# MIRAMICHI ADVANCE CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 3, 1894.

LONG

### 2 NOT A SUCCESS.

Clarence Northall's black brow contracted as he turned carelessly toward Pierce Melton, leaning comfortably back among the carriage cushions.

"Let me tell you, as a friend, that you're all wrong in the matter we've been talking about-wrong from beginning to end. I may be mistaken, but I was certainly un-der the impression that I discerned something of the Othella type of character last night, when all the innocent enjoyment of Miss Nina's evening was overclouded by the grave annunciation from Mr. Northall that he considered it a very improper thing for an engaged young lady to waltz." "Well, I don't waltz myself, and who

wants to see his fiancee whirling around a ballroom with the deuce only knows who?" Mr. Gray's conservatory was a pretty place. The afternoon sun was showering its golden drops of light among the polished japonica leaves and clinging passion vines in this little section of the tropics when, had Mr. Clarence Northall been able to take a peep among its buds and blossoms, he might very easily have discovered "what Nina was doing."

For she stood embowered in geraniums and Cloth of Gold roses, her apron full of flowers, engaged in the important business of selecting a fitting bouquet for the evening soirce, while her cousin, Warner Gay, was standing half way up a little rosewood stepladder, armed with a pair of garden scissors, clipping off blossom after blossom as she pointed them out.

And Charles Browning stood beside her playfully commenting on her selections. "Now cut me that sprig of heliotrope,

Warner," said Nina gayly. "I'm particu-larly interested in that, for you know heliotrope is Clarence's favorite flower." "Heliotrope, eh," said Warner, and deftly

insinuating his scissors amid a thicket of drooping stars he lightly tossed the purple plume of fragrance through the flowering shrubs that interposed between him and Nina.

"What a splendid chance for me to dis-play what little chivalry I possess!" said Browning, stooping for the sprig ere Nina could recover it, and sinking melodramatically on one knee to present it. "Fair damsel, deign to accept the floral

offering from the hand of one of the humblest of your adorers." "What nonsense!" said Warner Gay,

laughing. "I could have done better my-It was nonsense-then why did Nina turn

so suddenly pale and gaze with such mute,

promise exacted that the mother should be well cared for until the former's return. Then John Hardy set his face toward the new Eldorado of the west and was heard

of no more until Mark Madison, in passing through the neighborhood a year after, told how "poor John Hardy had died at Black Cat canyon and was buried under a great rock at the mouth of the mine."

And now as Susan Joyce, 10 years later, came through the dewy meadow she saw smoke curling lazily upward from the chimney of James Hardy's kitchen, where she doubted not a goodly supper was in course of preparation, for Josephine was a notable housekeeper, though the neighbors called her proud and extravagant besides.

When the great railway was surveyed through the little farm its situation proved a key to adjacent land, and so was bought from him in reply, although Jack afterat a fancy price, exclusive of the little cotward told me he had received my letter tage, and James Hardy was thereby enand answered it, but not hearing from me abled to build a handsome house for his again thought I had "gone back on him," stylish wife and furnish it to her satisfaclike the rest of his fair weather friends. Well, after Jack "postponed the enter-tainment," as he expressed it, he made the

But the aged and feeble mother was left in the old home, now almost a wreck, for the haughty Josephine had no desire to include the queer old woman who had al-ready proved such a burden on her hands in the new plans, and James, seeing only through his wife's eyes, agreed in the conclusion that the place where she had lived so long would be the happiest spot for her declining years.

Left to the half careless attention of a you join me at dinner?" servant of the house, her condition, incident to bodily infirmity and weakened mind, would have been pitiable in the ex-Stanford." treme but for the unswerving devotion of Susan Joyce and a few kind neighbors who

had known her in her happier days. Susan Corey. Was at Harvard with him. Rem-Joyce came through the garden gate that hung on one rusty hinge and stopped again when she heard that dolorous chant. It son Corey." was not new to her, but always pathetic. "Glad I stumbled on you. Ha! ha! liter-The slight, swaying figure in the unsteady ally by Jove! But how is your father, and armchair, crooning mournfully to the baby what are you doing in Chicago?" on her breast-a rag baby that she always "sung to sleep" in the twilight and placed hac, nished, the old gentleman said: in her bed at night.

There seemed to be such real comfort in see what can be done. There is a vacancy the care of the rag manikin that Susan which you can fill, I think." Joyce had not the heart to undeceive her even if it had been possible to do so. "John is asleep," she would say, smiling face wore its old time happy smile, and he looked well and prosperous. I took him vacantly.

"Yes," always answered Susan, thinking home to dinner, and he told us his story. of that lonely grave under the great rock in Then my wife related the story of the Black Cat canyon. hundred francs.

One balmy afternoon in June death, Mr. Stanford took a great liking to Jack, stalking abroad, found James Hardy in the who has developed a wonderful aptitude full flush of manly vigor and straightway for business, and I venture to predict will summoned him to the final bar of account. | be a rich man in a few years .- Dowling "Heart trouble," they called it, but no Davies in Once a Week.

gave no clew to the sender.

from his lodgings.

"With pleasure," said Jack.

"Indeed! I once had a great friend named

"My father," murmured Jack. "Bless my soul!" cried Mr. Stanford.

"Well, if you will call at my office, I'll

One day I met Jack on Broadway. His

The City Autocrat.

"Mr. and Mrs. Harvey S. Trumbull and

ordered to draw all the firm's money from

on a cot beside the safe with enough am-

munition to hold a fort.

"And mine is Corey."

couraged, and 1 suspect, too, that an uning back every step as they crossed the ortunate love affair had a very depressing | rustic bridge, reaching the Hiawatha just influence on his mind. It will hardly be as their father was shaking off Morpheus' influence.

believed, but he became so desperate that one day, having come to the end of his re-sources, he actually determined to take his To their disappointment, he would take no other help than his revolver. But when own life. He stretched himself on his bed, placed the "cold muzzle" of a revolver to his temple and cast a last look around. As closet door. once in the cottage he needed a squad of police to help him to plow his way to the

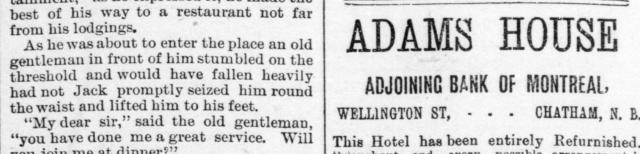
he did so he noticed a letter lying on th First his wife in terror, with her arms table within reach. The handwriting wa that of a lady. To his astonishment he around his neck, implored him to get an-other man. "He will kill you in a minute!" found the envelope to contain a \$20 bill-Then his hands were grasped on either side with "Oh, Harvey, they may be armed!" nothing else. The postmark-New Yorkand "There are more than one!" and "There "Well," said Jack, putting on his hat, are a dozen!'

"I'll put off my departure for the present. I think a good dinner will be in order." After the death of my first wife I had lost sight of Jack. I had written to him after his father died, but had not heard Fighting them off, he rushed, pistol in hand, for the fatal door.

When, lo! it opened at his touch without unlocking.

And when he got there The cuploard was bare. - Cincinnati Post.

Hotels.



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startled earnestness toward the door? Browning sprang to his feet in an instant, and turning just in time to catch a glimpse of Clarence Northall's lowering brow and flashing eyes.

"Come in, Northall!" he exclaimed. "We are having a tableau comique."

"Clarence!" appealed the soft, tremulous voice of Nina. "He is gone-oh, do go after him and bring him back, Mr. Browning!" But ere Browning could reach the door Northall walked out of the house in a tumult of contending emotions, first and foremost among which stood out the "green eyed monster."

"Don't mind it, Miss Nina. Just let him alone until he is ready to apologize for his very absurd conduct, and then matters will be all right again."

So Nina sat down to her desk and wrote a little tear stained note that would have melted the heart of Gibraltar itself and dispatched it by Warner Gay.

Northall opened it, glanced over the contents and quietly laid it aside. "Come now, Northall," said Gay good

humoredly, "don't keep up the farce any longer. Put on your hat and come round to our house. Nina's in the slough of despond." "I am very sorry," said Clarence stiffly,

"that it will be impossible." When Pierce Melton lounged into North-

all's room as usual toward twilight to smoke a cigar, Clarence handed him a small folded note. "What is it?"

"Only a few words to dissolve my engagement."

Melton started from his chair, dropping both note and cigar in dismay.

"Clarence Northall! you're not going to give up the sweetest girl in New York through a mere phantasy!"

"Give her up? No," said Northall, with a cold, sneering smile. "But I am going to teach her a lesson that she will not soon forget."

"If you do not give her up, what is the meaning of this note?"

"Simply that it will do her good to fancy the engagement definitely canceled for awhile. When I think she has come to her of mixing a drink with a shaker. He nodsenses, the matter is easily replaced on its old footing."

Northall calmly reached over and pulled the silken tassel of the bell. A servant answered the summons after a moment or two of delay. "Vance, take this note to Mrs. Gay's.

There is no answer." Two weeks crept slowly by-three, and

at length the month came around with its beautiful crescent moon. "I think it's getting to be high time to

call around at Nina's," said Northall to himself. "She will be penitent and submissive enough by this time, I don't doubt."

Nina came forward to greet him, looking exceedingly lovely, but her manner was strangely self possessed. Instead of bursting into a self convicted shower of tears. and pleading humbly for his gracious par-don as he had fully expected she would do,

Nina.'

it no more."

matter for the cause or name of his offtaking, Josephine and the twin boys were suddenly left alone. Bridget-There's a gentleman at the door Fate seemed to have pooled with John wants to speak to the boss. Hardy to furnish the revenge he had wished Mrs. Thirdflat-Run, Robbie, quick, and and prophesied. He had not died at all in the canyon, as Mark Madison had said, that mendacious friend withholding the fact of

the wanderer's prosperity. "Mother," said John Hardy, now rich and

her withered cheeks. Perhaps her poor dazed brain might have been better able to understand the quality of her good fortune had he been more con-

have never forgotten my promise to see you at some future day," he said to Josephine. "Try your luck at happiness in the cookery, where my cowardly brother and you consigned our old and feeble mother. I was a dastard, Susan, quite as cowardly as my

brother, but I want you now. I have truly repented of my infamy. Come with mother and me, and we will try to pull along together in the pretty house that my brother

generously provided for us." Never quite did the knowledge come to the mind of the half imbecile mother that John of flesh and blood, her best beloved, had come back to her, and yet the little old woman crooned less dolorously as she

> window playing with her rag baby on her breast. Susan Joyce was a foolish woman per-

His Signs Misunderstood. "I would not have broken my pledge,"

said a backsliding tippler recently, "but for an infernally stupid barkeeper. "The man was stone deaf," he continued. "and I had grown tired of drinking sarsaparilla and ginger ale. I wanted a lemonade and tried to order it, but couldn't make

him understand. "He talked to me in the mute language, and I tried to answer him and made signs ded and smiled and made me a milk punch. "I didn't want to hurt his feelings nor admit my inability to understand him. So I drank the milk punch and made more signs for a lemonade, but somehow or other I always got milk punches. That unset-

promises."-New York Herald. THAT 100 FRANCS.

My first wife and I spent our honeymoon traveling in Europe. We went the usual empty. round and after several months of it found ourselves one day at Monte Carlo. We viswas a great closet in her room, with a winited the Casino, and my wife became so interested in watching the play that at last she said she would like to try her luck. "Very well," said I, laughing, "I'll just

of her.

see if the janitor will see the gentleman!-Chicago Inter Ocean. portly, "I have come back to you," kissing A NIGHT OF TERROR The following items appeared in the society column of the morning paper of Man-

siderate in years past of her happiness. "I itou Springs, Colo., on July 2: daughters are sojourning at the Manning cottage for the season."

"Mrs. Taylor of Pueblo and her aunt, Mrs. Tunnicliff of Kansas City, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Trumbull. By the middle of the month this gay par-

surrounding country. Manitou, shielded from every rough wind, lies nestled among the mountains like a babe in its cradle. The hangings of its cradle are in green and white.

rocked in her easy chair in the pretty bow Mr. Trumbull was bookkeeper for the Hiawatha clubhouse. When the financial crisis came, he was

haps to so easily condone John Hardy's sin, the bank and deposit it in the safe of the but she had always loved him, he was repentant, and Sister Judith's tongue was so sharp!-Exchange.

This unhappy maneuver made the ladies at the cottage very uneasy. Like a flock of sheep, each had drawn from the bank her account That every burglar in Colorado knew

each home to be a small bank, and that they would be invaded, was a fact no one had the courage to refute. With no man in the house, each woman considered it her

duty to keep her nerve in a convenient place for immediate use. It would have been well had they further imitated their money matters and tucked their nerves under the ash pan. But Caroline Katherine, the elder daughter of Mr. Trumbull, posed as a brilliant

exception to the rest. "Why need she be afraid?" asserted little Trot Trumbull as she and her brother fled tled me, and that is how I broke all my across the hall one morning at 2 o'clock

from a phantom thief. "If she'd just throw her name at a man, it would mash him like a club." I forgot to mention that the cottage was

the empty house were adjacent. Every few time you and see how long it will take you nights the scene was repeated of Trot and Mrs. Trumbull fleeing in their robes de nuit Extension and Other Tables to lose this." And I got a hundred franc she quietly sat down and awaited his note changed and placed the money in front to the protecting care of the two old ladies, or vice versa.

a double house, and the other half was

Caroline Katherine slept in the rear room

next to the empty half of the house. There



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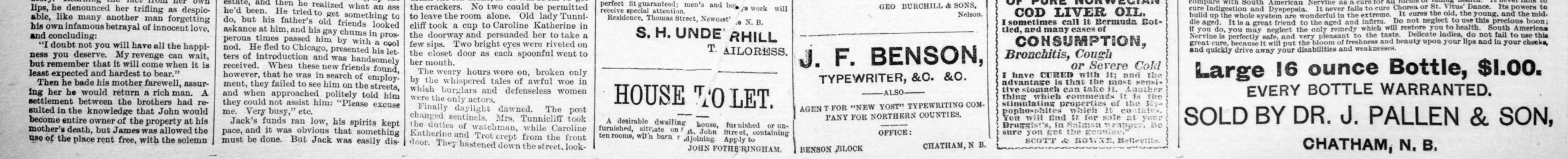
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and hour! John, too, was thrown in her way, being likewise enamored of her fascinations.

made no murmur of her pain, silently bearing as well the torturing jibes of her relentless sister, who had never had a lover and lost no chance to deride the weakness of those that yielded to the folly of trusting perfidious man. Between the brothers there never had been anything like real affection, though to all intents and purposes agreeing upon questions concerning their mutual welfare. The siren at first smiled equally upon them, driving both to the verge of madness with doubt and passion. James announced one morning to John, as they loosened the oxen from the sled at the meadow bars, that he had won the promise of the blond beauty to be his wife. John turned pale with rage and jealousy and said nothing, but he went without delay to question her about the truth of the little or nothing left after winding up the drink the tea alone, as it was so far to get story. Learning the fact from her own estate, and then he realized what an ass the crackers. No two could be permitted



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