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AMERICAN DENTAL SURGEON,
OF B. ELSON SQUARE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

RESPECTFULLY begs to inform the inhabitants of County, Stanley, and surrounding Districts that he holds an annual **TOOTH EXHIBITION** at his **MORTAL**, from 11 to 12 o'clock, and at **MRS. SMITH'S**, 42, Long Row, Stanley, every **THURSDAY** from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH

Made with all the latest improved machinery, and by the most skillful hands, in the best manner, and on the most approved plan, and at the lowest possible price. Good Teeth can be made for less than for those elsewhere. **Artificial Plates** and **dentures** on the most approved plan, and at the lowest possible price. **Artificial Plates** and **dentures** on the most approved plan, and at the lowest possible price. **Artificial Plates** and **dentures** on the most approved plan, and at the lowest possible price.

W. T. SMITH, 42, Long Row, Stanley, every THURSDAY, from 11 to 12 o'clock, and at MRS. SMITH'S, 42, Long Row, Stanley, every THURSDAY, from 11 to 12 o'clock.

[illegible]

WATCH AND CLOCKMAKER, JEWELLER, SILVERSMITH, & OPTICIAN,
BLACKHILL.
HIGHEST QUALITY ENGLISH SILVER LEVER WATCHES, £3 6s. 0d. BEST MATERIALS
AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.
SILVER LEVER WATCHES FROM £1 10s. 0d.
OPTIC & SPECIALITY—EVERY DEFECT OF VISION ACCURATELY TESTED
AND CORRECTED.
WATCHMAKER TO THE TRADE. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
SPRING. 1892. SPRING.
Before commencing the Spring Cleaning, we would INVITE you to INSPECT our MONSTER
STOCK OF
WALL PAPERS,
Which are without exception the LARGEST and BEST SELECTED in the District.
Our FURNISHING SHOW ROOMS are replete with a Large Stock of Goods suitable for Cottages.
In our HARDWARE DEPARTMENT buyers will find a splendid assortment at very reasonable prices.

J. W. DAVIDSON AND SONS,
GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHERS AND IRONMONGERS,
FRONT STREET, CONNKT.

MAKER OF THE GOLD AND BENTON CASKET, PRESENTED TO THE RIGHT HON. W.
GLASSBORO, BY THE STANLEY CASKET MANUFACTURING CO. OF NEW YORK. CHALLENGER CUP, &c.

R. H. BURTON, GEMMITS, JEWELLER,
AND SILVERSMITH,
NEWGATE-1N-TYNE.

A CLOTH MARKET Opposite the Cathedral, at One Door east of Mandy Street.

WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, AND CHRISTENING PRESENTS.

Choice Designs and re-
productions of the Antique
in SILVER, BRASS, &c.
BETH MUFFINERS, &c.

THE LATEST Novelties in
LONDON, MARK
HUTCHESON, THE
MAINS HOLLOWAY, &c.

SILVER MOOS, FORTNIGHTS,
BUSHES, & COMBS,
CHIMING & OTHER GOODS SUITABLE FOR PRESENTATION.

PIANOS!!! **ORGANS!!!**
WADDINGTON & SONS, **& PARK ROAD,**

Have received SEVENTEEN GOLD MEDALS and other AWARDS as EXHIBITORS for the TUBULAR and SUPERIORITY of their PIANOS.

Being here Manufacturers give the very BEST and CHEAPEST PIANOS DIRECT from the factory, THUS SAVING the middleman's expense.

Write us now for Price Lists and

We Hold the Highest TESTIMONIAL in the WORLD, given by the distinguished statesman CHARLES HALL, and can give you \$2,000 reduction on purchase of any of our

PIANOS. From \$100 to \$1,000.

AMERICAN ORGANS From \$25 to \$100.

Send-hand Pianos from \$75.

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RESIDES on the Inhabitant's of the Counties of Northumberland and Durham that he is

1, BELLEVUE PLACE, SPITAL TOWNS, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

MR. CARSWELL makes this announcement of stating that he has been 15 years' experience in Dentistry (but the last 7 years has been mostly with Dr. Street as a partner) and has been successful in

JOHN G. ARMSTRONG.
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SCALES AND WEIGHING MACHINES
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CONFECTIONERY, DEPT. OF
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CO., NEW YORK CITY,
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA
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DANIEL F. BEATTY'S
CELEBRATED
ORGANS AND PIANOS.
For Catalogue, address,
DANIEL F. BEATTY

[illegible]

SALES BY AUCTION.
By Mr. Wm. Cook.
Sale of Blackhead's Plant and Stock at Blackhead.
On Monday, May 12th, at 12 o'clock, the following property was sold by auction:
A large quantity of seedling plants, including various kinds of Apples, Pears, and Quinces, all of which were of the best quality and were sold at a high price.
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THE STRIKE!
NOTICE.
DURING THE CONTINUANCE OF THE PRESENT UNFORTUNATE DISPUTE AT THE BUREAU COLLIERIES, IT IS HEREBY INTIMATED THAT THE CELEBRATED QUININE AND IRON TONIC PREPARED BY J. ROBERTS, THE WELL KNOWN NEWCASTLE CHEMIST, WILL BE SOLD AT 10 AND 9A PER BOTTLE, AND MAY BE OBTAINED FROM MR. MAY, OF AINSLEY, GROVER, AND WINE MERCHANT, CONSETT, THUS STAIRING THE USUAL POST CHARGES ON RAILWAY JOURNALS, AS FORMERLY.

THE CONSETT GUARDIAN.
FRIDAY, May 17th, 1902.
JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.
[BY "Euphrosyne"]
The majority of readers will, I am confident, be at one with me in the expression of opinion that the late and lamented Mr. J. J. Jenkins, of the Consett Hall, at Westwood the other day, was a very good fellow, and a very good fellow indeed. He was a man of a fine physique, and a very good fellow indeed. He was a man of a fine physique, and a very good fellow indeed. He was a man of a fine physique, and a very good fellow indeed.

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EDDA'S BIRTHRIGHT.

12 Mrs. Harriet Lewis.
Author of "Her Double Life," "Old Life's Shadows," "Lady Killdeer," etc.

CHAPTER XX.
OF THE TARDIUM.

The rioting of the garden ball, occurring at present to critical to Lord Harold Charlton, he was almost breathless. The second evening was repeated, again came again was again repeated, in the same manner, as a signal, he saw a stout urchin who thus pulled at the balustrade and trampled the boys; but none whose errand was to break the dancing party, and he was not to be seen in the morning taking away his uncle, the Earl of Charlewick.

He returned to his task of breeding himself out of energy which was grown into a very disposition.

Again he searched the pockets of the pretensions of his uncle, as before, he failed to find

Again the bell sounded, sharply, commanding. The pretended old man still lay stunned and helpless, but he must soon revive. Ronald believed still that the keys were upon Pietro's person and proceeded to make a yet closer examination. He pulled out his hanger's fob, and found concealed in a groove the keys.

He had no time for exaltation in the recovery of his freedom. "Glad to see the key of St. Peter's," he said over his prisoner's door a few minutes later, and then hurried from the room. He closed the hall to lock the door of the room which he now became Petro's prison.

"He'll leave out easily enough," thought Le Roux. "It will not be difficult for a desperado, with the first use of all his limbs, to burst lock like this. But I can count on his retaining a water for a full half-hour, I think. Ah, the good the bell again!"

He went into the drawing room and took up that, which was still upon the table. He glanced at it for a moment, and then, for his own sake,

He was pale as wax when the fever had left him, and the several days heard upon his cheeks and chin did not improve his appearance. He took out his hat, brushed his dusty garments, and descended the stairs, passing out into the garden.

He moved about with some unusual vigor, his slacks having weakened by the ankle and the top of his legs. He was wearing a pair of shiny white socks and a pair of white shoes. The ringing had ceased, and he stood on the grass close to the wall and listened, catching the sound of steps retreating in the distance.

"He may have gone, thinking old Pietro can do some sleep," he thought. "In that case, I'll wait a while."

He cautiously pulled open a little wicket in the gate and peered out. There was no one within sight.

The visitor was in the garden-door was in a little alcove of the stone gate-park. Lord Ronald's apology to the lock, unfastened the chain and opened the gate. There he passed out upon the walk.

He moved with difficulty along the street, his stick in every step, few pedestrians—certainly no restraining the Earl of Charlewick.

He turned the nearest corner, and saw a man, who held in advance of him a leistering figure, a peculiarly quiet carriage and step, which he saw during the next few minutes, to look across the street, familiar to him.

"He kept his eyes upon this figure, steadily gaining upon it. It was not long before he was near to it as to recognize it fully as the figure of his sick, smooth, downcast-eyed valet, J. Diggs."

In the very moment of his recognition of the valet turned to retrace his steps and find

The valet's face grew strangely white; his hands started; he stepped backwards in a state of confusion and amazement, gasping his master's name.

Lord Ropald was himself too much excited to see anything strange in the manner of his servant.

His lordship little suspected that the pretentious old man of Vine Lodge when he had known Pietro was no other than Peter Dingle of L.

Charleswick, and the brother of his own transient, else his greeting of John Diggs might have been widely different.

"Diggs!" exclaimed Lord Ronald. "Yes, I know. What a strange meeting!"

"Is [el Lord Ronald] so fathered Diggs," O' young master, we thought you were dead, did indeed. And you are living after all, did praise! But where have you been? How strange you look! We thought you might have been dead, my lord!"

"How came you here at Hackney?" dem

"You remember, my lord, that you said I would go to Hackney on that last day—awful day when you disappeared," said D. "and though I did not think that you could come here after all, yet I have been here day after day, up and down the streets, on the common or the downs, inquiring and searching, but no purpose. I believe that you were dead, though I kept on searching for some of your fate, and you might have knocked me down in the street and I would not have known it."

"What, sir? Orkney-road? No, my lord, been up and down this street, my lord, once or twice."

at my wit's end where to go next. I was in a corridor yesterday. A cab came out of Orkney a few minutes ago, going like steam, and I whirled past I saw Lord Charleswick's face peep out of the window. The cab had been waiting him at the corner," said Dingo, glibly, "and his lordship came swiftly out of Orkney-roger got into it, although I did not recognise him—he passed me. It's odd that the earl and lordship and I should all be in Hackney at the same time, and all meet, as you may say, lord."

"Ah! You are sure you saw the earl on of Orkney-road, enter a cab, and drive past? You know him beyond all doubt?"

"Knew him, my lord? Any one who has seen the ugly black face of the earl is not like to forget it," said Diggs, emphatically. "O lord, had the earl anything to do with: absence! Have you been robbed or maltreated? thieves! Have—"

"Never mind my adventures now, Diggs. anything been heard from Miss Clair? Has a letter arrived for me?"

"Nothing has been heard of or from Miss
my lord," replied Diggs. "Plenty of letters
been forwarded to you from Little Chatter
but none within a week. The news of your
appearance has spread all over England, and
dying, my lord, to hear—"
"Where is Mr. Hartson, Diggs?"
"He's somewhere about Lumsden, my lord.
will be back at the hotel to dinner. He's fed
up about your loss, Lord Ronald. He
the earl has had you put out of the way."
Hartson thinks as much of you as I do," said

It was a long drive from Hackney to the End, and our hero was thoroughly tired when he reached his hotel. He was greeted with wonder and amazement. Leaving Diggs to all inquiries, he went up to his own room, bathed, and went to bed.

A delicious sense of languor and rest was beginning to steal over his tired frame as he was aroused by a quick tread in the hall.

EDDA'S BIRTHRIGHT.
By MRS. HANNEY LEWIS.
Author of "Her Double Life," "Old Life's
Shadows," "Lady Eldara," etc.
CHAPTER XX.
ON THE TRIAL.
The ringing of the garden bell, occurring at
moment so critical to Lord Ronald Chrichton, be-
came for a brief space motionless, almost breathless.
The sound ceased, was repeated, again ceased,
and was again repeated, in a manner that he

[illegible]

He went into the drawing room and took up the hat, which was still upon the table. He glanced in the mirror, and was startled at his own reflection. He was paler than when the fever had left him, and the several days' beard upon his chin and cheek did not improve his appearance. He looked at his hat, brushed his dusty garments, and descended the stairs, passing out into the garden.

He moved about with some unusual vigor, his slacks having weakened by the ankle and the top of his legs. He was wearing a pair of shiny white socks and a pair of white shoes. The ringing had ceased, and he stood on the grass close to the wall and listened, catching the sound of steps retreating in the distance.

"He may have gone, thinking old Pietro can do some sleep," he thought. "In that case, I'll wait a while."

He cautiously pulled open a little wicket in the gate and peered out. There was no one within sight.

The visitor was in the garden-door was in a little alcove of the stone gate-park. Lord Ronald's apology to the lock, unfastened the chain and opened the gate. There he passed out upon the walk.

He moved with difficulty along the street, his stick in every step, few pedestrians—certainly no restraining the Earl of Charlewick.

[illegible]

Charles and the brother of his own race
 servant, also his greeting of those Diggs might
 "Diggs!" exclaimed Lord Ronald. "You!"
 "What a strange mistake!"
 "No mistake at all," answered Diggs. "My
 young master, we thought you were dead,
 did believe that you are living after all, Diggs
 is my name, and I am your servant, and
 you look! We thought you must have been
 derod, my lord?"
 "You are here at Hackney?" demanded
 Lord Ronald, ignoring his valet's questions.
 "You remember, my lord, that you said
 would stay here when you disappeared," said Diggs
 "and though I did not think that you could
 have been so foolish as to leave your valet
 day, up and down the streets, on the com-
 on the downs, inquiring and searching, but
 no person, I had to keep on my feet, and
 I kept on searching for some of
 your fate, and you might have knocked me

[illegible]

"You know him beyond all doubt?"

"'Know him, my lord? Any one who has been in the city of London for a few years can't forget it," said Diggs. "Emphatically. O—Lord, had the earl anything to do with the robbery of the Jew's shop?"

"No, my lord. He was robbed or maltreated by thieves? Have—"

"Never mind my adventures now, Diggs. I'll tell you all about them when I see you. My letter arrived for me?"

"Nothing has been heard of or from Miss Blandford for a long time," replied Diggs. "Twenty of letters have been sent her, but she has not answered but none within a week. The news of your appearance has spread all over England, so that she must be somewhere."

"Where is Mr. Hartston, Diggs?"

"He's somewhere about Lanesborough, my lord. I'll tell you all about it when I see you. He's got cut up about your 'loss, Lord Ronald. He—the earl has had you put out of the way for a long time."

[illegible][illegible]

"I diggs told me below that you were found he came upon you," said *Microna*. "He really has my good opinion during the time I was here." She looked at him and he asked for you, has labored day and night find you... and exhibited an actual affection for me. He is not like the rest of the people who have been here. In every school. If we die you had disappeared that he had no where you had gone, but the next day they found your body. It was buried in the four days in exploring that region and the districts.

"They continued their conversation until breakfast came up with the dinner, which proved a striking contrast to the fragrant meals Lord had known of late." Diggs, sleek and alert, sat down at the head of the table, his hand on his master's chair. He was able to gather the

or shipboard officers. "The vessel she left London on," said the lawyer, "was the *SS. Carriera*, captained by a Frenchman, with a little crew of trippers." She was accompanied by her mother, a young girl, and a young man, who was the captain's son, and crossed the Channel. She was seen one week after leaving Charleston in Grand, French, waters, and was reported to have been among English residents at all. A friend of mine I met the other day on Regent's Street, London, told me that he had seen her very well by sight, declared to me that he saw her in a carriage in the Bois du Boulogne, in company with a Frenchman, and that he was a friend thinks that Miss Clair is still in Paris, private loathing, in a secluded chamber, under the name of a French girl."

"We must start for Paris tonight."

"Following up my search for you, I have just learned that you were in London the night of your disappearance. Ford, the man who was with you at the time of your disappearance, is now in the Charing Cross for Paris, via Dover and Calais, and will be in Paris tomorrow morning. I will start for Paris most conclusively. Diggs saw the

[illegible][illegible]

