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.

VOL. XXII.] CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JANUARY 30, 1871. [NO. 5.

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ALMANAC FOR JANUARY.

MOON'S CHANGES.

Full Moon, 6th day, 5h 11m., p. m., W.
Last Quarter, 14th day, 2h. 44m. a. m., S. E.
New Moon, 20th day, 8h. 19m., p. m., N. W.
First Quarter, 28th day, 9h 2m., a. m. S. W.

D. M.	DAY OF WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun slow of clock	Moon sets	High Water	Day's Length
		h m.	h m.	m s	h m	h m	h m
1	Sun	7 49	4 18	3 39	1 31	6 29	29
2	Mon	48	19	4 17	3 34	7 2-	30
3	Tues	48	20	45	3 36	8 2-	31
4	Wed	48	21	5 12	5 37	9 3	32
5	Thur	4	22	38	6 36	9 44	33
6	Frid	48	23	6 6	9 31	10 2-	35
7	Sat	48	24	32	8 2-	11 2	37
8	Sun	4	26	57	9 4	11 4-	38
9	Mon	47	27	7 22	9 4-	V. 15	40
10	Tues	47	29	47	10 12	0 55	42
11	Wed	7 46	30	8 11	10 38	1 35	44
12	Thurs	46	31	34	11 2	2 18	45
13	Frid	4	33	57	11 27	3 4	47
14	Sat	45	34	9 19	11 53	4 11	49
15	Sun	44	35	40	A. 21	5 30	51
16	Mon	43	36	10 1	1 5	6 5-	53
17	Tues	42	38	21	0 3	8 3	56
18	Wed	42	40	41	2 18	9 2	58
19	Thur	41	41	59	3 17	9 54	59
20	Frid	40	42	11 17	4 23	10 39	9 1
21	Sat	40	44	35	5 35	11 24	4
22	Sun	39	45	51	6 46	morn.	6
23	Mon	38	46	12 7	7 49	0 4	8
24	Tues	37	48	22	9 7	0 41	11
25	Wed	36	49	36	10 33	1 1-	13
26	Thur	37	50	49	11 9	1 5-	15
27	Frid	34	52	13 1	morn.	2 3-	18
28	Sat	33	54	13	0 19	3 23	21
29	Sun	32	55	24	1 20	4 20	23
30	Mon	31	57	33	2 23	5 2	26
31	Tues	7 29	4 58	13 42	3 35	6 37	9 29

Business Cards.

HENRY J. GAFFNEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
OFFICE IN
DesBrisay's Block
(next Apothecarie's Hall.)
QUEEN STREET.
RESIDENCE—North American Hotel.
Charlottetown, Aug 3. 1870

MR. A. SMYTHE,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,
Has Removed his Academy to Water St.,
(Opposite the late Telegraph Office.)
Pianoforte and Melodeon Tuning punctually attended to.
July 25, 1870. 1y

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
AND
GENERAL AGENTS,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

A. McNEILL.
Reading Room Proprietor,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND
AUCTIONEER.
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.
May 31, 1869. tf

SETH D. SHAW,
Attorney-at-Law, &c.
OFFICE—Corner of Great George and Dorchester streets.
Opposite City Hotel. Formerly occupied as a Law Office by Charles Palmer, Esq., and recently by H. J. Cundall, Esq.
CHARLOTTETOWN.
March 21, 1870. 1 yr

H. HASZARD,
Commission Merchant,
GENERAL AGENT,
AND
AUCTIONEER
Upper Queen Street,
Charottetown, - - - 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 "Examiner" Office.)

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

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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

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Sold Cheaper than ever.
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Head Office, 45 Wall Street, New York.

Paid Up Capital, - - - - - -	$400,000 00
Surplus, - - - - - - -	326,399 94
Total Assets, 1st Jan'y, 1870, - - -	$726,399 94

Risks against loss or damage by FIRE accepted on every description of property. Apply to

FENTON T. NEWBERY, General Agent for P. E. Island.
Charlottetown, April 25, 1870.

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant and
AUCTIONEER,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND

PRIZE MEDALS,
1862 AND 1851;
F. S. CLEAVER
Begs respectfully to recommend the following articles of
TOILET SOAP AND PERFUMERY
Manufactured and Imported by him.

All of which may be relied on for their genuine quality, as many years' increasing patronage will testify, rendering unnecessary any further comment. In non-angular tablets, White Glycerine Soap, richly perfumed Lettuce Milk Soap, Floral Soaps, Spermaceti Soap, Otto of Rose Cold Cream Soap, Centfleurs Toilet Soap, Prize Medal Honey Soap, Almond, Palm, Glycerine, Sunflower, Mallow and every description of Toilet Soaps, Musk and Treble Scented Brown Windsor, Improved and Extra Scented ditto.

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F. S. Cleaver's Hyacinth Toilet Soap, F. S. Cleaver's Musk Rose Windsor Soap Military and Naval Toilet Soap, Plate Rouge Soap. F. S. Cleaver's Honey Pomade for the Hair, F. S. Cleaver's Floral Pomades for the hair, Saponaceous Tooth Powder, Glycerine Shaving Squares. Cosmetiques, &c. The Scent of the Period, also Jockey Club Boquet Kiss Me Quick, Frangipanni, Ess Boquet, Millefleurs, Mangolia Rondelitia, Ylangilang, May Blossom, New Mown Hay, As You Like It, &c., &c.

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CAUTION.—Owing to the recent introduction of Soap made from Cocoa Nut Oil, F. S. Cleaver feels it incumbent on him to remark that he entirely abstains from the use of that pernicious article in any Soap bearing his name, the only advantage of which is to enable the maker to produce soap at less cost, and with a smooth and ivory-like appearance, which treacherous and superficial qualification is to be avoided; as a soap so made possesses a much more powerful alkali than genuine English-made soap; and like many other things, beautiful to behold, leaves its sting behind, by causing a severe irritation to the skin—particularly if used for shaving. It likewise produces a faint, sickly, and disagreeable smell, as the hands of any person who has used it can testify.

Manufactory, 32 and 33. Red Lion Street, London, W. C. Depot, 243, Rue St. Dennis, Paris. Sold by

W. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, Victoria Building.
Oct. 28. 1869

Wool. Wool.

CASH paid for WOOL, on delivery, at the Store of
H. J. CALLBECK.
Ch'town, May 30, 1870.

CAUTION.

DON'T waste your money in buying BOGUS Wool or Mowing Machine Oil, when you can get the pure Olive or Sweet Oil much cheaper at the
'CITY HARDWARE STORE,'
BOURKE, GILLAN & Co.
August 22, 1870.

Per "Lelia Alice."

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S Pickles, Sauces, Currie Powder, Ground Spices, Flavoring Essences, Prepared Cochineal, Red and Black Currant Jelly, Scotch Marmalade, Galatine Vermacilli, Maccaroni, Tapiaco, Citron, Lemon & Orange Peels, Mustard in Kegs, Bottles & Packages, Split Peas, Sperm Candles, Mock Turtle, Ox-tail & Green Peas, Soup, &c., &c.

WM. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Oct. 31, 1870.

Just Received
400 Yards WATERPROOF CLOTH
HEARTZ & SON.
Nov. 29, 1869.

USEFUL
Christmas Gifts!

Achme Skates, all sizes,
Extra Wrenches Clamps, & Screws for do.
Table Knives, Carvers and Steels,
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Plated Call Bells and Spoons.
Kerosene Lamps, with the new Burner.
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Sleigh Bells and Whips.
Fire Iron Stands, Blower Stands, Umbrella Stands Apple Parers, Clothes Wringers.
Shewers, Curling Tongs, Fluting Scissors.
Pinking Irons Tin Can Openers, and

SAPOLIO.
To Clean and Polish all the old things.
A. A. BALDWIN & Co.
Dec 26 1870.

CLUBBING RATS!

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American Agriculturist,	£0 18 0
Atlantic Monthly,	1 3 0
Harper's Magazine,	1 3 0
Galaxy	1 3 0
Blackwood's Magazine,	1 3 0
Dublin University Magazine,	2 0 0
London Review, / Dublin do	3 0 0
Edinburgh do,	1 3 0
Westminster do,	1 3 0
North British do,	1 3 0
North American do,	1 10 0
Every Saturday, Illustrated,	1 8 0
Appleton's Journal, do,	1 8 0
Harper's Weekly,	1 8 0
Harper's Bazzar,	1 8 0
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,	1 8 0
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New York Ledger,	1 3 0
do Weekly,	1 3 0
do Herald,	1 3 0
do Tribune,	1 3 0
do World,	1 3 0

We can supply any of the English, American or Colonial Publications, at the lowest cash rates.

P. R. BOWERS.

Notice.

GENERAL POST OFFICE Ch'town, December 10, 1870.

IN future, Money Orders will not be issued on Great Britain on the days on which Supplementary English Mails are closed.
JOHN A. McDONALD, P.M.G.

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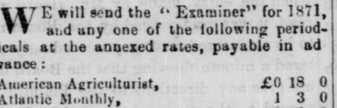
NO. 1 WHOLE SKINS,
For Sale Cheap at
LONDON HOUSE!
G. & S. DAVIES.
Dec. 5, 1870.



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EYE-SIGHT
By Wearing Common Spectacles;
Nine-tenths of all Eye Disease
IS CAUSED BY
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SPECTACLES
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For which I am the SOLE AGENT, are the most
Perfect and Beautiful Ever Offered.
They will cause a continuous and abiding improvement in the Eyes, and assist your sight most brilliantly.

W. R. WATSON,
Sole Agent for Charlottetown
Ch'town, November 7. 1870.

Laths! Laths!
FOR SALE
300,000 Spruce Laths (4 feet),
Best Quality. Apply to
A. McNEILL, Auctioneer.
Exchange Building, June 6, 1870.

OUT OF THE DEEP.

Half-past ten! Janet Raeburn, the rector's daughter, heard the old clock in the parsonage library proclaim the hour, and almost simultaneously the harbor clocks began to strike, and the resonant old bell, high up in the windy steeple of the church, pealed out its sonorous echo. The girl lingered a moment listening, holding the knob of a half-closed door in her hand, and peering with anxious eye through the stormy darkness in which her lover had just disappeared.

It was midwinter, and the night was dreadfully tempestuous, the sky pitch black, and a wild, wailing wind driving before it great sheets of freezing rain, and over all was heard the solemn thunder of the sea.

Janet stood almost breathless, her creamy, clear-cut face finely defined against the ruddy background of light that streamed from the pleasant sitting-room; her shining, gold-stone eyes dark with an unexpressed dread of terror which even her own heart did not comprehend—one of those vague but prescient forebodings that creep over us at times, the shadow of some dark event that wings its flight above us.

She was in trouble, this pretty, bright-eyed daughter of the rector. She had just parted from Ross Milburn, her lover, and his pale face and grave looks and ominous words had set her timid, womanship heart all in a flutter. He was an architect, this Ross Milburn—a fine, well-to-do fellow, and engaged to pretty Janet Raeburn, the pride and boast of Streamville, the little seabound town in which she lived.

Ross had not an enemy in the world; he was honest to his heart's core, upright and honorable, and as genial and cheery as a summer morning. Yet, that stormy, mid-winter night, pretty Janet found him strangely altered oppressed with a severe gloom, which all her maiden wiles and timid love failed to brighten or to dissipate.

He paid a long visit, and rose at last to take his departure, with something unsaid that was almost choking him. Janet saw it, and accompanied him to the door, resolved to make one more effort to solve the mystery.

'What is it, dear?' she ventured, timidly, her gentle hand on his arm. 'Cannot you confide in me?'

'No!' he answered, bitterly. 'Shame and disgrace are not for ears like yours; but there's something I must say before we part, even at the risk of being thought meddlesome and jealous. Janet, I saw you walking with Gerald Heatherstone the other day—didn't I?'

'Why, yes,' replied the girl, her eyes wide with surprise. 'He's an old friend, a playfellow of mine, and——'

'He's an infernal villain,' her love burst out, hotly; 'and if ever I see him speak to you again, I'll cut his heart out!'

'Why, Ross, what in heaven's name do you mean?'

'Exactly what I say Janet. You must never speak to Gerald Heatherstone again. Gossip couples your name with his and calls him your lover. He's not fit to breathe the same air with a pure woman like you, and he shall not, the treacherous smooth-faced coward. I feel the spirit of murder in my heart every time I see him. So, hearken to what I say, and shun him as you would a serpent.'

Standing there in the doorway, with the wild, midwinter night before her, Janet pondered over her lover's words with an aching unrest at her heart. He had never appeared jealous or unreasonable before—what could have changed him so suddenly?

On the height above the sea she could see the lights gleaming from the windows of Heatherstone Hall. Squire Heatherstone was the wealthiest man in Streamville, and Gerald was his son and heir. A handsome, stylish young man, somewhat addicted to dissipation, judging from his looks. The rector's daughter had known him from her childhood; but he had no place in her heart.

The wind rose to a gale, and the sleet tinkled sharply against the windows, and Janet could almost feel the shock of the great waves as they beat upon the strand. With a little shiver of terror she turned to close the door, seeing as she did so, Watchman Cowly, muffled to the teeth and carrying his lantern in his hand, hurrying down Maple street on his night beat.

Then she closed and locked the door, and, returning to the sitting-room, sat down before the fire to meditate.

Meanwhile the watchman went on, crunching the sleet with every hurrying step his teeth set against the bitter blast that almost beat him back. Just before reaching the corner of Maple and Calvert streets a cry of murder rang horribly amid the din of the storm, curdling the blood in his veins. For one swift moment he remained breathless; then he dashed down towards Calvert street, from whence the cry had proceeded. There was not a living soul abroad; but just at the corner something flew past him, a shadowy, impalpable thing, very like a ghost.

Half a dozen flying strides, and the watchman halted, and turned on his lantern. At his feet lay a prostrate figure, and towering above this prostrate figure was a man, with a long, shining dagger in his hand. The watchman clutched his arm with a grip like steel; but, catching a glimpse of his face, he relaxed his hold of him.

'Good heaven, Mr. Ross Milburn, is it you?' he gasped.

'It is me, Cowly' replied the young man, his face as white as death; 'and this is Gerald Heatherstone! He's been murdered!'

'And his murderer?'

'Is gone.'

The watchman shot a keen glance at the young man's face; then he stooped down to examine the prostrate figure.

'Dead!' he said. 'That blow went home.'

'Maybe not, Cowly. Let's be quick. Something may be done for him?'

'No, he's dead, Mr. Ross Milburn; did you murder him?'

The two men stood face to face, eye to eye

'I! murder him! Good God, Cowly! I never thought of that! Why, no, of course I did not!'

The watchman laughed lightly.

'Sorry to doubt your word, Mr. Milburn,' he said; 'but circumstances are pretty much against you.'

The day dawned gloriously after the stormy night. At sunrise there was an unwonted bustle in Streamville—knots of men at the corners in excited discussion, women peering from the doorways with white, affrighted faces.

Returning from his accustomed morning walk, the old rector noticed this unusual excitement, and learned its cause. Gerald Heatherstone dead, and Ross Milburn in prison for the murder!

The poor old man went home with tottering steps; and, finding pretty Janet in the parlor, he told her the story; and, with a little cry of mortal agony, she fell down in a dead swoon.

* * * * * *

The day of Ross Milburn's trial was one of unprecedented excitement in the country town, which was only a mile and a half from Streamville. At an early hour all the avenues leading to the court were blocked up by eager crowds. The very best counsel had been engaged on both sides, and expectation was on tiptoe.

The proceedings began in the usual manner and the prisoner was conducted to the dock. Worn and haggard and anxious his face looked; but his eye was clear, and his bearing proud—not the bearing of a midnight assassin by any means. Yet, the whole community believed him guilty.

'The man's insane, or an idiot!' said one of his council, conversing with a brother barrister. 'He's determined on his running his neck into the halter. I visited his cell last night, in hope he had come round at the last moment. But I found him like adamant. He knows who murdered Heatherstone, he says, but chooses to shoulder the crime himself, sooner than inform against the real murderer. Shouldn't you call that insanity? I shall put in a plea under that head—there's nothing else to be done! But hist! here comes the principal witness against him. Miss Raeburn, to whom he was betrothed.

Janet leant on the arm of her old father, and was conducted to a seat by an officer in attendance. For a few moments she sat immovable, her hands closely clasped, her breath suspended. Not once since that awful night, when he left her with that threat of murder on his lips, had she seen her lover's face; and now she longed and dreaded to lift her veil and look upon him, knowing that her first glance would assure her of his guilt or innocence. But she must know, or die!

A shudder of terrible excitement thrilled her from head to foot. She put up a shaking hand and raised her veil. Ross Milburn was patiently awaiting that wild, questioning glance; and when it came, his genial brown eyes, sad and tender, but clear and true as God's own word, responded. The girl started to her feet, a sudden flash of glorifying light illuming her white face.

'Oh, thank God!' she cried, her voice thrilling with gratitude. 'Oh, Ross, you are innocent!'

The prisoner rose to his feet.

Then he sat down, and folded his arms across his breast, and the trial went on. There were but two witnesses, Watchman Cowly and the rector's daughter. The latter was called first. She obeyed the summons, her face as white as death. But when questioned, she refused to answer

'I won't,' she cried, passionately—'I won't speak, though you put me to torture; I won't swear his dear life away, and he standing before me innocent.'

Every heart in the crowded court thrilled with pity. Then the prisoner rose in the dock.

'Gentlemen,' he said, a slight tremor running through his manly tones, 'I ask nothing for myself, but I entreat you to spare her. Her burden is heavy enough. Don't force her to speak against me, when you see how it pains her. Suffer me to speak myself. Gerald Heatherstone did me a mortal wrong, and if I had put a knife in his heart the laws of my country would have justified me. But I didn't do it, I made a threat to murder him, in Miss Raeburn's hearing, on the very night of the murder, but I did not mean what I said. I left the parsonage at Streamville, at just half-past ten—I heard the harbor bells striking as I turned into Calvert street. Then I heard a cry of murder; and hurrying on, I found Gerald Heatherstone down and his murderer standing over him. I drew the dagger from his breast, hoping to save his life. I saw and recognized the murderer, but I have made up my mind not to betray that murderer. Gentlemen, I have spoken the truth!

He resumed his seat amid a silence that seemed like the grave. Men looked into each other's eyes with bated breath. Could that man at the bar be a felon, an assassin? Even the prosecuting council was staggered, and halted and faltered in his address; but when it was all over, and the evidence summed up, his guilt seemed awfully apparent.

The jury retired with a feeling of awful responsibility at their hearts; and when after hours of endless waiting, they reappeared, and gave in their verdict, 'Guilty,' every man of them looked as if his soul were stained with murder. Yet, how could it be otherwise?

Then the judge pronounced the sentence. Ross Milburn was to be hung. Jane Raeburn heard, and dropped down without even a sigh, as white and cold as the snow that capped the winter hills; as the waiting crowd heard, and dispersed in horrified silence. The doomed man heard, and walked back to his cell without even as much as a tremor.

Slowly and drearly the terrible days went by. There were vigorous efforts put forth on the part of Ross Milburn's friends but without avail, and the night came—a February night, black with storm. The morrow would see the end. The old rector and his daughter went to the country town (only a few miles off) to say their last farewell.

"'Tis hard, I know, my darling,' he said, straining the weeping girl to his heart; 'and merciful God alone only knows how my hearts bleeds to cause you this sorrow; but not for your sake, dearer ten thousand times than my own soul, can make it otherwise. But you trust me. You believe in my innocence. I shall die content.'

Thus they parted for the last time. Descending the prison steps, Janet felt some one pluck her sleeve. She looked up, facing Watchman Cowly A peculiar expression lit the shrewd man's countenance.

'Miss,' he said, speaking almost under his breath, 'don't break your heart; while there's life there's hope.'

Sitting in her own chamber that night, the poor girl pondered over his words, but they brought her no comfort. With her white face pressed against the window listening to the howling winds and the thunder of the waves as they broke against the shore, on that very wild night, she began to fancy that all time had been surged into one endless eternity of wrath and storm.

But the day broke at last, a buried, fiery dawn lighting the east with ominous splendor. At an early hour there was a stir and a bustle in the town—pedestrians starting off for the country town. Janet never left the window—soul and body alike seemed paralyzed, and she saw and heard like one in a dream.

Presently there was an unwonted stir below. Men ran hither and thither telling each other the news The prisoner had escaped! Watchman Cowly stood all alone in the midst of the excitement, his eyes bent seaward, murmuring under his breath, "Saved from the gallows to be swallowed up in the sea! God pity him!"

When Janet Raeburn recovered from the long and desperate illness which followed that death-like swoon, the whilom snowd capped hills were crowned with tender green and fragrant hyacinths and golden-heartes pansies were blooming on the garden borders. Winter had gone by, and the fitful April sunlight streamed in yellow rays through the old windows of the parsonage.

The girl awoke to life, like one returning from the grave; the home where she was born, even her old father's face, looked new and strange. Her great grief had changed the whole world for her. Then she was told the story of the prisoner's escape.

'But God's justice overtook him in his flight,' the gossips added. He went down in the storm that night; his boat floated in the next day, keel upward.'

Janet shuddered, and looked up at the blue spring sky. Was there a God of mercy? There must be, else woe to stricken humanity; She was a brave-hearted girl, and she nerved herself to enter upon the strange, new life that lay before her.

A year went by. Another followed. Once more the pansies bloomed and the birds sang; and the fitful April sunlight fell upon Janet's white face as she sat on the mossy doorstep.

Presently she saw the good old doctor driving down the street in his little one horse chaise. A moment latter he was out, and coming briskly towards her. She put aside her work, and arose to meet him

'Not a professional visit, Janet, my lass, he said, running briskly up the terrace steps.' 'Your cheeks are white, but they're sound and healthy. You're not in need of any of my medicines.'

'I think not, doctor.'

'No; but I'm in need of you. I've got a new patient down in the Hollows—a poor wretched woman of some kind—and she's dying. She calls incessantly for you. She has a confession to make; and wants you to go to her. She won't live till morning. Will you go?

'Of course, doctor. I'll be ready in two minutes.'

Five minutes later they were driving towards the Hollows; as the April sun slid down into the sea, the doctor drew rein before the cottage the patient lay.

'She's terrible uneasy,' said the woman of the house, appearing in the doorway; 'been asking for you every minnitt—best make haste in, doctor.'

The doctor obeyed. Janet following noiselessly. A pair of bright, eager eyes, welcomed them.

'At last!' sighed the sick woman. Thank God!

Janet approached the bed where the sufferer lay, and laid her cool soft hand on her brow.

'Can I help you in any way?'

For answer, the woman put a pair of thin hands on Janet's cheeks and drew her down.

'You are so beautiful,' she murmured, 'and be loved you so, my poor Ross. You must be a good woman; to be worthy of his love. Sit down, I have a story to tell you Doctor, you are a justice of the peace, and you must listen, too—my story is a confession. Janet Raeburn you are Ross Milburn's betrothed wife, and I am his sister; only his half-sister—our father was one, our mothers different—but no brother was ever so good as Ross. When we were still orphans, he put me to school, and supplied my every want; and, better than all, he loved me. We parted, he went to Streamville, and I to Drummond, to live with my aunt. At a party one night, I met a young man named Gerald Hearthstone. He fell in love with me at first sight; so he said, and I was fool enough to believe him. We were acquainted six months, and then he proposed marriage. I wanted to tell Ross, but he forbade me. His father was a rich man, he said, living over at Streamville, and we must be married secretly, and wait until he could gain his father's consent, otherwise he could be disinherited. I was a silly young thing. I loved him, and my aunt treated me unkindly. I consented, and one night we ran away, and we were married, at what I was led to believe was a dissenting chapel in the country. The next day I returned to my aunt. And for nearly a year I lived there, and met him stealthily, believing that I was his wife. But Ross never suspected.

'But the secret could be kept no longer. I found that I should soon become a mother. My aunt discovered it, and taunted me with my shame, threatening to put me out of her house. Stung me to the quick, I flew to my husband, demanding that he should acknowledge me publicly, and thus spare my good name. But he laughed at my agony, and when I pressed him, told me that I was no wife of his—the ceremony was a sham. Our marriage false. I think I went mad then and there, and I hope that God will pardon my after deeds. Poor Ross discovered my shame, and I thought his proud heart would break. But he was a good, true brother to me even in my trouble. He did not desert or disown me—he put me in secluded lodgings, and never pained me by a word of reproach. Ah, Miss Raeburn, I don't wonder that you love him!

'I went mad, as I told you, over my cruel, bitter wrongs; and I laid out my plans with maniac cunning. One terrible night I came to Streamville, and sent a note up to the young heir of Hearthstone Hall. We met in a public-house in Calvert street, and I demanded my rights; but he turned on his heel, laughing me to scorn. I followed him out into the storm; he turned and cursed me, threatening to murder me if I did not leave him. But I murdered him, instead—I drew a dagger from my bosom, and plunged it into his false heart, Miss Raeburn. Ross Milburn was innocent!'

'I knew it,' replied Janet, hoarsely.

'He fell, with an awful cry, and at that instant Ross Milburn rushed up and drew the dagger from his breast. Then seeing me, he comprehended all. 'My God!' he cried; 'Rose is it you? He's dead! Fly—fly for your life!' His awful face, and the sight of the murdered man at my feet, filled me with a quaking terror, and I fled like the wind. Where or how I wandered that night, God only knows. At day-break a marketcart picked me up in a dying condition, and carried me to the nearest workhouse; and there I lay for months, hovering between life and death, and there my baby was born. When reason returned to me, my brother Ross had been tried and found guilty of the murder my hand had committed. But he had escaped! My first thought was to clear his name, and confess my own guilt; but, for my little child's sake, I determined to remain silent. Ross was gone, and my child needed me; and I put off my duty from day to day. But my baby is asleep now under the green grass, down in Drummond churchyard, and I am dying. Janet Raeburn, and you, Dr. Wilton, bear witness that, with my last breath, I confess my guilt, and clear my brother's name, I murdered Gerald Hearthston, and Ross Milburn bore my guilt rather than betray me.'

* * * * *

Rose Milburn sleapt peacefully, in the green Drummond churchyard, with her little babe beside her; and Janet Raeburn lived with her old father at the Streamville parsonage.

The country papers had grown weary of proclaiming and repeating the story of Ross Milburn's innocence. Every soul in the community had heard and believed it; his name was honored, and almost worshipped. But the sea gave not back its dead! Of course he went down that dreadful night, when Watchman Cowly (whose brother was a warder at the country town prison) smuggled him away from the waiting gallows! The little boat, drifting up the strand, was evidence enough. Every one accepted the truth, Janet Raeburn with the rest.

Slowly and peacefully the years went bye, the winter snows fell and melted; the spring blossoms bloomed and faded; the story of Gerald Heatherstone's murder was getting to be a dream of days gone by.

One October afternoon the old rector lay dying. Janet was beside him, and the Rev. Theodore Sheffield, his curate, paced up and down the library, just within call.

'My dear,' said the old man, putting forth his palsied hand, 'come closer; I have something to say to you.

Janet obeyed, clasping the trembling hand in hers.

'My time is growing short,' he whispered; 'in a little while my poor girl will be all alone. Janet, darling, will you make my last moments serene and happy—will you promise to marry Theodore Sheffield when I am gone?'

The girl buried her face amid the pillows with a low cry.

'He loves you, Janet,' her father went on, 'and will make you a true and tender husband; you surely will not refuse him? 'Tis a terrible thing for a woman like you to live alone, with no love, no tender care. You know you will find it terrible, my dear.'

'But, father, I do not love Mr. Sheffield.'

'My daughter, you will love him. He is so noble and honest—such a gifted man, such a true, devoted Christian. You will not refuse him Janet?'

The girl looked up. Pacing up and down the room, beyond was the man who wanted her for his wife. A man in every sense of the word—brave, noble and intellectual. She thought of the coming years—long, lonely, desolate—of her loveless matchless heart. She could make him a good true wife! Why not? That early dream was over. The promise trembled on her lips, and yet she did not speak it.

A wild blast rattled the casements, and whirled the dead leaves up and down the garden-paths. She arose, and kissed the dying man into silence, turned to the window.

The afternoon was raw and gusty, and the waves beat upon the shore with a dull roar. Janet could see the wide, wild sea from where she stood, and the little boats and fishing-craft dotting its bosom. That sea held all that her heart could ever love! A fierce despair pierced her like a knife. She had 'lost her corner by the hearthhold hearth, behind the heads of children.'

At that moment, Mr. Sheffield entered the apartment, and approached the bed upon which the dying rector lay. Janet caught up a mantle, and threw it over her head, and, drawn by an impluse that was irresistible, left the house and ran down to the stormy coast. The rough winds beat her back, and tore the mantle from her head, and dashed the salt spray in her face; but she clambered to the summit of a ragged rock, and sat down, looking out upon the watery waste with solemn, yearning eyes.

Far out upon the rough waters was a shore-bound boat—a tiny speck rising and falling with every surge of the sea. Singling it out from all the rest, the girl watched its progress with a kind of facination The afternoon waned rapidly, and the lurid, stormy twilight began to fall. Slowly but surely the little craft nears the shore; and the girl watched it, her eyes strained, great beads of prespiration on her brow, her very heart ceasing its pulsations in her intense suspense. She wondered vagnely what it all meant. Was she going mad?

The yellow sunset faded, a creeping gloom settled down upon the waters; but the little boat came on. Janet could see a man in the boat, rowing for his very life. A wild thrill shot through her; she arose, and extended her arms with a passionate cry. But the cruel night was closing in, black