BUSINESS NOTICE

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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 therefore 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.

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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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Farming Tools, All Kinds.

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Our Stock of General Hardware is complete in every branch and too numerous to mention.

All persons requiring goods in our line will save money by calling on us, as they will find our prices away down below the lowest, prove this by calling.

The GOGGIN HARDWARE STORE, CHATHAM.

Tit-Bits.

INCULCATING HEROISM.

"There, there!" said Mrs. Blue-Myrrh, picking up her little boy, who had hurt his toe. "Don't cry. Be a man, like mamma."

A seal has been known to remain twenty-five minutes under water.

The ordinary active life of a locomotive averages fifteen years.

In 1831 English people used ½ ounce a head a year of cocoa; now they drink nearly ¾ pound.

Of Scotland's 30,902 square miles, 631 square miles are water, and 485 beach and foreshore, useless for agricultural purposes.

He (looking out of the window): "It's so bright and cheerful witgin, "It's so bright and cheerful within, She: "Without what?" He: "Without you, dearest."

"I hear Bronson sang 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' at the concert." "Yes." "Did he do it well?" "He did indeed. It was so vivid that five people left the hall overcome with seasickness."

In the matter of National Debt the United Kingdom stands lower than France, Germany and Russia. France, with 1,200 millions, owes most; the United States, with 231 millions, least.

"I hope I see you well?" he said fluently to the old farmer leaning on his hoe. "I hope you do," was the unexpected answer; "but if you don't see me well, young man, put on specs."

Wife: "I am going down town this morning to try and match a piece of silk." Husband: "Very well, my dear; I'll tell the cook to save some dinner for you, and I'll put the children to bed myself."

Ruth—"Belle is a self-sacrificing girl. She makes all her own dresses. She told me so when I asked her the name of her dressmaker." Polly—"Stupid! She told you that so you couldn't get dresses from the same modiste."

She—"What is the correct translation of the motto of that lovely ring you gave me?" He—"Faithful to the last." She—"The last! How horrid. And you've always told me before that I was the very first."

"I really can't afford more than one flower in my hat," she said to the milliner. "Very well," replied that worthy lady; "where will you have it?" "Let me see," she answered; "I invariably sit next to the wall in church, so I think I'll get you to put it on the side next to the congregation."

Recently a public school teacher wrote the sentence, "Them boys are sliding down hill," and requested someone in the school-room to "correct and why." One bright youngster held up his hand, and, on being asked, said:— "Correction: Those boys are sliding down hill. Why: Because they can't slide up."

JUST FOR HER SAKE.

BY NELLIE E. WATTS.

Roger Paxton had been dead a year, and the bonnie blue-eyed slip of a girl he had called wife was gradually growing accustomed to walking life's uneven paths alone, alone save for the baby girl who had properly been called Joy, for joy she was indeed to the lonely mother's heart. Bright and cherry was Esther Paxton, not with that annoying ready-made cheerfulness that is oftimes more repellant than cold indifference, but possessed of that wholesome goodness of heart which ever seeks to put the brightest interpretation on the darkest phases of existence. Sorrow had but given her that indefinable tenderness with all suffering, which goes by that common and often much-abused term of sympathy. Resolute as she was loving, this sweet, blue-eyed woman determined to make an honorable living by the fruits of her pen, for Roger Paxton, beyond leaving his wife and baby a slender competence had died a poor man, grieving in his heart of hearts that his life thread had abruptly snapped before the fulfillment of his lofty ambitions.

But story-writing is not the easy task the indolent reader may imagine and life in a great, crowded city upon limited means is a hard struggle, and though Esther never wavered, there were moments when the tender, emotional nature shrank before the severely hard manner of a well-meaning but sorely-harassed publisher. It was so hard for her to realize that even one's most sacred thoughts must be bartered and haggled over for the bread that perisheth. The airy fabrications of her imagination received many a cruel shock from contact with a penurious landlord, and rents, taxes, and water rates were bugbears which she often wished in the bottom of the sea; but still she built her castles in the air in view of the day when she would have secured enough to give Joy that ideal home far removed from their small city lodgings. Her success with short stories had led her to undertake several well-written articles on current topics. Their reception was so encouraging as to justify her ambition to write a work immortal. (What writer worth the name does not sigh for immortality?) It was slow work, but she persevered, nerved by the thought of Joy. The child's merry prattle served as an inspiration many a time when the days were dark, and the weary brain and fingers lagged at their task, but the child soon learned from a study of her mother's face when to be jubilant and when to refrain.

One day a messenger brought to her door one of those fateful yellow missives which always caused her heart to throb painfully on opening. It ran: "Come at once; am very ill.

Margaret Douglass."

Margaret! bonnie, brown-eyed Margaret ill, perhaps dying! Certainly she would go, and her hasty preparations were made within the next hour.

The lasting quality of girl friendships has often been underestimated, and womankind is herself to blame for allowing petty jealousies to creep in and sever the loving ties which among men are such comparatively easy and lifelong affairs. But the regard of these two was exceptional. Even when Margaret with her lighter, more captivating manner had carried away the heart of the man whom Esther secretly loved, their friendship had remained as firm as ever. "Mizpah" with all that its beautiful meaning conveys, was to them a perpetual watchword.

With many loving embraces Esther relinquished her precious Joy to the care of a kind neighbor, who was only too pleased to have the child's company. Soon the massive portals of the Union Station were left behind and Esther was whirled on and on through the silent night to the bedside where even now her lifelong friend might be dying, or dead. She had dreaded this for Margaret. Sweet, winsome, clinging heart! Torn from the husband of one short year by the cruel demands of war, which, like the brave soldier he was, he never thought of questioning. And then the overwhelming news of his death! She had longed so to be with Margaret and comfort her regardless of her own bitter pain. And here she was at last. It was worse than even she had feared. The shock of the soldier's death had been too much for her and now she was actually dying,—dying just as the wounded heart had tasted the sweet overflowings of mother love for the tiny life of her baby boy—the life she had paid for with her own.

"Take him, Esther," said the feeble voice. "Promise me you will care for him as your own. Oh! if I could only take him with me—but you promise."

And fearlessly and unhesitatingly the vow was taken. Very soon came the sleep of the beloved, the weary head pillowed on the true heart that had never failed her. Lingering only long enough to see the last of Margaret's wasted form, and grudging every moment now spent away from her darling Joy, Esther at length found herself once more in busy Toronto, once more a participant in the hum and roar of the mighty city, but this time experiencing the novelty of a new sensation. Apparently unconscious of the gaze curious passers-by bestowed upon her she made the best of her way home by the aid of a crowded car, carrying all the while in her loving arms the innocent cause of observation—the tiny white-robed baby. She had scarcely given a thought to the fact that it was Christmas eve, so preoccupied had she been with Margaret's troubles. "Won't Joy be delighted! What could be better? How often she has longed for a genuine live doll from Santa Claus, and here it is sure enough. Reaching home at an hour when Joy was safely and soundly sleeping, thanks to the kindly neighbor, the tiny new-comer was tenderly disrobed, fed and hushed to slumber in the loving arms of his new-found mother.

We will pass over Joy's unbounded delight on that happy Christmas morning, and the restraint that had to be imposed to prevent her pulling the coverings off the baby face and hugging him too tightly every instant of the day and pass on to another Christmas day, a year from the time little Guard Douglass had first entered Esther's home.

More than once during that time she had felt a throbbing anxiety as to how she should manage with a little life so very dependent, and many were her speculations as to the future, but as for regret, she felt none, for the chilling criticisms of friends and acquaintances she cared not one whit. I doubt if she ever thought of applying that sweetest of sayings, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least"—though very few in all the great city merited that praise more than she, if all the year's privations and self denials were made known. The babe had been a marvel of good nature—for there are exceptions even in babies. As Christmas drew near Esther put into practice an idea she had long formulated in her thoughtful mind. "It's to right my boy, and I'll try it. I can but fail, and in the years gone by little Guard's grandparents were very kind. I wonder if they ever thought I would—but there now I must never think of that even to myself. I wonder what could have prejudiced them so against poor Margaret. I wonder how it is that disappointment can make people so bitter. But I will write him anyway, for he must be hard indeed who could withstand such a grandson. How shall I give him up? But he may take no notice of my letter. It is my duty to try. It will do his grandfather good to have the boy. He is such a little image of the long-lost son."

It grieved the proud heart of the old man that with all the advantages of birth and education his only son should be bent on a military life—the rough and ready life of the soldier. To crown all he had married a girl whom he could not approve from a financial standpoint or indeed from any other. All her uretty ways were lost on her husband's father from the very beginning.

"A pretty pair of fools; I wash my hands of them entirely." And he did. Notwithstanding, he felt a thrill of pride when his son was selected for a Canadian contingent in the South African War, but he never disclosed it. His wife had fretted and pined in secret for her boy and finally crept away from the misery of her burden rendered intolerable by the news of her darling's death. Even after her death the old man preserved a stubborn cover and made no effort to learn the whereabouts of his son's wife, the sweet girl bride who, too, had fallen a victim to the curse of war.

Little Guard was just a year old, and a merry little prattler and toddler he was when Esther's letter reached the stern old grandfather. All day long the child would follow Esther about or sit contentedly on the floor playing with the ever attentive Joy, during which interval the hard-worked mother would find time to snatch a few minutes for her writing which had suffered severely from neglect during the year.

This Christmas the children had been promised a good old-fashioned dinner, "just like mother used to have when she was a little girl" and great and profound had been the responsibility of helping mother prepare for it. "We's is'ent berry big lot of children's is we, said the vivacious Joy, comparing the quantity of delicious edibles with the size of the family. Esther sighed. Alone in the world almost and how keenly the ache is felt at this season as at no other. But only for an instant, and the old brave self is asserted. Catching up the baby boy while Joy capered in wildest glee round her they made a circuit of the room in a series of dances that delighted the mirth-loving little Guard beyond measure. They had only paused for breath when a knock came and a tall, dignified-looking old gentleman was admitted whom Esther instantly recognized as Hugh Douglass, Guard's grandfather. The awkwardness of the greeting was broken by the children themselves, who made friends with him from the start, and it was not so hard a matter to explain as he had thought. Indeed, Esther wanted no explanation. Her innate sympathy divined all that the father had suffered through the son but which promised to be more than made up in the love of a little child. Reparation had been with him a very tardy task, but now he meant it to be a thorough one. Without making any wordy confession he gave Esther to understand clearly how genuine was his sorrow for his long-continued hardness of heart. Fondling his little grandson there came a swift heart-rending recollection of the time when his own boy had sat just so on his knee and patted with loving fingers his father's loving face.

"I want to take him with me. I must, yet what can an old man like me do with a baby. I could not think of trusting him to servants. Will you, madam, who have done everything for him thus far bring your little girl and make your home with us. I have ample means for all. Oh! God to think that but for you this little one would have been thrown on the mercy of the world while I sat selfishly in the midst of plenty! Esther pondered. It would mean freedom from incessant toil, and had she not promised her dying friend? Yes; she would. "Just for her sake she whispered to herself. Now to dinner. But the atmosphere of that Christmas day seemed charged with galvanic batteries. They had just seated themselves when another rap was heard. They all started and wondered who it could be, for they were usually a quiet little group. Esther hesitated before opening the door. Did some voice from the past, some unseen presence of a long-lost friend rise before her spiritual vision? Could it be? Yes, it must be the long-lost soldier! No spirit, but a veritable substance. "Esther! Guard!" But who can describe the effect of the apparition on his father? "Father, have you forgiven me," from one; and "my boy! my boy! there is nothing to forgive!" from the other. "But tell us, tell us, how can it be you are yet alive, and why are you here?"

It would take too long to enter into the details of that sad story of gory struggle, of a wound so nigh unto death that he was reported dead indeed, of the slow and painful returning to life, and after long months to hear the news of his wife's death. Strange that no mention of his baby boy had reached him in the long and dreary interval since then, when he had begged to be allowed to remain in Africa; anywhere away from his broken home and unrelenting father. But a softer spirit and an utter loathing of the butchery in which he mingled from day to day stole over him as Christmas tide drew near, and he had asked and obtained leave to come home. Home to his father! Not finding him there he had after some difficulty ascertained his father's errand to Toronto and followed him as quickly as steam and electricity could carry him. Again he had experienced some delay through mistaking the street and number but here he was, less boyishly handsome, but infinitely manly, the sadness of the past portraying itself in a gravity which sat all too steadfastly on the face of one so young.

The form of dinner was over at last, the little Guard found himself possessed of more relatives than his little mind could grasp, and had to be taken up and comforted by the one friend he had known—his and his mother's friend in very truth.

Looking at the grave noble face of the one who held his boy so closely in her protecting arms, Guard Douglass, the returned soldier, thought he never saw a sweeter sight or one that thrilled him so strangely. He wondered he had never seen the inner beauty of Esther's face as he beheld it now.

It was a proof that Esther's love for Margaret's boy surmounted all obstacles of pride and womanly reserve that she did not break her promise of accompanying little Guard to his ancestral home where if the wishes of three generations can be regarded, she will go no more out forever.

FANCY WAIST.
32 to 40 Bust.

Waists that include a square neck effect are held peculiarly smart and admit of many combinations and contrasts. The admirable example shown is made of Liberty satin in pastel pink with trimming of black velvet ribbon, overlaid with tiny lace applique, yoke and cuffs of Irish crochet and full front of chiffon; but all the fashionable soft silks, and all colors, are worn. And such light weight wools as albatross, veiling and the like, in white and light tints make charming materials for entire gowns, to which purpose the design is well suited.

The foundation lining is smoothly fitted, and closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the deep pointed yoke, the full front and the waist proper, which closes invisibly beneath the left front and at the left shoulder seam. The sleeves are snug at the lower portions, flaring over the hands, the upper portions being gathered to fall in a puff over the elbows.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size 3 yards of material 21 inches wide, 2¾ yards 27 inches wide or 1½ yards 44 inches wide will be required, with 1½ yards of all-over lace, ¾ yards of chiffon, 6 yards each of velvet ribbon and lace applique to combine and trim as illustrated.

Chosen From a Multitude.

The Preference Shown by Thinking People for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine—Record Sales This Season.

Considering the large number of remedies for coughs and colds that are now offered to the public, and in view of the fact that nearly every druggist has a preparation of his own which he makes an effort to substitute for the medicine asked for, it seems truly remarkable that the demand for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine should increase by such leaps and bounds.

During October the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine exceeded by several hundred bottles the record of any previous month in its history. When it is remembered that this preparation received very little newspaper advertising the evidence seems to be conclusive that it makes its way by sheer force of merit.

Thinking people recognize the harmfulness and danger of using strong drugs which are said to cure a cold in a few hours. They prefer to cling to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, which they know beyond a doubt to be a thorough and effective treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, throat irritation, asthma, and even consumption itself.

The combination of Linseed and Turpentine, with half a dozen other ingredients of equal value for treating colds, in such proportions as they are found in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has proven to be a perfect protection against such developments as pneumonia, consumption and serious lung troubles. You can with certainty rely on this preparation to afford prompt relief and perfect cure.

Do you suppose that the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine would be more than three times that of any similar preparation if it was not the most effective remedy that money can buy? It has stood the test and proven itself worthy of the confidence that is placed in it. People recommend it one to another, and so the good news spreads. Be sure you get the genuine, with Dr. Chase's portrait and signature on the wrapper; 25 cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE BENIGN MICROBES

WITHOUT THEM LIFE WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE.

Man's Indebtedness to the Little Helpers His Eyes Cannot See.

Microbes kill about fifteen million human beings a year. Every one who dies of smallpox, fever, plague, consumption or any other of the long list of diseases known to humanity is killed by microbes of various degrees of malignance. So it seems at first sight that the greatest boon which could be conferred upon the human race would be the abolition of microbes from the face of this planet. If this could be actually accomplished and all microbes wiped out in a moment, infectious diseases would certainly disappear, but so also would a good many other things Like fire, microbes are bad masters, but, on the other hand, such good servants that without them life would be impossible for a week, says the Washington Times.

Ever since the first farmer turned cream into butter man has been making microbes work for him. A microbe shaped like a little rod ferments cream, and without it no amount of shaking or churning would turn the cream into butter. A similar microbe converts curd into cheese. The butter and cheese microbes must have air, and cheese, like Roquefort and Gruyere differ in flavor from having been exposed to the air for a longer or shorter time.

The yearly liquor allowance of a British inhabitant is about thirty-three and one-quarter gallons. But for microbes, there would be no such thing as wine, beer or spirits. Beer yeast is nothing but a microbe which grows so quickly that one becomes 35,000 in forty-eight hours. It works so hard turning sugar into spirit that unless it is given full play will burst a cask or bottle like so much gunpowder. These microbes, when under a microscope, look like strings of roughly made beads. The microbe that turns grape juice into wine resides on the skin of the grape; the one that makes the malt and hop liquor seethe and work is generally started to business by putting into the mixture some of the scum from

OLD FERMENTED BEER.

Bakers would be badly off indeed if millions of slaves in the way of microbes were not ready to work for them. A morsel of yeast is put into a mixture of flour and water, and masses of little workers immediately turn to and convert the starch of the flour into sugar and—when this is done—the sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. The gas rises, and turns the stodgy dough into a light sponge, leaving the baker nothing to do but mould his loaves and put them into the oven.

Another useful little microbe is always toiling away turning cider or wine into vinegar for our pickles and salads. "Mother of vinegar," as this little creature is known, looks, when magnified, like a series of tiny chains with rather long links. It does its work quite unaided. All it asks is to be kept from great cold. Vinegar makers usually put 100 pints of vinegar into a barrel, with ten pints of wine. In a week this is all vinegar. Ten pints are drawn off, ten pints of fresh wine added, and the work begins anew.

Gunpowder seems an odd thing to owe to microbes but gunpowder could not be made without saltpetre, and saltpetre is the result of the long-continued industry of millions of microbes. This special microbe feeds on decomposing animal matter, and, where there is any potash near by, produces saltpetre. All those enormous beds of saltpetre which made millionaires of Chilean miners like the late Col. North, could never have existed but for this particular microbe.

Saltpetre, or nitre, in some form is absolutely necessary for the growth of plants, so here again, the microbe is doing good work for the farmer. A certain kind of microbe is so fond of nitrogen that it steals it from the air. A field of wheat, the soil of which has been inoculated with this microbe, grows magnificently, and produces splendid crops. The farmer of the future will carry his fertilization to his farm in a small glass bottle, instead of hauling it by the ton with heavy horses and carts.

A freshly cut piece of chalk taken from a chalkpit with all possible precautions, to exclude air germs, furnishes numbers of living microbes. It is now believed that we owe all the huge existing beds of that very useful substance to a microbe. If this is the case, house builders would have had no lime, and consequently no mortar but for this busy form of

INVISIBLE LIFE.

Now that every existing disease, from leprosy down to a boil, has been found to result from the misdirected energy of some microbe, science has harnessed these evil growths, dwarfed them, and is using them to fight their parents. Two centuries ago Turkish doctors were making the smallpox microbe help them, though at that time no one had ever heard of a microbe. Lady Mary Wortley Montague wrote home to England from Belgrade in the year 1718, telling how her boy had been inoculated for smallpox. That was, of course, long before Jenner had discovered that cowpox microbes were just as good as and much less dangerous for smallpox than were the smallpox microbes themselves.

Vaccination having proved such an immense success, Pasteur and others considered that all diseases might possibly be fought in the same kind of way. Pasteur's most famous experiments have been for the cure of hydrophobia. This terrible form of madness is caused by a poison inoculated by the teeth of a mad dog or other animal. The poison from a wolf's mouth is the worst; from that of a dog, next in virulence. Pasteur discovered that hydrophobia germs from a monkey were not so virulent as those from a dog, and that, by inoculating a rabbit or a guinea-pig, the poison might be still further reduced in strength.

The first human being saved by these weakened microbes was Joseph Meister, a boy of 9 years, who was bitten by a mad dog on the 4th of July, 1885. During the next ten days thirteen injections were made, getting gradually stronger and stronger. The boy got well, and since that time, these microbes in harness have been used to save hundreds of lives yearly. Only five per thousand of Pasteur patients die.

"No man ever obtained anything worth having without working hard for it," said Mrs. Bickers to her husband, who was in a discouraged mood. "That's so," replied Mr. Bickers, reflectively. "I remember that I obtained you without the slightest difficulty."

Canada House,

Corner Water and St. John Sts., Chatham.

LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM

Every attention paid to THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.

Located in the business centre of the town Stabling and Stable Attendance first-rate.

Wm. Johnston, Proprietor

The Factory

JOHN McDONALD & CO.
(Successors to George Cassady.)

Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' Furnishings generally.
Lumber Planed and Matched to order.

BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING

Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.

East End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

Mark You!

We have the BEST Studio, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the

Best Photographs.

Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to please every time.

—IF YOU WANT—
Picture Frames
Photographs or
Tintypes

Come and See Us.

Mersereau's Photo Rooms
Water Street, Chatham.

MACKENZIE'S
Quinine Wine and Iron

THE BEST TONIC AND
—BLOOD MAKER—
50c Bottles
We Guarantee it at
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.

WE DO
Job Printing

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.

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.

Miramichi Advance Job Printing Office
CHATHAM, N. B.

THE GERMAN POLICE.

They Overshadow Everything in the Fatherland.

A stranger in Germany soon makes the acquaintance of the police, little as he may desire it. A German socialist once said, "It takes half of all the Germans to control the other half," and one who sees Germany's immense army, her cloud of officials, great and small, and her omniscient policemen, is inclined to believe that the socialist was right. You have been in Germany a week, more or less, when the policeman calls. At first you cannot believe that he is really after you, and then your mind runs back guiltily over the past. He takes out his little book—one of a small library of books which he carries in his blouse—and inquires your age, your nationality, and how long you intend to stay. You learn subsequently that a record of every person in the empire is carefully kept, with full details as to his occupation, material wealth, and social standing. If you move into a new house, you must notify the police; if you move out, you must notify the police; if you hire a servant girl you must purchase a yellow blank and report the fact, the girl also making a report. When she leaves, you must send in a green blank stating why she is dismissed, where she is going, and so on. If you fail in any one of these multitudinous requirements of the government—and I have mentioned only a few of them—there is a fine to pay, each fine graduated to the enormity of the offense. There are offenses graded as low as two cents.

An ingenious device invented by a horse for adding to the comfort and beauty of a man while exercising.

A LUCKY BARGAIN.

It is said that a foreman stereotyper in a London printing works has had a curious windfall. Going to a sale of musical instruments he purchased a harpischord for twenty shillings, because, having a hobby for fretwork, he fancied the wood of the front panel. When he got his purchase home he dissected it. He then discovered that the harpischord had a double back, and presently between the boards he found very old Bank of England notes, the total face value of which amounts to £30,000.