

## SAVED.

A full moon gleamed fitfully through dark rifts of clouds, lighting up a long stretch of beach, upon which the foam-capped billows broke with that deep, moaning sound which presages a coming storm. This sound had awakened Lucy Mott, the fisherman's daughter, who now stood leaning upon the sill of her window, looking out half anxiously, half dreaming, on the wild and desolate scene. She was a slight fair girl of eighteen, with delicate features, and an air of native grace and refinement which seemed scarcely in accordance with her lonely surroundings. And yet her father "old Phil Mott," as he was called had come of a respectable, well-to-do family who had long since discarded him on account of his wild and lawless ways, and his marriage with a sailor's pretty daughter, who had made him a better wife than he deserved.

She had been some years dead and Lucy now filled her place in the humble home. She did what she could to make it pleasant and attractive, but the girl's nature was an elevated and refined one, which found no congeniality in the society of the few fishermen's families by whom she was surrounded, and nothing to gratify her taste in the humble home beyond her bit of flower garden, and the sea, always grand and beautiful, and most of all a box of books which had years before been left in her father's care, and never reclaimed. It takes a solitary, pleasure-loving life such as Lucy's to be able to appreciate the value of such treasures as Shakespeare, Scott, and others who have been to thousands, and shall be to millions more, a blessing and a "joy forever."

But Lucy was not thinking just now of her dearly beloved books. Her mind was less pleasantly occupied in anxious thought of her father, who had left home at day break, on a fishing excursion, promising to return at sunset. She had watched for him till long after dark, and then had fallen into a slight slumber, from which she was aroused, as we have said, by the premonitory sounds of the coming storm.

"I hope nothing has happened to him," thought Lucy anxiously, and as if in answer to the thought, came suddenly the sound of her father's voice, borne towards her by the breeze. Learning forward she saw dimly two figures advancing swiftly up the beach, and stood still, wondering who could be her father's companion at this late hour. Nearer they came, and passed at length almost at the window talking earnestly. "I don't much like it, I must say," she heard her father remark, and in answer came some words in an eager, suppressed voice, at sound of which Lucy drew back with a sort of a shudder. It was Martin Heriot, who was called, a young man who had suddenly dropped into this quiet little fishing hamlet as from the clouds, and concerning whom nothing was known, except that he was good-looking, clever and very agreeable when in good humor, but fierce and desperate when aroused.

He had fallen in love with pretty modest Lucy Mott, and her father had only yesterday told her it was his will that she should become the young man's wife. Heriot, he said was a clever fellow and would make her a fortune if he would. And so soon as they should be married, they would go, all three, away from this wretched place to another, the name of which he did not mention, but where, he said, their fortune would be secured. And the girl knew that when her father spoke in this resolute way, he was in earnest, and therefore her fate was sealed.

Poor Lucy! It was not only that she instinctively shrank from and mistrusted Heriot, that this match was so distasteful to her, but that almost unknown to herself, she had allowed her thoughts and heart to become interested in another. She blushed when she thought of it, and remembered that this other was almost a stranger to her—a young man whom she had seen only as he rode past her father's cottage and had spoken to but once or twice as he stopped and asked her if her father were at home, and then, lingering, had remarked upon the beauty of the flowers in her little garden. And the last time she had seen him, he had glanced at the old leather-bound volume which lay open on the gate-post, while she was busily tying up her roses, and had inquired, with that look of pleased surprise in his deep blue eyes, whether she liked "The Lady of the Lake." That had been only yesterday, and ever since Lucy Mott had been in a sort of vague, delicious dream, that startled and delighted herself—all born of something inexplicable which she had seen in the look of those blue eyes. But he was the rich young heir of the "Rockford" estate—she could see the tall chimneys and Lombardy poplars rising miles away—while she was only a fisherman's daughter.

And now, in place of that sweet half tender voice, the accents which still haunted her, Lucy was listening to Martin Heriot's rough, energetic tones, as he spoke rapidly, eagerly.

"I tell you, Mott, the thing must be done at once or not at all. We have scarcely half an hour left."

"But if he shouldn't have the money with him?" said Mott doubtfully, as if seeking an escape.

"He has got it with him. It was purposely for this money that he went to M—yesterday, and, as I told you, he was seen to place it in his wallet before he left the bank. Four thousand dollars! Think of it, man, and what it will do for us!" And Heriot grasped his companion's arm, and gazed earnestly into his face.

"We may be found out—"

"We can't be found out. I have planned securely against every risk, and defy the devil himself to betray us. In the name of—"

And here followed an infamous

burst of blasphemous language, in the midst of which Philip Mott, as if yielding to a power superior to himself, exclaimed:

"Well, come along, and if blood be spilled, let it be done by your hand, and rest upon your own head. Blood, and almost my own blood, too, for George Hazelton's father was my cousin—"

The voice died away in the distance, the rapidly retreating figures disappearing, and Lucy Mott stood white and trembling, with clasped hands, and a heart the wild beating of which seemed to suffocate her. Suddenly, starting from the stupor of horror, she threw up her arms and cried, as in an agonized prayer:

"Oh, my father, in heaven, what shall I do?"

What should she do indeed? For, to save the man she loved, even could this be done, would be to convict her father.

Her first impulse now was to rush wildly out of doors, and running in the direction her father had disappeared, to shriek his name frantically in a half-formed design of pleading with him, of saving him from crime, and George Hazelton from violence if not death.

But the two men, walking rapidly, were already beyond reach of her voice, scarcely to be heard amid the uproar of the now rising storm. Then Lucy turned, and scarcely conscious of what she did, ran swiftly across the sands, through the tangled gorse-bushes, and over the low, marshy track, thick with weeds and rushes, which lay between her father's house and the road that ran half a mile from the beach.

It was here that George Hazelton must pass on his return from the distant town of M—, whether she knew that he had yesterday gone. She had heard a neighbor say something about his having purchased a tract of land adjoining the beach, and it would be paid on the morrow. For this purpose, doubtless, was the four thousand dollars intended, which was now perhaps to cost him his life. The thought quickened the girl's steps, and she flew rather than ran, despite the now falling rain, and the violence of the wind, which was tossing her hair and her garments wildly about. Hoarse peals of thunder broke over her head, and vivid flashes of lightning nearly blinded her, but on she ran, never slackening her speed, or pausing to take breath.

Suddenly she caught, amid the roar of the storm, a sound of a horse's rapidly approaching tread. If she should be but one moment too late! And again the girl pressed on, with a wild cry, which the wind blew away like the sound of a lost spirit in agony.

Faint as was the sound, it reached the ears of young Hazelton. He slackened his horse's speed, and turned in the direction whence it came. And then, rushing across the dreary waste, with arms imploringly outstretched, and hair flying wildly behind her, he saw a form which had more the appearance of a spirit than of anything human. The next moment she had reached him, and the lightning revealed to him the white face of Lucy Mott, the fisherman's daughter.

In an instant young Hazelton had sprung to the ground, and caught the form of the almost fainting girl.

"Good heavens, Lucy, what has happened? Why are you here in the storm?" he questioned, anxiously. And Lucy could only answer in breathless, broken gasps.

"No further—no further! Danger—robbery—murder—"

and then, utterly exhausted and overcome, she sank fainting in his grasp. George remembered the money he had with him, together with certain warnings he had received from his friends and had laughed at, concerning the danger of carrying it with him on a lonely ride, and he now instinctively comprehended it. He was armed, and trusting to this and his horse's speed, he would still have braved the threatened danger; but to ride on, leave the girl alone and helpless in the storm was not to be thought of, even had she been less dear to him than she was. Neither considering the circumstances, could he take her home to her father's cottage.

He knew that Philip Mott, a relative of his own father, was not a very scrupulous character, that he had of late been very intimate with the young man Martin Heriot, concerning whom vague rumors had but this day reached his ears in M—, in connection with murder and mutiny on the high seas. As this thought flashed across him, he instinctively divined the circumstances of the case, and the cause of Lucy's strange appearance and warning.

It took not a moment to decide upon what course he should pursue, and lifting the form of the still insensible girl, he placed her in front of him on the saddle, and, turning sharply off from the road, struck across the low, marshy track which extended some distance further between the road and his home. His horse flourished rather heavily at first for he was weary with his days journey but ere long, finding firmer ground beneath him broke into a swifter pace. In an hour's time the young man had alighted at the door of his own house, and lifting his strange burden, he conveyed her tenderly within, and gave her in charge of his mother and sister.

"Do all you can for her mother," he said. "She has saved my life."

And good, motherly Mrs. Hazelton, and warm hearted Alice, prompted partly by kindness, and more by gratitude, did do all that could be done for their fair though humble guest, both then and through the long illness that followed. For, the excitement of that evening, together with the exposure to the storm, had their effect upon Lucy, in fever and utter prostration of mind and body.

For three weeks, she lay ill beneath the roof of the great house with the tall chimneys and Lombardy poplars, upon which she had so often wistfully gazed from

the window of her own humble home. And yet—as they told her when she grew better—her own great grandmother, who was also the great grandmother of George and Alice, had once been mistress of that house.

Wherefore, said most people, it was not so strange or inappropriate, after all, that Lucy herself should in time become its mistress. They would not allow her to go back to the cottage on the beach but won by her loveliness of person and disposition, insisted upon keeping her with them at Rocklands; and, in less than a year after she, as Mr. George Hazelton, claimed it as her legitimate home. And no stranger who now sees her, beautiful, refined, and cultivated presiding at her husband's table, or driving, with her two rosy children, along the beach towards the fashionable watering-place which has since sprung up in that neighbourhood, could imagine that in one of the fishermen's cottages on the sands the elegant Mrs. Hazelton had once her home.

Martin Heriot was arrested the day after the designed robbery and probably murder of Hazelton, by officers of justice, who had long been in search of him. Philip Mott, who, though reckless, was not depraved, rejoiced that he had escaped the commission of the crime from which his daughter had saved him; and thenceforth, through his own better convictions, and the exertions of Lucy and George, became an altered and much more respectable character. The latter's money and influence obtained for him a good situation, which gratified his seafaring taste, and Lucy, in her prosperity, never failed in her duty as a daughter.

## Show Window Genius.

There are many women in New York who are attracted to a shop on the strength of the show windows only. It is the knowledge of this fact that has led one prominent city merchant to hire at a commanding salary an American whose profession is show window dressing, and whose business it is every seven days to think out something new for the four great windows at his disposal. His latest achievement has brought women all this week buzzing about the vast plate glass fronts. He takes a set of corset forms, the stuffed semblance of a woman's shoulders, waist and hips, selects the requisite cloth and buttons, and with pins decorates the forms in what seems to be the most admirably trimmed and fitted waists. In reality not an inch of the cloth is cut, but is so deftly turned, twisted and folded and pinned that the keenest-eyed woman is at first deceived. Every day this man dresses his forms anew, working out in folds and pins the most daring feats of the dressmaker's art, and as one enthusiastic woman remarked, "gives one more ideas for one's new fall gown than all the fashion books published."

An American Opinion of British Justice as it is administered in Canada.

The name of Mr. D. H. Hastings, Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, appears in the list of recent arrivals at the Windsor. Mr. Hastings, with his wife, is enjoying a brief holiday in Canada, and speaks in glowing terms of "its magnificent scenery." Mr. Hastings paid a warm tribute to Canadian justice and jurisprudence. "We would be glad to imitate you in many respects," said he. "Your methods of administering justice are simpler and devoid of the complex technicalities which beset us on every side. For this reason I should be gratified if the authorities in Philadelphia would consent to take place in this country. I am positive that no case can be made against this individual in Philadelphia; nor do I believe, in spite of all that has been unearthed in Chicago, that the authorities there can convict this man."

"With Toronto it is different. There they have a positive case, and it would not take a Canadian Judge and jury long in determining the guilt of the accused. With us, the finding of the lower court may be upset by that of a higher tribunal, and in the end the guilty party is frequently acquitted. In Canada the verdict of the court is very seldom set aside by the Governor-General. The evidence is supposed to be thoroughly sifted, and the Government places a great measure of confidence in the ability of the Judge and jury to rightly determine the guilt or innocence of accused. By all means let Holmes be extradited. I am confident that Canadian justice will soon dispose of this monstrosity."

COMMERCIAL July 1st. The Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec and Boston as follows: Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 7:00 (Standard) time; Tuesday and Friday mornings for Eastport, Lubec and Portland, making close connection at Portland with B. & M. Railroad due in Boston at 11 a.m. Connections made at Eastport with Steamers for Quich, St. Andrews and St. John.

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Ladies' Mantles, Capes, Jackets and Reefers. Gents' Reefers, Overcoats, Ulsters, Etc.

SAMPLES MAILED ON APPLICATION.

R. A. MURDOCH.

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE AND EXAMINE OUR FISHING TACKLE, which consists of RODS, LINES, WATERPROOF BRAIDED SILK LINES, BELLS, FLIES, FLY BOOKS AND FISH BASKETS.

These goods were all received this year and are of the very best quality. We offer them at very low prices.

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE, E. LEE STREET, PROP. WANTED. SEVEN BRIGHT MEN

for two or three months, for a personal canvass on a semi-political issue. From \$80 to \$100.00 per month according to the volume and value of reports. Address, for full information, POLITICAL BIOGRAPHER, Bradford, Ont.

THE BOUQUET. Sweeping reductions in Millinery and Fancy Goods at the Bouquet.

Having to make room for midsummer and fall importations I have decided to dispose of this balance of my spring and summer stock at greatly reduced prices—in fact, wholesale prices—thus giving my patrons the advantage of a cheap sale. The stock consists of the latest styles of Millinery, hats, flowers, feathers, ladies' wraps, sunshades, gloves, hosiery, underwear and fancy goods, ladies' robes and headwear a specialty.

All the above are stylish and fashionable, being the latest importations from London, Paris and New York. Mail orders promptly and carefully attended to.

CHATHAM, JOSIE NOONAN.

WOOD-GOODS! WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE FOR SALE

Laths, Palings, Box-Shooks, Barrel Heading, Matched Flooring, Matched Sheathing, Dimensioned Lumber, Saw Spruce Shingles.

THOS. W. FLETT, NELSON. Shanty, Camp and Boat Stove.

From Miramichi Advance of Oct. 11.

Mr. George Marquis of Chatham will be looked upon as a benefactor of much fishermen, sportsmen and others who may have the good fortune to procure stoves of the new pattern designed by him. The first sample of which was put together at his well known shop at Chatham on Tuesday afternoon and shipped yesterday to New Brunswick. This is to be used in a goose-shooter's camp at Tabernacle and for that purpose as well as for heating and cooking in small-fishermen's shanties it is just the thing. It is about 30 inches long, 12 inches from front to back and the same from bottom to top. The bottom, top, door and dampers, etc. are of cast iron and the sides and ends are composed of a sheet of 12 gauge sheet steel. It will hold nearly twice as much wood as a stove while costing no more and peculiar form adopted in the bottom, it will burn either a small or large quantity of fuel, and may be desired. It may also be used to burn coal. There is a draft for forcing the fire and a damper for lessening the heat at will. The top has two ports, and these may, by the removal of the sliding centre-pieces, which, if of the usual form, be converted into an oblong hole for a big boiler or stove. An altogether, the new shanty-stove seems to meet a requirement that is more than local, and the cost, \$6, places it within almost everybody's ability to buy. Mr. Marquis has just begun to fit orders, and it will be well for those who intend to fish smelts during the coming winter, as well as sportsmen and gunners who want to be comfortable and, at the same time, have a stove on which they can do quite a range of cooking, to place their orders with him, as early as possible.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. DAILY SERVICE (SUNDAY EXCEPTED) BETWEEN St. John and Boston.

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CHATHAM CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH WORKS. CARRIAGES, HARNESS AND FARM IMPLEMENTS OF ALL KINDS.

I wish to make known to the public in general that I have on hand the best stock of carriages and farm implements ever offered for sale in this country. They consist of the following:

OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES of different styles, PHEATONS, MIKADOS, JUMP-SEAT WAGGONS, open and with tops, CONCORD WAGGONS, (one and two seats,) EXPRESS WAGGONS and a number of other styles too numerous to mention. ALSO TRUCK WAGGONS, (one and two horse,) I have both the IRON and SKANE AXLE WAGON, I have a SPECIAL LINE OF HARNESS MADE TO ORDER. I handle the world-famed MASSEY-HARRIS FARM IMPLEMENTS. I have always an ENDLESS SUPPLY IN STOCK suitable for the different seasons of the year. I also keep THE DAISY CHURN on hand, I have a few SECOND-HAND WAGGONS for sale.

I would ask intending purchasers and others to call and examine my stock, as

I Can Sell Cheaper and on as good terms as any other person in the County.

I GUARANTEE ALL THE GOODS I sell to be first class. All goods sold by me proving defective in stock or workmanship will be made good.

FREE OF CHARGE AT MY FACTORY, St. John Street, Chatham, N. B.

Carriages made to order. Repairing and Painting

executed in first class style and with despatch. Correspondence solicited.

ALEX. ROBINSON.

Miramichi Advance, CHATHAM, N. B.

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TERMS ONE DOLLAR A YEAR PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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Water Street, Chatham. He will also keep a first-class stock of Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Smokers' Goods generally

FINAL NOTICE! SCHOOL TAX.

SMELT SHOOKS. I am instructed by Trustees to issue Executions for all School Taxes not paid this month, and therefore notify all concerned, in order that expense may be saved to them, as under the new administration of the amalgamated districts, rates must be promptly paid.

W. JOHNSTON, Collector. July 6, 1895.

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