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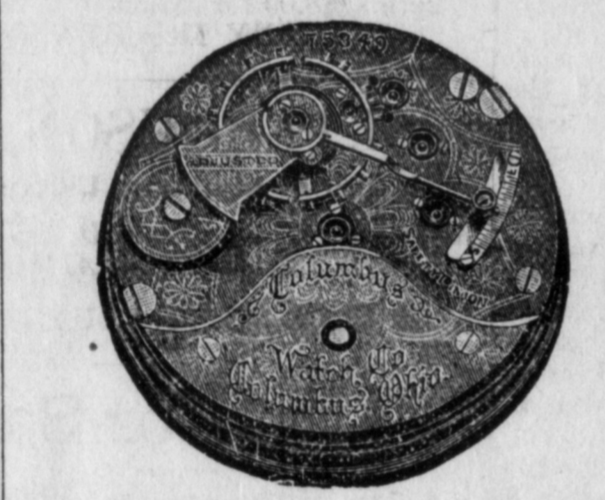
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Sheriff's Sale.
To be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, on Saturday, the 20th day of August next, between the hours of eleven o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon of that day.
All the right, title, and interest, property claim and demand, either at law or in equity, of, in, and to, all that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Richibucto, in the County of Kent. Bounded on the east by Queen Street, on the north by the McDermott property, on the west by land deeded to Robert Richardson, on the south by the Carey property, being the lot of land occupied by Thomas G. Richardson, the same having been seized and taken by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Kent at the suit of Dostie Richard against the said Caleb Richardson.
WM. WHETEN, Sheriff.
Sheriff's office, Richibucto.
April 20th, 1892.

WESTMORLAND Marble Works,
T. F. SHERARD & SON,
Dealers in Monuments, Tablets, Headstones.
Cemetery work of every description neatly executed. Orders promptly filled.
MONCTON, N. B. (aug31ui)

BURIED ALIVE.
The guests filed slowly into the great dining hall of the hotel, and sat down at their places. The waiters began their serving quite leisurely, in order to give the belated ones time to arrive, and save themselves the trouble of bringing back the dishes; the old bathers, the *habitués*, with whom the season was far advanced, kept an alert watch upon the door each time it was opened, hoping for the appearance of fresh faces.
That is the chief distraction of watering-places. We go to dinner to inspect the daily arrivals, to wonder who they are, what they do, and what they think. A restless desire takes possession of us—a longing for pleasant adventures, for friendly acquaintances, for lovers perhaps. In this elbow-to-elbow sort of life our unknown neighbors assume extreme importance. Curiosity is aroused, sympathy is on the alert, and social instinct is active.
We have hatreds for a week and friendships for a month; we view men with other eyes, through the special optics of a watering-place acquaintance. Suddenly, during an hour's talk after dinner under the trees in the park, where bubbles up a healing spring, we discover men of superior intelligence and surprising merit, and a month later we have completely forgotten these new friends, so charming at first sight.
There, also, more quickly than anywhere else, are formed grave and lasting ties. We see each other every day, know each other very soon, and in the affection that spring up is mingled something of the sweet abandon of old intimates. Later on, tender recollections are cherished of the first hours of friendship, of the first communion in which the soul was brought to light, of the first looks that questioned and responded to the interrogatories and secret thoughts the lips had not yet uttered, of the first cordial confidence, and that charming sensation of opening one's heart to someone who also seems to lay bare his own to you.
Then, too, the very dullness the monotony of days exactly alike, hourly renders more complete the unfolding of friendship's flower.
That evening, then, as every evening, we awaited the entrance of unfamiliar faces.
There came only two, but very strange ones, those of a man and a woman—father and daughter. They reminded me at once of some of Edgar Poe's characters; yet there was an attraction about them—an unpleasant attraction; I set them down as the victims of some fatality. The gentleman was very tall and spare, slightly bent, with hair quite too white for his still young countenance; there was in his carriage and about his person the serious air of austerity that bespeaks the puritan. The daughter was, perhaps, about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. She was small and emaciated, and her exceedingly pale face wore a languid, spiritless expression. We sometimes encounter people who appear too weak for the cares and demands of life, too feeble to move, to do the things we must do every day. This girl was pretty, with the transparent beauty of an apparition; she ate with extreme slowness, as if she were almost incapable of moving her arms.
It was she undoubtedly who came for the benefit of the waters.
They happened to be opposite to me, on the other side of the table; and I immediately noticed that the father had a very singular nervous affliction.
Whenever he was about to reach for anything, his hand, with a quick jerk, described a sort of fluttering zigzag before he was able to touch what he was after. In a few moments this motion annoyed me so much that I turned away my head in order not to see him.
I also observed that the young girl kept a glove on her left hand while she ate.
After dinner I went out to take a turn in the park belonging to the water-cure establishment. It extended to the little station of Auvergne, Chatel-Guyon, hidden in a gorge at the foot of a high mountain, from which ran so many bubbling springs, hot from the deep furnace of old volcanoes. Over there, beyond us, the domes, extinct craters, raised their mutilated heads above the long chain. Chatel-Guyon begins the land of "Domes."
Beyond the "Domes" are two other distinct regions, the one of needle-like peaks and the other of abrupt, precipitous mountains.
The Puy de Dome is the highest of the craters, the Pic du Sancy the most elevated of the peaks, and the Plomb du Cantal is the greatest of the last type of mountains.
It was very warm that evening. I was walking back and forth in the shady path, listening to the music that poured forth from the casino on a mound that overlooked the park.
I perceived the father and daughter coming toward me with slow steps. I saluted them, as in watering places one salutes his hotel companions; the gentleman, stopping immediately, inquired of me—
"Pardon me, sir. May I ask if you can direct us to a short walk, easy and pretty if possible?"
I offered to conduct them myself to the valley through which the slender river flows—a deep, narrow gorge between two declivities, rocky and wooded.
They accepted.

And, naturally enough, we spoke of the virtue of the mineral waters.
"Ah, yes," said he; "my daughter has a strange malady, the seat of which her physicians are unable to determine. She suffers from incomprehensible nervous symptoms. Sometimes they think her afflicted with heart disease, sometimes with liver complaint, and sometimes with spinal difficulty. At present they attribute to the stomach, which is the great motor and prime regulator of the body, this Proteus-like malady of a thousand forms, a thousand modes of attack. That is why we are here. I am myself rather of the opinion that it is her nerves. In any case, it is very sad."
That reminded me immediately of the violent jerking of his hand, and I asked—
"But is that not hereditary? Are not your own nerves a little affected?"
Tranquilly he answered—
"Mine? Oh, no; I have always possessed very calm nerves."
Then suddenly, after a pause, he remarked—
"Ah, yes! You refer to the action of my hand whenever I reach for an object? That is the result of a terrible shock I once had. Imagine, sir, this child has been buried alive!"
I could find nothing to say except "Ah!" with emotion and surprise.
He went on: "Here is the story. It is simple. Juliette had for some time seemed subject to disordered action of the heart. We were sure she suffered from some disease of this organ, and expected the worst.
One day she was brought in lifeless—dead. She had fallen dead while walking in the garden. The physician issued a certificate of death. I watched beside her for a day and two nights. I myself placed her in the coffin, which I followed to the cemetery, where she was laid in the family vault. It was in the country, in Lorraine.
"I had wished that she should be buried with her jewels, bracelets, necklaces, rings, all the presents that I had given her, and her first ball dress.
"You can imagine the state of my heart on returning home. She was all I had, my wife having been dead for many years. Stunned and half mad, I shut myself alone in my room, and fell into an arm-chair, almost senseless, unable to move. I was merely a wretched, breathing wreck.
"My old valet, Prosper, who had helped me to put Juliette in her coffin and lay her away for her last rest, entered noiselessly and asked—
"Monsieur, will you not eat something?" I shook my head, without speaking.
"He persisted—
"Monsieur is wrong. This will make him ill. Would monsieur like me to put him to bed?"
"I answered—
"No; let me alone."
And he withdrew.
"How many hours may have passed, I know not. Oh! what a night! What a night! It was cold; my fire had burned out in the great fire-place; and the wind, a wintry gale, charged with icy frost, was howling without, and rapping at my windows with a peculiarly sinister sound.
"Long hours rolled away. I sat there, wide awake, prostrated and overwhelmed; my eyes were open, but my body was nerveless, dead; my soul was engulfed in despair. Suddenly the great hall-bell rang out.
"I gave such a start that my chair creaked under me. The slow, solemn sound vibrated in the empty house. I looked to see the hour by the clock. It was two in the morning. Who could be coming at such an hour?
"And, abruptly, the bell rang twice again. The servants, certainly, would not dare answer it. I took a candle and descended. I was about to demand—
"Who is there?"
"Then, ashamed of this weakness, I slowly drew back the heavy bolts. My heart throbbled—I was afraid. I opened the door brusquely and descried in the gloom a shape like a phantom, dressed in white.
"I recoiled, impotent with anguish, and stammered—
"Who—who—who are you?"
"A voice answered—
"It is I, father?"
"It was my daughter.
"Really, I thought myself mad; and I shrank away, retreating backward before the spectre as it entered, gesticulating with my hand, as if to ward off the apparition. That gesture has never left me.
"The phantom spoke again—
"Have no fear, papa; I was not dead. Someone has stolen my rings and cut off my finger; the blood began to flow and that has revived me."
"And I observed that that she was covered with blood.
"I fell to my knees, gasping, sobbing hysterically.
"As soon as I had partially recovered my senses, so dazed still that I hardly comprehended the terrible happiness that had come to me, I made her go up to my room and placed her in my armchair; then I rang sharply for Prosper, that he might rekindle the fire, prepare a warm drink for her, and summon a physician.
"The man entered, gazed at my daughter, opened his mouth with a spasm of fright and horror, then fell on his back, stark dead.
"It was he who had opened the vault, who had mutilated and then abandoned my child, for he could not efface the traces of his robbery; he had not even taken pains to place the coffin back in its case, certain, moreover, of not being suspected by me, who trusted him fully.
"You see, monsieur, that we are very unfortunate people."
He was silent. Night had come on, shrouding with its gloom the sad and solitary little vale, and a kind of mysterious dread seized me at finding myself alone with these uncanny being—the corpse come to life, and the father with his appalling gestures. I could find nothing to say, but stammered—
"What a horrible thing!"
Then after a while I added—
"Let us return. The night has grown chill."
And we walked back towards the hotel.

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