

#### H. V. MORTHIMER, Proprietor.

Railroad Guide.

Posseumers for Philadelphia will leave Lehlsh-ton as follows L. V. arrive at Phila at 665 a m. 165 a.m., via L. V. arrive at Phila at 665 a m. 165 a.m., via L. V. arrive at Phila at 665 a m. 165 a.m., via L. V. arrive at Phila at 665 a m. 165 p. m. 165 p. m. via L. V. arrive at Phila at 665 p. m. 165 p. m. via L. V. arrive at Phila at 95 p. m. Reintming, leave depot at Perks and Ameri-san 54. Phila, at 815 and 948 a.m. 215, p. m. Jan. 1. 157. BILLIS CLAHK, Ayomt.

PRILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains. AUGUST 28D, 1877. Trains leave ALLEN TO WN as follows:-[VIA FERMIONER BEASCH.] Por Philadelphis, at 0.50, 11.05, a.m., \*2.15 and \$45 p.m.

For Fullade/phis at 3.25 5. m. (VL EASC FENSA, URANCH.)
For Resolute, 1 20.250, 353 a.m., 12.10, 2.10, 4.33 and 9.55 p.m.
For Harthourg, 5 50, 8.55 a. m., 12.15, 4 20 p.m.
For Laucaster and Columbia, 5.50, a.m. and 4.30 p. m.

Por Bending 220 and 200 Avenue and 2

Leave Philadelphils, S. J. m. (Via East FENNA, BRANCH.) Leave Roading, 7.41, 7.45, 10.30 a m., 4.00, 6.10 and 10.35 pm Leave Harrisburg, 5.00, 7.30 a. m., and 5.40, 3.30 p. m.

Leave Harisburg, 5:00 7:30 a. m., and 1:40, 3:30 p. m. Leave Lancaster, 7:30 a. m., and 2:15 p. m. HuNDAYs. NUNDAYs. Leave Reading, 7:35 a.m. Trains market hun (\*) run to and from depot with aud Green streets, Philadeiphia, store trains to a d from Broad steert depet. Traice 0:0 a. m and 3:55 p. m. trains from Philadeiphia, are through cars to and trow Philadeiphia, bave through cars to and trow Philadeiphia, J. E. WOOTIEN, General Manager.

HENRY A. PETER,

(Successor to C. W. LENTZ),

Bank Street, Lehighton, Penn'a,

Offers to the public a full line of

Pure Drugs and Chemicals,

A PATENT MEDICINES,

A Complete Asseortment of

Horse and Cattle Medicines

Wall Papers,

From the Chespest Brown to the fluest Gilt.

Fancy Toilet Articles,

SPONGES, CHAMOISE SKINS,

PLAIN & FANCY STATIONERY.

And a variety of HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES too numerous too mentans, sh of which he is offering at

VERY REASONABLE PRICES !

PUBE WINES and LIQUORS for Medicinal and Sacramental Durposes.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS careful y and accurately compounded by MYSELF, at all hours of the day and night. Patronage lavited.

March 24, 1877.

CARDS.

POSTERS,

H. A. PETER,

Lonczel's Block.

For Philadelphia at 3.2) h . .

SUNDAYS.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.

## INDEPENDENT-" Live and Let Live."

### \$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

### VOL. V., No. 44.

#### LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 29, 1877.

Subscribers out of County, \$1.2

# CARDS.

Furniture Warehouse. V. Schwartz Bank street, desir in all kinds of Furniture. Coffine made to order.

Boot and Shoe Makers. Clinton Bretney, in Livan's building, Bank street. All orders promptly Alles-work warranted.

F. P. LONGSTREET, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Next door to the " Carbon House." BANK STREET. LEHIGHTON, PA. ember 16-6m

## W. M. RAPSHER,

RETURNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, BARE SYREET, LEMIGHTON, PA. Real Estate and Collection Acency. Will Buy and Soll Real Estate. Curveysnoing neatly done Col-lections promptly made. Softling Estates of De-cedents a specialty. May be consulted in English ad Gorman.

## JAS. R. STRUTHERS,

ATTOUN OF AT LAW, 

Mauch Chunk, Pa. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. May 27, 1y.

## DANIEL KALBFUS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Mauch Chunk, Pa. ag-Office, above Delon's Jewelry Store, Broadway

INO. D. BERIOLETTE. JAS S. LOOSE BERTOLETTE & LOOSE,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLOUS AT LAW, OFFICE-Corner of Susquebanna and Broadway. MAUCH CHUNK, PENNA.

Can be consulted in German. [July 24 187

P. J. MEEHAN. ATTORNEY AT LAW.

#### Next Door to First National Bank,

MATCH CHUNK, PA AP-Can be consulted in Garman. I Jan9.

H. A. BELTZ.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Obert's Buildine, BANK-St., LFHIGHTON, Convoyancing, Collecting at d all other unsi-ness connected with the office promotiv attend-ed to Anes, Agent for the Purchass and Sale of Anti-Lect Apria 1'-31 Real Betate.

# THOMAS S. BECK,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, BANK Street, LEHIGHTON, Pa. Conveyanting, Collecting and all business con-meted with the office promptly attended to. Sim Argent for first-class Insurance Companies, and Risks of all kinds taken on the most liberal terms jan. 9, 1875.

## W. A. DERHAMER, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Special attention paid to Chronic Disasses. Officer South East corner Iron and Sud sts., Le-bighton, Pa. April 5, 1875.

## DR. N. B. REBER,

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office, BAYE Street, next door above the Postoffer, Lehtighton, Pa. Office Hours-Parryville such day rom 10 to 12 o'clock; rumsinder of day at office it Lehtighton. Nov: 23, 72

### W. G. M SEIPLE,

PHYSICIAN AND SUBGEON. Next to E. H. Snyder's store, BANE ST.,

LEHIGHTON, PENN'A N.B.-Special attention given to the Cure of salt fibeum, &c. jon 15.y

THOMAS KEMERER, CONVEYANCER,

CARBON ADVOCATE GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT The Lilveing Companies are Represented: LERAN IN MUTUAL TIRE, BEAMING MUTUAL TIRE, WY OMING THE POTTEN LILE FIRE, LERIS AVELORING TIRSUBANCE, ELERS AVELORING TIRSUBANCE, CHEAF JOB PRINTING OFFICE, Also Ponnaylwania and Mutzal Horse Thief leter ive and In-arance Company. Marca 22, 1873. TH OS. KEMERER. R. B. WIDDOSS, LEHIGHTON, PA. PRACTICAL BARBER, Every description of Printing, from a Opposite the First National Bank, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA. Visiting Card to a Poster. HAIR CUTTING, SHAVING, SHAMPOO-NG and DYEING promptly and artistlesly Paironage solicited and salisfaction guaran-bod July 14, 877. BILL BEADS. GIDEON KOSTENBADER, LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS. ARTIST. STATEMENTS. PROGRAMMES. South east Corner Public Square, RAND BILLS. Bank St., Lehighton, Pa., DODGERS. Is prepared to make threatze PORTRAITS OF PER-ONS FROM PROFOGRAPHS in he most artistic manner, quarts all respects in the property of an allow a strength of ENLARGING POTTRAITS OF DECEASED PERSONS form (pro-of a) kinds. Chairge-very moderate a. d paleonage sources, may in-CIRCULARS, SHIPPING TAGS, ENVELOPES, PAMPHLETS DAVID EBBERT'S BY-LAWS, &C., &C., Livery & Sale Stables Done in the best manner, at very Lowest Prices are prepared to do war's at us cheap rates by office in the State that deals honestly with its customers. OUR MOTTO IS BANK STREET. LEGIGHTON, PA FAST TROTAING HORSES, Cheap, Prompt & Reliable ELEGANT CARRIAGES. And positively LOWER PRICES than any other Levery in the County. Large and handsome Carrisges for Faneral urpages and Weddings DAVID EBBEHT. Nov. 22, 1970

#### A Housekeeper's Tragedy. One day as I wandered, I heard a complaining

And saw a poor woman, the p cture of gloom She gare i at the mud on her doorstop (1'was raining). And this was her wall as she wielded the

Oh ! life is a toil, and love is a trouble And beauty will fade and riches will flee And pleasures they dwindle, and prices they

double. And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

There's too much of worriment goes to bonnet :

There's too much ironing goes to a shirt ; There's no hing that pays for the tune you

wante on it : Then's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt

In March it is mud ; it's slush in December The midsummer breezes are loaded with

dust ; In fall the leaves; in mugay September The wall-paper rots, and the candlesticks rust.

There are worms in the cherries, and slugs in the roses.

And sate in the sugar and mice in the pies; And sate in the sugar and mice in the pies; The rubbish of sphiers no mortal supposes, And ravaging reaches and damaging flies.

It's sweeping at aix and dusting at seven L's victuals at eight and dishes at nine It's potting and comming from ten to eleven

We scarce break our fast ere we plan how With grease and with grime, from corner to

contre, Forever at war and forever alort,

No res for a day, lest the enemy enter-

I spend my whole life in a struggle with diri. Last night, in my dreams, I was stationed

forever. On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea ; My one chance of life was ocasele-s endeavor To sweep off the waves are they swept over 110 1

Ains, 'twas no dream ! Aga'n I behold it ! I yield-J am helpless my face to avert ?"

tolded. Then in'd down and died and was buried-in

# Bran and his Master.

The autnmn gale had shaken the win dows and roared along the road in gushes, and sometimes made the house tremble ; now the only holse was the bastening intermittent, thundering roar basebing infermittent, fundering roar of the breakers, with interludes of seething, infinite murnur. It seemed as if 1 had awakened so stealthly as not to disturb the enchantment, and with my eyes fixed on the alternate fading and increasing ladder of shroud-ed moonlight that stretched from my window to a great distance on the see window to a great distance on the sea, I tooved not, but breathed low, striving to believe that this was a scene forbidden mortal eyes, and after a few minutes of such romantic indulgence, I really feared that to betray any sign of wakefulness would bring upon me sorrow and pain, as the sweet heroine of one of Tleck's charming legends forfelted peace and prosperity by mentioning, in a moment of impulsiveness, the fairy county into which her feet had been permitted to stray in childhood. But suddenly-ay, instantaneously as a flash of lightning-my fancy and calmness were supplanted by terror and amazement; I saw in the light which filled the window, as in a frame, the living, n oving reality of a young man-fear and agony of strife in his handsome face-battling tor life, his arms dashing out as if in swimming ; heavy, wet-hanging locks falling over his forehead. That vision must have been before me for fully a minute, and so dictinct, so real, so near was it, and so carnest was the expres-sion of the eyes imploring help, that I shricked out, and the cry came from the verv core of my terrified heart, " G ... 0 God ! save him I save him ! save him!" and I sprarg from by bed in agony. In a moment my father and Margar t had come to my room, I had fainted then, and could only answer their anxious inquiries, when I regained consciousness, by the tablehood: ' It was only a horrid by the faiselaboid: 'If was only a horrid dream.'' At breakfast my father, aiarned at my paleness, wished to gend for the physician, but I would not as-sent. Then he said . "Weil, Allie, come and take a walk on the beach with me; the gale is trying to blow away and the breakers are tremendous." I was delighted to do so, and in a few minutes we were on the shore. The nois of the waves calledy drowned all theorem is a solution of the shore. attempts at conversation, and the spray washed over us in showers. Numerous sea-guils were hovering over the raging seargents were novering over the raging waters, screaming shrilly; sometimes battling flutteringly against heavy guests of the remaining gate; some-times swooping with wonderful grace and swiftness down ic the founing crests that in-ted but a second. Indes-critably wild and magnificent was the scene : dearfaular and residual is correscene ; deafening and terrible its roar. When we had reached the beach, we when we had reached the beach, we had stood motioniess until my father pulled at my plaid, for it was useless to attempt speaking, and pointed with Exclusion to where an immense dog iny, apparently lifeless, just above the strong buffels of the surf, but not be youd the whirting eddies that were churned in ripples of foam about his body. In a moment I maked to where body. In a moment I rushed to where he was, and with the water to my knees, and almost taking me off my feet at every descending sweep, 1 bent over him and put my warm shands through the heavy, curing cost, " Poor, noble old tellow -dead 1" But as I said so, I saw the great soft eyes open thankfully, and the splendid bu-h of a tail raise

all the expression of life remaining to life went out. For the first time on him. When my father, coming towards me, saw my delight, he hurried to the rescue. Together we managed, after many rests, to get him on the rug be-fore our kitchen fire. Yes, we had to stop several times, and lay our burden down, before reaching home we found that it was an enormous Newfoundfoundland, weighing, my father thought over one hundred pounds. It was a long time before the poor fellow got the use of his limbs, or strength enough to the was very handsome, and his graff tude and devotion which increased and expressed themselves day by day, in the most courtly grace and deference to every look or movement of nine were touching to see. At the time the waves had thrown bim an offering at my feet, he had on a heavy, black leather colar, with a silver plate, marked : "Theo. Manton" Of course my father made inquiries, and advertised in the Sag Harbor journals for an owner; but what probability was there that a dog so strangely cast upon the sea shore by a storm, would be justly claimed ? As it, was, there was never any information gained by inquiries or advertise ments. In every storm through the winter that was then setting in, would my great dog and friend go down towards night to the beach, and look seaward, howling-perhaps for the master he had lost. For weeks f tried every name applied to dogs I could remember, to see if I could find his own. I ran through the Pontos, Brontes, and Watches-the Smith, Jones, and Robinsons of the dog directory; and then tried the glossaries of history and ro-mance-Kitmer, Gelat, Hodain, and more. The dog would lie or walk beside me, and turn his head towards me as I called each name, but drop his cars and eves as in disappointment, and give a gentle wag of his tail in thanks for my attempt. But one day, about the my definite. But one day, would the wildle of November, in a walk in the village- and I never went without my new friend -1 stopped at the wind mill to talk with Israel Grayson, one of the old oracles of our neighborhood. My dog stood with his head just within the door. Nine or ten bags of feed, ground and silted, stood ranged along the wall, and I tried to name correctly to the miller the contents of each bag as I gathered some in my hands. About the nast I was in doubt ; I hesitated a moment, looked inquiringly at old Grayson, who was smiling at my perplexity and exclaimed : "Now I know-Bran!" As I spoke that word, my dog gave a loud bark, actually a dog-laugh, and pounced into the mill, put his fore feet on the bag I was standing by, and kiss-ed me on the chin. "Why, Bran-Bran-old fellow, is that your name? Bran 1 Bran 1" How delighted the great beauty was. Hetwisted his body like whalebone from side to side, jump-ne and careering in delight, wasning ing and careering in delight, wagging his tail with tremendous velocity, bark ing all the while in rapid tremors of joy. I too, was so pleased to find his name, that Bran and I ran races across the tields all the way home ; I not tiring of calling him Bran 1 Bran 1 and he barking furiously at every call, and 'umping to kiss my hands. At length he caught, the parcel I was carrying and dashed ahead, throwing it up once or twice to catch it again in his mouth, trying to incite me to get it from him; but he got home first, and carried my new, thick shoes to my tather. I followed in a few moments, laughing and excited. "Why father, I have found his name; idd you ever have of dot named Das." did you ever hear of dog named Bran? "B.an? Why of course, Allie ; Bran was a celebrated dog ; second to none of the canine worthies. Brau was the companion of Fingal. You shall read about him to-night in my "Irish Legends ;" I remember that there is an account of him besides in the "Legends of the County Clare." How funny it is that the story there of his final disappearance contrasted romantically with his appearance here. It is asserted if I remember the legend rightly that having chased a show white hart for many hours. Bran sprang after it into a small lake. The deer vanished on touching the water. A beautiful lady appeared in its stead, laid her hand on the dot's head, and an unpurced him on the dog's head, and submerged him forever ; and the c'iff from which he sprang is called 'Craig a Bran , " " How splendid, father, that this dear old fellow is called bran. Why it is the same dog, of course-1 see it all He swam after sinking in the lake the swam after under its banks, through a long cave of water ; that took him years. How long ago is it—a century ? Well it took him age is it -a century ? Well it took him years and years, and then he came out nto the sea away off on the west shore of Ireland, and emigrated, as every one does, from that country and came here No wonder he was so tired ; a Scotch girl-and Fingal his master was really a Scotchman, wasn't he father ? put her arm around his dear body and rescued him How splendid ! And we unst call the sea shore here ; 'Saved-Uraig a-Bran.' " From that time, two more attached and sympathizing friends than Bran and I never existed. It was knight and lady. He so devoted to tay service ; always so generous, so consilerate, brave; I feeling perfectly secure in his guardiauship; happy in his company; promi of his love; proud, too of his great courage and prowess, in so hival ric a knight. Bran ! dear, dear \'ran ! you his burled now on that same sea side spot. Five years ago, you 'aid your head, grown gray and faeble, ic my lap, as we sat on that Easthampton brach, and, with a last grateful wag, about an inch from the sand and fall brach, and, with a last grateful wag, again ; the half-lifting of the cyclid, and long, soft, dream-like moan, your and the mite of wag that was left, being 'eyes fading on mine the while, your

that beach I wept and as one may weep for such a friend; and there, now as I write, I know the roll of the surf I write, I know the roll of the surf chants to your grave, for there was one whom you had lost once and found again, whom you loved as well as me, who had carried your dear old body down to the beach that day, and who laid you afterwards in a grave as en-dearing as these in the old Easthampton churchyard, close to the surf on 'Saved-Craig-a-Bran."

The second summer after Bran was given to me by the sea, was really gay in Easthampton. There were more nice people there then ever before—from New York Philadelphin and Baitimore. One evening I went up to the hotel to a hop, which was expected to be the gayest of the season I had been dancing, and being very warm, asked my partner to get me a seat by the window. The steady night breeze, in passing, left some of its freshness where I sat ; I could hear the crickets and katy-dids; I could see the grass silvered with dew and moonlight. I enjoyed that, and yet could hear the bright conversation of my companion and the laughter and chatter of the bail room, and be aware of the dust and heat, and the many flickering candles that surrounded th crowd. I was on its outskirts, and could ignore at will its clamor and jangle for the deep booming of the ocean. I do not know if I was not ocean. I do not know if I was not growing deaf to the former, and only conscious of the latter, when I heard a familiar voice—it was Mrs. Raiston's say; "Alice, you and Mr. Grant seem oblivious of quadrilles and polkas ;" and as I turned from the window, she continued : "I wish to introduce to Miss McDonald, Mr. Man -;" I could not catch the name distinctly, but an agreeable figure was bowing before me. As the face was lifted, I saw my vision of the night of the storm-my constant companion, in spirit and fancy, of the last two years-in human body and ex-pression. My emotions surged through me, bringing astonishment fear and de-light. Whether my companion talked light. to me for five minutes or one hour, I do not know ; what he said or whether I answered, I do not know. I did not faint, but the scenes about me were a blur-the sounds a hum. Every thing was confused and indefinite. The first words of his that I understood, as the shock wore off, were : "Miss McDon-aid, I fear you are not well ; you have grown so paie ; may I get you a glass of water ?" "No, I thank you," I of water ?." "No. I thank you," I answered, "but if you will take me to my father, who is probably on the piaz-za, I will go home ; I do feel unwell." As we went towards the door Mrs. Raiston came up and and :

"Why, Alice, surely you are not go-ing so early? Well, I have something to tell you first." The gentleman handed me to my father, bowed and withdrew. "Your partner, is he not hand-some ? I have known him for several years, but he only arrived here to-day. I was talking with him when he saw you sitting in the window, and immediately, as he caught sight of you he looked rs if he had seen a spirit, and exclaimed in the most theatrical man-"Gracious heavens, how strange 1 ner, and then he apologized to me : "Excusmy emphasis, Mrs. Raiston ; but the face in that window asionished me by its likeness to one which I saw two years ago under very remarkable circumstances ; please introduce me to that young lady." She hurridly whispered that information, and as she kiss-

then he would smell the gentleman's boots and repeat his performance to the sea ; and then acted as if half frightened, half delighted, tearing about us with his tail dropped ; then he sat before the stranger in questioning amazement. I saw that he was shivering as if with cold, and that he dashed his tail from side to side in the sand. "What a beautiful dog-he reminds

What is his name ?" "Bran," end I. "Bran," end I.

No sooner had he repeated the word No sconer had he repeated the word with the great emphasis he did, than Bran was upon him. He sprang and licked his face -howled-barked as mad -jumped back, and then up again on the stranger's breast-licked him-cried. He seemed tyring, the great, beautiful, animal, to climb and paw all over him; but now the stranger's arms were about him; his brown curels and were about him ; his brown curls and noustache were in Bran's shagey cost. He forgot my presence and laid his head on Bran's neck, his arms still holding the immense dog against his breast and Bran motionless, except his tail, which he whipped from side to side in ecstasy, while he moaned in the sad-ness of perfect happiness. He had found his master.

On the same evening that Bran found his master, Mr. Mauton told me, as we were returning to the house, that exactly two years before he was on his way in a small orig to New York from Port-land, where he had been in his capacity of an officer of engineers in the United States army, to inspect some fortifications, and that he had with him this same dog Bran, about two years old then, and which he had raised from a then, and which he had raised from a puppy. All that day it had blown a gale. They supposed themselves in the neighborhood of Montauk Point, though the captain had not had an observa-tion in forty eight hours. That night, or rather in the morning about two, when the wind had lulled somewhat, and whilst the brig was still inying to, he went on deck and stood by the for-forward bullwarks, talking to the cap-tain. Hardly had he been there five minutes—Bran standing close by his side—when a stander sea struck the side-when a sudden sea struck the vessel so violently as to throw him into the sea. The captain immediately cast him a life preserver, which, fortunate-ly, hung in the companion-way right at hand ; But before that Bran had sprang after his master, and was beside him when he caught the life-preserver. In a few seconds more, he had hold of a rope the captain had also thrown, and a rew second that also thrown, and rope the captain had also thrown, and with the help of some of the crew, was got safely on deck. The danger had been as extreme as it was brief. All been as extreme as it was brief. All attempts to lasso Bran, brave fellow, attempts to lasso Bran, brave fellow, attempts to lasso Bran, brave fellow, and rescue him were in vain. He was tossed past them on the waves.and soon lost sight ot. After he had told me that much, Mr. Manton hesitated for a while, and then smiled as he said that the strangest part of the adventure was yet to be told. Whilst buffeling with the waves in those moments of dark-ness and danger, he had seen, as he might in a very startling dream, a girl's face looking at him with fearful anxiety. The appearance was for but a flash of time, yet it had clung to his memory ever since, perhaps impressed the more because he had again and again, since the occurrence, wondered in metaphy-sical speculation over it. At the ball he recognized in my face the prototype

of his vision. I did not tell him then of my spectral visitation ; of the wonderful coincidence

CEP Geders y mail receive protupt accoutton.

ed me good night, she, adde1 : "JL 18

very strange, is it not, Alice?" The form which had visited meat night, but when I was fully awake, and high, but when I was turly awake, and which appeared so tangible and impress-ively two years ago; that associate ex-istence, twin companion of my life since that night; the teal, living being who had conversed with me just now in the ball room—all those were one—that I knew. The fact had the terror of a mystery it was enchaining. To an-derstand or explain it I could not ; yet it monopolized all my thoughts-filled me with dread yet pleasure.

My dear old father did not notice my absence of mind and silence, as we took our way, arm in arm, down the quiet road and over the stile to the path in the dew covered fields, coming nearer all the while to the increasing dash of all the while to the increasing dash of the surf. Bran met us with a whine and gambol of delight. All through that night I slept not. Bran snored on the threshold of my room. In the morning I got up and went about as if in a dream. I did not go out to join the bathers on the beach, and I feit glad that no visitors from the hotel called. Bot after tea. I and Bran samutered to But after tea, I and Bran samitered to the seashors. We went along the beach for a couple of miles. The twi-light was long and soft. The waves rolled in with midsummer drowsiness. Bran neither dashes through the break-ers nor ran on ahead. He noticed my thoughtfulness and quiet, and suited his manner to mine stepping slowly by my side, his cold nose on my hand. was aroused by Bran's hurrying ahead of me a few steps, and giving a low, inquiring growl. A gentleman was ap-proaching -it was he to whom I had been introduced last night-the subject of my

y thoughts, Miss McDenald, this is an unexpected pleasure. I have been enjoying a stroll on your sea shore-how grand It Is I'

White I answered him as well as my emotions would permit. I noticed how strangely Bran was acting. He would put his nose close to the geutleman's hand's and Lin towards the sea and soud up the breeze with a plerplexed mon, for it was not exactly a back :

in our experience on the same night and at the same hour. My astonish-ment almost amounted to terror as I

heard his story. It was again the twenty-seventh of October, but a very different night from Occuper, out a very oldershit hight from that two years ago -caim and miid, with some of summer's warmth yet linger-ing in the evening clouds. After tea, which Mr. Manton had taken with us, he and I walked ont on the beach, as we had done almost every evening in the three months that had passed so happly to me. We had the hard, shell-sprinkled bed of the low tide before us; the indistinct brownness of the fields and bluff on one side ; the vast, soft and bluit on one side ; the wast, soft spread glean of the waning twilight on the oc-an stretched on the other. We walked on. Night came ; if was black before us ; only the white rim of the ittle breakers splashing near as the track for our path. Out of the dark-ness, on the ocean side of us, there ensued from one spots balf directed spread from one spot a half-circle of just perceptible mellow light-if increased, grew orighter, softer, throw-ing silver like tentac'es into the waves that rolled between it and us. The sky interformed between it and us. The sky became visible, and a small dark cloud just above with silver. A moment inter, and the yellow rim of the moon peeped above the sea line, and graw and depended in fullness and warmth until its sphere was perfect. The light showed a scine house near us, and the skelton of an old boat. In that I found a seat, and Mr. Manton spread a shawi for me. He sat on the sand with his back against the broken bow. Neither of us spoke for an hour, I suppose, un-til Mr. Manton rose and walked up and down by the boat, and said :

"Miss McDonald-Ailee-what fit-ter time than this to say what my heart urges-I love you I" Leaning his arm on the boat's side, he asked : "Alice --will you be mine ?"

I made some answer, I suppose, for be came and sat besides me. It was then, with my hand in his, and Bran looking up into our faces, that I told him of what I had seen two years ago that night, and how I knew now that I had loved him ever since that time. We

CONCLUDED ON FOURTE PAGE.