THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING OT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, SARAFRAXA STREET DURHAM, ONT.

7...

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THE JOB :: 1s completely stocked with DEPARTMENT all NEW TYPE, thus affording facilities for turning out First-class

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IAMES CARSON, DURHAM, LIC. of his coming home that night. Grey. Land Valuator, Bailiff of the 2nd cold," Aunt Betsy said, while Helen, whether he still lived, or had long promptly attended to. Highest refereence furnished if required

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For terms apply to MISS MARGARET GUN.

gan, and mistrusted at once that something was to pay, for a girl don't leave her umberell in such rain and g cryin' home for nothin'.

Morris colored, resenting for an in-

party; but Aunt Betsy was so honest and simple-hearted, that he could not be angry long, and he listened calmly, while she continued-"I have not lived sixty odd years

for nothing, and I know the signs pretty well. I've been through the mill myself."

Morris laughed a loud, hearty laugh, which emboldened his visitor to say more than she had intended

"You just ask her agin. Once ain't nothing at all, and she'll come She likes you; 'taint that which made her say no. It's ome foolish idea about faithfulness to Wilford, as if he deserved that she should be faithful. They never orto have had one another-never; and now that he's well in heaven, as I do suppose he is, it ain't I who hanker for him to come back. Neither does Katy, and all she needs is a little urging. to tell you yes. So ask her again, will you!"

"I think it very doubtful. Katy knew what she was doing, and meant what she said." Morris replied; and with the consoling remark that if young folks would be fools it was none of her business to bother with them, Aunt Betsy pinned her shawl across her chest, and hunting up both basket and umbrella, bade Morris good night, and went back across the fields to the farm-house, hearing from Mrs. Lennox that Katy had gone to bed with a racking headache.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"Are you of the same mind still?" Helen asked, when three weeks later she returned from New York, and at the hour of retiring, sat in her chamber watching Katy as she brushed her hair, occasionally curling a tress around her fingers and letting it fall upon her snowy night-dress.

They had been talking of Morris, whom Katy had seen but once since that rainy night, and that church, where he had been the previous Sunday. Katy had written an account of the transaction to her sister. who had chosen to reply by word of mouth rather than by letter, and so the first moment they still as when she refused the doctor. "Yes, why shouldn't I be?" Katy replied. "You, better than any one else. know what passed between Wil-

"Do you love Morris?" Helen asked, abruptly, without waiting for

Katy to finish her sentence. For an instant the hands stopped in their work and Katy's eyes filled with tears, which dropped into her lap as she replied:

"More than I wish I did, seeing must always tell him no. strange, too, how the love for him keeps coming, in spite of all I can do. I have not been there since, nor spoken with him until last Sunday, but I knew the moment he entered the church, and when in the first chant I heard his voice, my fingers trembled so that I could hardly play, while all the time my heart goes out after the rest I always find with him, But it cannot be. Oh, Hel-I wish Wilford had never known

that Morris loved me." She was sobbing now, with her head in Helen's lap, and Helen. smoothing her bright hair, said

"You do not reason correctly. It is right for you to answer Morris yes, and Wilford would say so, too. When I received your letter I read it to Bell, who then told what Wilford said before he died. You must have forgotten it, darling. He referred to a time when you would cease to be his widow, and he said he was willing-said so to her, and you. Do you remember it, Katy?"

"I do now, but I had forgotten. I was so stunned then, so bewildered, that it made no impression. I did not think he meant Morris?" and lifting up her face, Katy looked at her sister with a wistfulness which told how anxiously she waited for

the answer. "I know that he meant Morris, Helen replied. "Both Bell and her father think so, and their bade me tell you to marry Dr. Grant, with whom you will be so happy."

"I cannot. It is too late. I told him no. and Helen. I told him falsehood, too, which I wish I might take back," she added. "I said I was sorry he ever loved me, when was not, for the knowing that he had made me very happy. My conscience has smitten me cruelly for that falsehood, told not intentionally, for

did not consider what I said." Here was an idea which Helen caught at once, and the next morning she went to Linwood and brought Morris home with her. He

had been there two or three times since his return from Washin, on, but not since haty's refusal, and her cheeks were scarlet as she met him in the parlor and tried to be natural. He did not look unhappy. was not taking his rejection ery hard, after all, she thought, and the little lady felt a very little piqued to find him so cheerful, when she had senreely known a moment's quict since the day she carried him the custards and forget to bring away her umbrella. As it had rained that day, so it did now, a decided, energetic rain, which set in after Morris came, and precluded the possibility

Court Sales and a'l other matters too, joined her entreaties, until Mor- ce been relieved from suffering. ris consented, and the carriage which came round for him at dark returned to Linwood with the message that the doctor would pass the night at

Deacon Barlow's. During the evening he did not often | Bob was living, but had lost his address Katy directly, but he knew each time she moved, and watched every expression of her face, feeling to ask if this would make a differa kind of pity for her, when, without appearing to do so intentionally, the rejoicing at her good fortune, and family, one by one, stole from the room-Uncle Ephraim and Aunt Hannah without any excuse; Aunt Betsy to mix the cakes for breakfast; Mrs. family a maimed and crippled mem-Lennox to wind the clock, and Helen ber. to find a book for which Morris had

strange of their departure, were it while the mother admitted that it stant this interference by a third vinced that she had purposely been

left alone with Morris. conspired against her, but after one country from being flooded with cripthrob of fear she resolved to brave ples and negroes, and calls for more the difficulty, and meet whatever might happen as became a woman of twenty-three, and a widow. knew Morris was regarding her intently as she fashioned into shape the coarse wool sock intended for some soldier, and she could almost hear her heart beat in the silence which fell between them ere Morris said to her, in a tone which reassur-

"And so you told me a falsehood the other day, and your conscience

has troubled you ever since?" "Yes, Morris, yes; that is, I told you I was sorry that you ever loved me, which was not exactly true, for, after I knew you did, I was happier than before." "You knew it, then, before I told

"From Wilford-yes," Katy falter-

"I understand now why you have been so shy of me," Morris said but, Katy, must this shyness continue always? Think, now, and say if you did not tell more than one falsehood the other night-as you count faisehoods?"

Katy loo ed wonderingly at him, and he continued:

"You said you could not be my wife. Was that true? Can't you take it back, and give me a different answer?"

the knitting which lay upon her lap. "I meant what I said," she whispered; "for, knowing how Wilford felt, it would not be right for me to be

so happy." "Then it's nothing personal? If there were no harrowing memories of Wilford, you could be happy with me. Is that it, Katy?" Morris asked, coming close to her now, and imprisoning her hands, which she did not try to take away, but let them lie in his as he continued: "Wilford was willing at the last. Have you forgotten that?"

"I had, until Helen reminded me, Katy replied. "But Morris, the talking of this brings Wilford's death back so vividly, making it seem but yesterday since I held his dying

She was beginning to relent, Morris knew, and bending nearer to her

"It was not yesterday. It will be two years in February; and this, you know, is November. I need you, Katy. I want you so much. I have wanted you all your life. Before it was wrong to do so, I used each day to pray that God would give you to me, and now I feel just as sure that he has opened the way for you to come to me as I am sure that Wilford is in heaven. He is happy there, and shall a morbid fancy keep you from being happy here? Tell me.

then, Katy, will you be my wife?" He was kissing her cold hands, and as he did so he felt her tears

dropping on his hair. "If I say yes, Morris, you will not think that I never loved Wilford, for I did, oh, yes! I did. Not exactly as I might have loved you, had you asked me first, but I loved him, and I was happy with him, for if there were little clouds, his dying swept them all away."

It was very late that night when Katy went up to bed, and Helen, face on which the lamplight fell that his clinging arms, and holding both from his head just before we left the Morris had not sued in vain. Aunt his poor hands in hers, gave vent to prison, and told me if he never got Betsy knew it, too, next morning, by the same look on Katy's face when she came down stairs, but this did not prevent her saying abruptly, as Katy stood by the sink;

"Be you two engaged?" "We are," was Katy's frank reply which brought back all Aunt Betsy' visions of roasted fowls and frosted cake, and maybe a dance in the kitchen, to say nothing of the feather bed which she had not dared to offer Katy Cameron, but which she thought wo ld come in play for "Miss Dr. Grant."

CHAPTER XLIX.

Many of the captives were coming home, and all along the Northern ipes loving hearts were waiting, and fliendly hands outstretched to welcome them back, to "God's land," as the seil over which waved the stars and stripes, for which they had fought so bravely. Wistfully thousands of eyes ran over the long com trens of names of those returned, each eye seeking for its own, and

as pre dim ve h tee a me it failed to have up to the ten rold pay when it was inc. "i fent. Robert, Reyro af. Thomas Tubbs, ' Helen rend and the list of those just arri ed a: napolis, but "Captain Lark are was not there, and with a sifeeling of disapointment, she put the page to ner mother-in-lat, a hastene away, to weep and le that what she so greatly feare might not cone upon her.

It was after Katy's betrothal, an Helen was in New York, hoping to bear news from Mark, and pethato see him one long, for as nearly as she cot d trace him from reports of others, he was last at Andersonville. But there was no mention made of ensed Anctioneer for the County of "He would catch his death of him, no sign by which she could tell

arly next day she heard that Mat tie Tubbs had received a telegram from Tom, who would soon be at home, while later in the day Bell Cameron came round to say that right arm, and was otherwise badly crippled. It never occurred to Helen ence. She only kissed Bell fondly, then sent her back to the home where there were hot discussions regarding the propriety of receiving into the

"It was preposterous to suppose Katy might not have thought Bob would ex ect it," Juno said, not that neither one came back was a most unfortunate affair, as again, and after the lapse of ten | indeed the whole war had proved minutes or more she felt con- For her part she sometimes wished the North had let the South go quietly, as they wanted to, and so saved The weather and the family had thousands of lives, and prevented the men and money. On the whole, she doubted the propriety of prolonging the war; and she certainly doubted the propriety of giving her daughter to a crippie. There was Arthur Grey who had lately been so attentive; he was a wealthier man than Lieutenant Bob, and if Bell had any discretion she would take him in preference

to a disfigured soldier. Such was the purport of Mrs. Cameron's remarks, to which her husband listened, his eyes blazing with passion, which, the moment she finished. burst forth in a storm of oaths and invectives against what, with his pet adjective, he called her "Copperhead principles," denouncing her as a traitor, reproaching her for the cruelty which would separate her daughter from Robert Reynolds, because he had lost an arm in the service of his country; and then turning fiercely to Bell with the words:

"But it isn't for you to say whether he shall or shall not have Bell. She is of age. Let her speak for her-

And she did speak, the noble heroic girl, who had listened with bitter scorn, to what her mother and sister said, and who now, with quivering nostrils, and voice hoarse with emotion, answered slowly and impressively:

Katy's cheeks were scarlet, and her olds if he had only his ears left to in-law; but she laid down her book hands had ceased to flutter about hear me tell him how much I love and came to welcome Bell, detecting and honor him! Arthur Grey! Don't at once the agitation in her manner, talk to me of him! the craven cow- and asking if she had bad news from ard, who swore he was fifty to avoid

After this no more was said to Bell, who, the moment she heard Bob was at home, went to his father's house and asked to see him.

He was sleeping when she entered his room; and pushing back the heavy curtain, so that the light would fall more directly upon him, Mrs. Reynolds went out and left her there

alone. looking at his hollow eyes, his sunk- back to life, for her reason, he fanen cheek, his short, dry hair, and cied, had fled. But Helen did come thick gray skin, but did not think of his arm, until she glanced at the and insisted upon hearing every dewall, where hung a large-sized photo- tail of the dreadful story, both from graph, taken in full uniform, the Bell and Tom. The latter confirmed last time be was at home, and in all Lieutenant Reynolds had said, which his well-developed figure show- besides adding many items of his ed to good advantage. Could it be that the wreck before her had ever no doubt of it; but with the tenacity been as full of life and vigor as the picture would indicate, and was that arm which held the sword severed from the body, and left a token of killing-that he world yet come back; the murderous war?"

have suffered," she whispered, and kneeling down beside him she hid her face in her hands, weeping bitter ing him sometimes calling in the tears for her armless hero.

The motion awakened Robert, who gazed for a moment in surprise at the kneeling, sobbing maiden; then when sure it was she, raised himself in bed, and ere Bell could look up, two arms, one quite as strong as the other, were wound around her neck, and her head was pillowed upon the breast, which heaved with strong emotions as the soldier said:

"My darling Bell, you don't know how much good this meeting does

He kissed her many times, and Bell did not prevent it, but gave him kiss after kiss, then, still doubting the evidence of her eyes, she unclasped a second gush of tears as she said: "I am so glad-oh, so glad!"

Then, as it occurred to her that he might perhaps misjudge her, and put a wrong construction upon her joy, she added:

"I did not care for myself, Robert. Don't think I cared for myself, or was ever sorry a bit on my own ac-

replied: "Never were serry and never cared!--I can scarcely credit that, for surely your tears and present emotions belie your words.

her, and she said: "Your arm, Robert, your arm. We heard that it was cut off, and that

you were otherwise mutilated." "Oh, that's it, then!" and something like his old mischievous smile glimmered about Bob's mouth as he a'ded: "They spared my arms, Bell." the poor, suffering creatures termed and he tried to look very solemn, "suppose I tell you that they hacked off both my legs, and if you marry me, you must walk all your life by the side of wooden pins and crutches!"

Bell knew by the curl of his lip that he was teasing her, and she answered laughingly:

"Wooden pins and crutches will be all the fashion when the war is over -badges of honor of which any woman might be proud."

"Well, Bell," he replied, "I am afraid there is no such honor in store for my wife, for if I e er get back my strength and the flesh upon my bones, she must take me with legs and arms included. Not even a scratch or wound of any kind with which to awaken sympathy." He appeared very bright and cheer-

ful; but when after a moment Bell asked for Mark Ray, there came a shadow over his face, and with quivering li, s he told a tale which blanched Bell's cheek, and made her shiver with pain and dread as she thought of Helen-for Mark was dead -shot down as he attempted to escale from the train which took them from one prison to another. He was always devising means of escape, succeeding several times, but was immediately captured and brought back or sent to some closer quarter, Robert said; but his courage never deserted him, or his spirits either. He was the life of them all, and by his presence kept many a poor fellow from dying of homesickness and despair. But he was dead: there could be no mistake, for Robert saw him when he jumped, heard the ball which went whizzing after him, saw him as he fell on the open field, saw a man from a rude dwelling near by go

nurriedly towards him, firing his own revolver, as if to make the death deed doubly sure. Then as the train slacked its speed, with a view, perhaps, to take the body on board, he heard the man who had reached Mark, and was bending over him, call out: "Go on, I'll tend to him, the bullet went right through here," and he turned the dead man's face towards the train, so all could see the blood pouring from the temple which the finger of the ruffian touched.

"Oh, Helen! poor Helen! how can I tell her, when she loved him so much!" Bell sobbed.

"You will do it better than any one else," Bob said. "You will be very tender with her; and, Bell, tell her, as some consolation, that he did not break with the treatment, as most of us wretches did; he kept up wonderfully-said he was perfectly well-and, indeed, he looked so. Tom Tubbs, who was his shadow, clinging to him with wonderful fidelity, will corroborate what I have said. He was with us; he saw him, and only animal force prevented him from leaping from the car and going to him where he fell. I shall never for-

instant towards us." "Don't, don't!" Bell cried again ; "I can't endure it!" and as Mrs. Reynolds came in she left her lover and started for Mrs. Banker's, meeting on the steps Tom Tubbs himself, who had come on an errand similar

get his shrick of agony at the sight

of that blood-stained face, turned an

"Sit here in the hall a moment," she said to him, as the servant admitted them both. "I must see Mrs. Ray first.

"I would marry Lieutenant Reyn- Helen was reading to her mother-

"No, Robert is at home: I have just come from there, and he told me -oh! Helen, can you bear it?-Mark is dead-shot twice as he jumped from the train taking him to another prison. Robert saw it and knew that he was dend."

Bell could get no further, for Helen, who had never fainted in her life. did so now, lying senseless so long that the physician began to think it With a beating heart she stood would be a mercy if she never came back to life, with reason unimpaired, own. Mark was dead, there could be of a strong hopeful nature, the mother clung to the illusion that possibly the bail stunned, instead of and many a time as the days wen' "Poor Bob! how much he must by, that mother started at the step upon the walk, or ring of the beh which she fancied might be his, hearhight storm for her to let him in. and hurrying down to the door only to be disappointed, and go back to her lonely room to weep the dark

night through With Helen there were no such illusions. After talking calmly and rationally with both Robert and Tom. she knew her husband was dead, and never watched and waited for him as his mother did. She had heard from Mark's companions in suffering all they had to tell, of his captivity and his love for her which manifested itself in so many different ways. Pessionately she had wept over the tress of faded hair which Tom Tubbs brought to her, saying: "He cut it home and I did, to give the lock to you, and say that all was well between him and God-that your prayers had saved him. He wanted you to know that, because, he said, it would comfort you most or at

And it did comfort her when she looked up at the clear wintry be ens and thought that her lest o was there. It was her first real Bob looked a little bewildered as he trial, and it crushed her with its magnitude, so that she could not submit at once, and many a cry of desolate agony broke the silence her room, where the whole night Bell knew he had not understood through she sat musing of the past and raining kisses upon the little loc' of hair which from the Southern prison had come to her, sole relic of the husband so dearly loved and truly mourned. How faded it was from the rich brown she remembe el so well, and Helen gazing at it could realize in part the suffering and want which had worn so many precious lives away. It was strange she never dreamed of him. She of an prayed that she might, so as to drive from her mind, if possible, the picture of the prostrate form upon the low, damp field, and the blood-stained face turned in its mortal agony towards the southern sky and the pitiless foe above it. So she always saw him, shuddering as she wondered if the foe had buried him decently or left his bones to bleach upon the o en plain

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Birds In Indian Legends. All primitive people regard the bird as specially wise and favored. Living in the air, he is regarded as exercising control over atmospheric phenomena, and, knowing so well his own migratory seasons, the Indians observe his flights as foreboding ill or good to

themselves. The Hurons believe that the dove est quantity in the least time, and is carries the souls of the departed hence. MOST SIMPLE AND DURABLE. The Dakotas say the storm bird dwells so high as to be out of human vision and carries a fresh water lake on his back, so that when he plumes himself it rains, when he winks his bright eyes it lightens, when he flaps his wings thunder rolls. The Alaskans hold much the same idea about the "thunder-

Among them all the eagle is mighty, brave, aspiring, the symbol of their warriors for apparent reasons. The kingfisher is anxious to serve his broth-

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Just arrived, at the Showroom of BARCLAY & BELL a carload of the famous Tudhope carriages, which are known and approved of all men to be unsurpassed for beauty and second to none in quality. Call and see them, and if you do not want to buy one for yourself, you will be able to tell your friends the old, old story of these rigs, which is as above mentioned. Prices and styles to suit all.

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