MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 24. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 9, 1898. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a date on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement on 4th page.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B, every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day

It is sent to any address in Canada, or the United States (Postage prepaid by the publisher) at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, payable invariably in advance.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at *eight cents* per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and *three cents* per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5 00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The 'MIRAMICHI ADVANCE' having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers Superior inducements to advertisers. Address Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B

Robert Murray,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Insurance Agent,
ETC' ETC., ETC.
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Stock of DIMENSION and other Lumber CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
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Suits or single Garments.
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NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
We have just received a large supply of
PATENT MEDICINES,
consisting of
SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE KIDNEY CURE AND NERVINE TONIC, DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS, CHASE'S PILLS AND OINTMENT ALSO DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE, CATARRH POWDER OINTMENT AND PILLS.
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Kola Wine, and Excelsior Egg Preserver Always in Stock.
The Newcastle Drug Store,
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Teeth extracted without pain by the use Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics.
Artificial Teeth set in Gold Rubber & Celluloid Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth
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Office in Chatham, BENSON BLOCK. Telephone No. 53.
In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. G. KETHRO'S Barber shop Telephone No. 6.

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WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE
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Matched Flooring,
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Sawn Spruce Shingles.
THOS. W. FLETT,
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WE DO JOB PRINTING
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PRINTING FOR SAW MILLS A SPECIALTY.
We print on wood, linen, cotton, or paper with equal facility.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others!

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BATH GLOVES AND MITS.
SPONGES,
A Beautiful Line of
TOILET SOAPS
from five cents to one dollar per cake
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—AT—
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CHATHAM, N. B.
May 18, 1896.

INSURANCE.
The Insurance business heretofore carried on by the late Thomas F. Gillespie, deceased is continued by the undersigned who represents the following Companies:—
SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
ALBION,
MPERIAL,
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LANCASHIRE,
ÆTNA,
HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION
ALLIANCE,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON
MANCHESTER.
JAS. G. MILLER,
Chatham, 29th Nov. 1993.

HEAD QUARTERS.
THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES
.. .. IS AT THE .. ..
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
We have on hand now, as usual, a
LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY
of the different Mixtures, Liniments, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia, Rheumatic, Kidney, Asthma and Catarrh Cures.
ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTES PERFUMES & SOAPS.
Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices.
We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE,
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Correspondence and Consignments Solicited

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Just arrived and on Sale at
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Wall Papers, Window Shades,
Dry Goods,
Ready Made Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings
Hats, Caps
Boots, Shoes &c. &c
Also a choice lot of
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
R. FLANAGAN,
ST. JOHN STREET CHATHAM

EQUITY SALE.
There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Law Chambers so called, in the town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the Fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the Twenty-First day of December, A.D. 1897 in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Robert C. Boyes and James S. Fairley Executors of the last will and testament of Scott Fairley, deceased, are Plaintiffs and William McDougall is defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity for the County of Northumberland, the lands and premises directed to be sold by the said decretal order and therein described as all that piece parcel or lot of land situate lying and being in the Lockstead Settlement, Parish of Blackville, County of Northumberland, granted by the said William McDougall as by reference to the grant will more fully appear and bounded as follows to wit: Beginning on the eastern side of the road from McLaggan's to Renous River at the northwest angle of lot number one hundred and nine purchased by Isaac Walls, in Lockstead Settlement, thence running by the magnet along the said road north five degrees and twenty minutes, west twelve chains and fifty links to a stake, thence north eighty four degrees and forty minutes east eighty chains, thence south five degrees and twenty minutes, east twelve chains and fifty links and thence south eighty-four degrees and forty minutes west eighty chains to the place of beginning—containing over a hundred acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number one hundred and twelve, in Lockstead Settlement.
Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.
Terms of sale—Cash. For further particulars apply to Plaintiffs Solicitor.
Dated the fifth day of January, A.D. 1898.
L. J. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Solicitor. ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.
For the want of purchasers, above sale is postponed till Tuesday, the 19th day of April next, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, then to take place in front of the said Law Chambers.
Dated this 15th day of March, A.D. 1898.
ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

B. R. BOUTHILLIER.
MERCHANT TAILOR,
CHATHAM,
Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloths of the best
British, and Canadian Makes,
Trimmings, etc.
GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS
al kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable terms.
LADIES' COATS & SACQUES
cut to order
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Summerside Work," will be received until Tuesday, 15th day of March, 1898, inclusively, for the construction of a breakwater at Summerside, P. E. I., according to plans and specification to be seen at the office of Mr J. B. Hegan, at Charlottetown, P. E. I., at the office Mr. C. E. W Dodwell, Resident Engineer, Halifax, N. S. at the office of Mr. W. J. McCordock, Supt. of Dredging, Custom House, St. John, N. B. and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.
Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.
An excepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, *for ten thousand dollars* ($10,000), must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender
The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
E. F. E. ROY, *Secretary*
Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 21st Feb 1898.
Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

FLOUR AND FEED DEPOT.
At The Old Stand Cunard Street.
SHORTS,
BRAN,
CORNMEAL,
CRACKED FEED
HAY AND OATS,
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COME EARLY AND BRING YOUR ORDERS!
Now is the time to order your printed forms for Winter and Spring business. Send your orders to
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LETTER HEADS,
NOTE HEADS,
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TAGS, ETC.
A full stock of paper, envelopes, tags and printers' stationery on hand. Come or send to
THE LEADING JOB-PRINTING OFFICE.
D. G. SMITH, CHATHAM.

EQUITY SALE.
There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Chambers so called in the Town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the Twenty-First day of December, A.D. 1897, in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Robert C. Boyes and James S. Fairley, Executors of the last will and testament of Scott Fairley, deceased, are Plaintiffs and Joseph Grady and Charlotte Elizabeth Grady are defendants with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity for the County of Northumberland, the lands and premises directed to be sold by the said decretal order and therein described as all that certain piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Blackville, in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, bounded as follows:—Beginning at a stake standing on the northern side of the road from the Dungarvon River to McLaggan's, at the southwest angle of lot number two, purchased by John McKenzie, in the Bradalbane Settlement, east, thence running by the magnet north eighteen degrees east sixty-seven chains, thence south seventy-two degrees, east fifteen chains to a spruce tree, thence south eighteen degrees, west sixty-seven chains to a hemlock tree standing on the northern side of the aforesaid road, from Dungarvon River to McLaggan's, and thence along the same, north seventy two degrees west fifteen chains to the place of beginning containing one hundred acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number one in the Bradalbane Settlement east, granted to the aforesaid Joseph Grady, as by reference thereto will fully appear.
Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.
Terms of sale—Cash. For further particulars apply to Plaintiffs Solicitor,
Dated the fifth day of January, A.D. 1898.
L. J. TWEEDIE, Plaintiffs Solicitor. ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity
For the want of purchasers above sale is postponed till Tuesday, the 19th day of April next, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, then to take place in front of the said Law Chambers.
Dated this 15th day of March, A.D. 1898.
ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

MACKENZIE'S
QUININE WINE AND IRON,
THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAK R
50CT. BOTTLES
WE GUARANTEE IT AT
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.

NOTICE.
SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tenders for Stocks" will be received at my office, Millerton, until 18th May next, 1898, for the whole or part of the stocks of the late Robt. Swim, Doaktown, consisting in part of Dress Fabrics, Prints, Cottons, Cottonades Ready-made Clothing, Shelf-Hardware, Crockery Smallwares, Groceries, Window Frames, Doors Sashes, Lumber, &c.
Stock list can be seen at the office of E. P. Williston, Esq, Newcastle.
Terms: Cash, or approved joint note at 3 months.
The undersigned does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.
JAMES ROBINSON,
Executor of R Swim estate.
Millerton, April 21, 1898, 5-12-98.

LOOK, LOOK!
The Subscriber is prepared to furnish Sashes and Frames and Doors and Frames, any size and any quantity at lowest prices for spring delivery. Call on, or address
R A. RUSSELL
Black Brook, Chatham, N. B.
4. 28. 98.

DERAVIN & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
ST. KITTS, W. I.
Cable Address: Deravin
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INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
THREE TRIPS A WEEK
.... FOR ....
BOSTON.

COMMENCING MAY 9TH the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, standard, for Eastport, Lubec, Portland, and Boston.
Returning, leave Boston MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 8 a m Portland 5 p. m.
Through Tickets on sale at all Railway Stations, and Baggage checked through.
Passengers arriving in St. John in the evening can go direct to the Steamer and take Cabin Berth, or Stateroom for the trip.
For rates and information apply to nearest Ticket Agent. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.
St. John, N. B.

Assessors' Notice
Town of Chatham.
The Assessors for the Town of Chatham having been duly appointed hereby give notice that any person or body corporate liable to be assessed, or his or their agent, may furnish the assessors with a written detailed statement of the real and personal estate and income of such person or body corporate, and every such statement shall be subscribed and sworn to before some Justice of the Peace for the county by the person or agent making the same.
Blank forms of statements may be procured from the assessors.
Dated at Chatham, 2nd of March 1898.
GEORGE STOTHART, SAMUEL WADDLETON, MICHAEL HALEY } Assessors.

Z. TINGLEY,
HAIRDRESSER, ETC.,
SHAVING PARLOR
Benson Building
Water Street, - Chatham.
He will also keep a first-class stock
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Smokers' Goods generally

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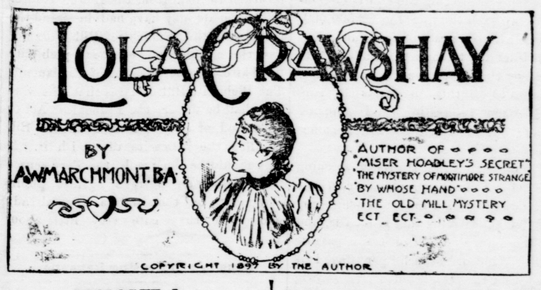

PROLOGUE I.

ON THE DEVIL'S ROCK.

"So you're in earnest, are you, and really mean it this time?"

"Every syllable of every word."

The reply was uttered with the crisp, clear ring of determination, and Lola Turrian as she spoke looked her husband in the face with set decision in every line of her young, beautiful face.

The husband, a slim, fair, good looking man, sneered provokingly as he returned her gaze. He shrugged his shoulders as he answered readily and rapidly, though with a slight foreign accent:

"Upon my word, you really are very beautiful, Lola. I'm not a bit surprised that other men fall in love with you. On my soul, I should—if you weren't my wife already, of course." He ended with a laugh that might have marked any phase of feeling, but there was a threat veiled in the light tone of the question which followed, "And what then?"

"I care not what then," was the answer, spoken with angry emphasis. "I know what you mean, and I care nothing. You mean that you will add informer to your other characters and try to send my father to the galleys. The same chivalry which let you live on me urges you to whip me with a fear for my father's safety. Would to heaven I had dared you at the first and never put this cursed fetter on my life." She was playing nervously with her wedding ring as she spoke.

Her husband eyed her curiously without letting any sign of annoyance at her words appear and replied with the air of one who is merely balancing the pros and cons of a given course:

"I wonder if I did make a mistake with you when I stopped you going on the boards. A speech like that to the gods ought to draw many pounds a week to any house. You want a trifle more gesture. If you're going to say it again, either hold up the 'fetter' and flaunt it in my face or dash it on the ground. The gallery likes gesture. Don't forget. But you'd better not rehearse here because the rock is not very wide, and if you chuck much of your jewelry about some of it's pretty sure to roll down into the gorge, and what goes over there won't come up again. But there! What's the need for me to doubt your powers of acting? Haven't I seen you lead a dozen men on—aye, and to the very verge—only for us to use 'em up in the end? You're a born actress, Lola, with limitations and in a certain line."

"I'll act no longer, then," returned the girl, for she was little more. "You go your way. I'll go mine."

"And your father can go his, eh? Poor old chap. You're very hard on him Lola, very hard indeed. To send him to the galleys in that way, and at his age too."

His cold, sneering indifference goaded her almost beyond the point of endurance, but she fought down her rage.

"I have come out here to tell you that this kind of life must end. I"—

"And a devilish uncomfortable place you've chosen," he said, interrupting her and laughing. "Here we are on a lonely crag, with these villainous fir trees on one side and a sheer dip right down to the bottom of the ravine on the other and a sky that looks as though nothing short of a miracle could stop it sending down buckets of rain inside five minutes. I wish you'd be a bit thoughtful. If you want to do an uncomfortable thing, you might at least choose a comfortable place to do it in. Look here! Let us go to some hotel and have it all out there quietly over a bottle of wine."

"I know what you mean by all this. You think to sneer me out of my present mood. I mean to speak here and now. I came here on purpose."

"What! Here up on this infernally bleak Devil's rock, stuck right in the middle of the Schwarzwald? What rubbish, Lola! Do be consistent. Why, when the train started this morning we had not an inkling that we should be brought to a standstill at this roadside station, with three hours to wait for the next train, so you couldn't have come on purpose, as any fool can see."

"When I knew we had to stop so long, I resolved to bring you here to say what I had to say."

"All right," was the answer, and the husband glanced round as if resigning himself to an uncomfortable experience. "Devilish dramatic surroundings and devilish dangerous, too," he muttered, glancing over the side of the rock into the abyss that yawned below, some 200 or 300 feet down. "Might be devilish convenient, too, if you wanted to get rid of an uncomfortable friend. Well, wife, wife, go on," he said, sitting down on a point of the rock and looking around to shrug his shoulders again and smile. "You've brought me to the dismal depth of a Swiss wood in order to thrill me with a terrible tale of defiance. Very well; thrill away."

He seemed determined to make light of the interview and to mock his companion's indignation and emotion. But he watched her all the time, despite his assumed indifference, with lynx eyed vigilance.

"I repeat, this life shall end," she cried, after a moment's pause, bursting into quick, vehement, emotional utterance. "Shall end, do you hear? I will be your decoy no more—your slave—your tool. I will no longer lure men into the meshes of the net your cruel hands spread for their ruin. You and I shall part. Do you hear, part, now and for always. I will be no wife of yours for the future, and if I can avoid it, so help me heaven, I'll never look on your hateful face again."

The man listened in silence, and when she ceased waited before answering, looking at her with his head a little on one side and his eyes half closed.

"All right. Goodby," he said at length, turning away to whistle.

"What, not gone yet?" he added after a pause in a tone of surprise. "Pray don't stop on my account. Any show of politeness between us would be such a superfluity of foolish pretense." And he resumed his whistling.

Presently he stopped and, getting up, went close to her and spoke in a different tone, seriously and directly:

"Look here, Lola! Don't make a fool of yourself. You can't leave me. You know that well enough. My silence is as necessary to you as your beauty is to me. There was never any other bond between us and never will be probably, but you can't break it. And you must own that I've done well for you. You live on the best of the land; you've never staid at any but the best hotels; you spend what you like on dress; you've any amount of lovers. What husband could do more than that?"

The wife made no reply in words, but her eyes lighted with anger.

"So long as you don't go too far with any of them, I never say a word, and the fact that while they are making love to you I am making money out of them ought to give a zest to the business which you should appreciate. Don't be a fool. Of course you want your hysterics in some form or another—all women do—but don't let 'em lead you over the Rubicon. This German pig that we're stalking now may be the last we need trouble about. He's rich enough to yield any amount of gold, and if I know love in a fat fool's face when I see it he's mad on you and he'll give half his wealth if only you give me the chance to handle"—

"Stop!" cried the woman hotly. "May I rot if ever I move a finger to help you again. If you want to rob men, go and do it like other thieves. Be at least a man and don't skulk behind my petticoats. I'll never speak to that German again, I swear."

The man turned a shade pale now and bit his lip. Then he swore under his fair mustache, and his voice was no longer steady when he spoke. He began to fear that she was in earnest and this made him angry.

"I will make you do what I wish," he said, and he laid his hand on her wrist.

She shook it off with a toss of contempt.

"Bah! Do you think I am afraid of you?" she cried. "Do you think I have ever done what you wished because I feared anything you could do to me? You poor, conceited fool. I'm no more afraid of you than of a rat!" And she laughed derisively.

At this all the color left his face with rage. He gripped her wrist firmly and held it while, with a threatening brow, he said in a voice harsh with anger, "Unsay that at once or your father shall rot in jail."

"You coward!" she cried, and, stung by the words and the gesture into a paroxysm of rage, she raised the light umbrella she was carrying and struck him with all her force across the face while wrenching her wrist from his grasp.

He was standing close to the edge of the steep rock, with his back to it, and

The girl stamped upon the man's white, strained fingers.

in his surprise and dismay at the blow he stumbled hastily back, and, losing his footing, slipped over the edge. As he fell he managed to catch with one hand at the ledge of the rock and remained hanging by one hand over the dark, deadly abyss.

For an instant he hung thus, looking up at her, his face salt white and wet with fear and rage, while he made frantic efforts to get a hold with his other hand.

Before he could do this, however, the girl, mad with the rage he had stirred in her, raised her foot and stamped her heel with all her force upon the man's white, strained fingers.

He uttered a loud, sharp cry of pain, and, unable to retain his hold, disappeared over the face of the rock.

It happened so suddenly that the young wife stood gazing at the place where he had fallen like one dazed with horror.

But it was only for an instant. Then she drew herself up and raised her head as if with an instinct of defiance.

She waited some time and listened. Then she bent forward and called to him, "Pierre, Pierre!" and she was pleased when no answer came. Lying down at full length, she tried to look down into the gorge, but a slightly projecting breast of the cliff prevented her from seeing to the bottom. Finding that, she moved away and went to another spot and tried to get a glimpse of the place into which he had fallen. She thought she could see him lying far down below, but the light was thickening with the growing storm, and she was not certain.

But she made no effort to get help, and, when she had waited until the time came for her to leave, in order to catch the train at the station she walked away quickly.

She was glad and her heart was beating with an infinite pleasure that the man who had gloomed and ruled and deadened her young life was dead.

He had been too hard a taskmaster for her not to be thrilled with a sense of pleasure at the thought of freedom.

PROLOGUE II.

FREE AT LAST.

A fortnight after the incident on the Devil's rock Lola Turrian and her father sat in close consultation in the old man's bedroom in a hotel in Neufchatel.

The old man was sitting up on his bed, propped by pillows, and his wrinkled, parchment colored skin looked yellow and dingy against the snow white bedclothes. His voice was quavering and thin, but his black, beady eyes shone with a light that seemed all the stronger and stranger by contrast with the weakness of his withered body.

"It's good news, Lola—real good news. I hope the brute is really dead!" The hate with which he spoke of the dead man lent unwonted energy to his voice, while his lean, crooked fingers gripped the bedclothes with a gesture suggestive of his feeling.

"I wish I'd been with you, girl, to have made sure. Imps like those can tumble over cliffs, and yet the devil finds a soft place somewhere for them to fall. If I'd been there," he added grimly, "I'd have had him found by those who'd have made sure he was dead."

"He is dead, father, never fear. I tell you I went back and staid at the hotel close to the place for ten days, making cautious inquiries everywhere. If he had escaped, I must have heard of it."

The old man was silent a moment, muttering and mumbling and shaking his head.

"But you don't know it, Lola. You haven't found his carcass."

"Well, he is dead to me at any rate. Our paths shall never lie side by side again. He never held me at all, as you know, save for my fear for you. I am not afraid of such a thing as that."

She tossed her head with a gesture of contempt.

"Mark my words, we shall never hear of him again," she added.

"I shall not, child," said the old man. "That's why I sent for you."

The girl rose impulsively at this, and taking her father's hand kissed it and then kissed his face and smoothed some of the white locks which had strayed down from under his skullcap over his forehead.

He suffered rather than enjoyed the caress and shook his head with a half petulant movement of impatience.

"You ought to be glad I'm going to die at last, Lola," he continued. "I've been an unconscionable time over it, but that fool of a Dr. Lubin says I can't last now more than a week or a fortnight more, and if I do I can't get out of bed. What the deuce is the good of living, I should like to know, caged up in a hole like this, and in bed, and not able to have a scrap of decent food or a drop of wine, nothing but a cup of nasty stuff that might be pig swill for all I know? If that's the case, the sooner I go after Pierre the better. I only wish I could let you know that he's there safe bound. We shan't be far apart over there, I expect," he added, with a smile that made his wrinkled features inexpressibly ugly.

Lola said nothing.

"I hope you don't think I'm going to make a fool of myself about dying," he said querulously, noticing her manner. "You wouldn't have me turn white livered and send for a pack of priests and pretend to wipe out all the record of a full life well lived and well enjoyed with the cant of half an hour! Psh! But there! That'll do about myself. I'm thinking more about you. What will you do?"

"I have made no plans yet, father. I have only thought so far that you and I would be much happier together now."

"Then it's time you did think, that's all. Your face and form are good enough to win you half a kingdom if you only use them properly, and your pluck—well, it's as stanch as mine. You'll go far if you choose. Only mind don't try to go too fast."

"I don't want to talk of myself."

"I don't care what you want," was the testy reply. "I do, and I mean to. Listen. Drop the name of that infernal scoundrel and act as though that part of your life had never been lived. Play the beautiful ingenue. Be my daughter, Lola Crawshay, once more, and as soon as I'm dead do what those cursed relatives of mine would never let me do—go back to England. They'd have stopped my allowance if I'd gone back, but when the orphan—probably dressed for the part, mind—they'll take you in as surely as you will them. I've written a letter for you to the only one among them who ever showed she had a heart, old Mrs. Villyers, and if you play your cards as my child ought to you'll make her home yours and her introductions be the means of starting your campaign. She's so deadly dull and religious that the world will cash her introductions at sight to any amount just as banks will Rothschild's checks. I've thought all this out, expecting that you'd probably run away from that brute as soon as I was in my coffin, and I've written down here a list of all your eligible relatives, with such hints as occurred to me of the best means of getting round them. I've no money to give you except a few bank notes, but I can give you a family, child, as good as any in England, and if you don't make your way with them you're not my child."

The girl watched him till he dropped asleep.

"I'd rather you'd not speak," began Lola, when the old man cut her short:

Continued on 4th Page.

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The property to the amount of Five Hundred dollars of a wife deserted by her husband and compelled to support herself; and where the whole porperty owned by a widow, as well the place where she resides as elsewhere, is under the value of Fifteen Hundred dollars, and such widow supports minor children of her own or of her deceased husband, her property in the parish where she resides shall be exempt from taxation to the extent of Two Hundred dollars; and also to the extent of One Hudred dollars for each minor child wholly supported by her. If she has no property in the parish where she resides, then such exemption shall be allowed in the place where such property is situated; but such exemption shall not apply or extend to school taxes.
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Sec.-Treas. Co. North'd