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caught me, nor her look of a real lady, as something in her face which I'd never yet seen so plainly in any woman's. For all her beautiful fairness she had eyes which might have been twins of Paul's for depth and darkness—only his never seemed to ask anything, but only to go through yourself, while her's looked just like the very gates of Fairyland.

And, just now, it seemed to be a sad story they were telling. All the people round were talking and laughing, twenty-five to the dozen, or else whispering here and there; but she was standing up all alone under some tall ferns, silent and lost in herself, and yet seeming to be looking out all over the place, for somebody who didn't seem to be there. She wasn't looking at me, anyhow; so I could watch her at my ease, and I did, too, wondering if there was any way I could help her in, for she looked just like that; as if she wanted a man's help in something, and as if, in all Miles' company, there wasn't one to hold her out a straw to cling to. Every now and then I could see her press her teeth into her lower lip, and move her foot in quicker time than the music went to; and it was all out of impatience, for she looked too sad and anxious for anger.

I didn't know her name, and I hadn't seen her five minutes, and yet I caught myself out in an uncomfortable wonder if the somebody who hadn't come was young and a man—say one of Miles' military friends. No wonder he had lots of friends about him if this girl belonged to Mrs. Cregan.

At last I got so full of the notion that I began to feel like a fool and half like a spy; and as I didn't like that sensation, I made my way to the door of a big drawing-room, where I found out that Miles' wife was receiving the guests as they came in. I hadn't caught sight of Miles yet; but to look for a little man like him in such a crowd, all scattered through about a dozen rooms, was worse than looking for a needle in a bottle of hay.

Even with poor Kate fresh in my mind (so far as the girl on the stairs hadn't put her out again) I could not but own that Miles had gone more above himself in his second match than if he'd married another Connor. It was just amazing how such a lady could have taken up with a tailor-like attorney like Miles; but it's always hard for men to make out what women see in other men, barring themselves. If you'll realize your ideal of what a princess ought to be, but isn't always, you'll have a better picture of Mrs. Cregan than I can give you; and as to her style and her manner, she might be a queen. It just took my breath away. She wasn't young, but she was as handsome a woman of forty as I'd ever seen, with eyes and nose of an eagle, and the smile of a summer day. However, I went up to her, and made a bow, as if I'd been at court, and said, as well as the moving crowd round her would let me:—

"I'm afraid I'm late, but I've never too late to find the way into Paradise. Do you happen to know where I'll find my brother-in-law?"

I had not meant my second sentence to be quite so sudden, but a dozen people were wanting to speak to her all at once, so I had to put my question and my self-introduction into one and the same quick word. I thought she looked at me half puzzled for just the title of a second, but she gave me a fresh smile all to myself, and put out her hand, which I took warmly, and said:—

"I am very glad to see you indeed—late or early. No; I have not seen your brother-in-law for some little while. I hope—"

I don't know what else she was going to say, for just then somebody else came up, and then a second, and then a third, for there were later comers even than I; so I was obliged to give up the chance of chat just then, and may be an introduction to the girl on the stairs, and move on to look for Miles, wondering more and more at the way he was living now.

I half wished—my ancestors forgive me!—that I myself had been bred an attorney. I felt a sort of fascination drawing me back to the ferns on the stairs; but I fought against it hard, and looked about honestly for Miles.

"Excuse me," said a gentleman in spectacles, with whom I chanced to rub elbows, "I am very near-sighted. Can you tell me where the hostess happens to be just now?"

"My sister-in-law?" said I, feeling proud of Mrs. Cregan; and so might any man. "She's there, just behind that door."

"Ah, you are her brother-in-law? It's rather an informal way of opening an acquaintance, but I'm exceedingly glad to have made it. I dare say you've often heard her speak of her old friend, Lord Vernon? I am he. How is it? We have never met before? But ah, I remember you've been abroad for a long while, haven't you?"

"Yes," said I. "About ten years."

"That accounts for it, then. I did not know your brother before he married Lady Anne. You are in the army, aren't you?"

Think of Miles Cregan being married to a Lady Anne! Of course, Miles wasn't my brother, but there was no occasion just then to bother a stranger with the exact relation of the Cregans to the Connors; and it wasn't becoming to me to lessen the grandeur of Miles and his house

by saying that their kinsman had been an ostrich-farmer at the Cape, and a riverside porter in Brooklyn, and even queerer than that now and then, when the devil drove specially hard. So I said:—

"No, I'm not in the army. I've been in India," which was true. And may be I'd have given him the tiger story if somebody else hadn't interrupted—for I noticed it was a queer fashion among Miles' friends never to talk more than half a minute at a time to any one, which didn't seem sociable to my mind, and spoiled conversation. But I thought to myself, "If I get introduced to that girl among the ferns, it isn't only half a minute that I'll be!"

Only how was that to be done? Somehow, of course—for it isn't likely that a man who's fallen in love as I'd done, won't find some sort of a way. "I must find Miles," thought I, "and I will." But man proposes—the way in which I did get introduced to that girl is perhaps the most extraordinary occurrence in the whole history of fiction. I've even met people who wouldn't believe it till I'd given them my word for it's being true, and shown them the fact of it with their own eyes.

On my way after Miles, I went back to the stairs, half afraid for fear I'd see her eyes alight with talking to that other fellow who hadn't come. But she wasn't there any more—which made it the worse, if anything, because when you don't see a girl it is impossible to know what she's up to. Just as I was standing in the very spot where she'd stood, to keep it sacred from common heels, and was thinking how to steal the bit of fern that might have touched her neck or her arm—for I was just as gone as a man could be—a man in a livery came up to me, and gave me a twisted-up little note on a silver salver, without a bit of a direction on it anywhere.

"Is it for me?" asked I—for who was likely to send me a note to Miles Cregan?

"Yes, sir!" said the footman—and I was ready to shake hands with him for the sake of the brogue. So not even Miles, in all his grandeur, had forgotten that an Irishman ought to have an Irishman about him. May be the note was from Miles, to tell me where I'd find him.

It was a mere scrawl with a pencil—"I must speak to you instantly. Follow the bearer." And then came a worse scrawl for a signature, which after a bit of bother I made out to be "Graves," or "Grace," or "Gravy," or "Graves." Graves?—Ah, of course, the jeweler; confound the man for meddling in other people's affairs! No doubt he'd been to Scotland Yard, and brought me some cock-and-bull story about the stone. But still it had been good-natured of the man; and if he'd come for my sake all the way to Melton street, it wouldn't do to send him off without so much as a thank you or getting my sister-in-law to give him a glass of champagne for his pains.

"Is he down-stairs?" asked I.

"Yes, sir!" said the footman.

"I'll come then," said I.

I followed him down-stairs, and he got my hat out of a heap of others, and then led me to the street door.

"We'd better manners," thought I, "in Dublin than not to ask even a tradesman to sit down in the hall while he's waiting."

But I hadn't the time to think much when my fellow-countryman gave a whistle, and a carriage door flew open, and after an "All right, your honor!" and a sudden shove from behind that forced me to put my foot forward to keep me from falling, I found myself half way down the street, sitting in a close carriage, and with a girl's face against my chest, and both her arms round me as tight and as trembling as could be.

Before I could make up my mind whether my head was straight on my shoulders, we passed a gas-lamp; and the flash showed me the face of the very girl I'd lost my heart to, under the fern!

"O Tom!" she began in a voice full of tears, but as tender and as sweet as a dream of her own eyes. But I hadn't got her a hair's breadth closer to my heart when another gas-flash made her fly back as if I'd stabbed her, and she fell and crouched into her corner of the carriage, and looked at me as if she was too terrified to scream.

"Good God!" she moaned out at last, "what have I done?—what will become of me now? Who are you? For pity's sake stop the carriage, wherever you are! Who are you, who have dared—"

Now I'll ask any man of the world what he's to say or do when the loveliest girl on earth first embraces him and calls him by his own short name, and then the next minute asks him how he dares run off with her—when it's she who is running off with him? I don't think there's many a man who, when she told him to stop the carriage, would take her at her word.

I'd never had much to do with young women, having been mostly out of the way of them; but I'd not lived to two and thirty without learning some of the little ways that belong to the best of them. When a woman runs off with a man, it stands to nature that she'd take a little trouble to make things seem as if it was the other way round. And though, thank God, I've a pretty clear conscience

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Statement January 1st, 1890—

Cash Capital.	\$2,000,000.00
Reserve for Unadjusted Losses.	254,223.43
Reserve for Re-Insurance.	1,749,245.41
NET SURPLUS.	1,301,235.39
Total Assets.	\$5,305,004.23

J. D. PHINNEY,
Agent, Richibucto.

The following are the most important items of the
THIRTIETH
ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Outstanding Assurance Dec. 31, 1889.	\$631,016,666
New Assurance Written in 1889.	175,284,100
Premium Income in 1889.	25,337,223
Interest and Other Income.	5,005,765
Total Income.	30,342,988
Payments to Policy holders.	11,842,858
Assets.	107,150,309
Liabilities (4 per cent.)	84,329,235
Surplus.	\$22,821,074
Ratio of Assets to Liabilities.	127 per cent.

Of the Life Assurance Companies of the world THE EQUITABLE has for ten years transacted the largest annual new business (in 1889, \$175,284,100; for ten years held the largest 4 per cent. surplus (December, 1889, \$22,821,074); for four years held the largest outstanding business (December, 1889, \$631,016,666); while its superior financial strength is shown by its high ratio of Assets to Liabilities, 127 per cent.

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Sheriff's Sale!

There will be sold at Public Auction at the Registry Office, Richibucto, on Tuesday, the twenty-sixth day of January next, at 12 o'clock, noon:—

All the right right, title, interest, property, claim, and demand, whatsoever either at law or in equity, which George McMinin had on the fourteenth day of March, A. D. 1887, or which he now has, of, in, to, out of, or upon the following described land and premises—namely:—

"All that piece of land in the parish of Richibucto described as follows:—Commencing at a stake at the north side of Canard street or its extension, being the upper front corner of land formerly owned and occupied by John Harriott, thence running along said street westwardly 430 feet, thence northwardly until it strikes the O'Leary line, thence easterly along O'Leary's line 430 feet to the Harriott line, thence along the Harriott line southerly to the place of beginning," being the lot of land conveyed to David McMinin by James A. James and wife by deed recorded in Book T., page 68, of the Kent County register.

Also:—All that piece of land in the Parish of Richibucto, in the County of Kent, in the rear of the town of Richibucto, described as follows:—Commencing at a stake on the north side of Canard street, or its extension a distance of 430 feet from the upper front corner of land formerly owned and occupied by John Harriott, thence running along said street westwardly a distance of 198 feet, thence southerly until it strikes O'Leary's line, thence easterly along O'Leary's line 198 feet, thence southerly to the place of beginning," being the lot of land conveyed to David McMinin by George D. Miller by deed recorded in Book V., page 109, of the Kent County records.

The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Kent upon a judgment, a memorial of which was duly recorded in the said Kent County records on the said fourteenth day of March, 1887.

WM. WHETEN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, October 20th, 1891.

D. MACDOUGALL, Photographer

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In the County Court of Kent.

Notice is hereby given that upon the application of John W. Harriott I have directed all the estate, as well real as personal of Pierre Richard, in the County of Kent, an absconding, concealed, or absent debtor, to be seized, and unless he return and discharge his debt within three months or the publication hereof, said estate will be sold in the payment thereof.

PIERRE A. LANDRY,

Judge of the County Court of Kent.

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