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Richibucto, July 21, 1893.

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J. D. PHINNEY,
Richibucto, July 31, 1893.

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Monday morning, 29th instant, he will leave the Royal Hotel stable, Kingston, and proceed to Buctouche, where he will remain from Monday night till Wednesday morning at Haragan's Hotel stable; thence to McKee's, at Little River, and Wednesday night at James McNair's, St. Mary; Thursday, noon, he will be at Wm. McNair's, Mill Creek, and Thursday night at Charles McDonald's, South Branch; Friday at Kingston, remaining there till Monday morning. The following week he will leave Kingston Monday morning, and be at Alex Robertson's at noon; Monday night at Matthew Whitney's, West Branch; at Thomas Irving's Coal Branch at noon Tuesday, and at Joseph Calks, Ford's Mills, Tuesday night; Wednesday through Trout Brook to Harcourt, where he will be at the Eureka Hotel stable at noon; Wednesday night at Clark's, Bas River; Thursday, noon, at Robert Clark's, Bas River, and Thursday night at Docteur Babineau's, St. Louis, remaining there till Friday afternoon; leaving there he will return to Kingston. Terms made known on application to groom.

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FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

GILBERT IN A NEW LIGHT.

Gilbert on the lawn-tennis ground was perhaps rather worse than Gilbert anywhere else.

It was, as he said, his great game. It was, moreover, his chiefest opportunity; for although sea-songs, with a rattling bass accompaniment, and round-dances to the strains of his own band, were neither of them to be despised as occasions for showing to advantage, they were as nothing compared to the smooth grass on which he could dart and swoop, twist and screw, shout directions to his partner, chaff his opponents, cringe with eagle eye before the swift-coming ball, and send it back with the smash which won the stroke.

Even when not actively engaged, the discussion, arranging, marching to and fro in his pretty striped cap and jacket, measuring the net, and tightening or loosening it as required—anything and everything connected with the sport, was delightful to him—and his mere walk across the court was an offence to any one not prejudiced in his favor.

Rosamund, however, was resolved to see nothing amiss. She had, at what cost to herself she alone knew, stood to her guns in defence of a maligned and injured man, and that he was what she had affirmed him to be had now become with her a dogma.

Why should he not be merry, talk, jest, and banter? Why should he not back his side to win, and crow loudly over the victory she also shared? Why should those ridiculous pruders of Waterfields be so clearly, palpably, chillingly unresponsive, and even Hartland seems quieter than usual?

Provoked and stimulated on every side, she affected spirits she hardly felt.

Their adversaries, Lord Hartland and Amy, were no match for them; Rosamund could give point to any one of the Waterfield girls, and Hartland had never taken particular pains to be a player.

"You ought to be over there of course," said Gilbert, aside to Rosamund, "and I wonder your cousin does not propose it; but as he is content, I for one shall make no such suggestion."

"You think we are too strong for them?"

"To be sure we are. You can see it for yourself. If I ever miss a stroke, you are safe to pound it over from behind,—I cannot help laughing when I see it fly over my head; we seem as if we must carry all before us, you and I."

She felt what he meant, and to a look and tone so full of significance there could be no answer.

Play was resumed.

Then Lady Caroline came out on the lawn. For a time she had left the young people without supervision, aware that there could not be many openings for sentiment in a vigorous four-handed match at lawn-tennis; but now it occurred to her to see what was going on.

"Who arranged the partners?" forthwith was demanded of Violet Waterfield, who was sitting out.

"I think they took shape of themselves, Lady Caroline. Amy is better than I, so we made her play against Rosamund."

This was not what was meant, as the speaker very well knew, but it was an answer of some kind; it stopped the question trembling on her august companion's lips, and made it impossible for her to pursue her inquiries.

The sun was still high in the heavens, and the players showing no signs of weariness nor cessation, when, on a sudden, the game seemed to come to a standstill, while all eyes were turned in one direction.

Two or three small country boys could now be seen running towards the lawn as swiftly as their legs could carry them; and it was their shouting and gesticulations which had caused the sudden suspension of flying balls.

They now came up nearly breathless, shouting, screaming and panting; and as each spoke, or tried to speak, he pointed behind him, and vehemently endeavored to make himself understood. It was plain that an accident, or dilemma, or something of the kind, had taken place, for which assistance was urgently demanded; but it was some minutes before the nature of the help required could be comprehended from the confused statements and entreaties of the excited and incoherent children.

"What in the name of wonder do they say?" cried Gilbert, turning to the others. "I can't make out a word" (the provincial dialect being unfamiliar to him). "What is a 'dom'?"

"A dam—the mill-dam," replied Rosamund, her ear distinguishing just so much.

"What is it about the mill-dam, Georgie?" quickly. "Has the water broken loose, as it did in the spring?"

"No, miss; it's not the water—"

"No, miss; the dam's that deej—"

"It's Billy, miss—"

All three were gasping and spluttering at once. It was impossible to hear.

"Oh, what do you say? You, Georgie, speak. Is any one in? Is that what you mean? Be quick," and she almost shook the little boy to hurry him up.

"We went for to fish there, and his foot slipped on the bank—"

"He's holding on by the willow—"

"It's him as is top o' your class in Sunday-school—"

"There is a boy in," cried Rosamund.

"Now, boys, quick! tell us where."

"Holding on by the willow, but he can't more than get a catch of it—"

"The willow? What willow?"

"The big willow along of the white gate; but the water's terrible strong."

"Can he swim at all?"

"No, miss," loudly, from the united party.

"Has no one," cried Rosamund shrilly,—"has no one gone yet? Didn't I see you tell those men by the way?" pointing to a couple of gardeners not far off.

"Oh! they are going. But why don't they fly? They will never be in time. They—"

Good God! you may well say so! The lad will be drowned while we stand here talking," said Gilbert, suddenly. "Here," catching the biggest of the messengers by the collar, "here, you, show me the way—sharp—scud like the wind now—that's it! Hang the boy! he's done for already. What on earth—well, I must go on along. Hark ye! is it through that gate? Yes. And to the right? Yes. And through the wood? And I come to what? A bridge and a white gate. All right. Come along after me, in case I miss the way," loosing his hold, and shooting ahead like a rocket. In a few moments he was lost to view.

"A mill-dam is an ugly place for a swim," quoth Gilbert, now, to himself.

"I wish I could strip as I run; but, any way, it's lucky I'm in my flannels, and perhaps it is as well not to be too soon. I have got to keep my head now. If he has dropped off the willow by this time, I am probably to late—if so, it can't be helped, poor little chap; but if he drops off just as he sees me, there will be the danger. He would grip me like a wild cat in the water, unless I kept out of reach till he had lost consciousness. That must be my game. Otherwise it's 'good-bye' for us both, for I could never keep him and myself up in a current like this, if he were tearing me down. Ha! there's the mill—ay, and the bridge, and the gate—new for willow," rapidly verifying each successive landmark; "the willow—confound the willow! where is it? Plague take it!" casting a hawk's eye up and down the stream. "Stop—yes—behind this birch—"

—he was up into it in a second. "Holloa, boy! He, boy, he! Ho, ho, ho!"

But no shout came in answer.

"Gone, by Jove!" muttered Gilbert, kicking off his shoes.

"There's a pretty swirl in the water, but I could manage it easy enough if I knew where the poor beggar was," further considered he, hastily letting himself down to the water's edge; "if I only knew how long he had been in, and if he had been down more than once, supposing he does come up. Hoy!"—with a sudden yell—"hoy! there he is!" and flashed in himself just as the first among the other runners emerged from the wood at the top of the bank. They could not see the ghastly face, with its terrified starting eyeballs, which was turned full on Gilbert, as the agonised shriek of the drowning boy rang through the air; but they could perceive him leap from the bough, and knew that hope was not extinct.

"That was his first coming up," concluded Gilbert swiftly. "He could not have screamed like that the second time, and it is quite possible he may not rise again. The current's stronger than I thought. I should like—I should like to go for him next time, but the risk's too great. It won't do to fool away both our lives. Oh! I see him—I see him! You idiots—asses—hold your infernal tongues, can't you?" for the poor wretch had enough on his hands without being distracted by volleys of advice and suggestion from the bank. "Oh! do be quiet, can't you?" groaned he internally.

Every nerve was at the fullest tension, eye and ear were on the strain, and he was husbanding his breath and his strength for the life-and-death struggle to come,—and they thought he did not know what he was about!

He raised one hand, and shook it, and the dumb command was understood. The voices died away, and a breathless, awestricken silence ensued; while a swallow, that had been scared away from the pool before, returned, and skimmed hither and thither athwart the swimmer's anxious vision.

He had, however, but a single minute of such dread suspense.

In far shorter time than it takes to write, the surface of the dark water was again broken by the head and shoulder of the helpless boy, and again a cry, but this time a feeble and almost inaudible one, escaped.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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