Continued from 1st Page. ly. At last he stammered out a question. 'Well major, what do you think of

ed his attention to the doctor.

'What do you say, doctor?' 'I say ?- I say nothing.' 'I suppose,' murmured the major, in

what seemed to be the ghost of his natural voice, 'that I did knock him down?' to say on that point, at any rate.

did! Like allog of wood!' Mr. Paley shook his head. The major groaned. The governor began to be a little agitated.

'Something must be done. It is out of the question that such a scandal should be allowed to go out into the world. I do not hesitate to say that if the chaplain sends in to the commissioners the report which he threatens to send the situation will be to the last degree unpleasant for all of us.'

'are we, collectively and individually, titled to infer such a thing.' subject to periodical attacks of temporary

insanity.' 'Speaking for myself, I should say certainly not.

Dr. Livermore turned on the governor. hypothesis which will reasonably account with a man's top hat.' for what has just occurred.' The governor was silent. 'Unless you are prepared to seek for a cause in the region of phen-

'Supposing.' murmured the major, 'there is such a thing as witchcraft after

'We should have the Psychical Research Society down on us, if we had nobody else, if we appended our names to a confession of faith.' The doctor thrust his thumbs into his waistcoat arm-holes. I should lose every patient I

There was a tapping at the door. In response to the governor's invitation, the chief warder entered. In general there was in Mr. Murray's bearing a not distant suggestion of an inflated bantamcock or pouter-pigeon. It was curious to smile in his eyes and about the corners observe how anything in the shape of inflation was absent now. He touched his hat as he addressed the governor, -his honest, rubicund, something pugnacious face, eloquent of the weight that was on

Excuse me, sir. I said he was a

sturdiness.

constrained me to return.' They looked up. There was the chap-

handkerchief to his nose.

over me. If you assert that you did it ling to excuse you.'

I was bewitched.

'I do; as I believe it of myself. Murhands. 'There is an end of the matter soul.' as it concerns us two. Major Hardinge, do I understand you to assert that you too were under the influence of witch-

This was rather a delicate inquiry to major seemed to find it so.

'I don't knew about witchcraft,' he growled; 'but I am prepared to take my oath in any court in England that I had no more intention of striking you than I The prisoner's smile almost degenerated had of striking the moon.'

'That is sufficient, Major Hardinge, I forgive you from my heart. Perhaps you too will take my hand.'

The major took it, -rather awkwardly, -much more awkwardly than the chief warder had done. When the chaplain relinquished it, he turned aside, and picking up his coat, began to put it on, proper to a prison inspector.

'I presume,' continued Mr. Hewett. 'that we all allow that what has occurred has been owing to the malign influence of of the man Oliver Mankell?" There was silence. Apparently they

'Hypnotism,' muttered the doctor, half | ment he made, -

'Hypnotism! I believe that the word simply expresses some sort of mesmeric power-hardly a sufficient explanation in the present case.'

'I would suggest, Major Hardinge,' interposed the governor, 'all theorizing aside, that the man be transferred to another prison at the earliest possible mo-

'He shall be transferred to morrow.' affirmed the major. 'If there is anything in Mr. Hewett's suggestion, the fellow shall have a chance to prove it-in some other jail. Oh, good Lord! Don't!

He's killing me! Help-p!' 'Hardinge!' exclaimed the doctor; 'what's the matter now?' There seemed to be something the matter. The major had been delivering himself in his most pompously official manner

Suddenly he put his hand to the pit of of his stomach, and began to cry out as if in an ectasy of pain, his official manner altogether gone.

'He'll murder me! I know he will!' 'Murder you? Who?' 'Mankell.'

'Oddly enough, I too was conscious of

a very curious sensation.' As he said this, the governor wiped the cold dew of perspiration from his brow.

He seemed unnaturally white. As he adjusted his spectacles, there was an odd tremulous appearance about his eyes. 'It was because you spoke of transfering him to some other jail.' The chap-

lain's tone was solemn. 'He dislikes the idea of being trifled with.' The major resented the suggestion.

'Trifled with? He seems uncommonly fond of trifling with other people. Confound the man! Oh-h!'

an exclamation which amounted to a positive yell. They looked each other in the face. Each man seemed a little paler than his wont.

'Something. must be done,' the gover-

nor gasped. The chaplain made a proposition. 'I propose that we summon him into

our presence, and inquire of him what he wishes us to do.

The proposition was not received with then at his friends. acclamation. They probably felt that a

Children Cry for | Pitcher's Castoria.

expected to ensue if such inquires began to be addressed to prisoners.

'I think I'll go my rounds,' observed The major sank into a chair, expressing the doctor. 'This matter scarcely conhis thoughts by a gasp. Mr. Paley turn- cerns me. I wish you gentlemen well out

He reached out his hand to take his hat, which he had placed upon a chair. As he did so, the hat disappeared, and a small brown terrier dog appeared in it place. The dog barked viciously at the The doctor seemed to have something outstretched hand. The doctor started back just in time to escape its teeth. The 'Knock him down!-I should think you | dog disarpeared-there was the hat again. The appearance was but momen-The major glanced at the governor. | tary, but it was none the less suggestive on that account. The doctor seemed par-

ticularly affected. 'We must have all been drinking, if we are taking to seeing things,' he cried. 'I think,' suggested the chaplain, almost in a whisper, 'that we had better inquire what it is he wishes us to do. There was silence. 'We-we have all clear consciences. There-there is no

'We're-we're not afraid,' gasped the 'The point is,' observed the doctor .- governor. 'I-I don't think you are en-

reason why we should be afraid.'

'Of-of course we-we're not afraid. The-the idea is preposterously absurd.' 'Still,' said the doctor, a man doesn't Then perhaps you will suggest a care to have hanky-panky tricks played

> There was a pause—of considerable duration. It was again broken by the chaplain. 'Don't you think, Mr. Paley, that we

had better send for this man?' Apparently Mr. Paley did. 'Murray,' he said, 'go and see that he

Mr. Murray went, not too willing-

Oliver Mankell was again in the charge of Warder Slater. Warder Slater looked very queer indeed, -- he actually seemed to spector. The major shrunk from taking have lost in bulk. The same phenomenon was observable in the chief warder, who followed close upon the prisoner's heels. Mankell seemed, as ever, completely at his ease. There was again suspicion of a of his lips. His bearing was in striking contrast to that of the officials. His selfpossession in the presence of their evident uneasiness gave him the appearance, in a sense, of being a giant among pigmies; yet the major, at least, was in every way a bigger man than he was. There was

silence as he entered, a continuation of 'Your saying that he was a witch-or that silence which had prevailed until he wizard,' remarked the governor dryly. came. The governor fumbled with a 'will not, I fear be sufficient excuse, in paper-knife which was in front of him. the eyes of the commissioners, for your The inspector, leaning forward in his throwing a pail of water over the chap- chair, seemed engrossed by his boots. The doctor kept glancing, perhaps un-But a man's not answerable for what conscious at his hat. The chaplain, he does when he's bewitched,' persisted though conspicuously uneasy, seemed to the chief warder, with characteristic have his wits about him most. It was he who, temporarily usurping the governor's | face. 'It is exactly that reflection which has functions, addressed the prisoner.

'Your name is Oliver Mankell?' The prisoner merely smiled. 'You are senlain standing in the door-still with his tenced to three months' hard labor?' The prisoner smiled again. 'For-for pre-'Mr. Murray, you threw a pail of water | tending to tell fortunes?' The smile became pronounced- The chaplain cleared Stretching out his arm, Mankell pointed his throat. Oliver Mankell, I am a at it with his hand. It was immediately under the influence of witchcraft, I, who his throat. 'Oliver Mankell, I am a have myself been under a spell, am wil- clergyman. I know that there are such in flames. The chaplain releasing it, things as good and evil. I know that, the floor. Returning to face the governor 'Mr. Hewett, sir, you yourself know for causes which are hidden from me, the Almighty may permit evil to take visible shape and walk abroad upon the earth, ray, give me your hand.' The chaplain but I also know that, though evil may and the chief warder solemnly shook destroy my body, it cannot destroy my

The chaplain pulled up. His words and manner, though evidently sincere, were not particularly impressive. While they evidently had the effect of increasing his colleagues' uneasiness, they only had address to the major. Apparently the the effect of enlarging the prisoner's smile. When he was about to continue

the governor interposed. 'I think Mr. Hewett, if you will permit me. Mankell, I am not a clergyman.' into a grin. 'I have sent for you, for the second time this morning, to ask you frankly if you have any reason to complain of your treatment here?' The prisoner stretched out his hands with his familiar gesture. 'Have you any complaint to make? Is there anything, within the range of the prison rules, you

would wish me to do for you?' Again scarcely with that air of dignity which is the hands went out. 'Then tell me, quite candidly, what is the cause of your fluttered from the ceiling. It fell upon When the governor ceased, the prisonner seemed to be resolving in his mind what answer he should make. Then, inclining his head with that almost satu-

did not all allow it even yet; it was a pill rine grace, if one may coin a phrase, which seemed to accompany every move-'Sir, what have I done?' he asked.

'Eh-eh-we-we won't dwell upon that. The-the question is, What did

'It is perhaps within your recollection, sir, that I have my reputation to redeem,

my character to reinstate.'

'In the first interview with which you favored me, I ventured to observe that it would be my endeavor, during my sojourn within these walls, to act upon the advice the magistrate tendered me.

'What'-the governor rather faltered -'what advice was that?' 'He said I claimed to be a magician. He advised me, for my character's sake,

to prove it during my sojourn here.'
'I see. And—and you're trying to prove it -for your character's sake?' 'For my character's sake! But I am but beginning, you preceive.'
'Oh, you're but beginning! You call

this but beginning, do you? May I ask if you have any intention of going on?'
'Oh, sir, I have still nearly the whole three months in front of me! Until my term expires I shall go on, with gathering strength, unto the end.' As he said this Mankell drew himsel up in such a way that it almost seemed as though some inches were added to his

You will, will you? Well, you seem to be a pleasant kind of man!' The crit cism seemed to have been extracted from the governor almost against his will. He looked round upon his colleagues with what could only be described as a ghastly prisoner smiled as he carefully folded it in two. grin. 'Have you any objection, Mankell, to being transferred to another prison?' 'Sir!' the prisoner's voice rang out, and his hearers started—perceptibly. Per-

haps that was because their nerves were already so disorganized, 'It is here I was sent, it is here I must remain- un- before their eyes-behold, he was gone til the end, The governor took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow.

I am bound to tell you, Mankell, judging from the experiences of the last two days, if this sort of thing is to continue-The major sprang from the floor with | with gathering strength!-the end will The prisoner seemed lost in reflection.

The officials seemed lost in reflection too: but their reflections were probably of a different kind. 'There is one suggestion I might offer. 'Let's have it by all means. We have reached a point at which we shall be glad

to receive any suggestion-from you.'-'You might give me a testimonial.' 'Give you what?' 'You might give me a testimonial.' The govornor looked at the prisoner,

'A testimonial! Might we, indeed!

certain amount of complication might be What sort of testimonial do you allude

'You might testify that I had regained my reputation, redeemed my character,—that I had proved to your entire satisfaction that I was the magician I claimed

The governor leaned back in his seat. 'Your suggestion has at least the force of novelty. I should like to search the registers of remarkable cases, to know if such an application has ever been made to the governor of an English jail before. What do you say, Hardinge?' The major shuffled in his chair. 'I-I think I must return to town.'

The prisoner smiled. The major winced. 'That- that fellow's pinned me to my chair, he gasped. He appeared to be making futile efforts to rise from his seat. 'You cannot return to town. Dismiss the idea from your mind. The major only groaned. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow. The governor looked up from the paper-

knife with which he was again trifling. 'Am I to understand that the testimonial is to take the shape of a voluntary 'Oh, sir! Of what value is a testimo-

nial which is not voluntary?' 'Quite so. How do you suggest it should be worded?' 'May I ask you for paper, pens and

The prisoner bent over the table and wrote on the paper which was handed him. What he had written he passed to The major stammeringly supported the governor. Mr. Paley found inscribed, in a beautifully fair round hand, as clear as copperplate, the following "testimo-

'The undersigned persons present their compliments to Colonel Gregory. Oliver Mankell, seutenced by Colonel Gregory to three months' hard labor, has been in Canterstone Jail two days. That short space of time has, however, convinced them that Colonel Gregory acted wrongly in distrusting his magic powers, and so casting a stain upon his character. This is to testify that he has proved, to the entire satisfaction of the undersigned inspector of prisons and officials of Canterstone Jail, that he is a magician of quite

the highest class 'The signatures of all those present should be placed at the bottom, observed the prisoner, as the governor was reading the 'testimonial.' Apparenty at a loss for words with which to comment upon the paper he had

read the governor handed it to the in-'I-I'd rather not,' he mumbled. 'I think you'd better read it,' said the governor. Thus urged, the major read it.

'Good Lord!' he gasped, and passed it to the doctor. The doctor silently, having read it, passed it to the chaplain.
'I will read it aloud', said Mr. Hewett. He did so-for the benifit, probably, of Slater and Mr. Murray. 'Supposing we were to sign that docu ment, what would you propose to do with

it?' inquired the govenor. 'I should convey it to Colonel Gregory. 'Indeed! In that case he would have as high an opinion of our characters as of yours. And yourself-what sort of action might we expect from you?'

'I should go.' The govenor's jaw dropped. 'Go? Oh, would you!

'My character regained, for what have 'Exactly. What have you? There's that point of view, no doubt. Well Mankell, we will think the matter over.' The prisoner dropped his hands to his sides, looking the govenor steadily in the

'Sir, I conceive that answer to convey a negative. The proposition thus refused will not be made again. It only remains for me to continue earnestly my endeavors to retrieve my character—until the three months are at an end.'

The chaplain was holding the testimonial loosely between his finger and thumb. was consumed to ashes before it reached again, the prisoner laid his right hand, palm downwards, on the table: 'Spirits of the air, in whose presence I now stand, I ask you if I am not justified in whatever I may do?

His voice was very musical. His up-turned eyes seemed to pierce through the ceiling to what there was beyond. The room grew darker. There was a rumbling in the air. The ground began to shake. The chaplain, who was caressing the hand which had been scorched by the flames, burst out with what was for him a pas-

sionate appeal,—
'Mr. Mankell, you are over basty, I was about to explain that I should esteem it quite an honor to sign your testimonial. 'So should I-upon my soul, I should! declaired the Major.

'There's nothing I wouldn't do to oblige you Mr. Mankell,' stammered the chief 'Same 'ere!' cried Warder Slater.

'You really are too rapid in arriving at conclusions, Mr. Mankell' remarked the governor. 'I do beg you will not suppose The darkness, the rumbling, and the

there was any negative intention.' shaking ceased as suddenly as they began. The prisoner smiled. 'Perhaps I was too hasty,' he confessed.

'It is an error which can easily be recti-He raised his hand. A piece of paper

'Your signature, Major Hardinage, should head the list. 'I-I-I'd rather somebody else signed 'That would never do; it is for you to

lead the van. You are free to leave your The major left his seat, apparently not rejoicing in his freedom. He wrote 'Will liam Hardinage' in great sprawling char-

'Add 'Inspector of Prisons.''
The Major added 'Inspector of Prisons', with a very rueful countenance.

'Mr. Paley, it is your turn.' Mr. Paley took his turn, with a really tolerable imitation of being both read and willing. Acting on the hint which 'Your character? What do you mean?' | had been given the major, he aded 'Gov ernor' of his own accord. 'Now doctor, it is you.'

The doctor thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets. 'I'll sign, if you'll tell me how it is done.' 'Tell you how its done? How what

'How you do that hanky-panky, of 'Hanky-panky! The prison er drew himself straight up. 'Is it possible that you suspect me of hanky-panky? Yes. sir, I will show you how it's done. If you wish it, you shall be torn asunder where you stand.

'Thank you, -you needn't trouble. I'll sign. He signed. When the chaplain had signed, he shook his head and sighed. 'I always placed a literal interpretation on the twenty-eight chapter of the first book of Samuel. It is singular how my

faith is justified! The chief warder placed his spectacles upon his nose, where they seemed uneasy, and made quite a business of signing. And such was Warder Slater's agitation, that he could scarcely sign at all. But at last the 'testimonial' was complete. The

'I will convey it to Colonel Gregory, he said. 'It is a gratification to me, to have been able to retrieve my character in so short a space of time. They watched him-a little spell-bound, perhaps; and as they watched him, even

RICHARD MARSH THE END.

The Subscriber offers for sale the following property, situate in the Town of Chatham, namely: The property known as the Temperance Hall Field, formerly owned by the late Hon. William Muirhead, containing about twelve acres.

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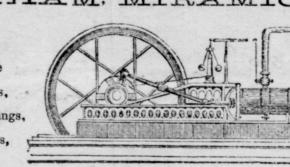
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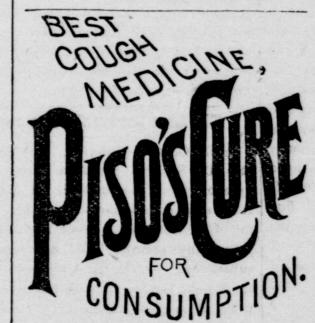
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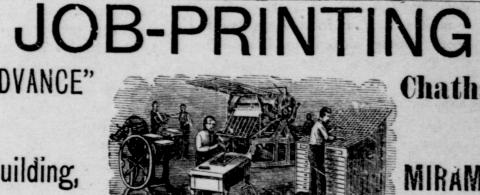
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WORLD'S EMPORIUM OF FASHION for their Spring Sewing and Housefurnishing. We will show

them on our counters extraordinary pretty goods. Immense volume and variety. Everything rich and stylish. Every department full up of the latest and best. We defy the keenest competition in Canada to produce such goods and at such low prices. Get samples, wash them, see how fast in color and

measure the width.

DRESS GOODS, Prints, Piques, Muslins, Cambrics, Satin stripes and spot-Washing Silks, Black Silks, Velvets, Plushes, New Dress Trimmings, Satins, Household Goods, Cottons, Flannels, Window Curtains, Laces, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Hosiery, Gloves, Umbrellas, Ladies' and

Men's Ready Made Clothing and Furnishings. The shopping public are respectfully invited to examine this enormous stock and compare prices. Wekeep everything to be found in any first class werehouse in St John or Montreal Don't send away for goods. Our merchandise is As Good and Prices Lower Yours very truly

· Gents' Underwear.

SUTHERLAND & CREACHAN.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription Known to me."

H. A. Archer M. D.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes di-

Foundry

BARGES, Etc. Built and Repa red.

Saw Mills, Gang Edgers, Shingle and Lath Machines, and Well-Boring Machines for Horse and steam power.

ON and after MONDAY, JUNE 9TH., Trains will run on this Railway in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, daily, (Sunday nights excepted) as follows:— EXPRESS. ACCOM'DATION. 9.25 p. m, 12.00 p m 11.20 p. m. 4.39 " 1.05 a m 7.45 " KXPRESS ACCOM'DATION

The above Table is made up on I. C. Railway standard time, which is 75th meridian time.

All the local Trains stop at Nelson Station, both going and returning, if signaled.

All freight for transportation over this road, if above Fourth (4th) Class, will be taken delivery at the Union Wharf, Chatham, and forwarded free of Truckage Custom House Entry or other charge Special attention given to Shipmen of Fish

Proprietor. Malcolm Taylor, - - - - -

GOOD STABLING. Teams furnished for driving to any point desired. DANCING & OTHER PARTIES furnished with refresements, music, etc. Orders by Telegraph promptly attended to.

SUMMER SUMMER 1890.

9 45 " Cross Creek 9 12 " Doaktown 10 45 " Marysville 10 25 " Blackville 12 20 p m 2 05 " 8 05 " 3 40 " Chatham Junction

#### C P. RAILWAY for Montreal and all points in the upper provinces and with the N. B. RAILWAY for St John and all points West, and at Gibson for Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Presque Isle, and Union Line Steamers, and at Cross Creek with Stage for Stanley.

OF CHATHAM

WANTED to go to St. Stephen, a good plain cook, with reservences, one who can wash and iron. Wages

SENSE

J. B. SNOWBALL.

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloths

of all kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

All wool left at the mill will be promptly Wool left with E. A. Strang, Chatham, Mr. Stothart, Moorfield, or at the store of the late M. M. Sargeant, Newcastle, will be taken to the mill, carded and promptly returned. R. D. WILSON.

RENBINCO MeINTOSH.