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J. D. PHINNEY. We have had a Grand New Year's Opening. Our attendance is much larger than at any previous period in the history of the college. Now is a grand time to enter, and we will gladly welcome all desiring a thorough Business and Short Hand Training. Send for Circulars and Specimens of Penmanship. KERR & PRINGLE, St. John, N. B.

VALUABLE HOTEL PROPERTY FOR SALE. I am prepared to sell my hotel at Rogersville Station known as the Brunswick House, opposite railway station. Any person wishing to go into the hotel business will find it a good stand, being the only hotel in the parish. The house is large and comfortable, containing eighteen rooms and kitchen, with good water on premises, a large Ice House, Wood Shed, Barn, and all necessary buildings with garden attached. Any person wishing to purchase can have with or without furniture. Also, an adjoining Tenement House and Building Lots. Possession given at any time. Terms made to suit purchaser. M. O'BRIEN, MANAGER, Rogersville, Nov. 7, 1892. (3m)

NOTICE! Having refitted the old stand lately occupied by James Wry, Kingston, I am prepared to attend to all kinds of carriage work. Painting a specialty. GEO. W. WILSON.

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Gain rapidly in health and strength by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine substitutes rich and pure blood for the impoverished fluid left in the veins after fevers and other wasting sickness. It improves the appetite and tones up the system, so that convalescents soon

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Sheriff's Sale!

To be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House, in Richibucto, on FRIDAY, the second day of December next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, of that day:— All the right, title and interest, property claim and demand, either at law or in equity of Auguste Renaud, of, in and to that certain mill and premises, situate in the Parish of Wellington, County of Kent, known as Renaud's Mill, together with the land on which the same is situated and the machinery there-in. The same having been seized and taken by virtue of several executions issued out of the County Court of Kent against the said Auguste Renaud. WM. WHITEN, SHERIFF.

The above sale is postponed to the second day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon. Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, Aug. 26, '92.

Notice of Sale.

To William S. Loggie, of Chatham, in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, merchant, administrator of the estate and effects of the late Peter Loggie, of Richibucto, in the County of Kent and province aforesaid, fish-packer, deceased, and Jessie Loggie, of Anamosa, in the state of Iowa, widow of the said Peter Loggie, deceased, and Eunice Loggie, of the same place, and all others whom it may concern.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the tenth day of January, A.D. 1891, and made between the said Peter Loggie and Jessie, his wife, of the one part and the undersigned Martin Lanigan, of Richibucto aforesaid, mill owner, of the other party, and duly registered in Book J, No. 2, pages 44, 45, 46 and 47 of Kent County Records; there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction on SATURDAY, the eleventh day of March next, at twelve o'clock noon, in front of the Court House in Richibucto aforesaid, the lands and premises mentioned and described in said indenture of mortgage as follows:—

All and singular that certain lot, piece or parcel of land and premises situated in the town of Richibucto in the County of Kent, bounded on the east by Queen street; on the north by land owned by J. D. Phinney and land formerly owned by Richard McLaughlin; on the west by Pagan street, and on the south by the Church of England Sunday School-house and lands in possession of Allan Hains, William Connaughton and Eliza Davis, being the lands and premises known as the Chandler homestead, conveyed by Fanny S. Chandler to J. W. Forster and by the said J. W. Forster to one Wm. Robinson, by Wm. Robinson and wife to Amelia Forster and by deed from Amelia Forster to R. L. Botsford and from R. L. Botsford and wife to the said Peter Loggie. Dated the 6th day of February, A. D. 1893.

MARTIN LANIGAN, Mortgagee. WM. D. CARTER, Sol. for Mortgagee.

KEARY HOUSE, BATHURST, N. B. Good Sample Rooms, etc., in connection.

LOVE.

—BY— ABEL S. JACKMAN.

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

She had forgotten that she was a gypsy's wife; she had forgotten the words but recently uttered by the man to whom she was bound for life and she stood there before them, her arms folded defiantly across her breast, her old haughty self again. She even forgot the pain and weariness and sorrow that clouded the future for evermore.

"Yes, it was a strange place for Lord Thorndyke's daughter to be reared," the gypsy queen answered mockingly, her black eyes burning like two living coals of fire. "And a still stranger place for Lord Thorndyke's wife!"

Gabrielle started, remembering like a flash Leon Costello's words, of a few moments before, and yet she did not understand what he meant, but a chill struck to her heart as she gazed into those three dark, revengeful faces before her.

"Lord Thorndyke's wife?" she echoed in surprise, raising her daintily arched brows. "What do you mean, queen? I cannot understand you. Lord Thorndyke's wife, my mother, is dead," but even as she uttered the words, an awful fear filled her heart.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the gypsy, her white teeth gleaming through her parted lips like a wolf's fangs. "Dead? She is dead, you say? For the second time in your life, my bonny Firefly, you are mistaken. She is not dead. She lives, and she stands before you!"

"Wretched woman!" cried Gabrielle, here eyes flashing, her bosom heaving, "and you—you, vile and fallen as you are—you are my mother. God pity me!"

"And you, my sweet, innocent Firefly, you are the wife of a gypsy!" the queen laughed wildly. "And knowing this you stand before a throng of your aristocratic friends, to wed Sir Lionel Manville, as calm and serene as though you were not committing a sin against God and man! But I have you in my power at last, and there you shall remain, and when Lord Thorndyke least expects it I will strike! Ha, ha! but I have played my cards well! You are a gypsy's wife, and that alone will cause your father to never forgive you, for he hates the whole race! It is all in my hands at last!"

"You heartless, merciless creature!" Gabrielle said slowly, her eyes fastened upon the others face. "I cannot call you a woman, and yet, you bear the sacred name of mother! But I will never call you by that holy name," she added fiercely. "That God-given title belongs only to pure and good women, and not such wretches as you are!"

"Be silent, girl!" the woman thundered, her face growing livid with anger. "Have a care or I shall forget myself and strike you!" "Strike if you will," Gabrielle answered, her voice very low and calm. "I have no right to expect mercy or kindness from such women as you!"

A low cry of rage fell from the queen's lips, and springing forward she caught her by the arm, and shaking her roughly, hissed:

"Silence I say! Remember that you are with your mother and your husband now, not with your pale-faced lover who dares not speak." It was now Gabrielle's turn to show her anger, and drawing her arm haughtily away from the other's grasp, she said:

"My lover's name is too dear to me, and too sacred, for you to utter, so be kind enough to leave it entirely out of the conversation hereafter."

"Perhaps your husband might object, my dear," Leon Costello's hateful voice broke in, and he came so close to Gabrielle that his hot breath fanned her brow, and she could see the muscles beneath his dark skin throb fitfully. "I have my wife now, and—I mean to claim her as a wife!"

A low cry, not so much of fear as anger burst from the girl's lips, and drawing back, she panted:

"I will die first! you coward, you villain you! Before I will allow you to lay one hand upon me, I will kill myself—yes, I will kill you! Beware, Leon Costello, and do not drive me to desperation!"

"Why, what could you do, my fair wife?" he sneered. You are in my power, and it will be like a feeble fly in a spider's web. Ha, ha, ha! you will kill me, eh? Come here and kiss me first."

Once more he advanced toward her, his mocking, leering face close to hers, and a rage, furious as the flames of hell, surged through her heart, and she looked wildly about the room; but Heaven help her, there was no chance of escape! What could she do? There was that odious face before her, and in another instant his hateful kisses would be upon the lips that her lover had so often pressed. The very thought gave her new courage, and then her eyes fell upon a gleaming bagger half hidden in the folds of Princess Lauretta's dress, and like a flash of lightning, she snatched the welcome weapon, and with a glad cry

faced the cowardly gypsy, the sharp blade in her uplifted hand. "One step nearer and you die, Leon Costello!" she said, in an intense, thrilling voice. "You are in my power now, coward!"

"Curse you!" he hissed, "you shall pay dearly for this, my lady!"

"I do not fear you," she answered, and he must have noticed the look of hatred and disgust she cast upon him, for his swarthy face reddened, and he said in a low, choked voice:

"You hate me, I know, but your punishment shall begin to-night, and it will not be many hours before you will kneel to me and beg me to love you and be kind to you. Not one single thought will you cast upon your lover!"

She laughed lightly, and with a toss of her bronze head replied:

"I think of my lover both day and night. You may kill me Leon Costello; you may tear my heart from out my breast, but you cannot make me forget my lover. I would die before I would even kiss your lips just once. And even after I am dead—I shall love him, for he is my life, my God, my all; and you wretch, are—my husband!—My husband in name only!"

"Say anything that pleases your roving fancy, my dear wife," he said with one of his mocking smiles. "You hold the reins in your hands to-night, but when to-morrow night comes you will fall upon your knees and pray me to be merciful. But I can wait—I can wait!"

She turned away her head, sick at heart. And it was for him, this swarthy gypsy, that she, Lady Gabrielle Thorndyke, had ruined and wrecked her own life! She had placed a barrier between herself and the man she loved, and, oh, kind Heaven, what a future lay before her! Why did God permit him to live? she asked herself in sudden bitterness. Why had not her father's bullet proven fatal and ended his wretched career and set her free? Why, oh, dear God, why?

Leon Costello was quick to take advantage of her turning away her head, and with a sudden panther-like spring he was at her side, and the dagger was wrenched from her hand, and she was once more at his mercy.

"Now, who holds the reins! he cried in triumph, waving the glittering blade over her head. "You are at my mercy now. Take your choice, at once. Will you come and live with me as you ought or must I force you to your senses by being cruel?"

"I will never live with you," she said, hoarsely, her face growing pale and wan as she spoke. "I will die first, and you may kill me; but I will not live with a coward like you. Again I say, that I would rather you would kill me, if—I do not kill myself."

"Oh, I am not afraid you will kill yourself," he cried, "and now nothing remains but to lock you up in a room where you will find plenty of friends." And catching her in his strong arms, he bore her, in spite of her struggles, up a narrow stairway, and pushed her inside of a dark, musty-smelling room, locking the door after him.

For a moment Gabrielle was stunned, and then she recovered, and arising to her feet, groped her way through the thick darkness that hung like a curtain over the room. As she did so, she heard a peculiar sound near by, and then her hand touched something that caused her to draw back with a cry of pain and terror, the very blood within her veins growing cold with a nameless fear.

CHAPTER XXI.

"GOD HELP ME! I AM GOING TO MY DEATH, I KNOW, BUT ANYTHING—ANY FATE—IS BETTER THAN THIS!"

No wonder that Lady Gabrielle's cry of terror rang through the old house, filling the night with weird echoes, for her hand had touched the warm, furry body of a huge rat, and she heard the repulsive thing scamper away through the darkness.

She understood now what Leon Costello had meant when he said that he would put her where she would have many friends to keep her company, and her brain reeled. Oh, God! could any human being be cruel enough for that? She was alone and helpless, with no weapon to defend herself, and in a little while the room would be swarming with rats, and then—

She shuddered at the thought, and yet, with set teeth and flashing eyes, she whispered to herself that she would die before she would yield. No! death was a thousand times better, no matter in what form, no matter what torture it might be—anything to free herself from that cursed gypsy.

She groped her way to the barred window, where a few faint rays of moonlight crept in through the dusty panes, finding its way in between the rusty grates, and with a hopeless attempt, she tried to wrench them from their fastenings. Alas! her strength was like an infant's when compared to the unyielding iron, and her heart sunk in her bosom like lead, and the new hope that had arisen died at once.

She could hear the rush of waters below her, so she judged that the old house was upon the banks of a river, but where it was she could not tell, and even if she had been fortunate enough to escape from the room in which she was a prisoner, she would only meet her death in the waters below the window.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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