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. XVII. I | CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1867. | I NO. 52

PUBLIC LANDS.

Townships Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 11, 14, 15, 20, 21 *and* 27.

Notice to the Tenants on the above named Townships, and all persons desirous of Purchasing Wilderness Land thereon.

THE Commissioner of Public Lands will attend at the following places, on the days hereinafter stated for the receipt of all amounts due on the Purchase of Public Lands, and for the sale of Wilderness Land:—

On Thursday, the 31st day of October next, at 9, a. m.; and on Friday and Saturday, the 1st and 2nd days of November, at Mr. John Preston's, Tignish, Lot 1, for the Tenants on Lots 1 and 2.

On Tuesday, the 5th day of November, at 9, a. m.; and on Wednesday, the 6th day of November, at Mr David Hunter's, Alberton, Lot 4, for the Tenants on Lots 4 and 5.

On Friday, the Eight day of November, at 9, a. m.; and on Saturday, the 9th day of November, at Mr. McNaught's, Western Road, for the Tenants on Lots 6, 8 and 11.

On Tuesday, the Twelfth day of November, at 9, a. m.; and on Wednesday, the 13th day of November, at Mr. Allen's, Wellington, Lot 15, for the Tenants on Lots 14 and 15.

On Friday, the 15th day of November, at 9. a. m.; and on Saturday, the 16th day of November, at Mr. Carruthers', Kensington, Lot 19, for the Tenants on Lots 20, 27 and north portion of Lot 21.

On Monday, the Eighteenth day of November, at 12, a. m.; and on Tuesday, the 19th day of November, until 12, a. m., at Mr. Bagnall's, Princetown Road, Lot 22, for the Tenants on the south portion of Lot 21.

NOTICE.—Those Tenants who have not accepted the provisions of the Land Purchase Act, and have omitted to pay their rent, are hereby finally notified, that unless payment is made to the Commissioner at the time and place above named, distraints will be issued for its recovery.

CASCUMPEC POINT.

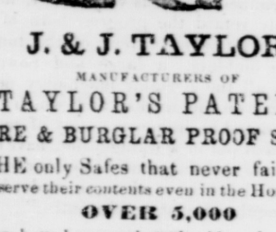
The Commissioner of Public Lands will submit to public competition, on Tuesday, the 5th day of November, at 12, a. m., at Mr. David Hunter's, Alberton, certain tracts or portions of Land, being a part of Cascumpec Point, a plan of which may be seen at my office, Colonial Building.

JOHN ALDOUS, Commissioner.

Land Office, 26th Sept., 1867.

Toronto Safe Works.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.



J. & J. TAYLOR,

MANUFACTURERS OF

TAYLOR'S PATENT

FIRE & BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE only Safes that never fail to preserve their contents even in the Hottest Fires.

OVER 5,000

of them have been made and sold, and are now in use throughout the Canadas, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, many of which have been subjected to the severest tests by fire on record, several of them having been Red Hot from 5 to 10 hours, yet not a dollar, book, or single scrap of paper has ever been destroyed in one of them.

We also manufacture every description of Bank Securities, such as Iron Vaults, Vault Doors, Burglar Proof Steel Safes, Combination Bank Locks, &c., &c.

Send for a Price List.

MANUFACTORY,
Nos. 193 and 200 Palace street,
Toronto, C. W.

☞ Pattern to be seen at the Store of WM. McGILL, Charlottetown, Agent.

September 2, 1867.

ST. DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE.

Under the patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of Charlottetown.

THIS INSTITUTION is situated on the Princetown Road, a mile and a quarter north of Charlottetown. The site is peculiarly beautiful, healthy, and far removed from the distractions and moral dangers of the city.

The halls and rooms of the building are spacious, airy, and comfortable.

The College Grounds are large, affording ample room for games and athletic exercises.

The course of studies embraces all the branches necessary to prepare young men for the study of the learned professions or fit them for mercantile pursuits, such as History, Geography, the English, French, Latin, and Greek Languages, Rhetoric, Mathematics, Philosophy, Chemistry &c. Music, vocal and instrumental—is also taught.

The College possesses a large and well selected Library, as well as an extensive Philosophy Apparatus.

The Professors and Teachers reside in the Institution, forming but one family with the students, and exercising a constant supervision, favorable to discipline, decorum and good morals.

Catholic students are carefully and frequently instructed in their holy religion, which they are required to practise. The most solicitous attention is paid to the morals of all; and whilst within the College enclosure, they are constantly under the watchful eye of one of the Teachers or Prefects. Perfect discipline is strictly but kindly enforced.

Students when entering must produce satisfactory testimonials of good character.

The College is visited regularly once a week by a Physician.

TERMS

PER QUARTER OF 11 WEEKS.

Board and Tuition,	£6	0	0
Use of Library,	0	1	6
Physician's Fee,	0	1	6

Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

The College furnishes bed-steads and mattrasses; the students must provide their own beds and bedding, brushes, basins, towels, &c.

The Scholastic year commences on the first Wednesday in September and ends about the middle of July. Students are requested to enter the College on the first day of the opening of the classes.

For further particulars apply to
A. McDONALD.

St. Dunstan's College, Aug. 19, 1867. isl 6in

FOR SALE,

At the Head of St. Peter's Bay,

A VALUABLE PROPERTY, consisting of 100 Acres of Land, on which are a Dwelling House (new), 30x28, containing six well finished rooms; also, Two Barns, a good Well and Spring of Water, with plenty of Mud in the river. The Farm is only a quarter of a mile from the Head St. Peter's Bay, and has a front of 30 chains on the Bay River; about 48 acres are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, 30 acres are covered with Hard Wood and Rails, the remainder is fit to stump.

The above is well worthy the attention of persons wishing to purchase a Farm, as it will be sold cheap and time given for part of the purchase money.

For Terms, &c, apply at the EXAMINER OFFICE, Charlottetown, or to DOCTOR McPHEE, Head St. Peter's Bay.

Head St. Peter's Bay, Oct. 7, 1867. isl 2m

THE NEW SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS.

THE NEW SERIES OF READING BOOKS, authorized by the Board of Education for use in the PUBLIC SCHOOLS of this Island, can now be had complete at

HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,
QUEEN STREET.

[...]L DISCOUNT allowed to Teachers and Dealers.

[...] your orders.

tf

July 15, 18[...]

Prince Edward Island.

IN CHANCERY.

Re Mark Nathaniel Wright, George Dudley Wright, Margaret Theododia Wright, Matilda Ann Wright, Martha Maria Wright, and Isabel Christiana Wright, Infants, by Betsy M. Wright, their Guardian.

IN pursuance of a Decretal Order, made by His Honor the Master of the Rolls, in this cause, bearing date the 20th day of August last, there will be sold by PUBLIC AUCTION, on the Premises, at Dunk River, in Prince County, in this Island, on WEDNESDAY, the sixth day of NOVEMBER next, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, all that valuable Freehold Farm, or tract of Land, situate on Township No. 26, containing 125 acres, a little more or less, with the Message, Mills, Buildings and appurtenances to the same belonging, of which George M. Wright, the father of the above named infants, lately died seized and possessed.

The Farm and Premises above mentioned are situated on the Main Road, between Somerset (formerly South-west settlement) and Freetown, Bedeque; having a frontage of 125 chains on the said Road, and being 10 chains in breadth, a little more or less.

The land is of superior quality, about sixty acres of which are cleared and in a good state for cultivation, the residue being covered with a fine growth of hard and soft wood. The principal Dwelling House, a 1½ storey building, is 36 by 28 feet, with a kitchen in the rear 25 by 18 feet; contiguous to which are Wood House, Carriage House, Stables, Workshop and Barn, the latter 45 by 30 feet. The Mills, comprising a very superior Grist Mill (with 3 pairs runners), Shingle, Saw and Carding Mills, are propelled by a powerful stream; and their situation for business purposes is considered to be unequalled in the Island. The property will be offered in three separate lots or sections. One lot comprising the Mills, with a Cottage 20 by 18 feet, and a Workshop 18 by 15 feet, for the use of a Miller, with 25 acres of Land attached. The second lot will comprise the Farm proper, consisting of about 75 acres, with the Dwelling House and other Buildings above described; and the remaining 25 acres, being the northern section of the tract, and all cleared, will form the third lot.

Should intending purchasers prefer it, the whole property will be sold in one Lot.

TERMS—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale, and the residue of one-third of the purchase money, 23⅓ per cent, upon the execution of the Deeds. The remaining two-thirds to be secured by Mortgage on the premises, in manner more definitely to be expressed in the conditions of Sale.

Dated at Charlottetown, this 10th day of September, 1867.

J. LONGWORTH,
Master in Chancery.

Hodgson, Solicitor. [sep 16]

STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!

500 COOK STOVES, suitable for coal warranted to WORK WELL, consisting of MAGICIAN, VICTORIA and HELPING HAND.

DODD & ROGERS.

COOK STOVES FOR WOOD WATERLOO, BROADSIDE, PREMIUM, and YARMOUTH COOK.

DODD & ROGERS.

FARMERS' BOILERS all sizes.

DODD & ROGERS.

PARLOR, AIR TIGHT and SHOP STOVES.

DODD & ROGERS.

REGISTER GRATES and MARBLE MANTLES.

DODD & ROGERS.

ROOFING PITCH and FELT.

DODD & ROGERS.

ONE No. 3 Singer's Sewing Machine.

DODD & ROGERS.

Ch'town, Oct. 14, 1867. pt isl 6w

TO ALL CONCERNED!

WILLIAM KELLY, of Charlottetown, in Prince Edward Island, Shoemaker, having by Deed of Assignment, dated the 8th day of October, A. D. 1867, assigned to us, the Subscribers, all the debts of every description due unto him, all persons indebted to the said William Kelly, by Judgment, Note, Book Account, or otherwise, are hereby notified and required to make immediate payment of the respective sums due by them to GEORGE ALLEY, Esq., Attorney at Law, at his office in Charlottetown, as all sums not paid to our said Attorney forthwith, will be sued for without further notice.

DONALD McKINNON,
THOS. W. DODD,
BENJAMIN ROGERS.

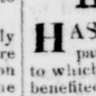
Charlottetown, Oct. 12, 1867. 1m

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber having closed his business establishment at Summerside, hereby notifies all persons indebted to him, for Rents, Book accounts, Promissary notes or otherwise, that the same must be paid to him at his Office in Charlottetown.

JAMES C. POPE.

Charlottetown, Sep. 2, 1867.



TO LET, all that commodious Dwelling House and Premises, pleasantly situated on the Corner of Pownal and Sydney streets, at present occupied by W. R. Watson, Esqr. Possession given at an early date. For further particulars please apply to

JAMES D. MASON,
Richmond Street.

Charlottetown, 23rd Sept. 1867.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER,

HAS proved itself to be the best preparation ever presented to the public; a fact to which thousands have testified who have been benefited by its use.

A few applications of this Compound will change brash, dry and wiry Hair to a moist and glossy appearance, and make it of

SILKEN TEXTURE.

The Proprietors offer the SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER to the public, entirely confident that by its restorative properties it will bring back the Hair to its

NATURAL COLOR.

It is not a dye, and consequently does not stain the skin or soil the finest fabric. If the Hair is falling off or becoming grey, the use of the RENEWER will surely arrest its decay, no matter from what cause, and will create a new growth, and make it assume in a short time all its former vigor, as it furnishes the nutritive principle by which the Hair is nourished and supported. As a

HAIR DRESSING,

the RENEWER is unequalled by any other Hair preparation in the world, giving it that beautiful texture which is so much admired by all. It does not contain any poisonous drugs, the basis of its remedial properties being a VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It completely eradicates scruf and dandruff, and cures all diseases of the scalp, and by its cooling properties allays the itching and fever of the scalp. It combines not only the best remedial properties for all diseases of the Hair and Scalp, but also is the best dressing for the Hair. This preparation has been sold for the past seven years entirely upon its own merits.

Beware of the numerous imitations, which in appearance only are similar to it, which are forced upon the public upon our reputation. Call for HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER, and take no other, or you will be disappointed.

R. P. HALL & CO.
Proprietors, Nashua, N. H.

FOR SALE BY Henry Beer, Southport; Wm. Findley, Orwell; R. J. Clarke, Orwell; Jas. Hayden, Vernon River; Daniel Gordon, Georgetown; A. W. LeBrocq, Georgetown; J. R. Bourke, Jr, Mount Stewart; John Binns, Jr, New Glasgow Bridge; D. & P. McNutt, Malpeque; Wm. T. Hunt & Co, Summerside; David Rogers, Summerside; Herbert Bell, Alberton

W. R. WATSON,
General Agent for P. E. Island.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building, September 30, 1867.

A CARD.

MRS. COMBS desires to intimate to the ladies of Charlottetown that she has opened a class to teach Wax Work in Flowers, and Baskets. Groups of Flowers made to order.

E. COMBS.

Residence opposite the Catholic Cathedral.

☞ Also, part of a house to rent.

ELEANOR COOMBS.

The Centre of Attraction

is at

ROBERT YOUNG'S,
Queen's Square.

The Best and Cheapest

Hoop Skirts

in the Trade, are at

R. YOUNG'S.

The Best Assortment and Newest Styles of

Summer Dresses

are at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The Cheapest place to buy

Shawls & Mantles,

is

YOUNG'S.

The cheapest COTTONS are at

R. YOUNG'S.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Paper Collars & Cuffs for the Million at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Beautiful BONNETS and HATS, cheap at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The Original Weed SEWING MACHINES, the best in the Market, at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Real Paisley Shawls for less than they can be imported, at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Ladies' SERGE BOOTS, from 7s 6d per pair, a first rate article, at

R. YOUNG'S.

FIRST RATE TEA, at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Charlottetown, 15th July, 1867. tf

Alteration in Business.

NOTICE TO DEBTORS.

THE Subscriber, intending to close his present business this Autumn, hereby notifies all persons indebted to him, either by Bond, Note, Book account or otherwise, to make payment on or before the 1st day of November next. All amounts unpaid at the above day will be handed over for collection without further notice.

H. HASZARD.

Charlottetown, Oct. 7th 1867. ex isl

STOVE PIPE!

STOVE PIPE! STOVE PIPE!

AT MILLNER'S TIN SHOP,
Great George Street.

STOVE PIPE TIME will soon be along and the Subscriber intends no man shall sell a CHEAPER OR A BETTER article than he offers. All orders punctually attended to. On hand, a few Air-tight and second-hand STOVES. Also, a large assortment of good TINWARE, at very reasonable prices.

Soap-Stone Cut and Fitted, &c.

As the Subscriber expects soon to want a little CASH, a considerable discount will be made for the same, especially in the article of STOVE PIPE AND ELBOWS!

And the subscriber, ever thankful for the very liberal patronage he has hitherto received from his friends, both in town and country, still TRUSTS—JUDICIOUSLY—TO CARVE his way onward!

GEORGE W. MILLNER.

Sept. 16, 1867. 2m

NEW GOODS!

FOR

SPRING & SUMMER, 1867,

AT

Glasgow House.

THE Subscriber begs to acquaint his customers, and the public, that he has, by the *Undine* and *L. C. Owen* from Liverpool, *Empress* and *County of Pictou* from Glasgow, and *Abeona* from London, completed his SPRING IMPORTATIONS, which comprise the usual assortment of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

GROCERIES, &c. &c.

which are now ready for Sale.

FREDERICK LEPAGE.

Charlottetown, June 3, 1867.

FIRST FALL IMPORTATION!

BRITISH DRY GOODS

FOR

Fall Season, 1867.

JUST RECEIVED AT THE

BRITISH WAREHOUSE!

PER SHIP "DAVID CANNON,"

7 Boxes and 6 Bales

Cottons & Woollens.

W. & A. BROWN.

September 16, 1867.

ALTERATION IN BUSINESS.

Notice to Debtors.

THE Subscriber hereby notifies that a complete change being about to be made in the Business carried on at Orwell, heretofore, by the late Patrick Stephens, deceased, and subsequently by the undersigned.

And this is to give notice to those parties indebted to Mary Stephens, Executrix, and to the undersigned, by Judgments, Notes of Hand, and Book Accounts, that unless they pay their respective accounts in full this Fall, they shall be sued without further notice on the closing of the Navigation.

All kinds of merchantable produce taken in payment.

R. J. CLARKE.

Orwell Cheap Store, Sept. 30, 1867. tf

London House.

Established 1820.

THE Subscribers have now completed their

Importations for the Season,

Per Ships *L. C. Owen*, and *Helen Malcolm*, from LIVERPOOL, *Empress*, from GLASGOW, *Lotus*, from LONDON, and Brigt. *Helen Davies*, from BARBADOES,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

at their usual low prices for prompt payment.

G. & S. DAVIES.

Ch'town, June 10, 1867.

LITERATURE.

NOVEMBER.

The mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last;
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill piped messenger of early snows.
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed,
Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows.
In the chill sunbeam of the faint, brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define;
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

A DAUGHTER TO SPARE.

It is a strange, sad, true story which I have to tell. A few of my readers will recognize it—a few saintly souls, who, for the dear Lord's sake, tend those whose other friends have forsaken, in the 'Home for the Friendless,' in a distant Western city. But the great world knew nothing of the young English girl who came to this country quite alone, and broke her heart in homesick longing.

The Burtons were a well-to-do family of the old English yeomanry—a race of strong, stalwart, fearless men, and innocent, unaspiring, domestic women, such as, unhappily, are growing rarer year by year even in England. There were nine children in the family, four sons and five daughters—'a daughter to spare,' as old farmer Burton used to say, laughing his great hearty laugh, as his children walked two and two before him to church, a brother and a sister together, leaving always one girl to walk by her father's or mother's side. This girl was nearly always Lily. She seemed like an exotic in the family.

The rest of them were all ruddy, Saxon-looking young folks, hearty and healthy. Lily was almost of that peculiar style called albino. She had neither pink eyes nor curling hair, characters which Mr. Barnum has led us to believe universal with that race. But she fully answered to the second meaning given to the word *albino* in Worcester's Dictionary—she was 'a person unnaturally white.' What unknown cause had bleached her alone of all her brothers and sisters to this alabaster hue, no one ever conjectured; but, even in her cradle, when she lay like a white snow-drop upon the pillows, it was so apparent that it led to her being called Lily. She had purely classical features, eyes of a soft light brown, and her face, white as marble, was framed in by flossy, waving hair as white as the silk of the Indian corn. She looked like a statue into which some new Pygmalion had breathed life. An eye, trained by the contemplation of higher styles of beauty, would have singled her out as a diamond of the first water. But with these simple English folk her singularity was her condemnation. Not that they did not love her—I think she was the darling of the flock; but there was something unconsciously compassionate in every manifestation of their affection that struck to the core of her sensitive heart. As she grew up she became painfully shy, shrinking from notice always, and, whenever she saw a stranger's eyes fixed on her, trembling with embarrassment. She was of a singularly impressive and emotional nature, fond of music, and delighting keenly in all natural beauty. She had the long slender hand of an artist, and it wanted only opportunity for the genius which now and then fairly illuminated her pale face to have developed into some splendid manifestation. As it was she led a dreamy, idle life. The rest were so much stronger, and there were so many of them, that there was not much for her to do; and she was happiest out in the world of birds and breezes, blue sky, and free winds.

When she was sixteen a letter came to her father from a brother settled in America—not an altogether unusual event, for letters passed back and forth between the Burton family and their far-away relatives at intervals of two or three years. But this epistle was of different purport from any of its predecessors. Solomon Burton wrote that he and his wife were getting old. Heaven had blessed them with no children, while his brother in England had nine. Was it too much to ask that of this large family one daughter should come to cheer the old age of her aunt and uncle for a few years? It was a specious, plausible letter. Let us hope, for the sake of human nature, that it was fairly meant at the time—that not even Solomon Burton would have been bad enough to lure one of his brother's children from her comfortable home with the set purpose of making her life a burden to her.

The letter was read out loud in full family concalve, Farmer Burton giving more effect to the words by his slow, hesitating enunciation than a readier reader would have done. When he had finished he wiped his spectacles and put them away, folded the letter, and then looked round on his sons and daughters.

'I be main sorry for Solomon, that's a fact,' he said, slowly; 'but there ben't one of ye that I can see my way clear to part with.'

Then a silence fell on the group, which was broken at last by Lily.

'Father, let *me* go. You know how often you have called me the daughter to spare.'

'That was just my joke, because there was no brother to go with you. *Your* mate died in his cradle—the only child we ever lost, thank God! But I ben't any more ready to part with you than the rest. Solomon must look out for an orphan to bring up. When the Lord makes some folks without children, and some children without fathers and mothers, I take it He means 'em to be put together.'

'But I want to go, father. I want to go across the sea—to see suns rise and set with nothing in sight but water—and then the strange new country, and the strange new life! Oh, father, let me go!'

They all looked at Lily. Her parted lips were trembling with eagerness. A faint color had stained the marble whiteness of her cheek. A paper she held in her hands fluttered and trembled.

'I didn't think ye'd be so over-ready to leave the old home, lass,' her mother said. 'It wur always a good home to thee.'

But Lily was determined to go, and now the fact came out that underneath her shy, retiring ways purpose and energy such as they had never guessed were hidden. She had not known herself, until this prospect of a wider life opened before her, how painfully she had felt the limitations of her commonplace existence. The subtle something stirring within her, which under favoring circumstances would have been called genius, stung her to feverish excitement. It was a spirit those simple home folks could not exercise, so they determined at last to let her go. Solomon Burton had promised, if one of his nieces would come, either to meet her himself in New York or send some competent person to do so. So a letter was dispatched to tell him in what ship she would embark, and then, one sunny spring day, the home folks kissed her and cried over her, and her father took her to Liverpool and put her on board the *Andalusia.*

The voyage was something to her which it never could have been to a different temperament—a long dream, a revelation rather. All day she sat watching the leaping, wonderfully tinted waves, the changing hues of sky and wrinkled sea. The sunset thrilled her, the moonrise stirred her soul with its ghostly splendor. She forgot to eat or to sleep. Her face grew thin, and her brown eyes grew luminous. She awoke from her dreaming when she reached New York.

A man came on board, an agent for the 'Emigrant's Forwarding Society,' I think they call it. He inquired her out, and told her he had been written to by her uncle to see her sent forward. So she was packed off, toward the sunset, in a second-class car, surrounded by rude men and women such as she had never encountered before; and her very soul began to sicken for her English home and its homely comforts.

Meanwhile a change had taken place in her uncle's household. His wife, the kindly, elderly woman who had been living when his letter was written to England, had died suddenly; and he had hastily married again a bride much younger than himself, showy and heartless. To this woman he communicated, with some secret discomfort, the fact that his niece was on her way. He was held in curious thrall by his new wife. She was a black-haired, black-eyed woman, with a singular fire in her eyes, which warned one not to trust or try her too far. She was considered a beauty by the commonplace people among whom she lived—people with whom handsome features and brilliant coloring go for everything, and the subtler shades of expression pass quite disregarded. To old Burton's delight the prospect of the new arrival seemed agreeable to her. He was surprised at first at her easy acceptance of the situation; but he began to understand it better when, a day or two after his announcement, she remarked, carelessly,

'I wish Lily, or whatever that girl's name is, would hurry along. I'm tired of doing without a servant. It was not what I expected when I came here.'

'You know I've tried hard to get you one—been into town three times in the last ten days,' he expostulated, mildly.

'And that is why I wished your niece would hurry,' she answered, in cold, clear tones. 'I found no fault with your endeavors, Mr. Burton, only their want of success makes some other arrangements necessary. I am glad you sent out for this young woman. She will answer our purpose nicely, since the girls in C—— are too fond of city life to be willing to come out on this old farm. Not that I blame them,' she added, with an ominous glitter in the scornful eyes she turned on the solitary landscape outside the window.

'But my brother's daughter isn't used to much work,' he said, meekly; 'they are very comfortable livers at home.'

'Is she not?' Mrs. Burton answered, carelessly. 'It will come harder on her then. But of course it is what she must have understood and expected when she came. She must have food and clothes, and she must earn them.'

Solomon Burton had a guilty consciousness of the very different expectations he had held out when he wrote for his niece to come; but the look in his wife's eyes warned him not to oppose her. It was the last stand he made for Lily. 'After all,' he thought to himself, 'why shouldn't she help her aunt till I can get some one? The Burtons in England were never an idle set.'

The next day Lily came. Tired with her journey, every sensitive nerve jarred and out of tune, through contact with strange, rude people, and their stares and comments, she had looked forward to a haven of refuge in her uncle's house. She thought she should find there the wide, genial hospitality of her own home, and be welcomed by her childless relatives as a beloved and only daughter.

Her uncle met her under his wife's eye, and his cold, indifferent greeting struck a pang to her heart sudden and sharp as the thrust of a weapon. Then her aunt shook hands with her carelessly, and showed her the way to a little chamber under the roof.

It would make my tale too long to tell, and too sad, were I to enter into the details of her life on that farm in the outskirts of C——. Her days hitherto had been passed, as I have said, in an idle, dreamy way, while her mother and her four stronger sisters bore all the burdens. But now an unsparing hand laid them upon her own shoulders. From early morn until late at night there was for her no interval of repose. Her constitution broke down presently. Her white face grew pinched and thin, her step heavy, and from her eyes a brooding, passionate despair looked out. But nothing in her aspect softened the heart of her uncle's wife. The woman had the instincts of a slavedriver. So long as her work was done, her own ease secured, she cared not at what cost.

It is possible that Lily could have borne it all if they had loved her a little. But a heartsick, homesick longing took possession of her, and made her nights sleepless after her days of toil. She had never written home since the first letter announcing her arrival. She had not courage enough; besides, she was too sensitive. She had come away against their remonstrances, lured by the proffer of the untried life, the unknown land. A pride which was dominant in her nature withheld her from confessing that all had been a delusion. She knew, moreover, that they could ill afford to send her the money wherewith to return, and that it would be useless to ask it of her uncle. So she toiled on, and bore her sufferings meekly, until at last a pause came in her daily routine. Carrying one day a heavy burden across the frozen ground, her feet slipped from under her, and she went down upon her back, hurting herself so severely that she lay there motionless until her uncle came that way, lifted her up, a helpless weight, in his arms, and carried her into the house.

For several days no physician was sent for; but, as the poor girl grew worse, one was called at last—not the family doctor, whose comments they possibly dreaded, but a stranger from C——. Dr. Sinclair started back in surprise when, conducted by Mrs Burton to the door of the sitting-room, he saw what looked to him like a piece of marble. He looked at the fair, smooth face, so evidently young, and yet so strangely white, with the soft hair, silver-white as that of extreme old age, floating round it, with its purely classical features, and its luminous eyes of softest brown. For the first time a man of cultivated artistic perceptions saw Lily, and realized the full power of her singlar beauty.

'Who—what—is she?' he asked involuntarily, turning to Mrs. Burton.

'She *is* my husband's niece. She looks like one of those white niggers Barnum makes a show of,' the woman answered, sneeringly. She had conceived from the first a violent and deep seated antipathy to Lily's peculiarities, and, misunderstanding the doctor's surprise, she fancied him ready to share in it.

'Why, madam,' he answered, 'she is unique. One never sees such a face outside of a gallery of sculpture.'

Mrs. Burton's aspect darkened. She bit her lip savagely as she motioned him to go in. She kept close at hand while he examined Lily. He pronounced her hurt an injury of the spine; not absolutely incurable—indeed he thought it could be cured readily enough if she had sufficient recuperative power, but she looked so frail, it made him doubtful. Then he gave his directions, left his remedies, and went away.

He came daily for a while until Lily learned to look forward to his coming as the one drop of comfort in her miserable day. She suffered physical torture; but that was little compared to the misery of lying there helpless, listening to her aunt's taunts and innuendoes. Why had she never heard from home? She asked herself. Even the letter she had written remained unanswered. Had God and man alike forsaken her? It would have comforted her sad heart a little could she have known the truth—known that letter after letter had come for her, full of tenderest love, offering over and over to send for her if she were not happy and contented, saying *they*, none of them, were contented without her; for they had found out now that they never had had a daughter to spare. These letters had been suppressed, one after another, by her aunt, unwilling to lose her faithful, uncomplaining servant. Of course none of them were answered, and the tender hearts at home were tortured alternately by the thought that she had forgotten or ceased to love them, and the fear lest she had fallen into some distress or adversity which they could not know. So they sorrowed for her in the far-away land, while she lay there feeling as if earth and Heaven had alike forsaken her.

One day Dr. Sinclair found the door open and came in unperceived. He had been suspecting Mrs. Burton of unkindness towards his patient, and as he came in he heard enough to confirm his worst suspicions. She was taunting the poor girl with her helplessness and dependence, so cruelly that all the manly sympathy of his nature was aroused. He walked straight into the room and up to Lily's couch. The tears were flowing silently down her white cheeks, and her breath was choking with sobs which she tried hard to suppress as she saw him.

'Lily, my child,' he said, without the slightest motion of greeting to Mrs. Burton, 'how old are you?'

'Eighteen, Sir, last month.'

'Then, according to the laws of this State, you are free to choose whether you will remain with your uncle or not. I offer you another home. My wife will receive you willingly. We will care for you till you are cured, and then put you in a way of caring for yourself. Will you go?'

A gleam of light broke across the poor white face that gave it the radiance of an angel's, and she said exultantly, yet humbly:

'God sent you, Sir. I am not too proud to be helped by you. I will go.'

Then he turned for the first time to Mrs. Burton, who stood by pale with rage.

'Madam,' he said, with quiet firmness, 'I shall come back in one hour with a suitable carriage in which to take away this girl. In the meantime I expect you to have her trunk packed. See that you interpose no hindrance to her going; it will be the worst for you if you do. I am convinced that your treatment of her would illy bear a legal investigation.'

He drove home rapidly and told his wife what he had done. Mrs. Sinclair was a gentle, kindly-natured woman, but her charity was acquiescent rather than spontaneous. She never thwarted her husband's plan of benevolence, which lay, as she knew, very near his heart; but she never would have thought of originating them herself. On this occasion she listened with sympathizing interest, and promised cheerfully to have a room prepared by the time the Doctor should arrive with his patient.

When he returned to the farm he found Lily ready, but he saw nothing of Mrs. Burton. He took the girl tenderly in his arms and placed her comfortably in the carriage, sent the driver back for the trunk and they drove off.

On their way the Doctor drew from Lily all her sad story, even to the neglect by her home friends which rankled so bitterly in her heart. This utter silence, of which she spoke, aroused at once in his mind suspicions of unfair dealing on the part of Mrs. Burton; and while he forebore to agitate Lily by uttering them, he resolved secretly to write at once to her father and solve the mystery for himself.

Mrs. Sinclair received the suffering girl with that gracious gentleness which was part of her nature; and now, in spite of the physical pain which tortured her, came to Lily a few weeks more complete and satisfying than any others in her life, unless possibly her voyage across the Atlantic. For the first time her artistic perceptions were fed and ministered unto. Pictures, which seemed to her like the visible embodiment of her long dreams, hung on Dr. Sinclair's wall. Flowers in graceful vases made the rooms fragrant. Books were every where; and when the Doctor himself was at home he found real and rare delight in sitting beside her couch and reading to her from Keats, and Shelley, and Coleridge, and watching the reflection of every [...] light flowing sea-like into her luminous eyes, the soft sea-shell tint, like the ghost of a flush, staining her cheek. She scarcely realized that she grew no better, this cup of new delights held to her lips was so entrancingly sweet.

And now came one of those mysterious providences which made me call my story strange as well as sad.

Dr. Sinclair was sent for, late in the season as it was, to attend a patient ill of cholera. He had attended to many such calls before without a thrill of fear. He answered this one as readily as usual, but with a singular and oppressive conviction that he was going to his doom. He staid with the patient until all was over; and then had just strength enough to go to his own home and die in his own bed. No one took it from him, though all his household, who loved him as faithfully as they served him, aided his half-frenzied wife in her ministrations about his dying pillow—all but Lily, whose helplessness never came, never could come, half so bitterly to her in that hour.

A week after the funeral the house was fresh and sweet again, flowers in the vases, winter sunlight streaming in through the uncurtained windows, and Mrs. Sinclair, gentle and gracious as ever in her pale sadness, received a visit of condolence from an intimate friend. Her plans were discussed. The Doctor had lived generously up to his income. There would be little left for his widow beyond a life insurance for a few thousands. The house must be given up almost immediately, and Mrs. Sinclair would go to her father's in Buffalo. Then Lily's fate came up for consideration. It chanced, if any thing ever chances in this world of God's, that the lady was one of the managers of the Home for the Friendless, and she proposed to remove Lily there, and interest herself personally in her case until either she was better or her friends in England could be communicated with.

'The Doctor had written to them, I know,' Mrs. Sinclair said. 'It was almost time for his letter to be answered. But I don't like to speak of it to her. The Doctor didn't let her know. He thought not knowing would spare her a pang of disappointment if no letter came.'

It was arranged at last that the visitor should propose to Lily her removal to the Home. Mrs. Sinclair, as is natural to persons of her peculiar type, shrank from giving even necessary pain; and she feared this proposition would be very grievous to Lily. She was thankful to learn afterwards how gladly it was received. The poor girl had understood the necessity which constrained Mrs. Sinclair, and her great fear had been lest she should be abandoned again to [the] tender mercies of her uncle and aunt. [...] she heard the name of her refuge she [...]ed it over to herself—

'The Home for the Friendle[ss...] like heaven How good God [...] there to-morrow?'

The next day the quiet ho[...] doors to her. She was laid [...] white bed, in a little white room, and Mrs. Van Ostrand, the lady who had especially interested herself in her, felt as she saw the marble-like face, with its wistful, luminous eyes, nestling to the scarcely whiter pillow, that the tired child had come to her last home on earth—the next remove would be to the home in heaven.

But just then, grateful and satisfied as Lily was, an intensely homesick longing took possession of her which it was painful to see. When she had been there a day or two Mrs. Van Ostrand called to see her.

'Do you find yourself comfortable?' she asked kindly.

'So comfortable that the very comfort makes me think of home, and long for it. I think I am getting better, Mrs. Van Ostrand, and that makes me think again of something that came into my mind before I was hurt. You know that I do not look like other people'—her breath came fast as she spoke. It was the first time any one in this country had ever heard her allude to her physical peculiarity. 'My Aunt Burton said that there was a great showman who carried round such people as I am for a show. Do you think he would take me, as soon as I am well, and let me be exhibited till I had earned money enough to take me home?'

'I think he would,' Mrs. Van Ostrand answered, cheerfully.

'And will you, oh will you, write the letter to ask him now? I know I should get better much faster if I were only sure that there would be some means, when I got well, of getting home. I'm sick to see my mother's smile, and hear my fath[er]'s voice?'

So the letter was written, and gr[e]at co[...] settled down in Lily's heart. Her ta[...] all of English sights and sounds—[...] hedge-rows, hawthorn scenting [...] on the hills. And yet, duri[ng...] waiting, unconsciously to [...] by hope as she was, she [...] every visit Mrs. Van Ostr[and...] to what home she mus[t...]

At last the answer c[ame...] an opening for her wh[...] come to New York. [...] was read to her, and [...] to her heart.

'Oh, I shall go ho[me...]' she cried, and then [...] her bed in a deathlik[e...]

It was an hour [...] again, and the firs[t...] was Mrs. Van O[strand...] tears.

'Do not cry fo[r...] be sorry for me. [...] home; but I shall [...] home in heaven. I [...] it just now, and it [...] When the brothers [...] to church together [...] my mate among [...] daughter to spare. [...] write to them, won't [...] with my mate, and [...] spare any more?'

Oh, if she had bu[...] way to her, even the[...] wind and tide, long[...] ter to spare in his [...] fought death back [...]

She died early [...] Ostrand had notic[ed...] night before, and [...] grown to love [...] affection. Just a[...] name called [...] She h[...] [...] you [...]l.'

Only these words, and then a smile, [...] best, the last, curved the sweet mouth, a[nd] rested on the sculptured face. The daught[er] to spare had gone to the true home for th[e] Friendless.

Three days later Mrs. Van Ostrand was laying a wreath of white lilies round the white dead Lily, on her coffin pillow. The bearers were waiting to carry her out to the little chapel, whence she was to be buried, when a step rang across the silent threshold, and Mrs. Van Ostrand looked up startled to meet an honest, hearty English face, full of despairing woe, which told her who her visitor was at once.

'So I be too late?' he said, trying hard for calmness, in the stranger lady's presence. Dr. Sinclair wrote to me, and as quick as I could I made ready and come. But I ought to have left all and started the first day I got the letter. Only, you see, I didn't gather from what he wrote that there was any danger o' this. And now, I'd give all the land in Lancashire just to see my [...] one hour.'

[...] of comfort she [...] Lily's willingne[ss...] glided out of the still [...] alone with his dead.

Half an hour after the [...] the house, and close to [...] that solitary mourner, on wh[...] hour, old age seemed to have [...] stood by silently till the sad rites [...] and earth to earth, dust to dust, [...] ashes, the grave was covered. T[...] moved away and left him there. Mrs. [Sin]clair, to whom he had been on his first arri[val...] had asked him to come back to her hous[e.] Mrs. Van Ostrand had also, with kindly urgency, begged him to come to hers; but there was no rest for him away from that grave. Late at night he was seen there; but at early morning the grave was alone.

With the first daylight William Burton made his way to his brother's house. Solomon opened the door himself. His face grew pale and his teeth chattered when he saw who his guest was—for he knew that face, though he had not seen it for thirty years.

'Come in brother,' he made out to say, with what courage he could summon.

'No, I ben't coming under your roof,' came the answer, with a slow wrath and scorn that frightened him. 'I ben't going to curse ye, neither—I'll leave that for God. I'm only going to tell ye that the child ye got over here on false promises is dead. I've been all night beside her grave. She died in the Home for the Friendless—she that ye said should be like your own. And God knows it, and He knows you killed her, just as much as you'd shot her down like a hunted fox. It may be He'll prosper you, in wife and children, in lands and goods, but *I don't believe it.*'

Then, waiting for no further parley, he went away, and sat for an hour with Mrs. Van Ostrand, hearing all there was to hear, and thanking her from his full soul. Afterward, heavy-hearted, bereft old man, he started to carry his evil tidings home, and neither his daughter's friends nor her oppressors will ever see him again in this world.

Was it any more than a coincidence that from that day Solomon Burton's star began to set? His crops failed, his cattle sickened, his infant boy died in his arms, and, lastly, his wife—for whom he would have defied Heaven and dared Hell—left him, in his fallen fortunes, and went away with a gayer lover. Is any one in this sad, strange story so much in need of pity, so little worthy of it?

Conflicting testimony as to the ownership of a cow in Ohio [...] Judge to adopt a singular [...] Th[...]