

A LUCKY MISTAKE.

Time. 31st day of December 18—2.30 p. m. Place. A fourth-story back room in one of the tall buildings on C—street, New York City.

I am a lawyer by profession, if my gilt shingle, which hangs at the street entrance, speaks the truth, it is very attractive in appearance, but I must admit that its attractiveness in another important expectation; it reads:

Jonathan Brief, Atty at Law,
All court matters attended to promptly.
Room 42 fourth floor.

I have often wondered whether, in giving me the name of Brief, intended me for a lawyer, and took this method of jogging my memory in case my fancy might be inclined to wander in other fields. However that may be, I did adopt the profession, and now, after three years' practice, or rather, three years in search of practice, I find myself considerably poorer than when I entered it. There have been but few briefs to occupy my time and room, except myself, and if fate has anything in this line in store for me, it is becoming peculiarly essential that she give it quickly.

The day I speak of was a most miserable one—drizzling, sleeting, and spitting snow by turns. But it was not of the weather, nor of this particular day that I was thinking, but of the morrow—New Year's day. I was without a dime in the world, and there was a strong probability that the morning would find my finances in a similar condition. This state of affairs is not cheering to a man who has been in the habit of looking forward to his New Year's dinner as an important event, and who has generally managed, in some shape, to encompass it. Last year my brother Tom extended me his hospitality, but he took it into his head that his health needed bolstering up, and that a year's residence in the South of France was the only thing that could do it. The previous year, my old college chum, Frank Pierson, invited me to a bachelor dinner, and a sumptuous New Year's feast it was. But Frank took a fancy to a little blue-eyed dame, and that put an end to his bachelor dinners, for in a few months nothing was left of him but a benediction, and though I was his "best man," I had not laid eyes on him since the day I had parted with him at the railway station, with best wishes for himself and blushing bride.

After searching all my pockets thoroughly, in hope that possibly there might be a dollar-bill that had slipped in one of the corners, I gave up the task in despair. I was emphatically "broke." Not a nickel, not even a cent turned up, and I was about putting on my overcoat with the serious intention of calling on "my uncle" for a slight loan on that handy garment, when a knock at the door interrupted me:

"Come in."

The door opened and the postman entered. I was not often bothered with that individual's presence, and the sight of him caused me a glimmer of hope.

"I have a letter here for Jonathan Brief, Esq.," he said, "are you the man?"

"Well, there's two cents due on it."

Now two cents is rather an insignificant sum, yet the demand had been for two millions of them it could not have caused my heart more quickly to stop its beating. The letter was heavy and it might contain—well, I didn't know what.

"Really," I said, fumbling in my pocket mechanically for something that I was now rather certain wasn't there, "I don't believe I have a cent in change with me; would you be so kind as to—"

My words must have given him the impression that I was about to ask him to run out and get a bill changed, for he interrupted me quickly:

"Never mind, sir; there's no use in breaking a bill for two cents; another time will do."

I thanked him, without setting his imagination right, and then picked up the letter, which he had laid upon the desk, and glanced at the address. The writing was familiar, and that fact convinced me at once that it could be from no one else than my old chum—for no one else ever added both the "Esq." and "Atty." Hastily opening it, ten-dollar bill dropped out which I slipped in my pocket and then read as follows:

"My dear old Joe," (he always called me Joe, because he said he didn't like John, and as for Jonathan that was altogether too much of a mouthful) "old fellow I want you to come up and dine with me on New Year's day. You know we haven't seen each other for a long time and I would like to lay eyes on you once more: 'twould serve to remind me—if I needed it—of the many happy days we've spent together. I have spoken to my wife who joins me in promising you a hearty welcome. Don't disappoint us, old fellow, and believe me

As ever, Your College Chum,
Frank Pierson.

"P. S. Fearing that possibly you may have some difficulty in collecting your fee, I enclose an X as a retainer in a little case of my own. Of course, not knowing what train you will take, it will be impossible for me to meet you, but everybody knows me at the station, and by enquiring there you will readily find my house, which is about five minutes' walk distant. We dine at 5 sharp, but come as much earlier as you can."

The same old Frank; hearty and thoughtless; never thinks of giving his address; of course, he lives in Irvington, for that's the postmark on the letter. But I rather think he should have said so. He didn't live in Irvington when he received his last letter, but he has moved about so since his marriage that it is difficult to keep track of him.

There was no likelihood of my disappointing him, and at three o'clock, New Year's afternoon, I was seated in the cafe en route for Irvington, roasting turkey, cranberry sauce and plum pudding.

Read the reader may fancy me to be a fat, red-nosed gourmand who thinks of nothing but his stomach. I will take the liberty of stating that I am nothing of the sort. It is true, I am quite capable of enjoying a good meal, when

I have one within reach, and like it all the better if it is spread in the midst of hilarity and fun. It was, therefore, not at all wonderful that my imagination caused my lips to smack in contemplation of Frank's proffered hospitality.

"Irvington!" shouted the conductor, and getting off the train I was about to make enquiry at the office for my friend's house when I saw a man in livery anxiously peering among the passengers as they alighted.

"Will you please tell me," I asked, "where Mr. Frank Pierson lives?"

"Faith, and does yez mean the Honorable Frank Pierson? Sure, I'm afther bein' his coachman. Be you Mr.—Mr. Short, sir?"

"No, my name is Brief," I said, eyeing the man sharply, to discover whether he was trying any dictionary privileges with my name.

"Brief that's a name I axes your pardon, me mester told it to me, but I forgot it. If yez'll get into the carriage, sir, I'll drive you home."

"Frank has risen in the world since I saw him," I thought, as I stepped into the carriage; "a pair of sparkling eyes and coachman to take care of them are things I imagined to be considerably beyond him."

After a few minutes' ride, the carriage stopped and I alighted.

"Mr. J. Brief," I heard the servant announce on reading my card, as he ushered me into a handsomely furnished and bric-a-brac room, I was rather surprised to find it full of company.

For Frank was somewhat quiet in his habits, and opposed to crowding his house with visitors.

"How do you do, Mr. Brief," said the lady whom I took to be the hostess, although I was puzzled by the fact that she was sitting on the bureau, and that, whereas Frank's wife, if my recollections served me, was a blonde. Still, the face of the lady seemed perfectly familiar to me, and as I had never seen Frank's wife but once, I concluded, in view of course, I must have been mistaken.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said, holding my hand gracefully within her own, "I will introduce my husband's old friend, Mr. J. Brief."

She had the same expression, seemingly, as her husband, to the name of Jonathan, and I was wondering in my mind what there was so repulsive in it, when she broke in upon my meditation:

"Mr. Brief, my husband has just telegraphed me that he will be detained in town beyond the time set for our dinner, but on account to wait for him, and that he will join us before we get through. So, as the table is already waiting for us, let us now adjourn to the dining room."

We followed our hostess into a large cheerful room with a blazing fire on one side, before which were stretched aesthetic screens to shield the guests whose backs might be toward it. The table itself was a sight. It was spread for about thirty people and fairly groaned under its delicacies. Cakes in and out of season were there, and wines that proudly showed their age under the cobweb-wigs that clung about the bottles.

"What a lucky fellow Frank is, and what a charming wife!" I thought, secretly revolving that I would sacrifice myself as soon as I came across her duplicate.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Brief," Frank is not here," said my hostess, "he has talked so much about you, besides he wants to congratulate you on your nomination, for he says you will surely be elected, and then you will necessarily see more of each other."

"Nomination? elected? what the deuce can she be talking about? Have I tumbled into some stupid delusion here?" The query flashed through my brain and I determined at once to find an answer to it.

"My dear Mrs. Pierson, I—"

"Mr. J. Brief," interrupted the servant, and my further words were stopped of course, by that gentleman's entrance. All eyes were quickly turned upon him and then as quickly left him and settled upon me. I must have looked confused—who could help it under such circumstances? How long the performance might have continued, I do not know; it was interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman, whom Mrs. Pierson rose quickly to meet, saying, as she did so:

"Oh, Frank, I am so glad you are here, that I can sit down anywhere and perhaps you can set it right."

The two gentlemen shook hands heartily, and then Mrs. Pierson whispered a few words hurriedly to the one that entered last, which caused him, first to look toward me angrily, and then to walk around the table to where I was sitting. "Well, sir," he said, "and what do you mean by forcing yourself into my house and dining at my table?"

"If you will allow me, sir, I will endeavor to explain. There has been an awkward mistake, but hardly through any fault of mine. I came here, as I thought by invitation. I certainly was invited to dine with you in Irvington, and at the house of Mr. Frank Pierson, but certainly not by any invitation of that gentleman."

"That is odd," I said; "here is a letter, which will show the honesty of my purpose, and I trust, relieve me from all blame." And I handed him Frank's letter.

He took it, glanced quickly over the contents, and then burst into a roar of laughter.

"Read that, my dear," he said, handing the letter to his wife, then turning to me: "You, sir, no doubt think it strange that your predicament, which seems so serious a matter with you, should cause me so much merriment."

The fact is, my friend, Frank Pierson and I married sisters. He came to see us the day before yesterday and wrote this letter here; though it would have been well to have told you where his home was—unless he presumed you already knew it—being, as you see, mine, and my friend's also similar to your own (the only difference being the Christian name) the mistake was quite natural. Therefore you will excuse me, but the joke is too good to laugh at."

And he burst into another roar.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. P. would listen to the thought of my leaving, and I finished my dinner and the days in their house. Many a delightful visit I had since, and the deliciousness being due, perhaps, in a great measure, to the presence of Mr. P.'s sister, May, and I freely forgive Frank's blunder in omitting his address in that letter, for it was the means of greeting what I consider the most fortunate day of my life. Through the influence of my new friend I obtained a permanent and lucrative position (outside of the law, however), and it would not at all startle me to see in some of the coming society journals that Jonathan Brief and Miss May Pierson were joined in the holy band of wedlock.

O. J. McCULLY, M. A., M. D.
MEMBER COL. SURG. REGT.
Specialty—Diseases of Eye, Ear and Throat.

OFFICE—Corner of MAIN & CHURCH
MONROE 12-13

LIVERPOOL SALT IN BAGS.

FOR SALE BY
NEW BRUNSWICK TRADING COMPANY

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Legal Notices.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made at the next sitting of the Legislature for the incorporation of a Fish and Game Preserve, comprising the County of Gloucester and at Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, to be the Village of Buctouche in the County of Kent Chatham, January, 21st 1887.

Notice of Disolution.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between us, the undersigned, as Fish and Game Preserve, comprising the County of Gloucester and at Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, to be the Village of Buctouche in the County of Kent Chatham, January, 21st 1887.

NOTICE.

Application will be made at the approaching session of the New Brunswick Legislature for the passing of an Act authorizing the exemption from taxation for a period of fifteen years, of the Maritime Chemical Plant Company, Limited, located at Chatham, N. B., January, 1887.

Executors' Notice.

All persons having any legal claims against the Estate of George A. Blair, Esquire, late of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, deceased, are requested to present the same to the undersigned, in trust for the benefit of the said Estate, immediately upon the receipt of the said Estate, at the office of the undersigned, at Chatham, N. B., on or before the 1st day of February, A. D. 1887.

Notice of Assignment.

Hugh P. Marquis of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, late of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland, deceased, is hereby requested to present the same to the undersigned, in trust for the benefit of the said Estate, immediately upon the receipt of the said Estate, at the office of the undersigned, at Chatham, N. B., on or before the 1st day of February, A. D. 1887.

NOTICE.

The undersigned non-resident ratepayers of the Parish of St. John, in the County of Northumberland, are hereby requested to present the same to the undersigned, in trust for the benefit of the said Estate, immediately upon the receipt of the said Estate, at the office of the undersigned, at Chatham, N. B., on or before the 1st day of February, A. D. 1887.

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General Business.

NEW GOODS!

NEW GOODS!
7,000 ROLLS 7,000

NEW PAPER HANGINGS!

For Rooms, Halls, etc. Also Bordering and Plain and Fancy Paper Blinds.

4 CASES 4

Beautiful Silverware
(NEW DESIGNS)
And Rogers Bros. A. 1 SPOONS, FORKS, & 85 PIECES NEW PRITS—Light, Medium and Dark.

New Dress Goods!

A Fine Assortment
EW CARPETS & FLOOR OILCLOTHS.
500 SUITS
MENS AND BOYS' NEW CLOTHING
Equal to Custom Work.

40 doz. New Hats

IN FELT AND FUR.
NEW WATERPROOF GOODS
Ladies' and Misses' Gowns, Men's & Boys' Coats, all American make, and will give satisfaction.

NEW BOOTS AND SHOES.

'CHEAP CASH STORE.'
JAMES BROWN.

MERSEREAU'S

PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS
Being desirous of photographing First Class Photo albums with the 7 cards of Reids of Chatham I have engaged

Mr. J. A. E. Morrell,
late of 98 King Street, St. John.

Who has arrived and is now ready for work.

WE have now the
BEST GALLERY.
BEST LIGHT.
BEST PROCESS
& BEST OPERATOR

North of St. John.
Give US A Trial and be convinced.

GAL ERY
Stothart's Building - Chatham.

For Sale and to Let.

TO LET.

The STORE recently occupied by Messrs. Loggie & Co. (adj. to the Canada House), is now available for the 1st May. Apply to

HUGH MARQUIS,
TO LET.

THE HOUSE and PREMISES at present occupied by Hugh Marquis, is now available for the 1st May. Apply to

WARREN C. WINSLOW,
TO RENT

Nete half of DOUBT HOUSE situate on King Street, Chatham, is at present occupied by Mr. A. D. Smith.

FOR SALE

THE HOUSE and PREMISES at present occupied by Hugh Marquis, is now available for the 1st May. Apply to

WARREN C. WINSLOW,
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General Business.

LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.

THE PARISH LIBERAL ASSOCIATION of NEWCASTLE will hold their regular Monthly Meetings on