

TO PHYSICIANS.

NEW YORK, August 15, 1868. Allow me to call your attention to my preparation of...

COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU.

The compound is made of Buchu, Long Leaf, Cuba, Juniper,...

It is a plant that emits its fragrance, the action of its active principle, leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Mine is the color of the liquid...

Buchu, as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance, the action of its active principle, leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Mine is the color of the liquid...

Chemist and Druggist of 16 Years' Experience.

From the largest Manufacturing Chemist in the World.

HELMHOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.

For weakness arising from indigestion. The exhausted powers of Nature which are accompanied by so many alarming symptoms, among which will be found, indigestion to Excretion, Loss of Memory, Wakefulness, Headache, or Feverishness, or Emission of Urine, in fact, Universal Lassitude, Prostration, and inability to enter into the enjoyment of society.

HELMHOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.

PHILLIPS & BROTHERS.

COURT HOUSE, ON MAIN STREET, RETURNS THEIR THANKS TO THE PUBLIC FOR THE VERY LIBERAL PATRONAGE ENJOYED BY THEM DURING THE PAST YEAR, AND HOPE, BY FAIR DEALING AND STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS TO MERIT A CONTINUANCE, IF NOT AN INCREASE OF THE SAME.

WE WILL CONTINUE TO KEEP ON HAND A GOOD SUPPLY OF FAMILIAR GROCERIES, IN ADDITION TO FRESH AND SALT FISH, OF EVERY VARIETY.

ALSO, BOOTS, SHOES, DOMESTIC, PIECE GOODS.

YANKEE NOTIONS. In fact, almost everything usually kept in a variety store, all of which we will sell low for cash, or country produce at the highest market price.

PHILLIPS & BROTHERS. Feb. 18, 1870.

\$1,000 REWARD. DeBing's Via Fuga cures all Liver, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Organic Weakness, Female Affections, General Debility and all complaints of the Urinary Organs, in male and female.

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The Old North State.

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Who Owned the Jewels? OR, THE HEIRSS OF THE SANDAL-WOOD CHEST.

BY MRS. M. V. VICTOR. Author of "The Dead Letter," "Too True," "Fifty are Eight," "Red Room," "Auntie's Gain," "Who Was He?" "The Captain's Daughter," &c., &c., &c.

PART I.—TREASURE TROVE. CHAPTER I. THE FINDING OF THE TREASURE.

On a fresh morning, before breakfast hour, at the country house where he was visiting, a young man put out in a small row-boat on the bosom of New Bay, just then rippling and dimpling at the rosy touch of dawn.

Oliver Grey was an artist by profession; a fine-looking person—twenty-five perhaps—with dark, restless eyes, a broad forehead, and swarthy skin. At this moment his mood was one of fierce discontent. Being an artist he was poor—being poor he could not have what he wanted. What he desired most on earth, was a friend—his friend George Catherwood, at whose father's house he was staying, having been invited to spend a portion of the summer at "The Poplars," to take his ease and sketch the beautiful scenery of the bay. He had accepted this hospitality—

even while he felt humiliated by it—not so much to escape his garret as to bask in the dangerous joy of Camilla's presence. This morning he came out to sketch, but he only dreamed of her, until half-wild at the thought of his poverty.

Urged by this discontented mood he fell to rowing vigorously for relief, soon finding himself close in to the high shore of a certain island, and near a familiar spot to which George and himself frequently came. It was a rocky bluff there was an ocean-cave. A very small cave, which the fishermen and other common people ignominiously dubbed a hole. It may have been larger once, but at this time it was filled, nearly to the mouth, with deep sea seaweed. In high water it was covered entirely by the waves. But at low tide a small boat could push its way in; and as it afforded a cool shelter from the summer sun, the two friends often sat anchor there for an hour or so, while they ate their luncheon, or sketched the opposite hills.

The tide then, at its extreme ebb, left the far side of the said cavern quite bare and dry. It was the first time that the visitor had ever found it so. He was thinking of ransacking his bag around, and getting out, although it seemed to be nothing more interesting than a couple of old hats, when suddenly, something sparkled in the level sand. His eyes were drawn to the glittering point. What was the end of a brass-bound wooden chest, protruding from the sand. The glittering of a brass nail had drawn his attention to the object.

The chest rushed into Oliver Grey's moody head. He thought of Captain King, of shipwrecked merchantmen, and the Arabian Nights, all in one flash of his vivid imagination.

Then he laughed at himself, pushing his hat off of a skull close to this buried chest, and leaping lightly out.

"At least I will see what it is. The dirty garments of some poor sailor's kit, I suppose." With his ear he went to work to dig away the sand. It was hard work, and the perspiration soon stood on his forehead; but he had brought to light enough of the quaint, foreign-looking box to show that it was no common sailor's chest.

It was of strips of some costly oriental woods, in dark and light, very solid and heavy, banded together, so as to be almost covered with its brass fastenings. In half an hour he had uncovered the whole lid. The box proved to be about four feet long, by two wide, and two deep. At first he despaired of opening the chest without further implements; for the hard wood was well preserved, and the clasps scarcely rusted. It had evidently been buried in dry sand—not exposed to the action of water, or even moisture, to any great extent. With the blade of a stout knife, which the artist carried with him for use of various kinds on his little expeditions, he succeeded, after a few minutes, in pushing back the simple, old-fashioned lock, which sprang out of its place with a click.

Then, for a moment, Oliver hesitated. As soon as he could command himself he cautiously raised the lid. What did he find?

A corpse—which looked as if it might have been placed there yesterday, so perfect was its preservation—jammed down into this impromptu coffin, so much too short for it. It was that of a noble and handsome man, not many years older than himself, whose jet-black hair fell in long ringlets about the velvet collar and ruffled shirt-front. The dress was that of 1800, or before, when rich gentlemen yet indulged in velvet and thread-lace. In the forehead was a deep wound, as of a hatchet, and there were blood-stains over the garment. Who could the murdered stranger be?

As he gazed at himself the question—while he gazed, with lips apart, and concentrated looks of interest and dread—a change crept over the inmate of the chest. The grayish hue deepened over the face; the features sank, fell; the yellow lace ruffled, the silken vestments in-

ded out of color—out of shape—melted away. The inmate dissolved as if he had been but a dream of his feverish fancy; and in his hand, which grasped the edge of the box, shook with nervous surprise, the slight impulse, aiding the action of the atmosphere, completed the ruin. The corpse and its clothing dropped to the bottom of the chest, little more than a handful of dry dust!

Oliver Grey gazed blankly at the blackness. A sudden chill, as if of death—some cold, never in his life had anything occurred which gave him so strange and dreadful a sensation as when he saw that vivid figure moulder into nothingness before him. He felt almost gaily that his crime had been a very successful one.

Of this appearance of the man who had been there, he never wished that his friend George had been with him to have seen what he saw, and to corroborate, by further testimony, the strange story which he had just related. He almost expected that the tale would be ridiculed as one of his many mad dreams. Yet here was the chest. They could not gainay that. And there were the bones and the dim outline of the figure, the skull, with its ghastly features, telling its mute story of crime.

What was that? Something glowed and glistened like a coal at the bottom of the chest!

Again the poor artist's pulse drummed in his ears, while every fiber ascribed to his body seemed rushing to and fro in the wildest confusion.

After a little hesitation he reached down with his broad-bladed palette-knife, and gingerly and daintily, with thrills of reluctance running through his senses, he felt up the burning coal, and blew from it the ashes, the ashes of the dead.

The coal was a large ruby. It was without setting, but had been cut and polished by a jeweler. It was as red as fire, and as hard as steel. Oliver rubbed it with his handkerchief, opened his almost empty purse, and dropped the jewel within for safe keeping. Then he examined the chest further. The more he gazed and quivering like live things amid that human dust, and the more he felt that it was not long until the young man forgot to be too particular. The palette-knife was no longer sweet and certain enough. With his trembling fingers he pushed about the poor bones, finding plenty of treasure now; and there, right under the heart, he found a small, round, gold locket. With something of awe and reverence overcomng the greed which had taken possession of him, he opened the case.

A woman's likeness, young and sweet, smiled out upon him, as if he had not lost a link in that dark prison-house for fifty years. Tears came into Oliver's sharp eyes as he met the laughing glance of the soft blue eyes shining beneath the ripples of yellow hair. But those tears soon dried in the exultation of his new possession.

When certain that the chest had yielded the last of its jewels he emptied them into his handkerchief, and tried to compute their value. The horror of his first impressions gave way to triumph.

The treasure was his own by right of discovery. There was no clue to the name of the finder, and he would say nothing of the matter, or his adventures.

Thinking thus he again looked at the miniature of Robert and Ethelinda Catherwood, a setting of brilliant around the inside of the case, in German text—ETHELINDA.

An old-fashioned English name. Oliver did not reflect that the poor cousin of Camilla, depicted upon the portrait, bore the name, unusual as it was.

Burying the strange coffin again in the shifting sand, he rowed back to the little landing at the foot of the lawn in front of the Poplars, his heart beating with intense pleasure at his extraordinary find. He took a private oath to her name, as he sprang upon the beach—his friend George with his sister and cousin.

After an eager glance at Miss Catherwood, the artist darted a look of surprise at the young girl, who, he thought, had not seen the chest, and he turned to her, and said, "I have found a treasure, which I will show you."

He put away the singular feeling which arose at this coincidence, and at breakfast was the life of the party. All that day he was very brilliant, and so, while they ate their luncheon, or sketched the opposite hills.

Camilla, as proud as she was coquettish, knew very well that her brother's artist friend was slipping her with a passion before she knew it. He looked at her, and she looked at him, and they both most emphatically, but for once Oliver was beyond her merriment or depression. He was even grieved before him, and she appeared to be afflicted with the consciousness of secret power.

And yet he was troubled with a secret fear. All day it had been growing upon him that there was a resemblance between the Ethelinda of the miniature and the living Ethelinda, who moved before him, and appeared to be the same person, almost and companion of her haughty and brilliant cousin.

At dinner that evening he suddenly asked Mr. Catherwood if Ethelinda was a family name. In answer he was told the following brief story:

CHAPTER II. THE TRAGEDY OF ROBERT CATHERWOOD. "Ethelinda is a name which so appears, here and there in our family," said Mr. Catherwood reflectively, allowing his coffee to cool in its translucent cup. "We are of English descent, you know, Mr. Grey. Our Ethel's grand-mother was named Ethelinda—poor lady! Her's was a sad, a terrible fate!"

"Oh, tell me about her!" almost gasped Oliver. "It was always believed that she was taken captive by pirates."

"Ah!" murmured Oliver, his black eyes enlarging.

"Did you ever hear of anything more pitiful?"

"Never" was his earnest response, and he was so pale that Camilla would have laughed at him, only she could never bear the story as he told it.

It came about the year 1780, or thereabouts. There were two Catherwoods, brothers, one of whom conducted the mercantile home in London, the other in Bombay. Some reverses overtaking the London branch, and some political events occurring at the same time, induced the elder brother, in England, to sell out, and emigrate to America, where he established a prosperous business, and wrote to his brother in India to dispose of his interests there, if possible, and join him in the New World. The Indian gentleman did not agree with Robert Catherwood, who had intended returning to his native land until he received this letter, when he changed his mind, concluded to go to America, where it appeared probable that he could still better en-

large his handsome fortune by trading with Bombay. At this time he was about thirty years of age, and had been married only a couple of years, to a fair English girl, young, lovely, and good, who, to judge from his letters, had made him the happiest of men. She was somewhat homesick in India, and quite willing to exchange Bombay for New York.

"His brother (the present speaker's grandfather) wrote to Robert to put a large sum of ready money as he could command, and family goods which could be procured to advantage in India, and would be easily convertible into funds on his arrival in this country, where a taste for luxury was growing as the wealth of the cities increased."

The voyages of those days were tedious, and not without extraneous perils added to those of navigation. Parties were not unknown, especially in the Indian seas; but this was only another inducement for Robert to get his wealth into the smallest possible compass. Indeed, it was still told in the family, that James the elder brother, advised him to conceal the gems about his person, by studding them into his clothing, so that in case of capture, they should escape with his lives, were it from a shipwrecked vessel, or what not, their fortune would be rescued also.

"It was never certain whether Robert thus converted his funds; but it was taken for granted that he did. He wrote a cheerful letter, announcing that he had engaged passage on a certain merchant vessel, to sail at such a date, along with his wife and baby."

"These were the last immediate tidings they ever received from him. My grandfather—I have often heard him tell," continued Mr. Catherwood—"waited and watched for the expected ship, until he grew worn with waiting and watching."

Two years after the loss of the vessel, one wild and stormy night, the old brass knocker on the door of my grandfather's city house—the crier one I still occupy, Mr. Grey, although we have a bell to the door now—thundered forth a accession of impetuous raps, which aroused all the inmates. It was about midnight, and the servants had long retired, except the master of the dwelling, who chanced to be still sitting up in his library, looking over his private papers.

"Started by the sudden knocking, and with a presentiment thrilling him that some revelation of importance awaited him, he hurried to the door. It took him two minutes to draw back the iron door plate before it at night, and to withdraw the bolts; and, during that time, he heard a light foot run down the steps and away out upon the lawn. On first looking out he saw nothing; a great rush of wind and rain swept past him, and he made a movement to close the door before he perceived a little creature in the doorway, wrapped in a warm cloak, from the hood of which, the bright little anxious face peeped out, as she held up a letter in one of her hands.

"Is there no one with you?" "Bobo has gone away," lisped the child. "The little girl has gone away," lisped the child. "Surprised beyond words, he drew the child in from the rain, and carried her in his arms into the parlour, where the hold her on his knee, while he tore open the missive she bore, and read:

"The child who gives this paper is Ethelinda, daughter of Robert and Ethelinda Catherwood, who were taken captive by pirates, something over two years ago. Her father was killed by one, after holding him captive over a month, for not acknowledging the truth about his money. He did not have nearly so much as we expected, and his mother died of a broken heart—I suppose six months after I compelled her to marry me, the captain of the pirate vessel. I was very fond of her, and might have become a better man if she had lived. However, that's neither here nor there. I took a pirate's oath to her on her dying bed, that I would bring this child to its uncle, James Catherwood, in New York city, and leave it with him, with the request of his mother that he would adopt it and care for it for his own. I've put out a good deal to keep my promise; but a pirate's oath is sacred to him; and she said she'd ask God to forgive me if I would. I hope you'll be as kind to the little too as Bobo—that's me—has been. It's cruel hard for me to give her up. She's a great little girl, and she'll be a fine woman. Good-bye, little Ethelinda—you will never see Bobo again."

"The little girl grew up a great pet in my grandfather's house. Quite a fortune came to her from Bombay, but the man whom she married here lost it, and she was obliged to live on her own. I took a pirate's oath to her on her dying bed, that I would bring this child to its uncle, James Catherwood, in New York city, and leave it with him, with the request of his mother that he would adopt it and care for it for his own. I've put out a good deal to keep my promise; but a pirate's oath is sacred to him; and she said she'd ask God to forgive me if I would. I hope you'll be as kind to the little too as Bobo—that's me—has been. It's cruel hard for me to give her up. She's a great little girl, and she'll be a fine woman. Good-bye, little Ethelinda—you will never see Bobo again."

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