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A LOST TREASURE.

BY WILL LISENBERG.

My life had been one of adventure and misfortune. Disaster had overtaken every enterprise in which I had engaged; and when at last the Golden Beam went down in the Gulf of Haurahi, off the coast of New Zealand, I barely escaped a watery grave, for a storm was raging, and only a few of the crew were able to escape in the boats.

A few days later I found myself in Auckland, penniless. Such a condition is deplorable enough in any case, but when in a foreign country, with thousands of miles of seafaring between you and your friends or relatives, it is doubly so.

By doing odd jobs about the docks I managed to earn enough to pay for my board and lodging in a miserable hovel, hoping every day that I might obtain a berth in one of the many vessels that came to the port.

In America ill-luck had come upon me, and my star of misfortune followed me to the antipodes, though there was a time when fortune seemed smiling upon me. This time was so brief, however, as to seem like a dream as I looked back upon it.

Doc Mulford and I had left the Petrel at Melbourne, and had fled to the gold fields. Three months later we returned with a fortune of fifty thousand dollars in gold nuggets and cash.

What dreams were ours! What rosy anticipations filled our brains as we laid plans for a speedy return to America!

Then misfortune came. It was all Doc's fault. I think he would own that it was were you to ask him to-day. An honest, generous fellow was he, but too fond of rum, of gambling and low company. That was how we came to stop at the Sailors' Inn, in the place of some more respectable place, and that is how we came to be robbed of our treasure by a band of strange sailors—pals of the landlord, I always thought—who entered the inn late at night.

We could gain no trace of the thieves, and after knocking about the city for a week I lost sight of Doc. Soon after I secured a berth on the Golden Beam—the ill-fated vessel that went down in Haurahi Gulf and stranded me without a farthing in Auckland.

I had little hope of coming upon anything that would help me up in the world again, and I'm quite sure I would have hailed as a godsend even the poor opportunity of working my passage back to America.

But ill-luck seemed to follow me, and I was seriously contemplating throwing myself into the bay when I ran onto Captain Wilkins, the owner of a small schooner a rough but generous soul, whom I had met in Melbourne some time before.

"I cannot give you a berth just now," he said, when I had told him of my unhappy situation, "but I'll see that you don't want till something better turns up. I can give you a job for a few days," he went on, after a pause. "It may not be desirable but it will be easy and the pay not so small. You see, as I was coming into port with my schooner yesterday, I picked up an old wreck of a ship called the Sea Bird, a few leagues out. She was badly damaged and had been abandoned by her crew. Not a soul was found aboard her, and seeing that her cargo was worth something, I brought her into port. She will be unloaded in a few days—as soon as the authorities can give the matter attention—and I shall receive my share of the salvage. Meantime I want some trustworthy person to stay aboard her, and if you'll take the job I'll take you aboard as soon as we can have supper. It's a bit lonely out there all by yourself on the old hulk, but I'll drop around and see you every day."

It is hardly necessary to say that I gladly accepted the situation, and after partaking of a hearty meal at the captain's hotel I was rowed out and placed aboard the Sea Bird.

She was a most awkward and lubberly-looking craft of not more than sixty tons, unlike anything I had ever seen; a sort of mixture of Japanese and English in her build, and painted of a dull, leaden color. Her cabins were small and dingy, but furnished with more expense than taste.

After selecting my berth I spent a pleasant half-hour with the captain on deck. Then bringing a supply of provisions, tobacco and some brandy from the

boat, he took his leave, promising to call on the following day.

The sun had gone down by this time, and darkness soon fell over the bay. I sat on the deck smoking for an hour, then went to my cabin and threw myself onto my bunk.

I fell asleep soon after. It was far into the after part of the night when I awoke suddenly. Something had awakened me, though I could not tell just what it was.

Thoughts of thieves flashed through my mind, and, getting up, I drew on my clothes hurriedly. Then taking the pistol which the captain had left for me, I opened the door cautiously and peered out. I could see nothing. Passing out, I went onto the deck. The moon was shining brightly, but no sign of the cause of my disturbance was visible.

As I stood listening intently, a slight sound coming from the shadows of the caboose fell upon my ears. Wheeling quickly, I turned an angle and walked toward the spot from where the sound had come. As I did so, I saw a man crouching in the darkness, the long blade of a knife gleaming in his tightly-clenched hand.

For one brief moment I stood immovable, then, with a swift, involuntary movement, I leveled my pistol at the intruder.

"Drop that knife or I shall kill you!" I said, my finger on the trigger. The knife fell from the man's hand. He arose, and staggering, leaned against the caboose.

"Jim Martin! In the name of Heaven!" he cried, speaking my name.

I peered eagerly into the haggard face then started back in amazement as I recognized the features of my former partner in the gold fields.

"Doc Mulford! Can it be possible?" I cried.

He sank down upon the deck, weak and exhausted.

"Yes, it's I, Jim; what is left of me," he said.

"What does this mean? Where did you come from?" I asked, kneeling by his side and taking his hand in mine.

"Down in that miserable hole," he said, pointing to the main hatchway. "For three weeks I have lain in there, sick, almost senseless, choked by the foul odor of the bilge water. But where are the others—the crew?"

He half raised himself, then sank back and became unconscious.

I carried him into my cabin, and forcing some brandy between his lips, I sat down by his side to wait for his recovery.

He soon revived, and after drinking some broth which I prepared for him, he fell asleep. The next morning he was able to sit up and tell me the story of his adventures since we last met.

"When I found that our fortune, for which we had struggled so hard in the gold fields, was gone, with no chance of recovery, I felt as if I could never have the heart to make another effort. I cared little what became of me, and for a week I hung about the drinking houses, stupefying myself with rum. But I soon saw that this would not do, for I was, and I began to look about for a new berth. But as luck would have it, I could find no vessel in need of seamen. I grew desperate; and one day as I was knocking about the docks, I went aboard the Sea Bird, which was taking on her cargo, determined to work my passage to some other port, if I could do so. The Sea Bird, I learned, was bound to the West Indies, and I would make any sacrifice to go in her.

"A Spaniard who had been superintending the loading of the cargo, moved me aside as I mentioned taking passage in the vessel; and when I asked for the captain, he swore a bitter oath, and told me I could not see him.

"I left the ship, but two hours later I returned. There was no one visible on the deck. The loading was completed but the main hatchway was still open; and having made up my mind to stow myself aboard the ship, I boldly crossed the plank. A moment later I caught the rope that was still dangling over the hatchway, and let myself into the hold. I soon found a place of concealment behind the pile of boxes, and into my retreat I carried a cask of water and some provisions which I found among the cargo.

"Meantime, the hatchway had been closed, but late at night it was opened; and some sailors descended, carrying a number of heavy bags, which they concealed under the cargo.

"Well, you may well believe that I was greatly surprised to find, when the sailors had gone, that the bags they had brought were nothing less than the bags of gold we had lost at the Sailors' Inn.

"Upon making this startling discovery I would have gone ashore and had the vessel detained till the treasure could be recovered, but before I could do so I felt the rocking of the Sea Bird, which told me that she was already under way.

"I had formed no plan of action, nor did I have time to do so till a deadly sickness seized me—a taking hold upon my system of that dreadful malarial fever so common in parts of Australia.

"For days and days I was only conscious at intervals, and what took place is all a confused jumble in my brain. I have a dim remembrance of a terrible storm, a dreadful tossing of the ship, and the awful crashing of timbers overhead as the mast went down.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

"While the storm was still raging three sailors—villainous-looking Spaniards—entered the hold with a lantern and came to the spot where the bags of gold had been concealed. I believed from what I overheard—for I know a little Spanish—that they were about to abandon the disabled vessel and had come to take the treasure along.

"I made no effort to conceal myself as they came upon me, but leaned back against the wall of boxes, weak and hardly able to move.

"When the foremost Spaniard's eyes fell upon me he stopped short and his countenance became a sickly ashy hue. I am quite sure he recognized me, for I recognized him as one of the sailors who had robbed us at the inn. He must have taken me for the ghost of his victim, for he uttered a cry of mortal terror and fled, his frightened companions following close upon his heels. Whether it was from terror or from the belief that the ship would soon founder, I know not, but they must have abandoned the vessel soon after.

"I know little of what followed, for there was a long period in which I was only half-conscious. When I at last came to myself I found the ship anchored in port and the crew gone.

"I came on deck to-night hoping to be able to make my escape, but when I saw you approaching I mistook you for one of the Spaniards and resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible, but thank Heaven we recognized each other, old fellow, before we were at each other's throats.

"But this is not all we have to be thankful for. The bags containing the gold stolen from us at the Sailors' Inn are all safe enough in the hold, and so, after all our ill luck, fortune seems favoring us at last."

Doc Mulford soon recovered from his illness, and a month later we both took passage for America in Captain Watkin's schooner.

A GRATEFUL LETTER.

A PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND LADY SPEAKS FOR THE BENEFIT OF HER SEX.

Had no Appetite, was Pale and Easily Exhausted. Subject to Severe Spells of Dizziness, and other Distressing Symptoms.

TIONISH, P. E. I., May 30th, 1895.

To the Editor of L'Impartial:

DEAR SIR,—I see by your paper the names of many who have been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I feel that I ought to let my case be known as I am sure that many women might be benefited as I have been. For a number of years I have been almost an invalid. I did not know the nature of my malady. I had a tired feeling being exhausted at the least exertion. I had no appetite and was very pale. I sometimes felt like lying down never to rise. A dizziness would sometimes take me causing me to dropped where I would be. During these



A Dizziness would overtake me.

spells of dizziness I had a roaring sound in my head. I took medical treatment but found no relief. My husband and father both drew my attention to the many articles which appeared from time to time in your paper concerning the cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first I had no faith in them, in fact I lost faith in all medicines and was resigned to my lot, thinking my days were numbered in this world. Finally, however, I consented to try the Pink Pills. I had not taken them long before I felt an improvement and continued taking the pills for three months and I must say that to-day I am as strong and well as ever and the many ailments which I had are completely cured. I attribute my complete recovery to the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and hope by telling you this that others may be benefited by them.

MRS. WILLIAM PERRY.

After reading the above letter we sent a reporter to interview Mrs. Perry and she repeated what she had already stated in her letter. Her husband William Perry and her father, Mr. J. H. Lander, J. P., and fishery warden, corroborate her statements.—Ed. L'Impartial.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People make pure, rich blood, restore shattered nerves and drive out disease. They cure when other medicines fail and are beyond all question the greatest life-saving medicine ever discovered. Sold by all dealers, but only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Pills offered in loose form, by the hundred, are imitations and should be avoided, as they are worthless and perhaps dangerous.

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Pure Blood

Results prove every word we have said. Thousands of voluntary testimonials fully establish the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

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"My husband was feeling miserable and had no relish for food. He began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills and felt better at once. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave him a good appetite." MRS. JOHN STEWART, Barclay, Ontario.

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I ever used," writes one lady in regard to Hood's Pills. They are so mild and do their work without any griping. I recommend them to all suffering from constiveness. They will certainly bring your habits regular. We use no other cathartic." Hood's Pills are rapidly increasing in favor. 25c.



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The undermentioned non-residents of District No. 1 in the Parish of Richibucto, in the County of Kent, are hereby requested to pay to the undermentioned Collector the amounts of County, and Road Tax, as set opposite their names, together with the cost of this advertisement, (\$1.00 each) within sixty days from date, 3rd October, 1895, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

Names.	County Tax.	Road Tax.
McLeod, Geo. K.,	\$21.15	\$1.25
Bell, John T. (Estate)	2.23	50
Black, Geo.	5.64	50
Gesner, John,	2.21	

ROBERT COCHRANE, Collector
Richibucto, Kent Co., 3rd Oct. 1895.

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HENRY O'LEARY, - Richibucto.

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