

Little Miss Turpin's Fate. knowledge been forced in upon her in a alone again, save for the body of the way that she could not refuse. doctor that lay upon the bed. He was

She absolutely heard the gruff voice A little conversation took place, one helpless there, perhaps dying; his face morning, on the top floor of a dingy old of Mr. Shadrach upon the morning in was strange and distorted, his eyes half lodging-house in the metropolis, that question, and the low, musical, but bit- closed. A confused unintelligible murled to strange results. It was in the terly mocking words of the doctor in front room, but made its way very reply.

readily through the chinks and crannies She sat down upon the rug, and clasp- seemed wrung from his vitals. in the mortar to the neighboring apart- ed both her hands. He was going Miss Turpin's features were pale and ment, where little Miss Turpin was pre- away, then? Until that moment she haggard, her eyes streaming with tears. paring her frugal breakfast. The toast- had not realized the extent of such a Yet, in the midst of an anguish that ing fork nearly fell from ber hand, and disaster. She could have borne, per- partook of despair, with throes of pain DRUGS. her dimity apron narrowly escaped be- haps, to have been compelled to go away and terror unspeakable, there was born ing seduced by a presumptuous flame herself, because the inevitable for her to her a solemn and almost sinister joy, from the grate, when the harsh, gruff had become, long since, a matter of the first ever given to that sterile soul. voice of her landlord fell upon her ear. | course; but to have the iron hand of in- | When the doctor came in the even-"I want my money," said Mr. Shad- exorable necessity grasp this young ing, he thought he had never seen so

"So do I," replied the young doctor, eyes, the lordly mien, the exultant step something in it that went to his heart. "and more. 'He that wants money, -for thus had little Miss Turpin been means, and content, is without three wont to classify the somewhat alluring rely upon the youth and strong physique good friends."" personal attractions of young Blake-he

"Can I have my money to-night?" "I think not." " To-morrow." "It is extremely doubtful." "Then you must get out of here.

want my room." "When do you want it?" "As soon as possible." "Will to-morrow do." "Yes."

"Then leave me, friend; the room her coffee was of Mecha the most delishall be yours to-morrow morning." cious, her bit of steak so juicy and ap-The young medical student was a man petizing that sometimes poor Blake in

of spirit, and would have vacated these the neighboring rooms, with some not very alluring premises at once, but chunks of brown bread floating helplesshe had not where to lay his head, and |y in a chalky fluid before him, finding she said.

there seemed a vital necessity just then this savory olor under his nostrils, for some such proceeding on his part. raised his clenched hand at the stern around the room with approbation. It He had discovered, two days before, wall between them in envy and despair. had been suddenly metamorphosed into that the faltering and shabby source of But even the little angel in the chim- the model of a chamber for the sick. his pecuniary supplies had suddenly ney became impatient with the beha- The open fire, with its cheering blaze failed, and the knowledge that he was vior of little Miss Turpin, that morning. and ventilating draught; the subdued without money or friends in a strange The little woman, usually so practical light; the white and warm drapery of with together with an inability to beg and capable, while straining her ear to the bed; her own little couch near by; barrow or steal, had robbed him of sleep. listen to a faltering, stumbling step in pretty shadowy pictures upon the walls, The loss of this necessary rest to a tired the next room, deliberately burned the tinted by her own hands-an eloquent brain and vorn out body rendered him toast and boiled the coffee, and the sooty silence reigning over all.

mur flowed from his lips, his hands clinched and unclinched; at times a groan

man was terrible. He of the flashing patient and noble a face; there was "Be comforted," he said; "let us

of your husband." The incoherent utterings of his patient to become the prey of adverse destiny! attracted the doctor's attention. Sharp Miss Turpin's breakfast, that mornand strong sentences fell upon his ear, ing, was a failure. By dint of long practice, and exceedingly gracious gift that excited his professional curiosity. When he heard from Miss Turpin of the in housewifery, she had always managed enthusiasm and zeal of the young stuto get up extraordinary meals for herself. It was as if a little sooty angel sat dent, as much as she dared tell him of his defeated aspirations and hopes, the up aloft in the chimney and assisted the

culinary efforts of the lone little woman. good doctor's eyes kindled with sym-Her toast was of brown the 1 3st golden. pathy.

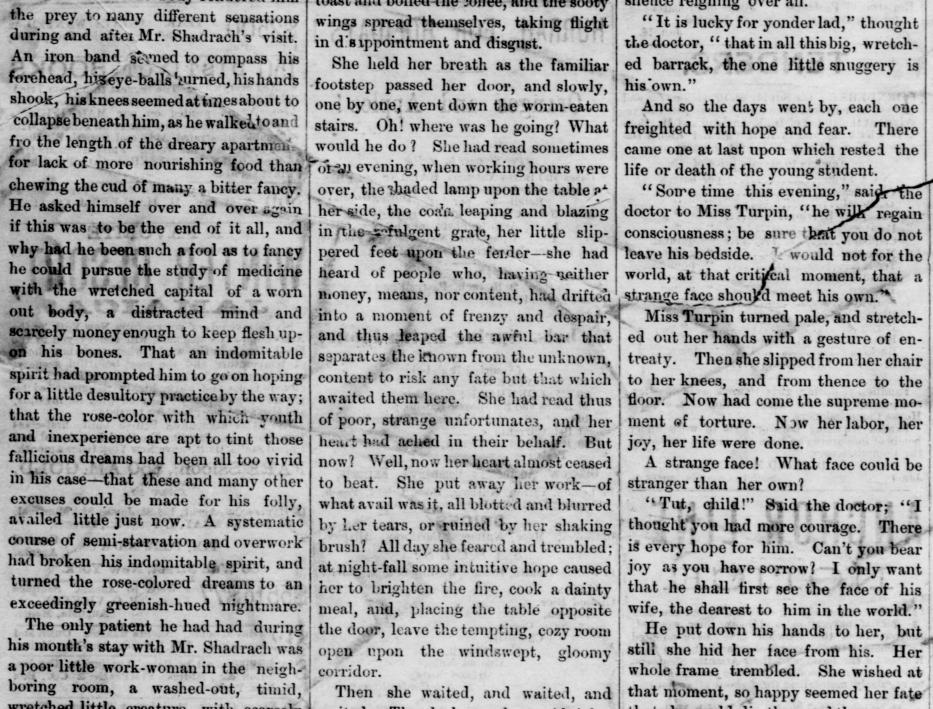
"Let him only get well," he said "and we will sweep these lions out of

his path." Miss Turpin smiled through her tears. such "He will get well, thanks to you,"

"And to you," he added, looking







wretched little creature, with scarcely waited. The clock struck at midnight, enough stamina about her to rally after then 1, 2, 3, from a neighboring belfry; a slight pneumonia. Her little fee had the meal was cold; the fire burned low; been ready for him after gray visit-in the chill, gray morning had almost fact, obtrust sy ready, but it was out dawned, when at last it came; yesof the question, of course, to take the thank Cod! faltering and slow, but it money. "It was merely a neighborly was his footstep; none other could service," he had said, when, upon his quicken little Miss Turpin's pulse. fifth visit, he found her up and at work He reached the landing, the door of again, and upon his departure she had her room. Why, truly, he did pausestammered out something about his yes, and stagger in.

bill. "I am only too glad, Miss--Any other woman but this, perhaps. Miss-" would have recoiled with disgust and

"Turpin," she had whispered. horror, and, above all, with fear, for "To be of service to you, and beg the young man was evidently not himyou will call me whenever my presence self. His hair, damp and disheveled, hung in heavy disorder about his face

Miss Turpin faltered out her thanks. and neck; his eyes glassy and lurid, A burning blush chased the pallor out blazed upon hers; a red flame burned in of her face, as warmly he pressed her his cheek; a slight foam. flecked his trembling hand in his and bade her trembling lips. good-by.' He fell into the chair at the table

"Poor little devil !" he said, as he and looked wonderingly, on the food strode away to the lecture-room. "It's before him; but that which would have bad enough for a great strong ox like been frantically devoured, six hours eyes blinked under his shaggy brows. myself to battle with this grim old before, was like the ashes of bitterness He put his heavy hand in benediction grindstone of a world ; but for a miser- to him now. He had not tasted food able little waif like that-phew, it's for thirty-six hours. But it was not monstrous !" hunger that tortured him; it was thirst

"It is lucky for vonder lad." thought the doctor, " that in all this big, wretched barrack, the one little snuggery is

And so the days went by, each one freighted with hope and fear. There came one at last upon which rested the life or death of the young student. "Some time this evening," said the doctor to Miss Turpin, "he will regain sudden attacks.

A strange face! What face could be

"Tut, child!" Said the doctor: "I joy as you have sorrow? I only want that he shall first see the face of his wife, the dearest to him in the world." He put down his hands to her, but still she hid her face from his. Her out of health for about five years. I had employed still she hid her face from his. Her whole frame trembled. She wished at

that moment, so happy seemed her fate that she could die then and there. "Oh, doctor," said she, lifting her eyes to his, " how can I tell you ? how can I make you know? I am not his wife

The doctor drew back coldly; but as her frank, earnest eyes caught his own. he could not resist the innocent pleading there. She might be a poor Magdalen even, but he had never seen so child-

like and yet womanly a creature. "We must think of nothing now but

our patient," he said gently; "your face is at least familiar and dear to him.

"Alas! no," she said; "it is strange, almost unknown. It is far better I should go away."

Then she told the doctor all. And as she went on to confess how she had dared shelter this poor neighbor of hers, without a roof to cover him, without

money, without friends, sick unto death tive powers in thousands of cases, feels it his duty helpless and alone-how she had dared to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuatat any risk to shelter him and to nurse ed by this motive, and a conscientious desire to re

He thought of her pityingly till he -an appalling thirst. crossed the threshold of the college, He drank the pitcher of water from then gave himself up to the subject in Miss Turpin's hand and looked pleadhand, which so engrossed his mind that ingly for more.

he forthwith forgot the existence of lit-"Don't be afraid to give the patient tle Miss Turpin. But, she upon her water," he murmured, eagerly. "In part, repeated over and over the words case of febrile debility they sometimes of young Dr. Blake, blushing again suffer - suffer. I recommend, by all when she became conscious of the fact means, water - water - water!" Then that she really had the temerity to dwell he fell back with a groan of agony. upon this genial but commonplace cour-Miss Turpin ran out of the room and

tesy. down the stairs ; pounded on the door Miss Turpin's work was delicate and of the German tailor below, who, with artistic, but not soul-absorbing, like the his wife and five children, were enjoydoctor's. She could tint her photo- ing in sleep the immunity granted them graphs all the better for this little epi- from endless labor and toil; bade him sode in her life. The vines and tendrils fly for the best doctor in the neighbortook tender shapes under her deft little hood; run up the stairs again like a fingers; a shw, sweet melancholy helped deer, and found Dr. Blake insensible, to make the shadows at least more and his head thrown back upon the chair, more perfect; under the rose-buds grew his strntorous breathing audible in the the thorns; but there seemed to lurk corridor below.

even in their cruelty a subtle, mysteri- The little German returned with the ous charm. It was enough for Miss very best medical aid in the vicinity, Turpin to dream. The physical and even that of the eminent Dr. Havershaw practical reality of the doctor's nearness, himself

perhaps, had its weight, but not con- All this fuss and confusion had aroussciously so, to the little woman. She ed Mr. Shadrach, who followed them never ventured to get up a cough or up the stairs and protruded his long, cramp for the sake of stamping more hairy chin in the doorway. clearly his shape into these vague but "It is, perhaps, best that you should

extravagant' feats of fancy. In truth, know, madam," said the surgeon to so timid and afraid was she of a pulsa- little Miss Turpin, "that it is a doubttion of practical joy, she actually ful case. Your husband is in a very shunned and sank from its approach. critical condition. If this worthy man But more and more imposing, grander will assis me, we will get him to bed. and grander, grew this one figure of her Our only hope is a powerful sedative at fancy, around which revolved the satel- once.

lites of health and wealth, popularity The worthy man alluded to was Mr. and fame-all that could render life Shadrach, whose eyes almost left their dear little Miss Turpin-oh ! I have sweet or desirable. sockets when he found the doctor pre-

Perhaps it is detrimental to my hero- paring to put his young lodger in Miss ine to say that she would have been | Turpin's bed.

quite content to have lived upon the "Why-why," he gasped, looking hour back, when he listened to that fruit of her own fancy for the remainder over at Miss Turpin, "this won't do, wondrously touching little story of hers. of her natural life. Had circumstances will it?"

the state and

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compelled her to change her abode, and Miss Turpin bowed her head. She had she thus lost sight of Dr. Blake, could not speak, but it seemed to her the dreams would have gone along just that her heart made all the noise that the same, the fact of his dying in a was necessary. Its convulsive throbs neighboring hospital of weakness and moved the shawl she had thrown about

surgeon drew attention enough to set want, and the quenching of all her ma- her shoulders. the pot boiling. terial in a pauper's grave, not interfer- "Don't chatter here," said the doc- And now in their stylish brougham, ALSO - First-class Horses and Sleight to let on ing in the least with Miss Turpin's airy | tor, thinking Mr. Shadrach was addresswith a liveried lackey at her command, reasonable Terms. NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE. fabric. It would have been impossible ing him. "Just do what I bid you, and with her rustling silks and dainty laces, 2. All orders left at the Waverley Hotel, Newastle, and at his own residence, Chatham, will be to con vince Miss Turpin that he could the more quietly, the better." with her wildest fancies more than repromptly attended to. L LEE STREET. alized, who could find fault with the fate be in so dire an extremity had not the Half an hour after, Miss Turpin was of little Miss Turpin? Newcatle, Oct. 23, 9281 25-3w Chatham, 9th Dec., 1876.

him back to life-the good surgeon's lieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE, upon her bowed head.

"Thou good little Samaritan!" he

And two big, hollow, handsome eves apon the white bed in the corner also filled with tears. He was so weak, this poor young Blake, that he could scarce help sobbing outright at so touching a

"Why-why," he faltered to himself. "in little Miss Turpin's room! O thou merciful Heaven! in little Miss Turpin's bed! With a cheery little fire in the grate to foil yonder biting blast, with all the little nick-knacks and furbelows about - the little pictures on the wall, her bird cage at the window and a neat little medicine-stand, with lots of spoons in various doses, each with little Miss Turpin's name; and to her, then, under Heaven, I owe my life! Ah, may God SAINT JOHN, ... N. B. do so to me, and more also, if I desert

little Miss Turpin or let little Miss Turpin desert me! " And now," said the sweet, sad voice

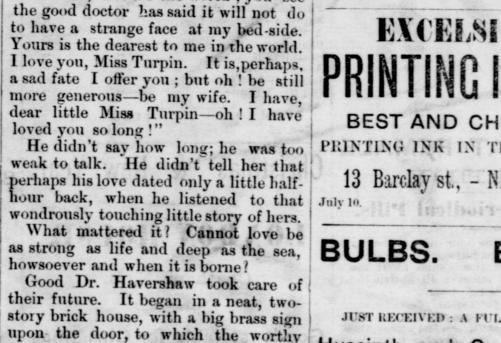
scarcely see. Let me look upon him just once more before I go. You will take care of him now, doctor, won't

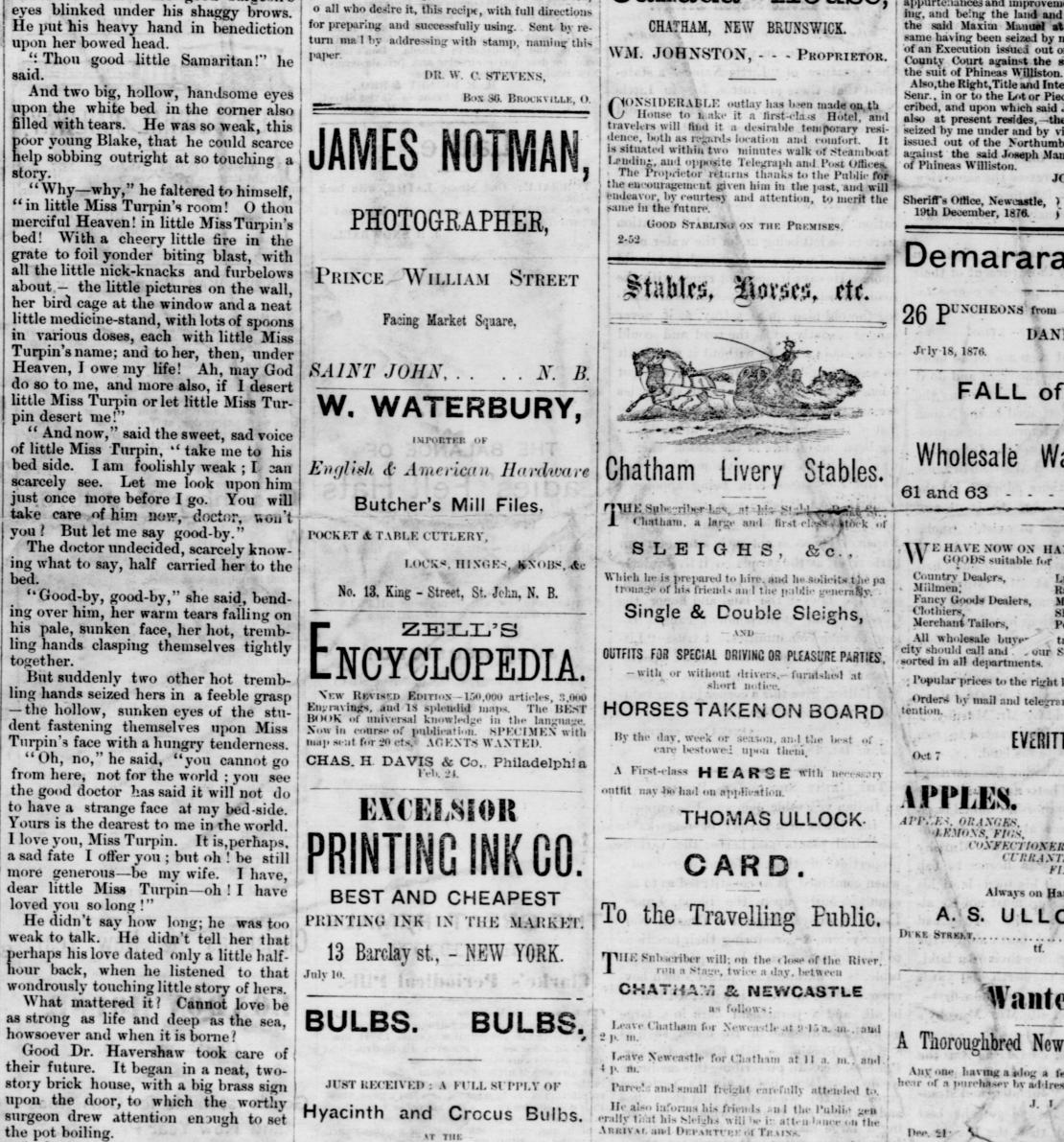
you ? But let me say good-by." The doctor undecided, scarcely knowing what to say, half carried her to the

"Good-by, good-by," she said, bending over him, her warm tears falling on his pale, sunken face, her hot, trembling hands clasping themselves tightly together. But suddenly two other hot tremb-

ling hands seized hers in a feeble grasp NEW REVISED EDITION-150,000 articles, 3,000 - the hollow, sunken eyes of the stu-Engravings, and 18 splendid maps. The BEST BOOK of universal knowledge in the langu dent fastening themselves upon Miss Now in course of publication. SPECIMEN with map seat for 20 ets. AGENTS WANTED. Turpin's face with a hungry tenderness. "Oh, no," he said, "you cannot go

from here, not for the world ; you see





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