

All a Legacy Led To.

BY CARL BRICKETT.

Up to the age of twenty-two my life had been uneventful enough, then I awoke one bright morning to find myself—not famous, but rich. I will tell how it was that such a sudden change of fortune came to happen to me. A year before, as I had been riding in the street cars from my place of business to my modest lodgings, I had been the witness of a dastardly piece of ruffianism. I had all passed in the twinkling of an eye; stopping the car I had sprung out just in time to dash into the midst of a group of evil-intentioned loafers, and to rescue a poor, bewildered little old lady, who, though terrified almost to death, had still had the presence of mind to clutch tightly the well-filled pocket-book that had been the point of attraction to her assailants.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" she had exclaimed, as soon as she had regained her breath; "but for you I should certainly have been robbed. And now will you please tell me your name? I should like to know who it is to whom I owe my safety."

That, as I have said, had occurred a year before, and never since that time had I heard aught of the little old lady until the morning the postman brought me an official looking letter, signed with the name of a prominent lawyer, telling me of the death of his aged client, Miss Mary Martin, and that through gratitude for a service once done her when rudely assaulted by pickpockets, she had bequeathed to me her whole large fortune—being entirely alone in the world, and at liberty to do with her property solely as her wish inclined. I could hardly believe it at first; but the ensuing weeks brought confirmation, and at length I grew accustomed to the unfamiliar fact that instead of a struggling bank clerk, I, Walter Gourley, was independently wealthy, beyond the reach of want forever.

What should I do? was my next thought. It was soon answered. I would travel, first through my native land, and then to foreign shores. So I started, and at length, after a long and delightful tour, brought up, for the intention of remaining there for some time, in St. Louis, where I had friends who, though they had not seen me of late years, had kindly memories of my boyish days. For it was there that my parents had spent their youth and the first halcyon portion of their happy married life. I arrived and received a cordial welcome, and in a short time my table overflowed with hospitable cards and notes of invitation. Then, just as unexpectedly as my fortune had come to me, I met my fate. I, who had boasted myself of such calm pulses that I had coolly resolved that until I considered the proper time had come when I should think of assuming the ties of a wife and family, no woman's face should stir my heart to one quicker throb, found myself adoringly, passionately in love with a young girl whose name even I did not know. To see was to love!

I had no difficulty in obtaining an introduction, which, when I had gained my thoughts from the chaos her beauty had thrown them into, I sought at once. She was an Italian—I might have known it from her lustrous eyes—and when I went home that night her musical voice went with me, echoing through the chambers of my heart, till now empty, but never to be so again.

A couple of months passed, during which I had the privilege of meeting her often. Ah, those eight short weeks, how full they were! I came to know her well, and each meeting, showing me more and more clearly that her lovely face was only an index of as lovely a character, made my infatuation the deeper. And though as yet I had not ventured to hint either to her or to her mother what was in my heart, I had arrived at the blissful conclusion that my presence was not indifferent to her. The second month of our acquaintance came to an end, and one evening—I remember it well, for it came back to my mind with a new meaning afterwards—I found the Signora Isadore very sad; her motions, generally so full of life, listless and pervaded with languor; her mouth not smiling, but plaintive; and a look in her dark eyes as though, should but a chance word be spoken that should touch the secret pain, the welling tears would drown the cheeks' sweet carmine.

She did not bid me "Good evening," as usual, but, as I held her hand at parting, she said, "Farewell."

If I wondered at the strangely earnest tone of her parting, all was explained the following day, for, the bunch of blue violets I carried late in the afternoon, as had become my custom, to lay at my idol's shrine, I still held in my hand when, an hour later, bewildered and disappointed, I re-entered my own rooms. Early that morning, I had been informed, the two Italian ladies, with their maid and luggage, had departed from the hotel.

Another month passed, during which time an occurrence took place which, though I anticipated it not, affected my after life to a great degree. What it was I will relate further on. The days dragged very monotonously to me now, and at length a resolve came to me, together with an intuition. The intuition was this—that, even as I loved the gentle, beautiful Isadore, she, too, loved me, and that on that account solely, because through some reason she knew that our affection was hopeless, she had flown from me; the resolve was that I would seek her, and never cease to seek until, finding her, I should obtain from her own lips the assurance I craved—that her heart, no matter what dividing circumstances might exist, was as I dared to hope, mine.

I would go to Italy, her native land—to the city whose name I had so often heard upon her lips that, without any positive knowledge, I felt sure it had been her home. I went; but not in Florence did I find her, nor any who knew her. It was only by an accident, if one of Providence's direct leadings can be termed such, that in Milan I again met her.

Feeling depressed at my lack of success, and in need of something to arouse and interest me, I entered one evening a music-hall, where nightly the most delicious strains rose and fell beneath a celebrated violinist's magic

bow. There before me—it was indeed possible!—sat the queen of my fancy and a gentleman. I scarcely noted him, but with hungry avidity my eyes scanned every line of his companion's perfect face. It was as beautiful as ever; but sad as I remembered it last.

Suddenly, when the concert was but half through, a terrible alarm sounded in the cry of "Fire!"

Instantly the vast audience sprang to its feet, and a scene of the wildest confusion followed. I remember nothing save the consciousness that, pressed close to my breast, as with all my strength I fought my way through the mad crowd, I held the object I loved best in all the world. Fortunately, my seats had not been far from the door of exit, and a few moments later I found myself safe with my precious Isadore beneath the calm sky. With her first glance I had seen that Isadore had recognized me. Now, as I gently raised her face from my shoulder, I found, to my alarm, that she was unconscious. But she only remained so for a few moments; then reason came back to her startled throne, and blushing divinely, she whispered my name in accents that filled me with rapture.

"Then you do love me—you have not forgotten me?" I exclaimed. She did not answer, but in the dark eyes she raised to mine, I read the truth, and then and there I determined twelve months should not pass over my head till I should learn what it was that could be an obstacle strong enough to keep me from my happiness.

Acting upon that resolve, no sooner had the mother ceased to overwhelm me with her thanks for the preservation of her daughter, than, taking Isadore's hand in mine, in earnest words I told of my love and longing.

I felt Isadore's hand tremble as I spoke. "Do not look so reproachfully at me, mother. I could not tell him," she exclaimed.

The Signora Costello's face was very grave as she waited till I had finished, and then began to tell me how deeply she was grieved to be obliged to over-throw my hopes, but that my suit was impossible, as her daughter was already betrothed.

"By the directions my husband left in his will," she said, "Isadore cannot marry until she is nineteen; but the day that brings her nineteenth birthday will see her a bride."

"But how can it be? How can you, her mother, allow such a thing, when you know that she loves me?" I interrupted, impulsively.

"Listen and I will explain. My life's peace depends upon this marriage," was the answer. "Two years ago a former valet of my husband's, who had sworn to be revenged for some fancied injury, enticed away from her home my youngest daughter, a tender child of but five short years. The villain had a brother, who was in the employ of a neighbor. This neighbor, the Signor Murilli, who is my daughter's betrothed husband, came to me and told me that he had by accident overheard the whole scheme talked over between the brothers, and that, therefore, he knew just where at any moment to guide the hand of justice to the abductor and his victim. Of course, overjoyed at what I deemed a disinterested act of kindness, I implored him to tell me all he knew; but he had no intention of doing unless I promised to him in return for his knowledge, the hand of my Isadore. What could I do? Could I allow my child, my sweet Viola, to live to become a criminal through the base influences amid which she had fallen, or perhaps to pine away and die through neglect and cruelty? A thousand times no! Signor Murilli left my daughter's betrothed union with the understanding that the day that saw them married, he would acquaint me with the whereabouts of my lost Viola. You, my young friend, can surely realize how my heart was then and has since been torn and lacerated. But he had me in his power. I could not have decided otherwise."

"Until she met you, my dear Isadore was willing to perform her part in the contract, bravely asserting that she cared not for herself, but was eager to go to any sacrifice that would restore our lost treasure to our arms, and would bring to his merited punishment the wretch who had brought upon us this calamity."

"Do not think that I attach any blame to you. Ah, no, my dear young friend it is not my daughter's esteem alone that you have won. Were it within my power I would be only too happy to join your hands, and address you by the endearing title of 'son.'"

I had listened silently, quietly putting the facts, dates, and names she spoke of side by side with data in my own mind. Now I spoke, and in my turn told a little story, which had the effect—but I will not anticipate this, briefly, is what I said, all the wondering ejaculations and exclamations that from time to time interrupted me, omitted:

"One afternoon, shortly after my hurried departure, as I sat in my room reading, a friend came to me. He was an aged minister, who had loved my parents, and for their sake had seemed to take me right into his heart."

"Walter," he said, "you have often asked me to bring to your notice some case of charity that a willing heart, together with a deep purse, alone could alleviate, and now I have found one. Come with me."

"I followed him to a squalid neighborhood where, in a wretched room, upon a bed lay a sufferer, evidently in the last stages of disease. Cowering in one corner of the apartment was the emaciated figure of a young child, my friend spoke in Italian a few rapid sentences to the sick man, who, opening his eyes, groaned as his only answer."

"Dr. Grant turned to me, and explained: 'I was called upon by his neighbors to visit this poor man. He was yesterday, when he was stronger than he is now. I saw that he seemed to be suffering as much from the pangs of remorse as from pain, and at my questioning he unbosomed his trouble to me, and his desire to atone, if it were not too late. He told me that this little one that you see is not his, but was abducted by him from her distant home in Italy. He said he had not intended she should suffer, but sickness had come upon him, and a stranger in

a strange land, he had soon come to want, and she with him."

"What are her parents' names?" I asked, "and from what city or village did you bring her?"

"But in that moment, as he struggled to answer me, utterance failed him, and since then he has not been able to speak."

"This which I now show you he gave to me," drawing it from beneath his pillow. "It probably holds some clue to her lineage. Now, Walter, I have brought you here to-day to ask you to take upon yourself the task my age and infirmities render impossible for me. You are young and rich; will you, in the presence of this dying, repentant sinner, promise that you will not cease your exertions until you know this child to her parents? I restate that you intended to go to Italy before long, and to you my mind at once reverted as I listened yesterday to this man's confession."

"As Dr. Grant spoke the sick man's eyes fixed themselves upon me with a wistful entreaty. It was evident that, though his speech was paralyzed, his brain was cognizant of all that was passing."

"I answered 'Yes.'"

I paused and laid upon a table a small closed box. With flushed face and trembling form my hearers drew near and waited, with bated breath, while I opened it, and disclosed to them the contents—a slender golden chain, from which depended a tiny locket, with the name "Viola" engraved upon the outside, while within it held the pictured features of the mother before me.

"My child! Found! Oh, tell me, where is she?"

"Safe, and at no great distance!" I cried. "I knew that her home was in Italy, and when I came I brought her with me."

Then followed a scene of such pure, unmingled joy as this prosaic world but seldom sees. And, dear reader, my own turn for rejoicing came in due time, and to-day, as I write, my peerless wife leans over my shoulder, while by the hand she holds a dark-eyed, cherub-faced child who calls me "brother Walter."

No More Hard Times.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing, get more real and substantial things of life every day, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive, quack doctors, or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, and put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters, that cures all ailments at a trifling cost, you will see good times and have good health.—Chronicle.

ZOPESA FROM BRAZIL.—As a result of the new commercial enterprise just assuming importance with Brazil, is the introduction of Zopessa, so justly celebrated where it is known for the cure of all forms of Indigestion. The company have opened a laboratory in Toronto. Zopessa comes to us highly endorsed and recommended, its wonderful affinity to the Digestive Organs, its certainty to relieve and cure Dyspepsia and Constipation, makes this remarkable compound a necessity in Canada. The Company makes sample bottles at the trifling cost of 10 cents. Sold by MACKENZIE CO., Chatham, N. B.

STEAM MILL FOR SALE!

The Rotary Steam Saw Mill, situated at the lower end of Chatham, opposite Middle Island, known as the "Perley Mill," with all the machinery including the engine, boiler, and saw, and a large stock of lumber, for sale by MACKENZIE CO., Chatham, N. B.

For particulars apply to G. STOUTHART, Chatham, Sept. 28, '81.

HONEY!

This Year's Crop, Very Nice. Vaseline Soap, Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Vaseline Cream, Nail Brushes, Vaseline Camphor Ice, Cloth Brushes, Shaving Brushes.

A Nice Line of Dressing Combs.

Fine Toilet Soaps.

SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR AND FLESH BRUSHES.

The above have been received this week, along with a large stock of PATENT MEDICINES, PATENT TOILET ARTICLES, and FANCY GOODS, at the

"MEDICAL HALL," (Opposite Hon. W. Muirhead's)

J. D. B. F. MACKENZIE.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing between Major Compton Clark and James Mackenzie, under the style and firm of Mackenzie & Co., Dentists and Druggists, is this day dissolved. All persons having claims against the said company are requested to present the same to the said James Mackenzie, at his late residence, 111 St. John Street, Chatham, N. B., on or before the 15th inst.

Notice is hereby given that the business formerly carried on in Chatham, under the style and firm of Mackenzie & Co., Dentists and Druggists, will be continued by the said James Mackenzie, at his late residence, 111 St. John Street, Chatham, N. B., on or before the 15th inst.

Sheriff's Sale.

To be sold at Public Auction on FRIDAY, the 24th day of MARCH, next, in front of the Post Office, in Chatham, between the hours of 12 noon, and 5 o'clock, p. m.

All the right, title and interest of James Murray, in and to all that piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being on the North side of the Tabernacle River, in the Parish of Annapolis, and County of Northumberland, bounded Southerly, or in front by the said Tabernacle River, Westerly by lands occupied by William Robertson, Easterly by lands occupied by William Robertson, and Southerly, or in rear by lot No. 7, containing 100 acres, more or less, and being the lands and premises at present occupied by the said James Murray, of an Execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court by Alexander Lusk and James Anderson, against the said James Murray.

JOHN SHIRREFF, Sheriff of Northumberland.

Executors' Notice.

All persons having any just claims or demands against the estate of Thomas Clark, late of Chatham, deceased, are requested to present the same duly attested to either of the undersigned, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to either of us.

ISABELLA CLARK, Executrix. Dated, Chatham, 12th December, A. D., 1881.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

Golden Ball, Shoe Store

FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

The Golden Ball Boot and Shoe Store is the oldest established in Miramichi. It is now fifteen years since we commenced business exclusively in the above line, and we can now point with pleasure, to hosts of past ones, who have invariably purchased from us during that length of time. The reason is plain. We buy direct from the best manufacturers, consequently our goods give satisfaction. We do not purchase cheap, shoddy goods that are only meant to sell and not to wear; but by purveying that policy, it would be impossible to retain our customers. The best goods are the cheapest in the end. We have full lines of

Infant's, Children's, Misses', Youth's, Boy's Women's and Men's Boots Shoes, Slippers, etc.,

at the lowest possible price compatible with good quality. Also a large assortment of

Trunks, Valises, and Hand Bags, Sole Leather and Shoe Findings.

Seven years ago we opened our FURNITURE EMPORIUM, and have witnessed a steadily increasing business. We keep in stock all varieties of BEDROOM, KITCHEN and PARLOR FURNITURE, LOUNGES, SOFAS, HALL STANDS, WHITTOTS, WARDROBES, BRACKET TABLES, SIDEBOARDS, EXTENSION TABLES, SPRING BEDS, IRON BEDSTEADS, STRETCHERS, ETC.

Matresses, Bolsters and Pillows of all kinds, Mirror Plates, Excelsior Etc.

A few Splendid Parlor Suites, in Raw silk and in Hair Cloth.

Chatham, July 14th 1881. FOTHERINGHAM & CO

MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE.

Bibles and Church Services SELLING AT COST.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS, IN VARIETY AT MODERATE PRICES.

INK STANDS! INK STANDS!

BUSINESS AND ORNAMENTAL, FROM 20c., to \$5.00

LADIES' CARD CASES.

STAFFORDS' MARKING INK, requires no preparation, any pen may be used,

STAFFORDS' CARMINE INK, STAFFORDS' VIOLET INK.

CARTER'S and STEVENSON'S INK, COMMON BLUE and RED INKS, PENRACKS,

INDIA RUBBER BALLS, from 12 to 35 cts.

ACCOUNT BOOKS, MINUTE BOOKS, MEMORANDUM BOOKS, & GENERAL STATIONERY.

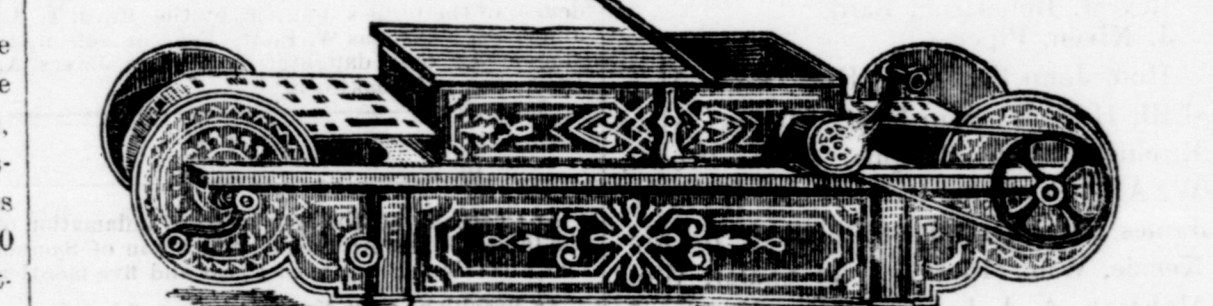
D. G. SMITH.

Chatham, Aug. 26, 1881.

MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE.

Chatham, Aug. 26, 1881.

An Automatic Reed Organ.



"THE ORGUINETTE may now be called a celebrated instrument. In tone it is akin to the Cabinet Organ, but the organ must be accompanied by an artist in order to produce music; the ORGUINETTE, on the other hand, entitles its possessor to play at will, and at trifling expense it can be made to furnish an unlimited supply of all kinds of music."—Toronto Globe.

"The ORGUINETTE is indeed a musical wonder. It is a miniature reed organ, with six octaves and melodious tones as the Cabinet Organ, on the reason that the ignorant in music can play it as well as the most accomplished professor. The ORGUINETTE is strong and accurate in its mechanism, and consequently not liable to get out of order."—Montreal Gazette.

"THE ORGUINETTE is the most perfect automatic musical instrument yet invented, its repertoire is unlimited, the tone is remarkably good."—Montreal Star.

PRICES, \$10 TO \$16 Send for Illustrated W. F. ABBOT & Co., Chatham, Sept. 28, '81.

1 TO 21 VOLTIGUEURS STREET.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS AND PATENTEES, MONTREAL.

Dressmaking.

MISS H. CLARK, begs to inform the ladies of Miramichi, that she is prepared to attend to any orders in the above line with which she may be favored.

Room upstairs, Mr. Thomas Kingston's, Water Street—Chatham.

Notice.

All persons having any just claim against the estate of the late John Macdonald, of Miramichi, will render the same duly attested to either of the undersigned, within 2 months of the date hereof, and any person indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment immediately.

D. McDONALD, Executrix. JAMES McDONALD, J. H. McDONALD, Executors. Miramichi, 25th Nov. 1881.

WHISKEY & WHISKEY.

Just received per Steamer Austria from Glasgow, via Halifax, 100 Cases Fine Blended Glenlivet Whiskey. JOHN W. NICHOLSON. St. John.

Law.

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

E. P. Williston, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c., Office—Over Mr. John Brandon's Store, Entrance Side Door.

Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

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

WM. A. PARK, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, Chatham Livery Stables.

Regular Coaches to trains leaving and arriving at Chatham Railway Station.

Office and Stables . . . Water Street, Chatham.

New Advertisement.

I have opened a BLACKSMITH SHOP

—ON— HENDERSON STREET, formerly occupied by James Hays, where I intend carrying on general Blacksmith Work. I shall give particular attention to

HORSE SHOEING, and Guarantee good satisfaction, or I will be refunded. RICHARD D. STAPLEDON. Chatham.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

NEW GOODS!!

J.B. SNOWBALL'S.

Just received per late Steamers from the Manufacturers.

New Ulster Cloths, For Gents Ladies and Children:

Boys' Woollen Knickerbocker Hose, Very Heavy.

A very large stock of German and Canadian Clouds and Promenade Scarfs.

Ladies' Berlin Wool Shawls, Ladies' Berlin Wool Jackets, Ladies' and Children's Wool Scarfs.

Irish Frieze, For Heavy Overcoats.

Irish and Scotch Tweeds, Newest Styles.

Moscow Homespun, Costume Cloths, Wool Serges, French Cashmeres, French Merinoes, Black Seicillians, Black Grecian Corals, Colored Cloth Debeques,

100 pairs Best White ENGLISH BLANKETS, 50 pairs Best Twilled

Canadian White Blankets

A few pairs of Super Extra BATH BLANKETS, at reduced price

ALL CHEAP FOR CASH!

Chatham, Oct. 18, 1881.

AT COST!

Fancy Goods at Cost!!

TOYS AT COST!!

The Subscriber intends to entirely close out the

MIRAMICHI BOOKSTORE STOCK

of Fancy Goods and Toys,

as well as

FANCY STATIONERY.

This is a bona fide Cost Sale for the Holidays.

D. G. SMITH.

Chatham, Dec. 8.

Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing under the name of MERSEAU & THOMSON has been dissolved this day by mutual consent and the business of

Photographing and Picture Framing

will be continued by Mr. E. H. THOMSON, at the old stand, and all bills due the late firm are payable to him, and all debts owed by him will be paid by him. E. H. THOMSON. Chatham, N. B., Aug. 24th, 1881.

LOOK THIS WAY!

And learn that having bought Mr. Mercereau's interest in the above business, I shall continue the same on my own account, and shall, until further notice, make Good Photographs, at the

Unprecedented Low Price of \$1.00 Per Dozen.

Pictures framed to order.

Call and see for yourselves.

E. H. THOMSON, Duke Street, Near Canada House.

Chatham, N. B., Aug. 23rd, 1881.

SEWING MACHINE.

I respectfully inform my friends and patrons, that I have by no means given up handling the celebrated

WAXER SEWING MACHINES.

and may be found at the stable above named, where all orders shall receive prompt attention. Repairing attended to as usual. J. Y. MERSEAU, 3m. Chatham, April 20, '81.

SUGAR, FRUIT, ONIONS, &c.

LOGAN, LINDSAY & CO.

Have Received:—

45 BLS. EXTRA C. SUGAR

10 Boxes ORANGE, 100 5 LEMONS, 10 BLS. ASHLEAF OIL, 100 BLS. ONIONS, 100 Boxes Layer, Long-Layer, Loose Muscato, and others. HAYES, 2 Cases BURNETT'S EXTRACTS, 2 New Walnuts, Almonds, Quinces, &c., 25 lbs. AMERICAN OIL, &c., &c. 78 and 80 King Street, St. John.

MUSIC.

Miss Fahry having returned to Miramichi will be glad to receive pupils for instruction in Vocal and Instrumental Music. Riverside Cottage, Chatham.

D. CHESMAN, WATER STREET.

Chatham, Dec. 15, 1881.

Manufacturers, Builders, etc.

CHAMPION PORTABLE SAW MILLS