

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

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W. IRWIN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Medical Directory.

Drs. Jamieson & Macdonald.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE A short distance east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town, Durham. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.

J. G. Hutton, M. D., C. M.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—COR. of Garafraza and George Streets—at foot of hill. Office hours—9-11 a. m., 2-4 p. m., 7-9 p. m. Telephone No. 10.

Arthur Gun, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE in the New Hunter Block. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m. Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Residence opposite Presbyterian Church.

Dr. T. G. Holt, L. D. S.
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Land Valuator and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to and notes cashed.

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Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to. Call at my residence or write to Allan Park P. O. Orders may be left at the Chronicle office.

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JOHN CLARK, LICENSED AUC- tioneer
for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to. Orders may be left at his Implement Warehouses, McKinnon's old stand, or at the Chronicle Office.
Nov. 9, '03.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.
The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send, free of charge, a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all throat and lung affections. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring his prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address and may prove a blessing, will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn, N. Y.

handsome does' was allus my motto." Alice colored.

"Do you mean Mr. Nason, my brother's friend?" she said seriously.

"Why, who else would I mean? I've heard that you was to be married this fall and that he is worth a million. They say he told Amos Curtis he was, though I don't believe that. But anyway, Amos says he gave him \$5 'jest fer usin' his old boat that wa'n't worth splittin' up fer kindlin's."

"It's not true, not one word of it," exclaimed Alice angrily, "and if you care for me one bit I wish you would tell everybody I said so."

She waited to hear no more, nor for Aunt Susan, who had lingered to chat with some one, but walked home hurriedly, as if to hide herself. Once in the silent house she began to cool off.

"I won't believe he told Amos he was worth a million," she said to herself. "He isn't so stupid as that. But I am afraid the silly boy did give him \$5, which has started all this gossip."

When Aunt Susan came in she fairly pounced upon her. "Why haven't you told me, auntie, about all this gossip that's going the rounds regarding Mr. Nason and myself? I know you have heard it."

"It's all nonsense, Alice," answered that lady rather sharply, "and you are foolish to listen to 'em. I've heard it, of course, but so long as it's no discredit to you, why let it go into one ear and out 't'other, same as I do! Folks must talk in this town, an' what they're sayin' 'bout you ought to make you feel proud—that a young fellow like him and worth money wanted to come courtin', and he certainly showed he did or I'm no judge."

"He's got Aunt Susan on his side as well as Bert," Alice thought, "and I am glad I kept him at a distance, just to pay him for being so silly with his money."

Late that afternoon Alice called upon Abby Miles and talked about everything except the subject she most wanted to talk about, and then as Abby usually had a Sunday evening caller, Alice came home at dusk. Never before had the house seemed so lonesome, and as she sat on the porch and tried to talk with Aunt Susan her thoughts were elsewhere.

When the lights across the valley, which served as curfew by saying bedtime when they went out, had disappeared, she came in and, seating herself in the dark at the piano, softly played the chords and hummed the words of a song.

"I'll come out all right," said Aunt Susan to herself, and she waited till Alice called to her to come in and go to bed.

CHAPTER XIX.
FRANK NASON had consoled himself during the many months of hard study with visions of a yachting trip in July and August, when perhaps in some manner Alice Page could be induced to come, with his mother and sisters to chaperon her and her brother and some other friends to complete the party.

He had the Gypsy put in first class shape and all her staterooms refurnished, and one in particular, which he intended Alice should occupy, upholstered in blue. So well formed were his plans that he timed the start so as to utilize the July moon for the first ten days and mapped out a trip taking in all the Maine coast, spending a week at Bar Harbor, and then a run up as far as Nova Scotia.

He had described all the charms of this trip to Alice and extended to her the most urgent invitation. He had obtained her brother's promise to supplement it and also to make one of the party, and he had persuaded his sister Blanch to aid him with his mother, but he had met discouragement on all sides.

In the first place, Alice wrote it was doubtful if she could go. It would be a delightful outing and one she would enjoy, but it would not be right to leave Aunt Susan alone for so long, and then, as her school did not close until the last of June, she would have no time to get ready.

To cap the climax of Frank's discomfiture, when July came his mother announced that she had decided to go to the mountains for the summer.

"It's no use, Bert," he said to his friend one evening. "I wanted your sister to go to Maine with us and mother and the girls and a few more to make a party, but it's no go. I can't induce your sister to join us, and it's no use if she would, for mother has determined to go to the mountains, and that settles it. If you and I have any outing on the yacht we must make up a gander party."

"That suits me just as well as, and in fact better than, the other plan," replied Albert consolingly. "If we have a lot of ladies along we must dance attendance upon them, and if not we can fish, smoke, play cards, sing or go to sleep when we feel like it. I tell you, Frank," he continued, "girls are all right as companions at home or at balls and theaters, but on a yacht they are in the way."

A week afterward, and early one bright morning, the Gypsy, with skipper, crew and a party of eight jolly young men on board, sailed out of Boston and that night dropped anchor under the lee of an island in Casco bay. She remained there one full day and the next ran to Boothbay and found shelter in a landlocked cove forming part of the coast line of Southport island. It was after dinner next day, and while the rest of the party were either playing cards or napping in hammocks under the awning, that Albert Page took one of the boats, his pipe and sketchbook and rowed down the coast a mile to an inlet he had noticed the day before. The outlet point of this was formed by a bold cliff that he desired to sketch, and pulling the boat well up behind the inner point, tying the painter to a

rock and taking the cushions along, he found a shady spot and sat down. The sloping rock he selected for a seat was a little damp, but he thought nothing of it, and lighting his pipe began sketching.

He worked for an hour putting the weed-draped rocks and long swells that broke over them into his book, and then, lulled perhaps by the monotonous rhythm of the ocean, lay back on the cushions and fell asleep.

The next he knew he was awakened by a cold sensation and found the tide had risen until it wet his feet. Hastily getting up, he took the cushions and returned to where he had left the boat, only to find it had disappeared. The rising tide had lifted the boat and painter from the rocks, and it was nowhere to be seen.

"There must be some road back up on the island," he thought, "that will lead me near the cove where the Gypsy is," and, still retaining the cushions, he started to find it. But he was a stranger to Southport island, and the farther away from the sea he got the thicker grew the tangle of scrub spruce and briars. It was too thick to see anywhere, and after a half hour of desperate scrambling the afternoon sun began to seem about due east. He had long since dropped the cushions, and finally, in sheer exhaustion, he sat down on a rock to collect himself.

"It looks as though I'm billed to stay here all night," he thought as he noted the lowering sun, "and nobody knows how much longer! There must be a road somewhere, though, and I'm going to find it if the light lasts long enough."

He started more and more and had not gone ten rods ere he came to one, and then he breathed easier. His clothes were torn, his hands and face scratched by briars, and to save himself he couldn't make it seem but that the sun was setting in the east. He sat down to think. All sound of the ocean was gone, and a stillness that seemed to crawl out of the thicket was around him. He rested a few moments more and then suddenly heard the sound of wheels and presently saw, coming around the curve, an old fashioned carryall, worn and muddy, and, driving the horse at a jog trot, a man as dilapidated looking as the vehicle.

Gladdened at the sight, he arose and, holding up his hand as a signal, halted the team. "Excuse me, sir," he said to the man, who eyed him curiously, "but will you tell me where I am?"

"Waal," was the answer in a slow drawl, "ye're on Southport island an' 'bout four miles from the jumptin' off place. Whar might ye be goin'? Ye looked bushed."

"I am," answered Page, "and badly bushed too. I lost my boat over back here on the shore and have had a cheerful time among the Mohawk briars. I belong to a yacht that is anchored in a cove of this island, I can't tell where, and if you will take me to her I'll pay you well."

"The man in the wagon laughed. "Say, stranger," he observed with a chuckle, "you 'mind me o' the feller that got full an' wandered round for a spell till he fetched up to a house an' sed to the man that cum to the door, 'If you will tell me who I am or whar I am or whar I want ter go I'll give ye a dollar.'"

Page had to laugh in spite of his plight, for the humorous twinkle in the old man's eyes as he uttered his joke was infectious.

"I'd like ter 'commodate ye," he added, "but as I'm carryin' Uncle Sam's mail an' must git home an' tend the light, an' as ye don't know whar ye want ter go, ye best jump in an' go down to Saint's Rest, whar I live, an' in the mornin' we'll try an' hunt up yer boat."

It seemed the only thing to do, and Albert availed himself of the chance.

"Can you tell the spot where you found me?" he said to the man as they started on. "I'd like to go back there tomorrow and find my cushions."

"Waal," was the answer, "as I've druv over this road twice a day for nigh on to thirty year, I'm tolerable familiar with it. My name's Terry, an' I'm keeper o' the light at the Cape an' I'll carry the mail to sorter piece out on. Who might ye be?"

"My name's Page, and I'm from Boston, and a lawyer by profession," replied Albert.

Uncle Terry eyed him rather sharply. "I wouldn't 'a' took ye fer one," he said. "Ye look too honest. I ain't much stuck on lawyers," he added with a chuckle. "I've had 'sperence with 'em. One of 'em sold me a hole in the ground once, an' it cost me the hull o' twenty years' savin's! Ye'll 'scuse me fer bein' blunt—it's my natur'."

"Oh, I don't mind," responded Albert laughingly. "But you mustn't judge us all by one rascal."

They drove on, and as they jogged up and down the sharp hills he caught sight here and there of the ocean, and alongside the road, which consisted of two ruts, a path and two grass grown ridges, he saw wild roses in endless profusion. On either hand was an interminable thicket. In the little valleys grew masses of rank ferns and on the ridges, interspersed between the wild roses, clusters of red bunchberries. The sun was almost down when they reached the top of a long hill and he saw at its foot a small harbor connected with the ocean by a narrow inlet and around it a dozen or more brown houses. Beyond was a tangle of rocks and, rising above them, the top of a white lighthouse. Uncle Terry, who had kept up a running fire of questions all the time, halted the horse and said:

"Ye can now take yer first look at Saint's Rest, otherwise known as the Cape. We ketch some lobster an' fish here an' hev prayer meetin's once a week."

Then he chirruped to the horse, and they rattled down the hill to a small store, where he left a mail pouch and

then followed a winding road between the scattered houses and out to the point, where stood a neat white dwelling close beside a lighthouse.

"I'll take ye into the house," said Uncle Terry as the two alighted. "an' tell the wimmin folks to put on an extra plate, an' I'll put up the boss."

"I'm afraid I'm putting your family to some inconvenience," responded Albert, "and as it is not dark yet I will walk out on the point. I may see the yacht and save you all trouble."

The sun, a ball of fire, was almost at the horizon, the sea all around lay an



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unruffled expanse of dark blue, undulating with the ground swells that caught the red glow of the sinking sun as they came in and broke upon the rocks. Albert walked on to the highest of the shore rocks and looked about. There was no sign of the Gypsy, and only one boat was visible, and that a dory rowed by a man standing upright. Over the still waters Albert could detect the measured stroke of his oars. That and the low rumble of the ground swells, breaking almost at his feet, were the only sounds. It was like a dream of solitude, far removed from the world and all its distractions. For a few moments he stood contemplating the ocean alight with the setting sun's red glow, the gray rocks at his feet and the tall white lighthouse towering above him, and then started around the point. He had not taken ten steps when he saw the figure of a girl leaning against a rock and watching the setting sun. One elbow was resting on the rock, her face reposing in her open hand and fingers half hid in the thick masses of hair that shone in the sunlight like burnished gold. A broad sun hat lay on the rock, and the delicate profile of her face was sharply outlined against the western sky.

She had not heard Albert's steps, but stood there unconscious of his scrutiny. He noted the classic contour of her features, the delicate oval of her lips and chin, and his artist eye dwelt upon and admired her rounded bosom and perfect shoulders. Had she posed for a picture she could not have chosen a better position, and was so alluring and wistful so sweet and unconscious that for a moment he forgot all else, even his own rudeness in standing there and staring at her. Then he recovered himself and, turning, softly retraced his steps so as not to disturb her. Who she was he had no idea and was still wondering when he met Uncle Terry, who at once invited him into the house.

"This 'ere's Mr. Page, Lissy," he said as they entered and met a stout, elderly and gray haired woman. "I found him up the road a spell an' wantin' to know whar he was."

Albert bowed.

"I am sorry to intrude," he said, "but I had lost my boat and all points of the compass when your husband kindly took me in charge."

Being offered a chair, Albert sat down and was left alone. He surveyed the plainly furnished sitting room, with open fireplace, a many colored rug carpet on the floor, old fashioned chairs and dozens of pictures on the walls. They caught his eye at once, mainly because of the oddity of the frames, which were evidently homemade, and then a door was opened, and Uncle Terry invited him into a lighted room where a table was set. The elderly lady was standing at one end of it and beside her a younger one, and as Albert entered he heard Uncle Terry say, "This is our gal Telly, Mr. Page," and as he bowed he saw, garbed in spotless white, the girl he had seen leaning against the rock and watching the sunset.

"Oh, I don't mind," responded Albert laughingly. "But you mustn't judge us all by one rascal."

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Spoke Too Late.
She—You married me for my money,
He—Well, no use to grieve over it now. It's all gone.—Town Topics