden appearance of her two servants, pale as death, hollow-eyed, and with compressed mouths, who having made each a courtesy, ground themselves against the wall and stood looking at nothing, in a way, as Miss Pettigrew afterward said, calculated to freeze the blood of an observer.

"My goodness!" repeated Miss Pettigrew. "Fanny Ann and Abby Jane, what's the matter? Is the house on fire?"

"No, Miss," replied Fanny Ann.

"Have you seen a ghost?" proceeded Miss Pettigrew.

"Yes, Miss," replied Abby Jane.

"And please, Miss, we can't sleep in that awful place no more," continued Fanny Ann. "If you can't put us somewhere else, we must go. We've seen him three times."

"Three nights hand-running," said Abby Jane.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" asked Miss Pettigrew.

"We thought you wouldn't believe us," said Fanny Ann.

"Well, I believe you've seen something terrifying," said Miss Pettigrew, "and I'll see what I can do. Don't mention this to anybody. You'd frighten some of my boarders away, perhaps. I'll talk it over after breakfast, and I'll wager I'll lay the ghost."

Fanny Ann and Abby Jane departed, promising silence, and the boarders ate their breakfast as usual. Afterward, behind closed doors, she heard this narrative:

At eleven o'clock every night for the past week the girls had heard a noise in the outer garret; but the last three having been lit by a brilliant moon, they had been able to see through a crack in the door, and espied—"as sure as she was a living woman," Abby Jane declared—a ghostly soldier in complete uniform, pacing up and down.

The first time the figure vanished rapidly. The second time it was longer in going; but on the third night they saw it enter by the disused stairway, and heard it speak. What it said was: "Darling, I would die for you! I would risk all to meet you!"

"We could look no longer, Miss," said Abby Jane. "We thought we should take spasms."

Miss Pettigrew rubbed her nose.

"This is unpleasant," she said. "Certainly, the ghost was an officer; and my own Aunt Lydia declared that she saw him. That was before her daughter, Grace, eloped with—Good gracious! I have it!"

"What, Miss?" cried Abby Jane.

"An IDEA!" said Miss Pettigrew. "Girls you may take a mattress on the parlor floor to-night, and hold your tongues until to-morrow morning."

The police force of——was not large, but that night two of its members stood concealed behind the largest apple trees in the orchard at the east of Miss Pettigrew's house. They were No. 12 and No. 14. These figures glittered on their cap-bands.

Within, on the other side of the garret door, Miss Pettigrew, in a flowered dressing-gown, stood listening intently. The moonlight flooded the old garret. Stern and strong of mind as she was, Miss Pettigrew felt a cold shudder run up her spine. It was now a quarter to eleven. Soon the old clock in the hall below croaked, rolled, and struck the hour. At that instant a faint creaking was heard. A door opened—not the stair door, the one into the hall—and a figure, all in white, stole in and sat down on a great box. It was very ghostly. "Ugh!" shuddered Miss Pettigrew. "I declare I feel scary." Hark! another faint creaking. The door to the mysterious stairway opened softly and a figure entered. It was dressed in a soldier's uniform. It wore a sword, but its face—its awful face, though it bore the features of a man, was of an awful ghostly white, lips and all, enlivened only by two great black eyes, that glared about them.

Miss Pettigrew shivered until the door rattled. The next instant the two ghosts ran into each other's arms. Another instant, and the stair door was opened with a bang, and Officer No. 12 followed Officer No. 14 into the garret, each armed with a club.

"Ghost or not I'm quite safe now," said Miss Pettigrew, and opened the garret door with her kerosene lamp in her hand.

"So we've caught you," said Officer No. 12.

"And we'll find how ghosts like being locked up in jail," said Officer No. 14, as he pulled a wet handkerchief with two holes in it from the ghost's face, and revealed a very pale human countenance, adorned by a mustache which had most carefully waxed points, and, under other circumstances, might have been very fierce, indeed:

"And this young woman—your servant, most likely—shall we arrest her along with the burglar? Do you make a charge against *her*, Miss Pettigrew?"

At these words the female ghost, who had hitherto done nothing but wring its hands, tore from its form the sheet in which it was enveloped and revealed the face and figure of Miss Elsie Walker, who instantly went down on her knees at the feet of Miss Pettigrew.

"He is not a burglar, dear Miss Pettigrew. We were neither of us doing anything dishonest. It's Captain Slasher, to whom I am engaged. Pa wouldn't let us meet as we wished, so we had to meet as we could, and the dress and disguise were only assumed to save me if we were seen by any one. Don't—don't—don't arrest my Alfred for a thief, when it is only his great love for me that—that—that—"

Here Miss Walker's voice failed her and she became hysterical, and Captain Slasher was heard to say, rather faintly and nervously:

"Be calm, Elsie, be calm."

"Officers," said Miss Pettigrew, "I am sorry to waste your time, but will you be seated—take some boxes, pray—until I summon another person."

And Miss Pettigrew sailed from the room and returned ten minutes later with old Mr. Walker, hastily clad in his dressing gown, on whose appearance the gallant captain grew pale, and Miss Elsie wrung her hands again.

"A pretty piece of business, indeed!" said Mr. Walker.

"Yes, sir," said Miss Pettigrew, "pretty indeed. Here is a decent young man—in the army, I suppose—who is driven to sneaking up back stairs into a garret to pay attention to a respectable young lady who prefers to receive him in the parlor. Now if that young lady loses her character, whose fault is it, sir? The fault of those who drove her to it. We are old, Mr. Walker, but we have been young. I'm single, but"—and Miss Pettigrew drew out her pocket handkerchief—"*I have a heart.* I should have been somebody's wife twenty-five years ago if I had had the spirit that girl has; but I was meek and submissive—and—no matter. If you really have nothing serious against that young man, hadn't you better let him marry your daughter, Mr. Walker?"

"Perhaps I had, Amelia—I mean Miss Pettigrew," said the old gentleman.

"You angelic woman!" cried Miss Elsie, casting herself into Miss Pettigrew's arms.

"Sir, I thank you," said Captain Slasher, who had grown red to the tips of his ears.

"I suppose no charge whatever will be made, then," said Officer No. 11, in an irritated tone.

"Oh! no. This is not a case for charges," said Miss Pectigrew.

"Good-night, then," said Officer No. 14, turning on his heel and departing as he came, but in a huff.

"You may call on my daughter two evenings a week and see her in Miss Pettigrew's presence," said the old gentleman to the captain. "If my daughter were not motherless, this would not have happened."

The captain shook hands with everybody and followed the policeman. Miss Pettigrew bolted the garret door. Mr. Walker assisted her.

"I thought you did not know me, Amelia," he said.

"You might very well have forgotten me, I'm so dreadfully changed," sighed Miss Pettigrew.

And after these mysterious whispers they went down stairs.

There was a wedding at Miss Pettigrew's that autumn. Elsie was united to her captain in the presence of all the boarders and many friends. But Miss Pettigrew did not take boarders again the next summer. Before that time came she had changed her name, and had married old Mr. Walker.

"It's rather late in Elsie," said she, as she embraced her stepdaughter; "but the fact is, your pa and I were old sweethearts, and but for the cruelty of the old folks, who broke the match, I suppose I should have been your mother in reality."

Elsie did not discuss the question. She only kissed her and said:

"You've been my best friend, at all events, dear mamma."

Spoiling his Logic.

The following I find in my scrap-book, put there years ago. It is a ludicrous instance of "Speaking out in meeting," which transpired in a small parish in the south of Scotland:

The good old preacher—an earnest, simple-minded man, who regarded his flock as a gathering of children of larger growth—was holding forth upon the story of Jonah; and in approaching the climax, he indulged in a bit of rhetorical flourish, to the following effect:

"And what kind of a fish was it, my brethren, that God had appointed thus to execute His holy will? Was it a shark, my brethren? No, it could not be a shark, for God would never have given the tender flesh of his beloved prophet to be torn by the horrible teeth of that voracious monster. What fish was it, then, my brethren? Was it a salmon, think you? Ah, no. That were not possible. There's no salmon i' the deepest pool of the Tweed could swallow a man. Besides, you ken, it's mair natural for a man to swallow salmon than for salmon to swallow man. What, then, was it? Was it a sea-lion, or a sea-horse? Or was it a sea-dog, or a great rhinoceros? Ah, no. Those are not Scripture beasts, ava. Ye're as far aff't as ever. Which of the monsters o' the great deep was it, can you tell me, that swallowed him?"

At this point an aged dame, who had been sitting on nettles, believing her minister to be really at a loss—thinking he had forgotten the name of the fish—as he raised his hand, and took a survey of his audience, previous to capping the climax, knocked him from his bias by crying out:

"Hoot, sir! it was a whale, you ken?"

The minister gasped for breath, and looked daggers.

"Out upon ye, for the graceless old wife that you are, thus to tak the word out o' the mouth of God's minister! You've just cut in and tumbled the beautiful fabric o' logical sequence all to pieces!"

"Aweel," muttered the ancient dame, with a firm closing of her jaws, "I dinna keer for that. It wer' a whale ony way!"

General Business.

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Newcastle, Sept. 11, '80.

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MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE,

Chatham, July 22, '80.

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Hair Brushes, Coat Brushes, Stove, Blacking, Scrubbing Counter, Window, Horse, Shaving, Tooth, Nail and Paint Brushes in great variety.

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AND THE
DOUBLE IODIDES.

Space forbids the giving more testimony in this place, in favor of this great medicine. Is not one certificate, however, from an eminent and well-known Physician like Dr. Bessey, of Montreal, sufficient to establish its superiority over the numerous mixtures called Blood Purifiers offered by Druggists and others?

T. C. STRATTON, Esq.

Montreal, Feb. 1st, 1877.

I cannot but regard the formula from which Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla is prepared, as one of the best possible combinations to constitute an effectual remedy, for the cure of *Blood Impurities*. So far as my experience leads me with this remedy, I can testify to its great value in the treatment of all Strumous and Cachectic affections, as Glamular Enlargements, and a wide range of skin affections; as a reliable preparation for general use as a *blood purifier*, I know of none equal to it, combining as it does, all the imputed virtues of Sarsaparilla, and several other valuable remedies, with the extraordinary alterative properties of the "*Double Iodides*," and of none that can be more highly recommended as safe, certain and reliable, and I have every confidence that such a remedy for general use, taking the place of the many worthless nostrums of the day, will be a great boon to suffering humanity, and its use will be attended with the most satisfactory results. It should be invaluable to persons beyond the reach of medical advice, and will, no doubt, become popular with Medical men throughout the country.

Respectfully yours,
W. E. BESSEY, M.D
Beaver Hall Square.

NOTE.—Dr. Channing's Sarsaparilla is put up in large bottles, with the name blown in the Glass, and retails at $1.00 per bottle, or Six Bottles for Five Dollars. Sold by Druggists generally, and most Country Stores. Be sure, and ask for Dr Channing's Sarsaparilla and take no other. If not readily obtained in your locality, address the General Agent.

Perry Davis & Son & Lawrence,
377 St. Paul Street, Montreal

HEARTBURN
—OR—
SOUR RISING,

Oppression after eating, and every form of DYSPEPSIA are soon relieved by

PERISTALTIC LOZENGES.

The restore the action of the Liver and Stomach, nd cure COSTIVENESS and its results

For Sale by

JOHN PALLEN,	-	Chatham.
E. LEE STREET,	- -	Newcastle.
JAMES DOYLE,	- - -	Douglastown..
JOHN KAIN,	- - -	Nelson.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE
LINIMENT.
For Internal and External Use.

CURES—Neuralgia, Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere.

AYER'S
HAIR VIGOR,
FOR RESTORING GREY HAIR
To its Natural Vitality & Color.

Advancing years, sickness, care, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition, all turn the hair gray, and either of them incline it to shed prematurely.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, by long and extensive use, has proven that it stops the falling of the hair immediately; often renews the growth; and always surely restores its color, when faded or gray. It stimulates the nutritive organs to healthy activity, and preserves both the hair and its beauty. Thus brashy, weak or sickly hair becomes glossy, pliable and strengthened; lost hair regrows with lively expression; falling hair is checked and stablished; thin hair thickens; and faded or gray hairs resume their original color. Its operation is sure and harmless. It cures dandruff, heals all humors, and keeps the scalp, cool, clean and soft—under which conditions diseases of the scalp are impossible.

As a dressing for ladies' hair, the VIGOR is praised for its grateful and agreeable perfume, and valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

—PREPARED BY—
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
LOWELL MASS.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

REMOVAL.

DR. J. S. BENSON, has removed to the building on corner of Duke and St. John Streets opposite Canada House.
Chatham, Sept., 1879.

Brokerage, etc.

W. & R. Brodie,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants
AND
DEALERS IN
FLOUR, PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS,
No. 16, ARTHUR STREET,
Next the Bank of Montreal
QUEBEC.

WILLIAM J. FRASER,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
TEAS, SUGARS, MOLASSES &c.
HEAD OF CENTRAL WHARF,
UPPER WATER STREET,
HALIFAX N. S.
CONSIGNMENTS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Law, etc.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby forbidden to land on Bay du Vin Island, as has been the practice with one in the past, who have committed trespasses thereon by cutting trees and doing other damage. All such persons will hereafter be dealt with according to law.

J. & T. WILLISTON.

E. P. Williston,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,
OFFICE—Over Mr. John Brandon's Store; Entrance Side Door.
Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

Administrators' Notice.

All persons having any claims or demands against the estate of the late Michael Searle, merchant, Chatham, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested to the subscribers, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to the said estate, will please call and pay the same to the said subscribers at their store, in Chatham.

Dated at Chatham, N. B., this fourteenth day December, 1880.

MRS. PRUDENCE B. SEARLE, JAMES P. SEARLE, } Administrators.

Law.

JNO. J. HARRINGTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
OFFICE, UP-STAIRS, McLACHLAN'S BUILDING
Water St., Chatham.

A. H. JOHNSON,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
SOLICITOR.
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC., ETC.
Chatham, N. B.

WM. A. PARK,
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor,
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE:—OVER THE STORE OF W. PARK, Esq
CASTLE STREET
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

R. B. ADAMS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
Office up stairs, Noonan's Building,
Water Street. Chatham.

THEOPS. S. DESBRISAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CONVEYANCER, &c., &c.
BATHURST, N. B.

Notice of Sale.

Take notice that for default of payment of the principal and interest moneys due on and secured by and under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the ninth day of September, A. D., 1873, and made between Robert Jameson of the Parish of Nelson, in the County of Northumberland, farmer, of the one part, and Daniel McLaughlan, of Blackville, in the said County, lumberer, of the other part, duly recorded in the Registry Office of the said County, and which Indenture of Mortgage was by the said Daniel McLaughlan, duly assigned to me, the undersigned, John Shirreff, by indenture of assignment, bearing date the third day of December, A. D., 1879, also duly recorded in the Registry Office of the said County. I will sell by public auction, in front of the Registry Office, in the town of Newcastle, in the said County, on Thursday, the third day of March, next, at 3 o'clock, p. m., the lands and premises conveyed by and described in the said Mortgage as follows, viz.—"All the lower or Easterly one half, measured from front to rear of all that lot or tract of land, situate on the south side of the Southwest Branch of the Miramichi River, in the Parish of Nelson, aforesaid, being lot number six; bounded on the upper or westerly side by a lot of land, formerly occupied by one James Corcoran, and now owned by the said Edward Jameson and John Jameson, on the lower or easterly side by lands occupied by Francis Martin, in front by the Southwest Branch of the River Miramichi, and extending in the rear to the full extent of the original grant, containing one hundred and eighteen acres, more or less, which said lower half of the said lot, number six, was conveyed to the said Robert Jameson, by deed of partition, dated the eighth day of September, instant, as by reference thereto, will fully appear." Together with all and singular, the buildings, improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging, or in any wise appertaining.

Dated this, 22nd day of November, A. D., 1880.

To the above named Mortgagor, Mr. Robert Jameson.

JOHN SHIRREFF,
Assignee of the Mortgage.

Manufrs., Builders, etc.

NEILSON'S
Engine & Machine Works.

THE Subscriber is now prepared to make and execute all kinds of the undermentioned work, viz:—

MARINE AND STATIONARY
ENGINES,

with or without boiler, or fittings, from 5 to 100 horse power, for Mills, Mines or Steamboats.

SAW MILL WORK

CRANK SHAFTS for WATER MILLS, GANG SHAFTS, GATE and LOG GATES, with power Down-holders, Saw Spindles of all kinds, of Cast Steel or Iron.
MILL SHAFTING of all sizes and lengths, from one inch to eight inch diameter.
GEARS AND PULLEYS of all sizes.
IRON TURNING AND BLACKSMITH'S WORK, and general repairing of Machinery of all kinds.
ACCIDENTAL BREAK-DOWNS of Machiner correctly and punctually attended to.

BRASS CASTINGS,
of the best quality at lowest prices.

I beg to call the attention of Millmen and Lumbermen to my new Machines, viz., my

COMPOUND EDGER AND SINGLE EDGER, AND MY RE-SAWING MACHINES

are got up expressly for the lumber business.

My Edgers have now been running in St John and Miramichi for twelve months and have given every satisfaction desired and I feel pleased to be able to refer to any of the Mill owners who have them, including:—Messrs. Randolph and Baker Long & Barnhill, Clark Bros.—Firms of such standings as are well able to advise intending purchasers as to what is best for their interests and in regard to the practical superiority of my machine over all others. My

COMPOUND OR DOUBLE MACHINE

will edge 10,000 feet per hour, if required. My SINGLE EDGER, which I am getting up expressly for Steam Mills of limited power, with a view to do the most work with the fewest hands, will be about half the weight of the Compound, and about half the price, will have only two saws and will run 10,000 feet per day of 10 hours. My RE-SAWING MACHIN is got up expressly for recutting deals