The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.'---Euripides.

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The Examiner

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WALTER C. GRANT,

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ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 31 day. 7h. 23m.. eve., W.
First Quarter, 10th day. 10h 43m even. W.
Full Moon, 19th day. 3h 5m. morn. S. W.
Last Quarter, 26th day 2h 2 m. even. N W.

D M	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun fast o'clock	Moon rises	High Water	day's Length
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Mon	6 46	4 42	16 19	3 20	6 43	9 56
2	Tues	47	40	16 19	4 36	7 43	53
3	Wed	49	37	16 19	5 53	8 46	48
4	Thur	50	36	16 18	sets	9 45	46
5	Frid	52	34	16 16	6 23	10 42	42
6	Sat	53	33	16 14	7 10	11 32	40
7	Sun	55	31	16 10	8 3	morn	36
8	Mon	56	30	16 6	9 0	0 22	34
9	Tues	57	29	16 1	10 0	0 11	32
10	Wed	59	27	15 55	11 2	1 59	28
11	Thur	7 1	26	15 48	morn	2 46	25
12	Frid	2	25	15 40	0 3	3 35	23
13	Sat	3	24	15 32	1 4	4 29	21
14	Sun	5	23	15 23	2 4	5 29	18
15	Mon	7	22	15 13	3 3	6 32	15
16	Tues	8	21	15 2	4 0	7 36	13
17	Wed	9	20	14 50	5 0	8 38	11
18	Thur	10	19	14 37	6 3	9 32	9
19	Frid	12	18	14 24	rises	9 54	6
20	Sat	14	17	14 10	5 50	10 21	3
21	Sun	15	16	13 54	6 23	11. 6	1
22	Mon	16	15	13 39	7 24	11 45	8 59
23	Tues	18	15	13 22	8 25	even	57
24	Wed	20	15	13 4	9 30	1 58	55
25	Thur	21	14	12 46	10 40	1 31	51
26	Frid	24	14	12 27	11 48	2 10	50
27	Sat	25	14	12 7	morn	2 49	48
28	Sun	26	12	11 47	1 2	3 28	46
29	Mon	6 26	12	11 26	2 15	4 15	46
30	Tues	27	12	11 4	3 20	5 9	45

GEORGE D. WRIGHT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

DUNNS BLOCK,

QUEEN STREET,

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

June 28, 1868.

R. REDDIN,

Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

Office: -- Great George Street, Charlottetown.

(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)

September 3, 1866 tf

A. McNEILL,

Reading Room Propietor,

COMMISSION MERCHANT

AND

AUCTIONEER,

Charlottetown, - - - P. I.

May 31 1869. tf

BELL'S

TAILORING ESTABLISAMENT

QUEEN STREET

Charlottetown - - - P. E Island

THE SUBSCRIBER takes this method of returning thanks for the patronage with which he has been favored during the past year, and would respectfully inform his customers and the public generally, that he is still prepared to attend to all orders in his line of business with punctuality.

CUTTING

Parties desirous of having Garments or Patterns cut, can be accomodated at the shortest notice.

JOHN BELL.

January 8.1869.

NOTICE.

THE Business hitherto conducted in my own name will henceforth be continued under the firm and style of

HIGG & HURT.

Mr. R. N. HURT having this day been admitted a partner.

B. WILSON HIGGS.

October 4th, 1869. 1m

Direct from Bordeaux, via Halifax.

THE Subscriber has just received from Bordeaux, via Halifax,--

50 cases Cognac BRANDY,
50 " CHAMPAGNE
5 hhds Burgundy RED WINE,
5 " Good Graves White WINE,
5 " Pure White Wine VINEGAR.

All of which are offered for sale at extremely low rates.

OWEN CONNOLLY.

Marine and Fire Insurance!

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE & MARINE.

HEAD OFFICE---Corner of Church & Court Streets, Toronto.

Capital and Assets upwards of - - - - $500,000
Deposited at Ottawa - - - - - - $50,000

G. P. RIDOUT, Esquire, - - - Governor,
PETER PATERSON, Esqaire - - Dep'y Gov.,
T. W. BIRCHALL, Esquire, - - Manager.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON!

OFFICES---1 Old Broad Street, and 15 Pall Mall.

Subscribed and Invested Capital, £1,965,000.

$105,000 deposited at Ottawa for the Protection of Policy holders, in conformity with the New Canadian Insurance Law.

Hanover Fire Insurance Company of New York.

Paid Up Capital, - - - - - - - $100,000
Surplus, - - - - - - - - 319,000
Total Assets, 1st July, 1869, - - - - $719,000

MARINE RISKS taken on HULLS, CARGOES and FREIGHTS at moderate rates consistent with the hazard

FIRE INSURANCE effected on every description of Property.

All Policies issued immediately on application, without reference to the Head Offices.

For further particulars, rates and conditions, apply to

Fenton T. Newbery,
General Agent,
Ch'town Sept 13, 1869. (Next door to the Telegraph Office.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Strictly Mutual and charges only Cost of Insurance.

NON-FORFEITURE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE ORIGINATED BY THIS COMPANY.

If you want a Life Policy, choose Experience, Ability & Success,

ASSETS, - - - $12 000,000

Twenty-fourth Annual Report, January 1st, 1869.

INCOME FOR THE YEAR.....$4,698,280.20
TOTAL CASH ASSESTS.....11,000,822 50
DIVISIBLE SURPLUS.....1,689,282.17

Policies issued during the year, 9,105, insuring $30,765,947;00

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.
WM. H. BEERS, Vice-President & Actuary,
WALTER BURKE, Manager for Dominion of Canada.

Blank Forms, Tables of Rates Reports and all information can be had at the office of

HENRY A HARVIE,
General Agent for P. E. Island.

Spring & Summer GOODS.

The ubscribers have completed, at the

LONDON HOUSE,

their large and extensive Stock of

British, Foreign, and American MERCHANDIZE.

G. & S DAVIES.

May 24. 1869.

PHILLIPS & LEWIS,

Carpenters & Builders,

HILLSBOROUGH PARK,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.,

Have constantly on hand a large stock of WARREN'S Improved Fire and Waterpr of

FELT, COMPOSITION, AND GRAVEL,

and, from a long experience in the use of this material, can guarantee the laying of the same in the most satisfactory and workmanlike manner.

August 2, 1869.

MAKE YOUR OWN YEAST

CHOICE NEW HOPS for family use, in QUARTER, HALF and POUND PAPERS. For Sale by

W. R WATSON.

ity Drug Store, Victoria Building,
Ch'town September 18. 1868

9,000.

NINE THOUSAND ROOM PAPER!

ROOM PAPER.

JUST RECEIVED at HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE. QUEEN STREET--

Nine Thousand Rolls ROOM PAPER from 3d per Roll. upwards.

H. A. HARVIE.

May 24, 1869.

H. HASZARD,

Commission Merchant,

GENERAL AGENT,

AND

AUCTIONEER

Upper Queen Street.

Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.

N. B.—Orders from abroad, and the country, will receive prompt attention.

April 26, 1869.

A. HERMANS,

Bell-Hanger, Gun and Tin-Smith,

Dorchester Street,

(Next to Reading Room Building.)

BEGS to return his thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to him since his commencement in business, and asks for a continuance of the same. He keeps constanty on hand

A neat Assortment of

TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS, &c, &c., &c.

ALL ORDERS in the above BUSINESS will be punctually attended to.

Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as

Gas Fitting, Water Closets, Bell Fittings, &c., &c.

I am prepared to SELL THEM at RATES AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD IN THE CITY, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style

To a generous public, I would say, that all orders in THIS BRANCH OF MY BUSINESS will be attended to with Despatch

A Lot of First Class WATER COOLERS on hand.

SAYERS' CRYSTAL BLUE,

Sold Cheaper than ever.

July 12, 1869

REUBEN TUPLIN;

COMMISSION MERCHANT, AUCTIONEER.

AND GENERAL AGENT.

Margate, - - - P. E. Island.

REFERENCES:

Hon. D. BRENAN, Charlottetown.
R. T. HOLMAN, Summerside.

April 22. 1869. 6m

JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE

Cheap for Cash,

HEARTZ & SON

HAVE JUST RECEIVED per Steamer from Britain, a LARGE ASSORTMENT of

Dry Goods, &c, &c.

And a further supply expected in a few days by midsummer vessels.

The above Goods, along with stock on hand, the subscribers offer to their customers

VERY LOW,

as they wish to make quick sales of the same, to prepare room for FALL importations.

Intending purchasers will please call and examine for themselves

HEARTZ & SON.

August 3, 1868.

AMERICAN OYSTER SALOON.

Queen Street,

Opposite W. R. Watson's Drug Store

Best of Liquos Always on hand.

BENJAMIN PETTIGREW,
PROPRIETOR.

Charlottetown, ... P. E. Island.

N.B.—Families supplied with Fresh OYSTERS.

Aug 2, 1869. 3m

T. T. T.

GOOD TEA, SUGAR, MOLASSES and other GROCERIES, together with &c, &c.,

at the WEST END STORE,
Rochford Square.

June 28. 1869.

HALIFAX. HALIFAX.

THE SUBSCRIBERS have in Stock a LARGE ASSORTMENT of Choice

Virginia Tobacco,

comprising various Brands and Qualities, viz:--

NATION'S PRIDE, 6's,
BRIGHT POCKET PIECES,
AMOGET BARS,
GOLD BAR,
JUNE APPLE,
ROYAL TWIST,
PINE APPLE, 4's,
TEMPTATION ROLL,
SILVER CAKE,
PEACOCK, 1 lb, ½ lb,
MAY APPLE, OLIVE,
ADMIRATION TWIST,
NAVY, 1 lb, ½ lb, 4 lb, 8's & 12's
&c., &c, &c.,

all of which will be SOLD LOW in Bond or Duty Paid.

—ALSO—

30,000 Havana Cigars,

from $30 to $100 per M.,

among which are

Cabanas, Partagas, Tigaros, Star & Rosarito Brands.

100,000 German Cigars

of all Grades and Prices.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

COLFORD BROTHERS,
78 Granville Street

April 19, 1869.

1869

SPRING STOCK OF HARDWARE.

City Hardware Store.

Just received, per Steamer from BOSTON Ship Undine, from LIVERPOOL. and Amphion from LONDON, the best and most suitable

STOCK OF HARDWARE

ever imported into Charlottetown, consisting in part of:

NAIL.

413 bags assorted fine American Cut Nails, Cut and Wro't Spikes, Brads and Finishing Nails, Wro't Nails, all sizes, Boot Nails, in copper, zinc and iron, Horseshoe Nails, Copper Burrs and Belt Rivets, Wood Screws, ¼ to 4 in, Brass Hinges & Screws

PAINT.

4 tons Paint, Best No. 1 London White, Red Lead, Black Paint, Green Paint, Venetian, Red & Blue Paint, Orange Crome Paint, Burnt Terra Sienna do., Emerald Green, Ultramarine Blue, Patent Dryers, Red Ochre, Extract Logwood, Umber, mixed and unmixed, Drop Black, Metallic Paint, Glue, Paris Whiting, chalfac.

OIL.

21 casks Oil, in Boiled and raw Linseed, Olive Oil, extra, Machinery do., al Oil, Kerosene Oil, Cod and Whale Oil, Turpentine, Black and Brown Japan, Walnut Stain, Copper Paint, Pitch and Rosin, Mander's Fine Mahogany Varnish, Capel Oak do., Pale Carriage do., Quick gold size, Knotting Composition, 100 Boxes Glass, from 7x9 to 26x42, Putty, 2 tons Zinc, 100 rolls Tarred Paper, Stove Polish.

PAINT BRUSHES.

A choice lot of Paint, Graining, Tar and Whitewash Brushes, Blacking, Scrubbing, and Horse Brushes, Shoemakers' Ink and Outfits, Whips, Fairbanks' and other Scales, from 8s to 120s, Wire Cloth, all sizes, Fence, Well and Mud Digger Chain, Hemp & Manilla Rope, Best quality American Mackerel and Cod Line Hook and Fishing Gear, Silver Table Bells, Hand Bells and Gongs, American Patent Roller Bushes, Brass and Enameled Stew Pans, Egg Beaters, Clothes Wringers, Flour Sifters, Wire Sieves, Wire Dish Covers, Blacksmiths' Anvils Vices, Hammers and Bellows, Blister Steel, Carriage Mountings, in Axles and Screw Bolts, Malleable Castings, Hub Bands, in Silver and Brass, Dash Centres, &c., &c., Taylor & Bros celebrated Circular, Crosscut, Hand and Tenon, Panel, Keyhole, Pad Saws, Large assortment of Files, of every description, Locks, Hinges and Screws, of all kinds,

Few Boxes IX Tin Plate, Bar Tin and Spelter, Brad's celebrated Bench, Narrow and Broad Axes, Adzes, Shingle Axes &c., &c.,

Carpenters', Joiners' and Coopers' Tools of all kinds, Fannner Wheels and Bushes.

A few Double Barrle GUNS, a very superior article; Revolvers and Breech Loaders Ammunition of every description

A large Assortment of English and American FORK, SHOVELS SPADES and HOES, Garden Tools of every description, Hay FORKS, SCYTHES, NEATHS, RAKES.

CUTLERY.—Ivory Handled Table, Carving and Dessert KNIVES; Elliot's celebrated RAZORS Pocket, Pruning and Sportmens' KNIVES Hutton's Famed British PLATE in Table, Dessert and TEA SPOONS, TABLE and DESSERT FORKS, &c. &c.

The above is but a small portion of the largest stock of Hardware ever imported into Charlottetown, all of which has been purchased for CASH on the very best terms, and we feel satisfied that we can please the public in price and quality Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

BOURKE, GILLAN & Co.,
Successors to
H. E. STARBIRD, & CO.

June 28, 1869

THE FISHERMAN'S REVENGE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Ned Brace came out of the little church at Sandburn with a strange desperate feeling that life was over for him, and that he had no further interest in anything or anybody on earth He had just seen Kitty Anson married; Kitty Anson who a few months before had been betrothed to him, whom he loved about as fondly as any rough young fellow ever loved a girl, and who had jilted him quite as coolly and cruelly as though she had been a fashionable city lady, instead of a young thing brought up in a rude fishing village on the stormy coast of Maine, amongst the plainest of hardworking people. Under the rough blue jacket of Ned Brace throbbed a great heart, capable of holding half the world, and no one could have imagined how very nearly it had come to being broken.

No one amongst his friends guessed it for a moment. They knew it was all off between Ned and Kitty,' but engagement were 'off,' over and over again and no one hurt by it 'As good fish in the sea as was took out on it' muttered old granny Brace. 'Reckon Ned won't have to look far for another gal;' and that was the end of it to all save Ned and Kitty. What Kitty felt she kept to herself It may have been regret or satisfaction, or perhaps both, for Ned was the handsomest young fellow in all Sandburn, and Silas Grief, the man she had married, the richest. It was that stone house upon the hill with the strip of land behind it, that won Silas his bride, every one knew that.

It made the matter no better for Ned, a little harder perhaps for he hated the struggle with poverty and the 'Fisherman's luck' which seemed always to be his portion more than ever; and on the whole, he would have been better pleased to be 'cut out' by some one superior in everything men most pride themselves upon. Yet he had borne up bravely until this wedding day—when an impulse he could not conquer had taken him to the church with all the rest of Sandburn. It was midwinter, the long, long winter of Maine. Outside the snow was piled so high that the vehicles in which the party came had much ado to reach the church, but within it was very bright and gay The Christmas decorations of evergreen had not been taken down, and the wood stove was all aglow, driving out the cold, and the women had their best dresses on, and were merry at the thoughts of a wedding. Ned went up into the little gallery where the Sunday scholars of a Sunday sat, and alone there sat down and looked over the rails into the church. There, under the great letters woven of evergreen — 'The Lord is our Shepherd' which hung above the reading desk—they stood together—Kirty Anson and Silas Grief He so long and lean and awkard, with his sheepish face the color of scarlet, and wrists and neck seeming to defy every effort of sleeves to cover them. She, such a fresh, dainty rounded little beauty, as pink and white as any china shepherdess. Her snowy dress a perfect fit, and the flowers in her brown braids coquettishly arranged as though the coiffure had been the work of a Parasian hairdresser The bridesmaid was a great broad-shouldered Maine girl in bright blue. The groomsman a youth who looked even more sheepishly red and uncomfortable than Silas Grief himself. Ned saw neither of them, nor the white-haired clergyman, nor the giggling, whispering crowd in the church. There were to his eyes but two Silas and Kitty. They stood out alone before him, the rest were meaningless shadows

He heard her promise, repeated after the old man, that solemn promise—to take this man for better for worse—for richer or for poorer, until death did them part. He heard her vow to love honor and obey. He saw the kneeling forms hand in hand—watched the tiny glittering ring, as it encircled her finger—and then—oh, no, he could stay no longer. He had not the power to see those lips touch her cheek. He got away somehow while the bustle of congratulation and salutation was going on, and went down the road like one in a dream, with no more idea whither he was going, than a man walking in his sleep.

The sharp sea air aroused him. He had gone down to the bay-shore, and stood looking out upon the water The snow lay on the rocks around. Masses of floating ice gleamed blue and cold in the winter sunlight Not a soul was in sight, not a boat on the water, only the skeleton masts of a wrecked vessel run aground some time before, arose between him and the horizon. It was a relief to know this, and to sink down, and under cover of the sounds of dashing water and wailing wind, moan and cry aloud:

'It's done. It's all over. What does the Lord let a fellow live to see the like o' this for; I han't never gone agin him, nor harmed mortal man; 'taint just.'

His own words in his own altered voice, frightened Ned They were wicked he knew; but he was too desperate to be repentent just yet, he only stopped talking, and walked up and down in silence What was left for him? He couldn't go on fishing, and lead the old life down by Casco Bay. To go somewhere seemed the best thing, and to go quickly quite out of sight of the new couple's wedded bliss. He had heard of a certain captain, anxious for hands for a whaling voyage, who had stopped at the 'Good Man's Rest,' in Portland a week before, and resolved to seek him out and offer his services. There was danger in a whaling voyage, and Ned had some floating notion in his mind that dangerous enterprises were a comfort in time of trouble

So, the next morning, at daybreak, you might have seen Ned Brace, with his little bundle of clothes on a stick over his shoulder, trudging moodily along the road to Portland, and might have seen him also as, on the summit of a hill, he stopped to take his last look at Sandburn, lift his arm on high and clench his hand with a great black scowl toward the stone hause just visible in the grey morning light.

'I've only got one prayer to pray now, Silas Grief' he muttered; 'and that is, that the Lord will give me a good chance to have revenge on you for the way you've served me. If He does, I'll take it, or my name is not Ned Brace.'

The bridegroom would scarcely have slept more quietly could he have heard that wish and the tone in which it was uttered.

Yet, after all, they were but idle words. Ned Brace was going away from Sandburn, bound probably on long and dangerous voyages and Silas Grief would stay at home in his stone house with his young wife. And the chances were they would never meet again this side of eternity. And on the other we shall, it is hoped, have left all fancies for revenge behind us.

Ned Brace went on to Portland, found the captain there, and shipped upon the 'Stormy Petrel,' bound on a whaling voyage. She sailed in a week, and he went with her. It was a life of adventure—a rough, wild, dangerous life. Ned liked it.

Their voyage was a stormy one. A dozen times they were upon the verge of shipwreck. Ned thought it all the better. The wilder the storm, the greater the peril the easier it was to forget Kitty Anson, and the happier, the more like himself he became. His comrades liked him; they were pleasant to him. The germ of the sailor had dwelt in the heart of the fisherman of Casco Bay, and it took deep root during the first voyage. After that he never thought of being anything but a sailor, but looked to live and die and be buried in the salt sea.

A South Sea whaling voyage is generally a long one. It was three years before Ned Brace returned to his native land. Then only remained a week or two on shore and was off on another expedition, which lasted for two years. In all that time he had never been near Sandburn—had never once seen any individual from that place, and had never once heard the name of Silas Grief or his wife uttered by mortal lips. He would not seek them, nor contrive, as some might have hoped to do, means to injure his rival. Yet during these five years his wicked prayer had always been:

'Lord, let me have the chance of revenging myself on that man.'

The opportunity came at last.

There had been some difficulty in finding hands for the third voyage of the 'Stormy Petrel to the far South Seas. Men shrank from it or account of its danger, for the former voyage had been in some respects a disastrous one, and a boat full of poor fellows had gone down, never to rise again, in an encounter with a monster whale.

The captain went with his mate once more to Portland, and put up at the 'Good Man's Rest,' as before. There the men he wanted came to him, and the ship's complement was made up

It was a bright morning when the six Maine men—all green hands—came aboard. Ned Brace was standing where he could watch them. First came three stalwart lumbermen, whom he well remembered as being known to him by sight. Next two strangers, lastly Ned held his breath, his hands clenched, his eyes started half out of their sockets

Surely he knew that form; surely that long awkard stride was familiar to him. He stood quite still staring, and just then the man lifted his cap to cool his heated brow, and he saw the straw-colored hair and tallow-hued skin of Silas Grief.

He had not sought him out—he had come to him. In that narrow prison they were to be cooped up together for two or three long years. There was a fate in it. He had not lifted a finger, moved a step. Silas Grief, of his own accord, had come to tread the same planks with the man who had prayed to be revenged on him.

'It is the hand of heaven,' said Ned Brace. And so it was, though the truth was hidden from him. But how could that well to do man have been induced to leave home and family for a long and dangerous voyage? He learnt why soon.

Silas came to him, about sunset, and held out his hand.

'Reckoned I knew you,' he said. 'It's Ned Brace—you're a stranger.'

'It is not my fault if I don't stay one,' replied Ned. 'I haven't sought you out. I owe you a grudge yet, and you know why as well as I do'

Silas took back his hand.

'All right,' he said. If you're wrothy still, I can't help it, only its a good while ago, and I've had such a lot o' trouble I'd kinder forgot old times myself.'

He was turning away when Ned stopped him. He could not help it. Trouble? What trouble could come to the husband of Kitty Anson but one?

'She isn't dead?' he asked quickly. 'Kitty isn't dead?'

'No,' said Silas. 'She's alive, though you'd hardly know her, she's so poor looking in the face. No, it's other trouble, a grist on't has driv' me a whalin'. Fust, the house burnt down Some lumber men I sot agin me done it I reckon. An' then suthin' got amongst the stock, and it died off amazin', and I took sick, and there was doctor's bills and a lot o' physic And Kitty an' the children (there's two on 'em') they took chills And somehow I ain't worth a red cent more than goes for victuals this blessed day. Lord, Ned, if you owe me a grudge, you ought to be satisfied you ought.'

He looked very miserable as he stood there with his hand upon his breast, and Ned Brace felt a certain satisfaction at the thought that this was the man Kitty Anson had married for his prosperity and for whom she had jilted him.

But his anger was not diminished—his revenge was not forsaken; as he turned on his heel he saw it coming, whence or when he knew not, but it was surely near—for had not heaven helped him? he asked himself. He went through his duties with this before him; he slept to dream of it; he awoke to wait for it again. He saw little of Silas, and after that first conversation they did not address each other; but he was waiting all the time, feeling that his chance was coming.

He was waiting still when a storm gathered over them and drove every other though from every mind. The awful sky, the yet more awful sea with its crested waves, and strange lines of dingy white upon the horizon. The howl of the wind, the strange sounds in the interior of the vessel, all told the sailors what was near. None knew better than Ned Brace.

They did what they could. The 'Stormy Petral' seemed also to prepare herself for the conflict, but there was need of more than mortal power After three days of horror the vessel scudded before the gale, a wreck. At the end of the third day she was sinking.

They took to the boats, as a last hope—such a frail one in that tempestuous sea. And still without any effort on Ned Brace's part, Silas Grief was near him. There were ten men in the boat, the smallest of the three filled by those seamen. And as he took his place, Ned found poor Silas crouched on the seat beside him. They were not to be parted.

Out in that awful storm, amidst waves mad to swallow them, the ten men were tossed unarmed, until the gale subsided, and the sky grew bright, and the sea calm again. In the boat with them they had a bag of biscuit, a keg of water, and some cheese and pork—enough in all for four days, if carefully used. Heaven only knew when they might be taken up by a vessel. The sailors knew that, and were more than careful. They doled out morsels of food and mouthfull of water. They kept something to eat in the boat for six days. On the seventh there was neither crumb nor drop, and not a sail in sight.

All along, Silas had been next to Ned Brace, and the latter had heard what no other ear could amidst the storm—a prayer, repeated over and over again:

'Let me live to see poor Kitty. Let me live to see poor Kitty once more.'

Once when the calm commenced he had clutched Ned's arm and whispered, hoarsely:

'She's thinking of me now. Every night she teaches little Tom to pray for Daddy. God help her, she's nigher bein' a widow than she knows this minute.'

And Ned Brace had answered not one word, yet he heard plainly.

Now, when the food was gone and hope well nigh with it, Silas Grief's voice had sunk to a low gasp; but now and then Ned heard him whisper the same prayer, utter the same name—'Kitty, Kitty,' always 'Kitty.'

The others seemed to have forgotten home and friends. They seemed only to think of food. Perhaps the more abstemious lives of the two Maine fishermen enabled them to bear privation better; perhaps it was fate. Heaven only knows. One after the other they dropped dead into the boat, and the living ones—but it is hard to tell—there was but one horrible meal to be made, and they made it as other shipwrecked sailors had done before. All but Ned and Silas. The first said, 'I'll starve rather,' and turned his back that temptation might not assail him. The last moaned, 'I could never kiss Kitty again,' and closed his dull eyes. He had strength for little more. At last there were but four in the boat—Silas Grief, Ned Brace, and two others. They kept quite apart. The feast of blood separated them. There were two mad men and two sane. The sailors opposite were waiting for either Silas or Ned to die. They did not wait long. When one arose with a glittering knife in his lean hand, strong with the madness of a meal of human flesh. Ned knew what was coming. He waited. In a horse, strange voice came the words:

'My hearty!'

'Aye, aye,' said Ned.

'Taint no time for palaver. We can't wait You're an old messmate—we won't tech you yet. But that fellow's got to go. You'll help us. If not, why——?' And the sentence ended in an oath.

Pale Silas Grief grew paler. Horror, greater than words can tell, came into his hollow eyes. He clasped his fingers together and looked at Ned Brace.

'Swear that nobody shall ever tell Kitty,' he panted. 'It 'ud kill her, or send her crazy. Only let her know I died'

Revenge! Why, in all his dreams such revenge as this had never entered Ned's mind. The moment he had prayed for had come as he had never dreamt; and Ned in that awful instant comprehended his own great guilt.

The man with the knife was creeping towards them. Silas lay quite still, expecting death.

And Ned Brace uttered a wordless vow that he would save his enemy that fate or die.

'Keep off,' he shouted, 'you shan't lay hand on him. Keep off, I tell ye' And they clutched each other, and he flung the sailor into the bottom of the boat and got the knife into his own keeping.

The tables were turned.

Cowed for a while and helpless without his weapon, the sailor sunk down in a heap and glared at him. Silas caught Ned's hand and kissed it and wept feebly. It needed no violence; he was sinking fast.

Just then (to the end of his life Ned believed it a miracle, though it was none,) the hand that hid the knife within his vest struck something hard A small flask, buttoned up there—a flask that, drawn to the light, still contained some brandy.

He had put it there when he went with a party on land at a certain point they had touched for supplies, and had forgotten it.

There was life in the little flask; life for one—not for all.

He stooped over Silas and put it to his lips. He saw with joy that it revived him, and did it, taking no drop himself. If those mad men had guessed it! But they did not. In that instant they had clutched each other like two wolves, and in the struggle gone over and down with their teeth in each other's necks. Ned and Silas were alone in the rocking boat together.

And there was one thought in the young fisherman's mind To save Silas Grief's life, even at the sacrifice of his own. No words can paint the strength of the self-denial which kept that flask from his own lips, until angels record it in the books of Heaven. Silas had it all, and Silas lived; Ned was growing weaker. So time passed, until far on the horizon appeared a sail. Ned Brace was just able to see it—just able to whisper:

'Keep up a heart, you'll live for Kitty yet, Sile.'

Then with both hands he rent away the blue check shirt he wore and tied it to the boat, so that it would flutter in the breeze.

'They'll see it,' he said, 'and you'll live to get aboard—the brandy'll keep you up. I aint took none. You was a married man, and there aint no wife a-waiting for me, nor yet no children.'

And with that last effort he sunk down—blind, deaf, helpless and worn-out; Silas wept and faintly wrung his hands.

Two hours after the vessel saw the signal, and they were taken on board—Silas faintly breathing, Ned Brace to all appearance dead.

Yet he did not die; faintly and slowly, life crept back to him—sense and strength returned. He awoke to find Silas Grief his everwatchful nurse, to hear his thanks for himself and Kitty. And, six months after, the good ship entered Portland, and they went together into Sandburn, welcomed like men arisen from the dead.

But when the day came on which Ned Brace stood before Kitty and her children, and Silas said—'Only for him, Kitty, I'd a been dead by an awful death; I daren't speak on; and he took keer on me, and robbed himself to save me, and there aint nothin' I could ever do would be too much to pay him;' and she, so pale and worn sunk down at his feet and went and blessed him. Ned Brace laid an humble and contrite heart before his Maker.

'Taint me to thank, but God,' he said. 'You don't know how I felt to you afore. I wanted revenge, and I reckoned God would fetch it, seein I felt things had gone so hard. But when it came, and I nought ha' seen it, I know'd I'd been a praying to Satan all the time 'stead o' Him, 'ud rather hev died than took it and go where it 'ud ha' taken me.'

And from that time Ned Brace dwelt in Sandburn, and the two fishermen were friends. And in time there crept other hopes into Ned's heart and eyes as bright as Kitty Anson's once were shone upon him; and to day he sits among tall sons and daughters by a fire-side of his own, and envies no man living.

Oh how mighty is the electric telegraph; the Harper of the thunder and the wind; an orbit wherein the dumb thunderbolt is hurled from mart to mart; a bolt, that, like the thunder of Sinai, has grown articulate. It is the pulse of the world—the fibre of the universal thought.

The education of most fathers is but a system of rules to keep the child at a respectable distance from them and to form him more with regard to *their* quiet than *his* powers; or at most, under a tornado of wrath, to impart as much ill-nature as he can scatter.

We might well ask of the best men of business what education of souls rewards more delightfully and more immediately than that of the innocent, who resemble rosewood which imparts its odor even while being carved and shaped.

There are many Christians who, all their life long, carry their hope as a boy carries a bird's nest containing an unfledged bird that can scarcely peep, much less sing—a poor, fledgless hope.

A Blind man, like a newspaper, needs a leading article.