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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WALTER C. GRANT,

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ALMANAC FOR OCTOBER

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 6th day. 1h. 51m., eve., N.E.
First Quarter, 11th day. 5h. 11m. even. S.
Full Moon, 20th day. 4h. 20m., even. E.
Last Quarter, 28th day. 4h. 57m. even., N

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

GEORGE D. WRIGHT.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

CHOICE FMILY 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

B. WILSON HIGGS

General Commission Merchant

AND

AUCTIONEER,

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

May 27, 1867. 1y

A. McNEILL,

Reading Room Proprietor,

COMMISSION MERCHANT

AND

AUCTIONEER,

Charlottetown, - - - P. I.

May 31, 1869. tf

BELL'S

TAILORING ESTABLISAMENT

QUE EN 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.

MR. W. H. POPE

Begs to inform the Public that he has resumed

THE PRACTICE OF THE LAW.

OFFICE—A few doors below the Bank of Prince Edward Island.

Charlottetown, March 8, 1869 —1m

PAPER HANGINGS

4500 PIECES ENGLISH ROOM and HALL PAPER, in great variety.

For Sale Cheap

G. & S. DAVIES,

London House.

April 26, 1869.

Marine and Fire Insurance!

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY,

FIRE & MARINE.

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

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

G. P. RIDOUT, Esquire, - - - Governor,
PETER PATERSON, Esquire - - 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, - - - - - - -	$400,000
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.

1869. SPRING IMPORTATIONS 1869

AT

LIVE POOL HOUSE, QUEEN STREET!

WILLIAM FULL

Has Received, by Various Arrivals,

HIS SPRING AND SUMMER SUPPLY OF

BRITISH & FOREIGN MERCHANDIZE

INCLUDING A SELECT AND CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

SUITABLE FOR THE SEASON,

WITH ALL THE LEADING NOVELTIES.

The above Stock has been well Selected, and will be found, on examination, to compare favorably with any in the market.

The Business will, in future, be conducted on the Strictly CASH Principle and the motto WILL BE QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.

May 31, 1869

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[illegible]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 Waterproof

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.

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

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,
AMORET 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, ¼ 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

Cutanas, 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.

PIPES! PIPES!! PIPES!!

MER CEAUM.

WARRANTED the Genuine ARTICLE, at the

UNION HOUSE.

Tobacco! Tobacco! Tobacco!

THE RALE TWIST, at the

UNION HOUSE.

Cigars! Cigars! Cigars!

OF the FINEST FLAVOUR, at the

UNION HOUSE.

A Large Stock of the above Articles have been imported by the Subscribers, and will be sold, Wholesale or Retail, in bond or duty paid, at a small advance on cost;

O'NEILL BROTHERS.

Union House, Queen Street, / May 17, 1869. 6w

N. B.—Our Pipes are of the Best Quality; our Tobacco cannot be surpassed in this Market; our Cigars are second to none. Call one, call all, but don't all call together.

O'NEILL BROS.

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.

N.A Lot of First Class WATER COOLERS on hd.

SAYERS' CRYSTAL BLUE,

Sold Cheaper than ever.

July 12, 1869

9,000.

NINE THOUSAND

ROOM PAPER!

ROOM PAER.

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.

REUBIN TUPLN,

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 Durg Store

Best of Liquos Always on hand.

BENJAMIN PETTIGREW,

PROPRIETOR.

Charlottetown, ... P. E. Island.

NB.—Families supplied with Fresh OYSTERS.

Aug 2. 1869. 3m

T. T. T.

GOOD TEA, SUGAR, MOLASSES and other GROCERIES, together with

DRY GOODS,

&c., &c.,

at the WEST END STORE,

Rochford Square.

June 28, 1869.

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.

THE MANIAC'S SECRET,

OR THE

Privateer of Massachusetts Bay.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

A week passed away, and during that time Rolin and Belinda were constant companions. And only one cloud hung over the poor girl's way; but even this was sufficient to give her much pain and disquiet. She could not drive from her mind the still fearful fact of that father whom she had left in Boston. At times, when she would turn to Matthew Clyne with her heart yearning and beating with its load of love, the dark form of Fitzgerald would arise to her mind, and throw an icy chill upon her soul. To Rolin she whispered her feelings and he smoothed them with his love and tenderness.

'O,' she murmered, 'would that I had never seen him, for he will haunt me always!'

'Nay, nay, dearest,' whispered Rolin. 'He cannot take you from your husband. And if we would be perfectly safe let us unite our destinies at once.'

'As you will, Rolin. I am yours, and I will not refuse you.'

'Then the ceremony shall take place at once, for when you are my wife no power on of earth can take you from me.'

Belinda made no objection, and from that moment the two lovers commenced their arrangements for their nuptials.

In the meantime, old Polly Poll had ceased her ravings and now lay in a feeble, dying state. She had sought Matthew's door while the fever was on her, and when he had taken her in he found her powerless and faint and shortly afterwards she became raving mad, and thus she continued for nearly two weeks, with only short intervals of rest. But now she had ceased her raving, and death seemed close upon her. She seemed very strange still, but she spoke not save when he had occasion to call for drink, and then she spoke clearly and calmly. That wild look of the eye was gone, and in its place had come an expression of deep, earnest thought.

'Rolin,' said old Matthew as he came out where the youth and maiden were sitting, 'old Polly has got a funny whim into her head. She wants to see you and Belinda married.'

'She shall certainly be blessed with the privilege if she lives a few days longer,' returned Rolin. 'But does not this seem to indicate the return of reason?

'Yes, my son, I think — in fact I know it does. Since she has left off her raving she had a spell of the sulks, like. I couldn't get nothing out of her, nor could I get her to say if she knew me. But now she calls me *Captain Clyne*, and speaks of *Belinda* and *Rolin*. She cannot live long, why not have the clergyman come to-morrow?'

Rolin looked into Belinda's face and she smiled.

'We will do so,' he said, turning to the old man. 'I will go and see the clergyman at once.'

It was near ten o'clock on the following day when the minister came. He was an old man, grown white with honored years, and his greeting bore that childlike simplicity which marked the noble men of that period.

The holy man had just taken a seat when a quick, low cry from Belinda started them. She sat by the window, and had seen a party of men who were approaching the house. Rolin started from his chair, and upon looking out, he saw Major Fitzgerald, Jonas Danton and his son, and two others, one of whom Rolin recognized as an officer of the king's. Just as this party entered the house, Belinda fell fainting into her lover's arms.

'Save me! Save me!' she groaned.

'I'll die ere they harm thee,' was all the reply Rolin could make before the intruders were upon them.

'Ha! Here's the runaway!' cried the major, who showed plainly in his looks that he had been fortified by brandy. 'Belinda, what possessed you to run away from your father?'

'Spare me now,' the poor girl gasped, clinging more closely to her lover.

'Look ye, sir,' uttered Abner Danton, turning a furious gaze upon our protector, 'do you profess to be this lady's protector?'

'You shall learn to your cost, if you dare to place a hand upon her!' Rolin replied in a tone and with a look that made Danton quail.

'Ha! So you put on airs, eh?' cried the elder Danton. 'But we have a power here that takes precedence of force. I, as a justice, have issued a writ of *habeas corpus* and here we have the officers to serve it, and remove the body of this old officer's child. You will resist at your peril.'

'That's my child,' spoke the major, turning to the two officers, and pointing at the same time towards Belinda. 'Take her and bring her with you.'

Matthew Clyne had started to his feet, and Belinda rushed forward and clung to him.

'Father! father!' she cried, 'O, do not let them take me away.'

'What!' uttered Fitzgerald. 'Is it possible that you would leave your own father thus, and cling to another? But you must think better of this when you are once more in your own home.'

'This is my home! This is my home! O, I want no other!'

'But we will find another home for you, pretty one,' hissed young Danton.

'Come,' spoke his father, 'we have no time to waste. Officers, you know your duty. This man has claimed his child who has been stolen away from him, and you see her here. You have your instructions to take her body. Do so at once. I will be at my office in season.'

'By the hosts of heaven!' cried Rolin, seizing the heavy door bar that stood near him, and raising it above his head, 'the first man among you who dares to lay a hand upon that girl falls upon the spot!'

The major drew his sword, and in another moment would have rushed upon the youth had not Belinda rushed in between them and sank upon her knees.

'Rolin,' she murmured, clasping her hands, 'bring not destruction upon your own head in useless effort for me. My fate is sealed and I cannot escape it!'

'Now you speak sensibly,' said the major.

'Be generous, sir—'

'Come, come,' cried Abner, impatiently.

'Ay, added his father. 'Let us be off at once.'

'By heaven—no!' shouted our hero 'There's no—'

He stopped speaking, for at this moment a seeming spectre glided in the room. It was none other than old Polly. For long years she had been haggard to look upon, but now she seemed the very impersonation of death. Her skin was all shrivelled and dry — her flesh all wasted away, and her eyes, which retained yet a strange spark, were deep sunken in their sockets. She tottered to a seat, and the new comers started back aghast.

'What have we here?' the woman asked, in dry, crackled tones.

It was some time before any one answered, for the sight of the death stricken had seemed to render them speechless. But Matthew Clyne at length spoke:

'Alas!' he said, 'they have come for Belinda again, and now they will take her away!'

'Come for her? Who has come for her?'

'Her—father.'

'And who is her father?' the woman cried, with sudden energy, as though the tide of life had taken a new flow.

'I am her father,' answered the major.

'Officers, do your duty,' ordered the elder Danton.

'Hold, sirs!' cried the woman, in a voice that made all present start. And then turning to the major she fixed her deep-set eyes upon him, and gradually lifted her long bony fingers to his face. He quailed before her glance, and a perceptible tremor shook his frame.

'Barton Fitzgerald,' she said, 'ere you go further in this, listen to me. I have dragged myself out here to die, and you shall know a thing now which I had meant never to breathe forth to mortal ear. I heard your voice here, and I knew you at once; and from the lips of Matthew Clyne I have heard the story of your present claim. Do you not know me?'

'Know you? No,' tremblingly uttered officer the

'Did you ever hear the name of Marsella Paul?'

'*Marsella Paul!*' gasped the major, turning pale.

'*Marsella Paul!*' cried Matthew, wildly. 'O, I knew you were Marsella! I knew it! Tell me what became of her who was with you in that mad sea. O, tell me?

'Stop a moment, Matthew. Let me speak with Barton Fitzgerald first.' Then turning to the officer, she resumed—'You know me now, sir. You see before you the woman, who, but for your father, might have been honored in the land of her birth. Do you remember that bitter day when poor Marsella Paul went forth from your father's house a ruined woman? Speak, sir! Do you remember it?'

'Yes! yes!' gasped the major. 'But I am not to blame. I did it not.'

'I know it, but beware, Barton, for I know your whole life up to the time when this fair girl whom you now claim as your child, was a woman grown, almost. Mark me, sir! Do you not understand?'

'Yes—yes—'

'Then listen.'

'Out upon this! shouted Abner Danton, 'What have we to do with this stuff? If you would hear her story, *major*, come here again, for we have no time now.'

'No, no,' gasped Fitzgerald. 'Wait a few moments.'

'But wherefore?' asked the elder Danton.

'Because—be—be—'

'Because I wish it,' said the old woman. 'And now listen, all of you, for my story is short, and need not detain you long. Captain Clyne,' she continued, turning to Matthew, 'you and I both remember that fearful night at the entrance of the Bristol Channel?'

'Ay—ay—O, tell me!' cried Matthew.

'I will. On that dreadful night your wife feared that the ship was every moment sinking. For a long time she tried to rush on deck, but I prevented her. I told her there would be no danger if she remained below. Barton Fitzgerald, I was a nurse then. When I was turned from your father's house a ruined thing, I sought the shores of America, and ere long afterwards engaged myself as a nurse to this man's wife, and with her I went on a voyage with her husband to England. Marsella Paul had become a common servant! But, Matthew Clyne, you were good to me—you and your angel wife both. You remember how far I had gone in my story.'

'Yes, you tried to keep my wife below.'

'Ay, I know, yes, I told her she'd be safe if she'd only stay. But at last she broke from me, and, with her child in her arms, rushed upon deck. I followed her. I reached the deck, I saw the great sea coming as I came up, but I noticed it not. I sprang for my loved mistress, and I remember of seeing you near at hand. Next came the sea—I felt a rushing sweeping sensation — and I knew I was in the sea. It was dark—all, all dark — but I could soon see a glimmer from the top of the great wave that took me up, and when I came down I heard a cry in my ear. I looked about, and your wife was close to me. She knew me, for she asked me to take her child. I took the infant — we struggled together for a while, and then a huge sea separated us. But I clung to the child. On on I went, and my thick clothes held me up. But my memory soon failed me, and soon my eyes and soul were shut. When I came to myself, I was upon a warm bed, in a poor fisherman's cot. I was told that I had been found upon a huge mass of sea-weed with *the child in my arms*. We both lived—the child and I; but my mistress died. She was found not far from where I was, among the rocks.'

'But where? where?' asked Matthew. 'I hunted everywhere, and could gain no tidings.'

'It was in a little cove called the Piper's Bowl. I lay there upon that bed long weeks, but I know not how many—but when my strength came back my reason failed me. I went forth a poor crazy thing with the child in my arms. I remember how they tried to take the little one from me, and I would not give it up. Where I had been nursed they named the child *Belinda*, and I remember that I called it afterwards by that name.

'And now the long years that have passed since that time seem like a dream, but yet I remember the chief incidents, even to my own ravings. It seems as though I have awakened from a sleep of ages, in which these strange fancies have been upon me. From the moment when I awoke out of that deep sleep a week ago my mind has been new to me, and gradually the dreary, misty past has been unfolding itself. It took a long while for me to realize it all, and hence I have not spoken before, for I had not wholly grasped all that dwelt so confusedly in my mind.

'I remember of wandering to Bristol, and of there getting a passage to America. I can remember of landing in Boston, and of wandering about the country with the child in my arms. A strange fancy possessed me, for I remember it plainly. I was searching for the child's mother. I fancied I should find that mother somewhere about her old haunts. I searched and searched, but all in vain. I made the woods my home, for I thought the mother might be hunting there for her lost darling. At length one cold day in autumn I came to this cot. I saw you, and I knew you were Matthew Clyne. I thought you would kill me if you could, for I fancied I had stolen your child. So my wild fancies ran. I remember of placing the darling on your door stone, and then hiding myself near to watch. I saw you when you came and picked up the bundle; I saw you take it into your house, and then I ran away as fast as possible.

'After that I went to England, and for nine long years I wandered up and down my native land. I saw you often, Barton Fitzgerald, and I know when you first were married. Ah, you cannot deny it. I saw you often, Barton, and I only wished that your father could have lived to see the wreck he had made. But enough of this. I returned to this country, and here I wandered on, I came to this house, and I knew this sweet child the moment I saw her; but stranger fancies still worked upon my brain. I thought we were both of us children of that woman who had died, and that we were born in heaven. But you know the rest. I remember well of following Belinda to Boston a short time since—and of the sickness that came upon me. I have a faint recollection of feeling that this place was my home, and of seeking it. Little else do I know until the lamp of my soul flamed up again, and I found myself in light and recollection. Now you know all. Barton Fitzgerald can you go farther in this wicked plot now?'

But before the conscience stricken man could reply, Belinda had thrown her arms about old Matthew's neck, and the tears of joy were rolling down her cheeks.

'Father! father!' she murmured, wildly and frantically—"O, my father, they cannot take me from you now!'

'Major,' uttered Jonas Danton, in a stern, threatening tone, 'will you allow this crazy woman's lies to influence you? Remember your oath. This is your child; and we can prove it!'

The poor major was sober now, and he hesitated. He looked first upon Danton, then upon Marsella Paul, and upon the fair girl whom he had so wronged. She met his hesitating gaze, and she read there the same natural softness of feeling which she had seen before when he had been himself. On the instant she broke from her father's embrace and threw herself at his feet.

'O, sir!' she cried, 'be noble now, and speak. Should this be our last meeting on earth let me not suffer more from you. Speak truly—O, I pray you, and say you are not my father!'

'Gad zounds, girl, I can't stick out this any longer. I've got a wife in old England, I expect, but I never had a child—never! There, that's the truth.'

'How—villian! Would ye betray yer honor now?' gasped Jonas Danton, while his son started back aghast.

'No I'll get back my honor if I can,' returned Fitzgerald, starting to his feet, and speaking in tones which showed that Danton's words had angered him. 'When Captain Balfour came to me to help you in this, he told me there was a poor girl whom you wanted to rescue from poverty, but to get her away from her present guardian, he must use some deception.'

'Liar!' hissed Danton.

'O, wait till I finish, for be sure I'll make a clean breast of it now. I don't claim much virtue, but I can tell the truth when I'm myself. I came to you, sir. You knew how prone I was to drink, and how much I wanted money, and you plied me with both. Then you told me this girl's story, and hired me to ply the part of her father; and I have done it. By the holy piper, I've done enough, I've had to drink more brandy to keep my heart shut down to this work than you and all your hopes are worth.'

'Liar!'

'Oho—call me liar as much as you please, only I think you wont want to make much noise about it.'

While both father and son stood utterly confounded, the major extended his hand to Belinda. She caught it with a grateful emotion.

'Now, lady,' he said, with more emotion than she had ever before seen *him* exhibit in his sober moments, 'you and I may never meet again, but, whatever may be the impression I may leave upon your mind, I hope you will remember this one act. If this old woman had not exposed the whole affair I might have stuck it out; but give me one kind thought, nevertheless, for I leave you happy, I found you miserable. There, that's all. Good-by, I'm off.'

Belinda kissed the hard hand she held, and in a moment more Barton Fitzgerald had left the house. The maiden never saw him again.

As soon as the major had gone, Jonas Danton seemed to start up from his chagrin, and turning to his officers, he said:

'You have your orders, and you have due authority for executing them. Let your duty be done at once!'

'Mr. Danton,' answered the foremost of the officials, in a stern tone, 'we have orders to take the body of Belinda Fitzgerald, at the will of her father. We have yet found no such person; and, according to Fitzgerald's own account, he has no daughter. Therefore we have nothing to do here.'

'Hold, sirs!' cried the enraged justice. 'Beware how you trifle. You hold your offices at my will.'

'Not exactly, sir. I knew we received them at your intercession, but it takes the governor to remove us. You can rake open this affair as soon as you please. At least, if you make a noise about this, the whole thing will be known. 'Good day,' he added, turning to Mathew. 'If we have caused you a few moments uneasiness, you will see that we did it innocently.' And with this the two officers left the house.

'Now, sirs!' cried Matthew Clyne, starting to his feet, and turning his flashing eyes upon Jonas Danton and his son, 'your presence is no longer needed here. Your villany is all exposed, and you stand now where you ought to stand. Leave us alone now.'

It was some moments ere the intruder could speak. We can imagine how the proud man felt to be thus humbled before those honest people. He could only call upon his anger for support, and in savage tones he uttered:

'You shall suffer for this! By the host you shall! I've not done with you yet!'

'Nor I cried Abner, turning a fierce gaze upon Rolin.

'Ha!' uttered our hero, no longer able to contain his bursting indignation. 'Say ye so?'

And as he spoke he darted upon the young tory and seized him by the throat and hip and bore him aloft as though he had been a man of straw. With one step he reached the door-step, and then he hurled the viper upon the ground. In an instant he returned to the house and seized the elder villian by the collar. His blood was hot and revengeful now, and he stopped not to reflect upon consequences.

'Out! you double-dyed villian!' he gasped, as he hurled the serpent towards the door. 'out, I say, and if ye show your faces here again, either of you you die on the instant.'

As soon as Jonas Danton had been hurled out, Rolin stood upon the door stone until they had both—the father and son, risen to their feet.

'O-h-h!' hissed the elder, hardly able to articulate, 'you shall hang for this. You shall, as true as death.'

Rolin made no reply and in a few moments more, the villians moved off. The young man then returned to the house, and was just in time to see Belinda again in her father's arms.

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'Come,' whispered Marsella Paul, 'let me not be disappointed. My life is going.'

Rolin extended his hand to Belinda, and together they stood up. The white-haired old clergyman advanced, and with grateful, thankful emotions, he said the magic words which made these two loving, faithful souls one forever—one in life,' and one in all the cares and loves and trials and misfortunes of mother earth.