

GEOLDS AND GOLD.

I was one of the actors in an exciting and rather mysterious episode during the Rebellion, the details of which will never be known unless I record them here.

It will make no difference to the reader what position I held during the war, or in what capacity I acted. Suffice it to say that I was employed, and in pursuit of duties frequently found myself at the front and in places of great danger.

I will remember one night that I was riding up through the Cumberland valley toward the headquarters of the Union army. It was the memorable time of the battle of Antietam. The sound of cannoning had been heard all day, and I was on my way through debatable ground to the scene of conflict.

It was a young, bright and handsome officer, engaged in a special service. Railway travel had, of course been stopped, and we were travelling in my own German wagon behind my fleet and trusty horse.

It was lonely travelling as the night wore on. The country bore the desolate appearance which was alone can give. Multitudes of farm houses and cottages were apparently deserted by their occupants. Thick darkness and dreadful silence lay upon the face of nature.

Our revolvers were ready for service, and our eyes were strained and weary from peering into the darkness to guard against surprise from desperate marauders. There was every incentive to keep on the alert, and we fully realized that about 3 o'clock, a. m., the rebel nature got the upper hand, and in the least intending it we were both sleeping in the most disgracefully careless fashion, while our faithful steed jogged carefully onward.

How long we slept thus we never knew, but suddenly the motion of the carriage ceased, and the very stillness aroused us. In an instant our revolvers were out, for we thought it more than probable that some lurking highwayman had stopped the horse for the purpose of robbing us.

We decided to alight and remain in the house till dawn should enable us to pursue our journey more safely. It was but the work of a moment to pry open the stable door and install the horse within, and then we sought the house, forced open a window and climbed in. The furniture was there, except such articles as could easily be carried away, and it was evident that the occupants had fled panic-stricken.

We were just composing ourselves for rest when we heard the rattling wheels of a vehicle without, and hastened to take a guarded observation through the latched shutters. The vehicle whirled up to the house and two women and one man quickly alighted and lifted out several bundles. The covered wagon then wheeled about and was driven rapidly away.

Our astonishment was heightened when the man gave three distinct raps upon a flat cellar door next to the house, which was immediately opened from within. A woman quietly opened the door, with her packages, and we stepped, and the door closed behind them.

There was a mystery which took our breath away. If the party were honest inhabitants of the premises why did they not enter the house door? How did they discover the signs of life when we entered when there were persons concealed there at that very time?

We pondered over these questions for a while without a word. We were not frightened, but thoroughly alive to the situation. We nudged each other to express our tacit determination to solve the mystery.

We kept perfectly quiet for a time, but there were no sounds in the house. It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed up those nocturnal visitors. This puzzled us not a little, for even if the strangers were honest, their voices and movements should have been audible in the second floor room, where we were.

"Jack, is your revolver ready?" whispered my companion. "Yes," I replied. "We must see what this means. I pressed his arm to indicate assent, and placed my fingers on his lips. Listeners might be close by us at that very moment.

No time was to be lost. Daylight would not only render futile our efforts to unravel the mystery, but might place our own lives or safety in jeopardy. Taking off our shoes we crept along toward the cellar. Every crack in the worn staircase made our blood run cold with apprehension; but at length we reached and carefully opened the cellar door. To our great surprise, there was darkness and silence there. We groped our way down with revolvers ready for instant service. After listening intently while I hazarded the lightning of a match, expecting nothing less than that it would precipitate a desperate encounter. No one was there. The match went out and we were in total darkness again.

In silence we commenced a careful exploration, feeling our way inch by inch to discover the secret door or partition which must be there somewhere, but we could detect no break in the continuity of the wall. At length, after listening intently, we were satisfied that we heard movements near the wall where we supposed the cellar door to be.

At the same time I discovered a crevice in the jagged wall extending perpendicularly from floor to ceiling. Searching again, we found a similar crevice parallel with the other, about three feet away. This was evidently the doorway, which had been filled up to match the wall, as nearly as possible. Eureka! Here was progress, but how to utilize was the next question. The chinks were all carefully filled up so that nothing could be seen or heard through them. Harold placed his foot in my hand and I raised him up so that he could see if there were any forgotten chinks above.

Leaning heavily against the wall we suddenly felt it to be there, and we were precipitated into the very place we had been looking for.

At the same instant a shriek arose, followed by the moaning of a woman. A light was extinguished, and there was a sound of hurrying feet, and then all was still.

Fortunately we were uninjured by our fall, nor did we for an instant lose our presence of mind. Springing to our feet we discharged our revolvers in quick succession, and the flashes of light from them showed us that there was no enemy to contend with.

It was a strange-looking den, and evidently its habitues had provided a way of escape in time of danger; for at the end of the main square there was an open passageway through which they had fled.

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in the subterranean passage. "Confound the villain," shouted he; "they are off like the wind, and with our horse and wagon, too. I was to follow them," he continued, and sprang up the stairs. "They are lost in the darkness already. Come back, and let us explore their den."

"Well, I suppose it is the only thing to do; but I hate to think of losing Brutus, and—"

"Hush! What was that?" interrupted Harold. A groan came from below, which very seriously disturbed our equanimity.

Striking a match and making a torch of a newspaper I had in my pocket I said: "Follow me," and jumped down into the cellar. Harold followed and we stood ready to do battle. But there was no battle to be fought. Almost as if by magic a young woman in a saron and from her position we judged that she had been struck by the falling wall and left behind by the others in their scramble to escape. "You guard the woman while I explore this passage-way. We must know we are safe from attack before anything else, though I think there is no one else here, and, suiting the action to the word, Harold seized the torch and disappeared. A few moments he appeared at the door above and exclaimed:

"All right. The passage leads to the stable, and is clear. Now for quick work, or the accourel will be back with reinforcements."

"First let me carry this woman up into the house, where we can have a little light," said I.

We lifted her unconscious form, and carefully carried her into a room above, where water soon revived her; but she only opened her eyes to close them again wearily.

She was a woman of remarkable beauty. To find a woman with a classical, refined face and superb form in a place like this, and in such company, was, to say the least, exceedingly strange.

But we had no time to waste in speculation, and rummaging the closets until I discovered candles enough for our purpose, we hastily returned to the underground apartment to explore further.

Imagine our astonishment when overturning a long bench which stood against the wall, our eyes were dazzled by the sight of a mass of glittering jewelry, in sufficient quantity to be increased by the bushes. It was in a large box, and it comprised watches, rings, chains, lockets and every description of finely wrought gold ornaments. All had apparently been in use, and most of them were valuable. Many were set with precious stones. At the bottom of the box our delighted eyes rested upon gold coin to the amount of several hundred dollars. This, without computation, we secured about our persons, so that, come what might, we would be provided with the sinews of war. It was clear that this was the plunder of persons who had robbed the dead and dying on the battlefield, or pilfered from the living in the camps of the armies.

There was thousands of dollars worth of booty here, but it was out of our power to remove it to a place of safety. For a moment's consultation we decided to bury the treasure in an unfrequented spot near by, and risk its remaining undiscovered until we should have a better opportunity to remove it. It was not yet daylight, though so much had been compressed into the last hour that it seemed an age to us, and we found an old shovel and pick in the barn, with which we prepared a place and deposited the box without being interrupted.

We made a careful memorandum of the distance and direction from the house to the spot and then hurried into the house, where we found our fair prisoner conscious but helpless. She was a beautiful creature, whom to see once was to remember forever. Her face wore a startled though resolute look.

"Who are you, and how came I here?" she demanded.

"I found you in the cellar," we replied, "and like me, you know much of who you are and how you came there."

"Madam," said Harold, trying to smooth over my brusqueness, "we are not abiding an honorable man, and you are perfectly safe with us, but we wish to know who you were with in the cellar and why they were there. They have fled, leaving everything behind them. Their plunder has been removed to a place of safety."

"Think me, for that! I shall rest better now," she exclaimed fervently. "But, gentlemen, if you value your lives, get away from this place without a moment's delay. They will be back with a strong party, and if you are not gone by then, you are lost."

"But," said Harold, "we certainly cannot go and leave you here unprotected."

"Do not mind me, I pray you; but go," she entreated, "come back if you can, with twenty men. You cannot help me now, and every moment you linger is at the risk of your lives. Run, run, until you have nothing to say, you. Go!" she continued, vehemently. "I have seen others die at their hands, I implore you to escape."

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which we had no control made it inconvenient for us to keep a record of our running time on that occasion. We sought the most difficult and hidden course, and made considerable headway before pursuit commenced.

It will seem incredible to you, reader, but not nearly so incredible as it seemed to us, that as we ran through a deep wood, a turn brought us face to face with my own horse and wagon. By their side on the ground sat a villainous-looking man. We were taking all risks then; nothing venture, nothing win. A bullet whizzed by; he rolled in the dust, and a moment later we were being borne over that narrow wagon track by the fleetest horse in the valley. We escaped.

The shifting scenes of the war and our duties also had made it impossible for us to fulfill our promise to the beautiful woman; but it was not many days before we went over the ground again. The farm house and barn were in ruins, by whom destroyed or what what circumstances we never learned.

Harold and I, at the first opportunity, covertly visited the hiding place of our buried treasure. The box was there, but its golden contents were gone. Wrapping up carefully within it lay a photograph of the beautiful unknown. On the back of it was written in pencil in a feminine hand, "I shall never forget your kindness. God bless you!"

The war over, I settled down to the practice of my profession in a Western city. Harold and I had long before drifted apart, and I knew nothing of his whereabouts.

One morning, in 1870, I received a large white envelope, postmarked Paris. It contained a rather worn photograph, which I instantly recognized as that of the beautiful woman of this story. Beneath the picture was written the name, "Louise Farquar," and on the back were faintly visible the words, "I shall never forget your kindness, God bless you!"

I was so much absorbed in thinking of this that it was some time before I looked at the other contents of the envelope. When I did so, I discovered a neat, plain wedding announcement which announced me. It was that of Harold Mayne to Louise Farquar. On the fly-leaf was written:

JACK—She is the noblest woman alive. I have never seen either of them since, nor have I ever unravelled the mystery of that night, though of one thing I am sure, that Louise Farquar was as innocent as she was lovely, or she never could have become the wife of Harold Mayne.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

GENERAL NOTES AND NEWS. A Postmaster's Opinion. "I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hayward's Yellow Oil," writes D. Kavanagh, Postmaster of Unraville, Ont. "Having used it for soreness of the throat, colds, burns, etc., I find nothing equal to it."

Emperor William's remains were interred on Friday last with all the ceremony befitting such an occasion.

The Time to Act. If you are threatened with Headache, Constipation, Biliousness or weakness, procure at once a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and use it according to instructions. Prompt relief is necessary, in order that your trouble may be cured before it becomes chronic.

Nova Scotia News. "I had Scrofula on my neck very bad for two years, had tried all remedies and doctors, but did not get any help until I got a bottle of your Burdock Blood Bitters which cured me of it entirely," James Cochrane, Fox River, Cumberland Co., N. S.

TIN SHOP. As I have now on hand a larger and better assortment of goods than ever before, complete with Japanned, Stamped and Plain Tinware, Parlor and Cooking Stoves, PATENT TELESCOPIC OVEN, and a variety of other goods, I am now selling former prices for cash.

The Peerless Creamer ROCHESTER LAMP, The Success OIL STOVE, Also a nice selection of Parlor and Cooking Stoves, PATENT TELESCOPIC OVEN, and a variety of other goods, I am now selling former prices for cash.

A. C. McLean, COFFINS & CASKETS, COFFIN FINDINGS AND ROBES, which he will supply at reasonable BARGAINS FOR FULL BEARERS also supplied by WM. McLEAN, Undertaker

INFORMATION. I will pay the highest prices in cash for any of the following RAW FURS: Otter, Beaver, Bear, Mink, Marten, Lynx, Fox, etc. JAMES BROWN, No. 100, Front St., Montreal, 1887.

FAMILY GROCERIES, ETC. FRESH STOCK. London Layer Raisins, Valencia Currents, Citrus and Lemon Peel, Pulverized Sugar, Extracts, Spices, etc.

Also a nice selection of Parlor and Cooking Stoves, PATENT TELESCOPIC OVEN, and a variety of other goods, I am now selling former prices for cash.

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GENERAL BUSINESS.

FOR SALE. The lot of land cornering on Duke and Church Streets, Chatham, and known as the WESLEYAN CHURCH PROPERTY. This lot has a frontage of 93 feet on Church St. and 50 feet on Duke St. and will be sold with buildings thereon as one lot. This is one of the BEST BUSINESS STANDS IN TOWN. The buildings a top good repair and suits well FOR WAREHOUSE OR FACTORY. Possession given at once. Price low and terms liberal. J. B. SNOWBALL, FARM FOR SALE.

FOR SALE. The Subscriber offers for sale or to let the dwelling house, barn and premises at the Tabernacle River at the end of the great road bridge crossing the same. The property embraces one hundred and forty acres, seventy-five of which are under high cultivation. It produced this year (1887) 25 tons hay, 100 bushels wheat, 200 bushels oats, 60 bushels barley, 40 bushels peas, 500 bushels potatoes, besides other small crops. It has on it a dwelling suitable for a hotel, a large barn, outbuildings, etc., one of the latter being 80 x 12 ft. There is a never-failing spring of water close to the house and a fine view of the river. An inexhaustible bed of manure and lime is found on the farm and this first class fertilizer is easily obtained. Steamers and other large craft can lie at the wharf, and the water carriage is well adapted for land-conveyance easily available. This is a rare chance for a good farmer well offered for a good farmer willing to locate on the Miramichi. For further particulars apply to T. G. Smith, Advance office, Chatham or to the owner, on the premises. C. H. BOUCHER TO LET OR SELL.

FOR SALE. The property in the West end of Chatham on the easterly side of Samuel Waddleton's lands known as the "Pond" and "Pond" is offered immediately. For further particulars apply to ROBT. MURRAY, Attorney-at-Law, Chatham, N. B. May 9th 1887. HAY FOR SALE. The Subscriber has for sale fifty tons prime hay from the famous Stewart or "Pond" farm, Bathurst, which will be sold in quantities to suit purchasers. Apply at the Livestock Stable, Chatham, N. B. E. LEE SEABLE, 412 Chatham, 1 J.

Legal Notices. SHERIFF'S SALE. To be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the 26th day of May next, in front of the Post Office in Chatham, between the hours of twelve noon and four o'clock, P. M. All the right, title and interest of John Bell of North of New Brunswick, in and to the lands, situate and being on the South side of the River Miramichi, in the Parish of Glenelg, in the County of Northumberland, and Province of New Brunswick, abated and bounded as follows: to-wit: on the South and Northernly by the said River Miramichi, on the West or Easterly side by lands owned by John McLean and David McLean, and on the East or West by lands occupied by the widow of the late John Bryce deceased, and Southwesterly or Westerly by lands occupied by Mrs. Samuel McLean, being the width of Forty Rods in front and extending to the rear to the full extent of the original grant, and the part of the Lot number Thirty third and by Letters Patent to Hugh Ferguson, and being the land and premises conveyed by the said John Bell and on which he at present resides, containing 100 acres more or less. The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court by Thomas Hall, John Pardon and John West, against the said John Bell and John Patient. JNO SHIRREFF, Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, Sheriff of North-12th February, '88.

Assignment. Notice is hereby given that Charles H. LaBelle of Dalhousie, in the County of Westmorland, New Brunswick, has made an assignment of his property to the undersigned in trust for the benefit of his creditors. The trust deed now lies at my office, Dalhousie, and all persons having claims against the said Charles H. LaBelle, are requested to present them to me immediately, so that they may be included in the list of claims to be presented to the Court on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1888. JAMES S. HARRIALL, Trustee.

Notice of Legislation. Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick at the next session thereof for the incorporation of a joint railway company for the purpose of carrying on railway traffic between the Southern and Eastern Counties of the Province of New Brunswick. Power will be asked to take into consideration any railway now built or to be built, and to be built, and to work and use the same as Common Carriers with all privileges and franchises appertaining thereto as fully as the owners of such railway lines might wish and use the same. Dated this 12th day of February, A. D. 1888. GEO. F. GREGORY, Attorney for the Applicants.

Executors' Notice. All persons having any legal claims against the estate of the late William Monahan, Merchant of New Brunswick, deceased, are requested to present the same to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of March next, so that the same may be included in the list of claims to be presented to the Court for the purpose of settling the estate of the said William Monahan. LUCINDA MONAHAN, JOHN F. MURPHY, Executors. Nelson, N. B., 15th Feb., 1888.

Notice. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made at the next Session of Parliament for the passing of an Act to incorporate the Chatham Railway Company and to authorize and empower the said Company to purchase and acquire the line of railway running from the Intercolonial railway at Chatham Junction to the town of Chatham and the River Miramichi, together with the Stations and other houses and property connected with the said line of railway. Dated the 24th day of December, A. D. 1887. J. B. SNOWBALL, Applicant.

Notice. Any person found trespassing on the estate of the late A. C. Cowden, Esq., will be prosecuted. SUSAN COWDEN: Nelson Jan. 24th, 1887.

Notice. Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick at the next session thereof for the incorporation of the town of Campbellton, in the County of Westmorland. J. B. SNOWBALL, Applicant.

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Legal Notices. SHERIFF'S SALE. To be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the 26th day of May next, in front of the Post Office in Chatham, between the hours of twelve noon and four o'clock, P. M. All the right, title and interest of John Bell of North of New Brunswick, in and to the lands, situate and being on the South side of the River Miramichi, in the Parish of Glenelg, in the County of Northumberland, and Province of New Brunswick, abated and bounded as follows: to-wit: on the South and Northernly by the said River Miramichi, on the West or Easterly side by lands owned by John McLean and David McLean, and on the East or West by lands occupied by the widow of the late John Bryce deceased, and Southwesterly or Westerly by lands occupied by Mrs. Samuel McLean, being the width of Forty Rods in front and extending to the rear to the full extent of the original grant, and the part of the Lot number Thirty third and by Letters Patent to Hugh Ferguson, and being the land and premises conveyed by the said John Bell and on which he at present resides, containing 100 acres more or less. The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Northumberland County Court by Thomas Hall, John Pardon and John West, against the said John Bell and John Patient. JNO SHIRREFF, Sheriff's Office, Newcastle, Sheriff of North-12th February, '88.

Assignment. Notice is hereby given that Charles H. LaBelle of Dalhousie, in the County of Westmorland, New Brunswick, has made an assignment of his property to the undersigned in trust for the benefit of his creditors. The trust deed now lies at my office, Dalhousie, and all persons having claims against the said Charles H. LaBelle, are requested to present them to me immediately, so that they may be included in the list of claims to be presented to the Court on the 14th day of January, A. D. 1888. JAMES S. HARRIALL, Trustee.

Notice of Legislation. Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick at the next session thereof for the incorporation of a joint railway company for the purpose of carrying on railway traffic between the Southern and Eastern Counties of the Province of New Brunswick. Power will be asked to take into consideration any railway now built or to be built, and to be built, and to work and use the same as Common Carriers with all privileges and franchises appertaining thereto as fully as the owners of such railway lines might wish and use the same. Dated this 12th day of February, A. D. 1888. GEO. F. GREGORY, Attorney for the Applicants.

Executors' Notice. All persons having any legal claims against the estate of the late William Monahan, Merchant of New Brunswick, deceased, are requested to present the same to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of March next, so that the same may be included in the list of claims to be presented to the Court for the purpose of settling the estate of the said William Monahan. LUCINDA MONAHAN, JOHN F. MURPHY, Executors.