

[Continued from 1st page.] her husband and for herself she feared, or woman's tone and tongue never yet revealed a secret.

Nellie Travers stood in her room stunned and bewildered, yet trying hard to recall and put together all the scattered stories and rumors that had reached her about the strange conduct of Clancy after he was taken to the hospital—especially about his heart broken wail when told that it was Miss Hayne who had rescued him and little Kate from hideous death. Somewhere, somehow, this man was connected with the mystery which encircled the long hidden truth in Hayne's trouble. Could it be possible that he did not realize it, and that her sister had discovered it? Could it be—oh, heaven!—could it be that Kate was standing between that lonely and friendless man and the revelation that would set him right? She could not believe it of her! She would not believe it of her! And yet what did Kate mean by charging Miss Clancy to watch him—that drunken husband? What could it mean but that she was striving to prevent Mr. Hayne's ever hearing the truth? She longed to learn more and solve the riddle once and for all.

They were still earnestly talking together down in the dining room; but she could not listen. Kate knew her so well that she had not closed the door leading into the hall, though both she and the landlady of Company B had lowered their voices. It was disgraceful at best, thought Miss Travers, to be beneath her sister, that she should hold any private conversation with a woman of that class. Confidences with such were contamination. She felt determined to rush down stairs and put an end to it, but was saved the scene; fresh young voices, hearty ringing tones, and the stamp of heavy boot heels were heard at the door; and as Rayner entered, ushering in Royce and Graham, Mrs. Rayner and the landlady fled once more to the kitchen.

When the sisters found themselves alone again, it was late in the evening. Mrs. Rayner came to Nellie's room and talked on various topics for some little time, watching narrowly her sister's face. The young girl hardly spoke at all. It was evident to the elder what her thoughts must be.

"I suppose you think I should explain Mrs. Clancy's agitation and mysterious conduct, Nellie," she finally and suddenly said.

"I do not want you to tell me anything, Kate, that you yourself do not wish to tell me. You understand, of course, how I happened to be there?"

"Oh, certainly, I was thinking of that. You could hardly help hearing; but you must have thought it queer—her being so agitated, I mean."

"Didn't you?"

"I wasn't thinking of her at all."

"What did you think then?" half defiantly, yet trembling and growing white.

"I thought it strange that you should be talking with her in such a way."

"She was worried about her husband—his drinking so much—and came to consult me."

"Why should she—and you—show such consternation at his connection with the name of Mr. Hayne?"

"Nellie, that matter is one you know I cannot bear to talk of." ("Very recent only," thought the younger.) "You once asked me to tell you what Mr. Hayne's crime had been, and I answered that you could hear the whole story if you could not understand the matter at all. We are both worried about Clancy. He is not himself; he is wild and imaginative when he's drinking. He has some strange fancies since the fire, and he thinks he ought to do something to help the officers, to make up for the part he has played in the Police Gazette stories, utterly without foundation, and he thinks he can tell who the zeal-culprits were, or something of that kind. It is utterly nonsense. I have investigated the whole thing—heard the whole story. It is the trashiest, most impossible thing you ever dreamed of, and would only make fearful trouble if Mr. Hayne got hold of it."

"Why? Because he is naturally zealous and he would see to it on any pretext to make up for the part he has played in the Police Gazette stories?"

"Do you mean that what Clancy says in any way affects them? asked Nellie, with quickening pulse and color.

ing herself, she began to try them, and speedily became interested. Her back being to the door, she did not notice that another visitor was soon ushered in—a man. She continued slowly "picking out" the melody, for the light was growing dim; it was with difficulty that she could distinguish the notes. Twice she essayed a somewhat complicated passage, became entangled, bent down and closely scanned the music, began again, and once more became involved, exclaimed impatiently, "How absurd!" and started on the piano stool, to find herself facing Mr. Hayne.

Now that the bandage was removed from his eyes it was no such easy matter to meet him. Her sweet face flushed instantly as he bent low and spoke her name.

"I had no idea any one was here. It quite startled me," she said, as she withdrew from his hand she had mechanically extended to him.

"It was my hope not to interrupt you," he answered, in the low, gentle voice she had marked before. "You helped me when my music was all adrift the other night. May I not help you find some of this?"

"I wish you would play, Mr. Hayne."

"I will play for you gladly, Miss Travers, but waltz music is not my forte. Let me see what else there is here," and he began turning over the sheets on the stand.

"Are your eyes well enough to read music—especially in such a dim light?" she asked, with evident sympathy.

"My eyes are doing very well—better than my fingers, in fact, and as I rarely play by note after I once learn a piece, the eyes make no difference. What music do you like? I merely looked at this collection thinking you might see something that pleased you."

"Mrs. Ray told me you played Rubinstein so well—that melody in F, for one."

"Did Mrs. Ray speak of that?—his face brightening. "I'm glad they heard anything to enjoy in my music."

"They found a great deal, Mr. Hayne, and there are a number who are envious of their good fortune—I, for one," she answered, blithely. "Now play for me, Mrs. Waldron will be here in a minute."

And when Mrs. Waldron came in a little later Miss Travers, seated in an easy chair and looking intently into the blaze, was listening as intently to the soft, melodious strains of Mr. Hayne's playing. The firelight was flickering on her shining hair; one slender white hand was resting on the keys, the other was playing as though all his soul were thrilling in his finger tips. Mrs. Waldron stood in silence at the doorway, watching the unconscious pair with an odd yet comforted expression in her eyes.

"Why, I had no idea she was gone!" exclaimed Miss Travers, and then the color mounted to her brow. He must think her extremely absorbed in his playing; and so indeed she was.

"You are very fond of music, I see," he said, at a venture.

"Yes, very; but I play very little and very badly. Fardon me, Mr. Hayne, but you have played many years, have you not?"

"Not so very many; but there have been many in which I had little else to do but practice."

She reddened again. It was so unlike him, she thought, to refer to that matter in speaking to her. He seemed to read her.

"I speak of it only that I may say to you again what I began just before Mrs. Waldron came. You gave me no opportunity to thank you the other night, and I may not have another. You do not know what an event in my life that meeting with you was; and you cannot know how I have gone over your words again and again. Forgive me the embarrassment I see I cause you, Miss Travers. We are so unlikely to meet at all that you can afford to indulge me this once." He was smiling so gravely, so sadly, now, and had risen and was standing by her as she sat there in the big easy chair, still gazing into the fire, but listening for his every word. "In five long years I have heard no words from a woman's lips that gave me such joy and comfort as those you spoke so hurriedly and without premeditation. Only those who know anything of what my past has been could form any idea of the emotion with which I heard you. If I could not have seen you to say how I thought of you, I would have had to write. This explains what I said a while ago: I owe you more pleasure than I can ever give. But one thing was certain: I could not bear the idea that you should not be told, and by me, how grateful I was to you. Again, may God bless you!"

And now he turned abruptly to her, awaiting no answer, resealed himself at the piano and retouched the keys. But, though she sat motionless and speechless, she knew that he had been trembling so violently and that his hands were still so tremulous he could play no more. It was some minutes that they sat thus, neither speaking; and as he regained his self control and began to attempt some simple little melodies, Mrs. Waldron returned.

three times before Mr. Hayne obeyed the summons to dim the lighting. The sun was going down behind the great range to the southwest, and the trumpets were pealing "retreat" on the frosty air, but Hayne's curtains were drawn, and he was sitting before his fire, deep in thought, hearing nothing. The doctor came in soon after he finished his solitary dinner, chatted with him awhile, and smoked away at his pipe. He wanted to talk with Hayne about some especial matter, and he found it hard work to begin. The more he saw of his patient the better he liked him; he was interested in him, and had been making inquiries. Without his pipe he found himself uninspired.

"Mr. Hayne, if you will permit, I'll fill up and blow another cloud. Didn't you ever smoke?"

"Yes, I was very fond of my cigar six or seven years ago."

"And you gave it up?" asked the doctor, tugging away at the strings of his little tobacco pouch.

"I gave up everything that was not an absolute necessity," said Hayne, calmly. "Until I could get free of my big head there was no comfort in anything. After that was gone I had no more use for such old friends than certain other old friends seemed to have for me. It was a mutual cut."

"To the best of my belief you were the gainer in both cases," said the doctor, gruffly. "The longer I live the more I agree with Carlyle: the men we live and move with are mostly fools."

Hayne's face was as grave and quiet as ever.

"These are hard lessons to learn, doctor. I presume few young fellows thought more of human friendship than I did the first two years I was in service."

"Hayne," said the doctor, "sometimes I have thought you did not want to talk about this matter to any soul on earth, but I am speaking from my own experience. If you forbid it, I shall not intrude; but there are some questions that, since knowing you, and believing in you as I unquestionably do, I would like to ask. You seem bent on returning to duty here to-morrow, though you might stay on sick report ten days; and I want to stand between you and the possibility of annoyance and trouble if I can."

"You are kind, and I appreciate it, doctor; but do you think that the colonel is a man who will be apt to let me suffer injustice at the hands of any one here?"

"I don't, indeed. He is full of sympathy for you, and I know he means you shall have fair play; but a company commander has as many and as intangible ways of making a man suffer as has a man. How do you stand with Rayner?"

"Precisely where I stood five years ago. He is the most determined enemy I have in the service, and will down me if he can; but I have learned a good deal in my time. There is a grim sort of comfort now in knowing that while he would gladly trip me up I can make him miserable by being too strong for him."

"You still hold the same theory as to his evidence you did at the time of the court? Of course I have heard what you said to and of him."

"I have never changed in that respect."

"But supposing that—mind you, I believe he thought he heard and saw—supposing that all that was testified to by him actually occurred, have you any theory that would point to the real criminal?"

"Only one. If that battle were ever handed me that day at Battle Butte, with only one man could have made away with it: and it is useless to charge it to him."

"You mean Rayner?"

"I have to mean Rayner."

"But you claim it never reached you?"

GENERAL BUSINESS.

CASITORIA for Infants and Children. Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me. H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Special Bargains This Week. Noonan's Cheap Cash Store. Bargain No. 1.—50 Ladies Ulsters, in pleasant style, also Cape Ulsters, in beautiful Colors \$4.00 to \$8.00. No. 2.—17 pieces Dress Goods, in fancy stripes—only 30c. No. 3.—A manufacturer's stock of Overcoats & Reefers, purchased at 50c. on the dollar. In this assortment you can find beautiful garments in Chinchilla, Beaver, Kersey, Melton, plain and fancy Worsted.

NEW! NOBBY! NICE! WHAT IS? The New Stock of Silverware Just opened at Albert Patterson's. The finest patterns of SILVER GOODS ever shown in Chatham.

COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES. Watches, locks, Jewelry and Fancy China-ware of all kinds. Also the usual A-1 stock of CIGARS, PIPES and TOBACCO-NISTS GOODS at prices that defy competition.

ALBERT PATTERSON, STONE BUILDING. — — — PALLEN'S CORNER

Miramichi Foundry AND MACHINE WORKS CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

General Iron and Brass Founders, Mill and Steamboat Builders. Manufacturers of Steam Engines and Boilers, Gang and Rotary Saw Mills, Gang Edgers, Shingle and Lath Machine, and Well-Boring Machines for Horse and steam power.

Pond's Wisconsin Patent Rotary Saw Carriage a Specialty. ESTIMATES FURNISHED. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. W. H. MURHEAD Proprietor. GEO. DICK Mechanical Supt.

HALIFAX! MORRISON & MUSGRAVE. GENERAL MERCHANTS. TEA, SUGAR AND MOLASSES, SPECIALTIES.

BANKERS. Bank of Nova Scotia and Peoples Bank of Halifax.

CHATHAM RAILWAY. WINTER 1889-90. On and after MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH, trains will run on this railway in connection with the Intercolonial Railway, daily, (Sundays nights excepted) as follows:

Table with columns: LOCAL TIME TABLE, THROUGH TIME TABLE, GOING NORTH, GOING SOUTH.

Trains leave Chatham on Saturday night to connect with Express going South, which runs through to St. John, and Halifax and with the Express going North, which lies over at Campbellton. Close connections are made with all passenger Trains both DAY and NIGHT on the Intercolonial.

Freight Trains from Fredericton to Chatham will run on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and that from Chatham to Fredericton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

CHATHAM TO FREDERICTON. FREDERICTON TO CHATHAM. EXPRESS, FREIGHT.

NORTHERN AND WESTERN RAILWAY. WINTER Arrangement. On and after MONDAY, NOV. 25th, until further notice, trains will run on the above Railway as follows:

Table with columns: CHATHAM TO FREDERICTON, FREDERICTON TO CHATHAM, EXPRESS, FREIGHT.

CONNECTIONS. The above Express Trains will run daily Sundays excepted. The Freight Trains from Fredericton to Chatham will run on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and that from Chatham to Fredericton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

Tea, Sugar, Beef, Pork, Bacon, Hams, Flour and Meal, and all other things generally found in a Grocery.

W.M. FENTON, SALT. 100 TONS of best course Mediterranean Fishery salt, re-worked for sale cheap from the vessel.

J. B. SNOWBALL MUSIC! PROF. SMYTHE'S CLASSES will reopen December 30th 1889.

NEWCASTLE—Mondays and Thursdays. CHATHAM—Tuesdays and Fridays. DOUGLASTOWN—Wednesdays and Saturdays.

ATTENTION! Great Reduction in prices of Dry Goods & Groceries LOWER THAN EVER! at F. W. RUSSELL'S, BLACK BROOK

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH. PRICE 50 CENTS. IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, & THE CHEAPEST.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AHMERST, N. S. NEW FALL GOODS. TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

Gen'ts Furnishing Department. Tremendous stock to select from; and to show that we mean business, we quote below a few lines. You may judge the value offered. Remember—These goods will be sold at the prices below mentioned.

NEW GOODS. NEW CLOTHING. NEW CLOTHING. I have the largest and best stock of MEN'S BOYS AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

NEW HATS. NEW BOOTS. NEW DRESS GOODS. NEW. My stock of dress goods is not so large as usual, but what I have is nice and extra good value.

New Prints, New Muslins. The Prints this year are in many new designs and low in price, also Colored and White Muslin.

NEW JERSEYS. NEW SHAWLS. In Black and Colored. Very cheap. New Supply of Fancy Dry Goods of every description.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, MASONS' BUILDING AND CATALOGUE WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N.B.

THE CHEAP CASH STORE. JAMES BROWN. JUST ARRIVED. Per Steamships "Ulunda" "Damara," (Direct from London, England) and I. C. Railway.

79 Cases and Bales of New Spring Goods! Ladies will find this a most desirable time to get seasonable goods direct from the

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.

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 Gents' Underwear.

Monuments, Headstones, Tablets, Mantels & Table tops, Garden Vases, Etc., etc. CUT STONE of all descriptions (furnished to order).

CHATHAM N. B. Cheap Cash Store. Dry Goods, Boot & Shoes, Provisioners of all kinds, Flour & Meal. SUTHERLAND & CREGHAN.