

Carleton Sentinel.

DR. M. F. BRUCE,
Office—Over "Apothecaries Hall," Cor.
King and Main Streets.
Residence—At D. F. MERRITT'S, Esq., Broadway,
near Mechanics Institute.
Diseases of the EYE and EAR attended to
as specialists.
Woodstock, Dec. 13, 1877—51.

Dr. C. P. CONNELL,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
Office and Residence at Mrs. Charles Connell's.

Dr. N. R. Colter,
at his residence, Chapel Street
Woodstock, June 8, 1877—29

Dr. REYNOLDS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CENTRAL OFFICE:
UPPER CORNER, WOODSTOCK
Residence—Mr. Archibald Plummer's,
Jacksonville Road.
[29-45]

DR. E. CHURCHILL,
OFFICE—Residence of Mr. Israel Churchill,
Main Street, Woodstock.
40

DR. F. A. NEVENS,
Physician and Surgeon,
604 Hartland, Carleton Co., N. B.
19

DR. E. W. PERRY,
Victoria Corner,
CARLETON COUNTY.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE AT REV. J. PERRY'S
July 16, 1877—37-39.

W. F. COLEMAN, M. D., M. B. C. S. ENG.
Formerly Surgeon to Toronto Eye and Ear
Infirmary.
Practice limited to diseases of the Eye and Ear.
OFFICE: 32 GERRARD STREET,
Corner North Market Street, St. John, N. B.
Hours—10 to 12, and 2 to 5.
19-16

W. A. BALLOOH,
Dentist.
OFFICE—At his Residence, Connell Street,
Woodstock, May 17, 1877

W. D. CAMBER,
DENTIST.
OFFICE—In Connell's Wooden Block, Queen
Street.

RANDOLPH K. JONES,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
OFFICE—Until further notice, at his residence,
west side Main Street, fifth house above office of
Registrar of Deeds.
Woodstock, May 10, 1875—21

SAMUEL J. BAKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor, Conveyancer, &c.
Grand Falls, Victoria County, N. B.

G. W. VANWART,
EXCHANGE BROKER,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
ISSUES DRAFTS ON St. John, and Boston.
Makes TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS in all
cities.
Particular attention given to buying and
selling United States Currency.
Agent for the following first-class Insurance
companies, viz: Lancashire,
"Queen" and "Lancashire."
Woodstock, March 9, 1872—10

WILLIAM R. NEWCOMB,
STAGE HOUSE—TOBIQUE.
Comfortable Extra Furnished at the
lowest rates for party.

J. T. FLETCHER,
Architect and Builder,
RESIDENCE, WATERVILLE.

HAVING a thorough practical knowledge of
Constructive Architecture in all its details,
I am prepared to furnish Plans, Specifications, Bills
of Materials and Estimates for all kinds of Buildings,
either public or private, on reasonable terms. A
specialty made of first-class work.

Perfection at Last!
The Raymond Singers
GIVE entire satisfaction to every person in
this County who have the fortune to meet
to buy one. If you do not believe it ask those
who use them. A new lot just received; all
wanting a good Machine will do well by visiting
or seeing me at once.
I now have no agent travelling for me, but
will deliver Machines free of expense, in Carleton
or Victoria Counties.
J. O. EMERY.
Woodstock, Oct. 17, 1877—42

Up and at it Again!
Burned Out,
But Still We Live!

HAVING erected large and commodious build-
ings on the burned site, and now prepared
to wait on all who want anything in the Carriage
Manufacturing line, either in wood or iron work.
Don't forget the Shop, on Connell Street
first building from Main Street corner.

JOHN LOANE,
built from the latest patterns, some of which are
patented by me, and are of the best material.
Painting, Trimming and Repairing done.
TERMS, &c., to give satisfaction.
Frederickton, November 26, 1875—48

Still Alive!
THROUGH the skillful treatment of Dr.
Connell, &c., &c., I am enabled once more
to offer to my friends and the public my
services as a Tailor and Cutter, and respectfully
solicit a portion of the public patronage.
Particular attention paid to Cutting.
Shop upstairs, over Messrs. Chalmers Bros.
Grocery Store, in Mr. Wm. Hamilton's large
building, near my old stand.

JOSEPH DENT,
Tailor and Cutter.
Woodstock, Nov. 9, 1877—45

Farmers of Carleton,
REMEMBER THAT
HANSON
IS FAYING
HIGHEST CASH PRICE
FOR
Oats and Produce Generally.
U. B. HANSON,
Office with J. F. LEONARD.
Woodstock, Nov. 9, 1877

NOTICE
TO MERCHANTS AND FARMERS.
THE undersigned having secured suitable
premises are prepared to buy or sell on
commission, all kinds of farm produce, &c., at
highest market prices obtained; consignments
solicited.
For particulars enquire of James Boyd, Wood-
stock, who will attend to the proper shipping of
any produce consigned to him.
ALBERT C. SMITH,
Carleton, St. John,
JAMES BOYD.
Woodstock, Dec. 13, 1877—3m-3p

WANTED! Agents to sell the MAJOR PEN-
is available. Everybody wants it. Sample 10
cents. Write to J. F. LEONARD, Catalogue for stamp.
MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 20, 1877.

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS,
VOL. XXX.—NO. 4.
WOODSTOCK, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1878.
WHOLE NO.—1504.

GIBSON HOUSE,
Queen Street, - Woodstock, N. B.
A First-Class Temperance Hotel.
Superior Stable in Connection.
A. GIBSON, Proprietor.
JOHN C. GIBSON, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL,
QUEEN STREET, - FREDERICKTON.
J. P. BURNHAM, Proprietor.
(Formerly of "Small House," Houlton, Me.)
Firmly Stable in connection with the House.
Sept. 1, 1874—13-36

Stephenson's Hotel,
THE above pleasantly and centrally situated
house has been put in good condition, and is
again open to the public, under the charge of its
old proprietor.
Good stabling and careful hostler.
WOODSTOCK, July 27th, 1878.—31

ROYAL HOTEL,
King's Square,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.
13-31

Robert Donaldson
HAS OPENED HIS NEW HOUSE,
on Richmond Street, a short distance
from where the "Exchange" Hotel
stood, where he is prepared to accom-
modate a large number of guests.
Permanent and Transient Boarders.
Woodstock, Nov. 9, 1877—45

WINSLOW & CHANDLER,
Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law,
CONVEYANCERS, &c.
OFFICE: KING STREET, OVER POST OFFICE,
WOODSTOCK, N. B.
JOHN C. WINSLOW. 45 W. B. CHANDLER.

ALFRED LETTS,
Teacher of Piano and Organ.
Agent for Organs and Pianos of every make;
Book and Sheet Music.
GIBSON HOUSE.
Woodstock, October 19, 1877—42

James W. Boyer
OFFERS FOR SALE, AT THE STEAM MILL,
VICTORIA CORNER,
40,000 FEET Seasoned Pine,
100,000 feet seasoned Hemlock Boards;
A quantity of BASSWOOD, ASH, and other
hardwood, suitable for all kinds of work.
A quantity of SHINGLES also for sale.
Sawing done to suit customers.
Victoria Corner, July 2, 1877—41-27

MRS. WM. C. SHAW
HAS REMOVED HER
Millinery and Fancy Goods Store
into Mr. Henry R. Baird's, where she will
continue to sell her goods as usual, and will be
very glad to see her friends.
MRS. WM. C. SHAW.
Woodstock, Dec. 13th, 1877—3m-3p

Important from Fredericton!
H. A. CROPLEY,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,
PRINTER,
BOOKBINDER, PAPER-RULER,
AND
Blank Book Manufacturer,
Opposite the Provincial Normal School, Queen
Street, Fredericton. 46

Wanted, at Gallagher's
Grocery and Dry Goods Store,
A large quantity of
Butter and Eggs.
In exchange for Goods.

THE PLACE—Next door to B. H. Smith's
Store, south side Melancthon Bridge, Woodstock.
Formerly a Grocery and Liquor Store.
Woodstock, June 18, 1877—23

Insurance Agency.
THE undersigned Agents for the following First
Class Fire Insurance Companies, and is pre-
pared to receive applications for insurance on
all descriptions of insurable property at lowest
rates.
Liverpool & London & Globe.
North British and Mercantile of Edin-
burgh.
Northern of Aberdeen.
Royal Canadian of Montreal.
Standard of Quebec.
The aggregate Capital of which exceeds \$30,
000,000 of dollars.
Dwelling House, Farm property, as well as
Furniture contained therein, insured by the year
or for a term of years at greatly reduced rates.
Merchandise and other property covered
on the lowest possible terms.
Dwellings, School Houses and places of Wor-
ship insured for term of years, or by the year
as follows:
For one year 1 per cent.
For two years 2 per cent.
For three years 3 per cent.
Losses of property burnt by lightning made
good to further their interests.
OFFICE: IN POST OFFICE.
JOHN C. WINSLOW,
Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, &c.
Woodstock, July 13, 1876.

NOTICE.
THE undersigned will receive Tenders for the
erecting of the Alms House and Farm be-
longing to the Parish of Woodstock, from the
first day of May next. Specifications and
conditions made known upon personal ap-
plication to J. McCracken, Tenders to be opened
February 1st, 1878.
Also Tenders for Professional services of a
M. D. and midwife for the poor of the Town
and Parish of Woodstock for the year 1878;
these to be opened Dec. 31st, 1877.
JAS. H. JACQUES,
JOHN MOOREHEAD,
JOHN MOOREHEAD,
WOODSTOCK, Dec. 11, 1877—50

Surveying.
STEPHEN E. STEVENS,
INDIAN TOWN, ST. JOHN.
Office in Hamm's Building.

THE subscriber in returning thanks to his nu-
merous patrons for past favors, begs to re-
mind them and the public that he is still prepared
with greatly increased accommodations, to prosecute his
business as Surveyor or Landman.
Parties entrusting him with his care may be
assured that his best and personal attention will be
given to further their interests.
Lumber will be received, and advances made
thereon, at SPRING HILL, when desired.
13-18

LONG'S HOTEL,
MOST PLEASANTLY SITUATED,
Corner of King and York Streets,
FREDERICKTON, N. B.
GEO. LONG, Proprietor.
Superior Stabling and a careful hostler.
16

HARNESS! HARNESS!
THE subscriber having fitted up a commodious
shop, on the corner of Main and Harvey
Streets, two doors below Mr. James Baker's Shoe
Store, is now prepared with
Harness of every Description!
Single Harness, in Gilt, Rubber, Nickel Silver,
and all the cheaper grades.
DOUBLE HARNESS,
in Light Driving, Buggy, Stage, Farm, and Lum-
ber Harness.

COLLARS, WHIPS, BELLS,
and everything usually found in a first-class Har-
ness Shop. All of which will be sold at prices to
suit the times.
Thanking his customers for their liberal pat-
ronage in the past, he hopes, by strict attention
to business, to merit a continuance of the same.
These indebted to the subscriber will please re-
member that he was burned out by the recent
fire and is much in need of money, by settling
immediately they will confer a great favor.
Please don't forget.
WOODSTOCK, August 17, 1877
T. L. ESTEY.

Great Reduction of Prices!
I am now selling both
Light and Heavy HARNESS
at prices never before had; and you have
only to call and be convinced that I am manufac-
turing harness superior in style and quality.
All of which will be sold at prices that will aston-
ish you. Every Harness warranted to give
satisfaction.
I have also on hand a large assortment of
Whips, Brushes, Curry Combs,
Bells, Blankets,
and everything that can be found in a first-class
shop. These Goods will be sold at prices that
will suit the times. All that I wish them off.
In this line can save money by giving me a call.
Don't forget the place, No. 2, Loane's
New Building, Connell Street.
L. K. BAKER.
Woodstock, October 19, 1877—42

TUPPER'S LIVERY STABLE.
Opposite "Gibson House"
Coaches at all Trains and Boats.
EXTRAS FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE.
Woodstock, Nov. 22, 1877—27.

Removed to New Stables.
Opposite "Gibson House"
Coaches at all Trains and Boats.
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Poetry.
"Our Own."
If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I had when you went away
I'd have been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we've "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.
For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can never set right.
We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But not for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
And hearts have broken
For a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Select Tale.
On with the Old Love.
A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Miss Jane Finch was lonely; the sea-
son was an old one, and she was at a
loss what to do with it. She had lived
for fifteen years a solitary life, had pre-
pared herself for a decade and a half on
the great and indifferent to the
rest of the great human family, and now
she grew suddenly weary of her self-im-
posed isolation. It might be because it
was Thanksgiving week, and everybody
about her was so busy and bustling and
happy, or it might be from many other
reasons; but whatever the cause, the
fact remains that, on a certain sunny
morning in November, Miss Finch awoke
to the knowledge that her condition was
not to be envied.

In vain she tried to argue herself back
into her old self-sufficiency. It was
just as true now as it was yesterday that
her brother James had married Sarah
Jones—a girl she thought she had good
reason to like. In that moment she
no pleasure to be gained from comparing
their poverty with their riches.

A monster turkey was just being
brought into the next door neighbor's;
it reminded her that the following day
was Thanksgiving, and also reminded her
that she had to provide, without help,
with the culinary wares, without which
Thanksgiving dinner might be properly
celebrated.

It always made Miss Finch's face burn
to think of Captain Abel—first
cousin to her obnoxious sister-in-law—
Long ago, when she was a child, they
had been lovers, and she had loved him
as much as she could. She had known
Abel Jones and Jenny Finch were to be
man and wife; but one evening she ran
over to Sarah's (they had once been
close friends), and hearing voices in the
paddock, she stopped a moment to dis-
cover what was going on. In that moment
she had seen Miss Sarah crying, as if her
heart would break, with her head on Ab-
el's shoulder.

Quite ignoring the fact that these two
had been brought up together, and that
Abel had time and again told her that
Sarah was just the girl for him, and that
she loved him, Miss Finch grew righteously
indignant; yet she was just—very just;
indeed! she would not judge them on
this evidence, although to most any one
it would have been proof enough of a
very disagreeable fact; but she would
wait, and see how their conversation ac-
corded with their position. So she waited.

"Don't cry," said Mr. Abel Jones, plead-
ingly. "I am sure I can fix me as you
think; and you know, Sarah, how dear
you are to me. I'll break it to her
gently, and I'm sure she'll give me up
of her own accord."

Now, Miss Finch hadn't a jealous na-
ture, not at all; but the most unspontaneous
idiot in the universe could not have mis-
understood that speech. It was very
evident he meant to be free from her—
Sarah was just the girl for him, and that
they knew of her presence, walked
home at railroad speed, and with a pro-
per self-respect, immediately tied up his
picture, his few presents and his few
letters, and sent them back to him with
the pretense that she found she
didn't like him well enough to marry
him, and should be obliged if he would
release her from her engagement.

She didn't propose to be jilted by him
—and she wasn't.
—Then she went off on a visit, stayed two
months, and came home to find her
brother engaged to her friend, and her
father's money gone.

In vain she endeavored to prevent this
marriage. Her brother would not be
convinced, without absolute proof, that
Sarah Jones was not a perfect woman. But
pride prevented her giving him the one
fact of which she had become possessed,
and so the two were married, and she
took her fortune (left her by her father's
only sister) and herself to another town,
gradually withdrew herself more and
more from the world, until, at twenty-six
she was a confirmed misanthrope, seeing
no one.

This sort of existence she had kept up
until the time of her story opens.
Why Sarah Jones married James
Finch, and why Abel Jones was still a
bachelor sea-captain, were mysteries she
did not trouble herself to explain. Sure
enough they spent their lives.

To-day Miss Finch, in thinking over
her past, acknowledged to herself for the
first time that she might have been happy;
not so far as the stalwart sailor was con-
cerned, but about her brother.

"I don't suppose I ought to have ex-
pected him to give up his sweetheart
without any reason," she thought. "I
shouldn't have done it myself. I believe
I'll send them a good Thanksgiving din-
ner. From all I can hear, they ain't able
to do much in that line for themselves;
and with a sudden twinge of conscience,
the more acute for being unusual, Miss
Finch hurried on her bonnet and shawl,
and started off to market.

Oh, the marvelous purchases she
made! Pumpkins, and cranberries, and
turkeys, and chickens, and barrels of po-
tatoes, onions, apples, flour and every-
thing else in the eating line that could
be desired.

"I'll give 'em a Thanksgiving that
will last the winter," she said, grimly;
and then, all of a sudden, she felt a great
desire to partake of the good things she
had generously provided.

"I've a good mind to go down and eat
dinner with 'em. I don't know as I'll
be welcome, but they can't do more than
shut the door in my face. I believe I'll
try it any way. James and I are the
only ones left, and I don't think it is
right we should live any longer in this
way. According to all accounts, Sarah's
been a good wife to him."

And so that night Miss Finch started
off for a visit to her brother's.

James Finch looked forward to Thank-
sgiving day with no great pleasure.
Captain Abel had just returned from a
voyage to the Indies, and as was
his custom, repaired immediately to the
home of his cousin Sarah, there to remain
until such time as his ship should be
ready to start again.

"And you hear nothing at all from
Jenny?"
To him James Finch, spinsters, aged
forty-one, was not the grim, formidable
woman she seemed to everybody else.
He had not seen her since her girlhood,
and his memories of her were all of that
happy time.

"No," said James Finch, sadly. "We
hear of her, but nothing from her. She
still lives alone, and refuses to hold com-
munion with any of us."

Captain Jones looked around the poorly
furnished little room, and sighed.
"She has changed greatly," he said;
"if she can enjoy her wealth, while you
are struggling in this style. I cannot
understand it. But there's no use
talking it over. Years ago we decided
that it was impracticable. Come, to-
morrow is Thanksgiving, and we must
bestir ourselves to give it a hearty recep-
tion."

The husband and wife well knew that
that meant a Thanksgiving dinner for
Captain Jones proposed to provide the
Thanksgiving dinner. James Finch with
all his poverty was a proud man.
"I can't take it," said he resolutely.
"If I was in need Jones, I'd come to
you; but I can get along with my wife
without that; and so, until I'm unable to
provide myself with one I won't have any."

What the captain would have said,
must forever remain a mystery, as just
at that moment, the disputed dinner, in
the shape of Miss Jane's donation, drove
up to the door.

It was in vain that Mr. Finch protest-
ed that the lady was not for him. His
name and address on the card were cor-
rect, and the expressman refused to be
convinced.

Then the captain was impaled as the
sender; but his astonishment was so
suddenly genuine, that the vessel kept
in the universe could not but have be-
lieved him innocent.

But that mystery! Mrs. Sarah was a
utilitarian. She did not waste her ener-
gies in trying to imagine where the
things came from—not she! She rolled
up her sleeves, put on a big apron and
went to work.

Oh, the marvelous time she made that
day! But, after all, it was little wonder
for she impressed everybody—from the
best, good-natured captain to little six-
year-old Jimmy—into service.

Miss Jane made her appearance, bright
and early, on Thanksgiving morning.
Mrs. Sarah was alone in the kitchen
when she entered.

"How do you do, Sarah?" said she,
not very cordially it must be confessed,
for although prepared to extend the right
hand of fellowship to James and the lit-
tle ones, she could not, even now, look
upon her sister-in-law except as a traitor;
when she would be obliged to make the
best of it.

"Oh, Jane!" and Mrs. Sarah, with
one rush, left her cranberries to take care
of themselves, and gave her husband's
sister a hearty welcome that she de-
served. She didn't return her kiss, but
she suffered it; and though she did mut-
ter "Judas!" under her breath, I think
she was a good deal more comfortable
than she would have been if her hostess
had been as cold and stiff as herself.

Draw right up to the stove, and take
off your things, and the little woman
bustled about in a whirl of delight.
"Oh, won't James be glad! Dear
dear! He ought to be here this time.
And to think it's Thanksgiving day,
and we've got so much to be thankful for!"
And then her thoughts went back to
their unknown friend of the day before,
and like a flash the truth came to her.
"Jenny!" she said, "what a gain!"
"I see now, it was you sent these things."
Oh, dear! how can we ever thank you?
Then she rushed back to the cranberries,
which showed signs of stewing over, and
for the first time since her entrance, Miss
Jane had a chance to put in a word.

She had just opened her mouth to say
something in explanation of her sudden
appearance, when the door opened, and
in walked Captain Abel.

"Got anything for me to do, Sally?"
he asked, with a laugh; and then the
great-whiskered man stopped short, pre-
ceiving the stranger, who sat just in front
of the stove.

Miss Jane had been a beauty in her
youth, and even now was not at all ugly.
Her eyes were bright, her teeth were
white as ever, and her dimples were not
things of the past, by any manner of
means. But for a few wrinkles, and a
few lines about her mouth, she was the
girl of her hard life, she would have been
a very handsome woman. She had not
changed so much as had the captain;
but both were recognizable, and each
after one glance, knew the other. Mrs.
Sarah looked up from her cranberries
eagerly.

"Oh, Abel, here's Jane—Jane Finch!"
Captain Abel came forward, and ex-
tended his hand; but it was an awkward
meeting. They had not seen each other
since the breaking off of their engage-
ment—over a score of years before—and
both of them were uncomfortably con-
scious of the fact. But Captain Abel
drew a chair up to the stove, and tried
to talk as if he had forgotten all about it;
they discussed the weather, the crops
and everything else they cared nothing
about, until Mrs. Sarah, who was all in a
whirl with the surprise of Miss Jane's
visit, and who could not keep still—try
as she would—broke into the conversa-
tion with:
"Oh, Abel, do you remember the last
day we saw Jane, dear? What a mess I

was in! I was engaged to Jim, and no-
body knew it; and then, when I found
you and I should make a match of it,
I never shall forget the afternoon we de-
cided to tell her all about it. Goodness
how I cried—on your shoulder, too, Abe
—and how you tried to convince me that
poor man didn't care much about you, and
just as I was about to say something else,
it only explained it to her properly
—and you were right, too!"

And the little woman, quite over-
come by these reminiscences, opened the oven
door and commenced an energetic heat-
ing of the turkey contained therein.

Poor Miss Jane was too much astonish-
ed by this revelation to be prudent. She
said, breathlessly, of the captain:
"Why I was engaged to you!"
"I know it," she said. "But I thought
you—"

"Thought what?" and the captain
drew his chair up to her, and said:
"Was that the reason you acted so toward me?"
If silence gives consent, Miss Jane
confessed that it was, and he went on:
"Well, now that you know it wasn't
so, what are you going to do about it?"
And Captain Abel hitched his chair closer.

Miss Jane didn't pretend not to under-
stand.
"We're too old," she murmured.
But a week after, she was Mrs. Abel
Jones: so it is to be supposed that Cap-
tain Abel vetoed the motion.

A NEDDY'S THREE YEARS' JOURNEY.—Re-
cently a young woman named Melissa Ship-
p, whose rights are in Martin County, Indi-
ana, arrived at the city of New Orleans, and
in the city of the Old and Mississippi, road
for the purpose of receiving medical advice.
About three years ago, while walking across
the carpet of her room at her father's resi-
dence, she suddenly stepped upon a
piece of broken needle, which penetrated the
hollow of her left foot, sinking deeply into
the flesh. Her mother and mother repeated
efforts to draw the fragment from the
wound, but without success. Finally, a
piece of bacon-rind was bound on the punc-
tured part, and in a day or two the pain sub-
sided. A week later, however, the wound
perfectly healed. Miss Shipp continued to
go about and attend to her domestic duties
for several months after the accident, en-
tirely ignorant of the cause of her suffer-
ing. She had a small, but a sharp, pain in
her ankle began to pain her, and this contin-
ued for two or three months, at times suffer