The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

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

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The Examiner

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ALMANAC FOR MAY, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter, 3d day, 9h. 28m., morn., S. W.
New Moon, 11th day, 11h. 55m., morn., S.
First Quarter, 18th day, 5h 17m. even., S
Full Moon, 25th day, 11h 11m., morn. N

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

R. REDDIN,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office: -- Great George Street, Charlottetown.
(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)
September 3, 1866. tf

Grain! Grain! Grain!
THE highest price given for BARLEY and OATS, at
Coles's Brewery and Distillery,
☞ Constantly on hand, at prices cheaper than can be purchased in the market, the best of Rum, Brandy Gin, Whiskey, and a superior article of Malt Whiskey. Also—X, XX, and XXX Ale.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868

JOHN F. BRINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
May be consulted at the Office of John T. Jenkins, Surgeon.
RESIDENCE:
Mrs. BOYYER's, Great George Street,
Nov. 16, 1868. tf

B. WILSON HIGGS,
General Commission Merchant
AND
AUCTIONEER,
Charlottetown, ... P. E Island
May 27, 1867. 1y

BELL'S
TAILORING ESTABLISAMENT
QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown - - - P. E. Island
THE SUBSCRIBER takes this method of returning thanks for the patronage with which he has been favored during the past year, and would respectfully inform his customers and the public generally, that he is still prepared to attend to all orders in his line of business with punctuality.
CUTTING
Parties desirous of having Garments or Paterns cut, can be accomodated at the shortest notice.
JOHN BELL.
January 8, 1869.

JAMES F. WHITE
COOPER,
Tremain's Red Building, Queen's Wharf
FISH, Pork, and Beef Barrels, constantly on hand.
300 PORK BARRELS will be sold if applied for immediately, Cheap for CASH or approved notes of hand.
Ch'town, P. E. I. }
August 3, 1868 } 1y

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

To the Travelling Public,
THE SUBSCRIBERS would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened out, in this city a
FIRST CLASS HOTEL,
to which they have given the name of the
UNION HOUSE,
This Hotel is pleasantly and conveniently situated on the corner of
Queen and King Streets, Ch'town, P. E. I.
(The stand is well known as having been in the occupation of Mr J. G. Eckstadt)
It is the intention of the Proprietors of the UNION HOUSE to furnish First Class accommodation to travellers, and do all in their power to render a stay in Charlottetown pleasant and agreeable.
A First Class Ice Cream and Oyster Saloon, and a Barber Shop, are kept in connection with the House
The Union House is pleasantly situated near wharves, and steamboat landings, and will be found convenient for travellers in all respects.
All matters pertaining to the wants and convenience of Guests will be promptly attended to by the Proprietors.
O'NEILL BROTHERS
Ch'town, Sept. 28, 1868. tf

NEW PAINT SHOP!
THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public in general, that he has opened a new PAINT SHOP above the Carriage Factory of McPhail & Hunter, Kent Street, where all orders left either in the
House, Sign, or Carriage Painting,
will be attended to with punctuality, neatness, and on reasonable terms.
FRANIS McGRORY.
Painter.
McPhail & Hunter's Carriage Factory }
Kent Street, May 4, 1868 }

OBSERVE THE PRICES
AT
ROBERT YOUNG'S.
The Centre of Attraction
ROBERT YOUNG, has this SEASON Received the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of
Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS
that he has ever had the pleasure of offering to the Public of Charlottetown, and which, as regards price and quality, he feels confident cannot be surpassed on the Island
The following articles deserve the special attention of intending purchasers:—
Fancy Dress Goods from 10½d per yard,
Winseys from 11d per yard,
French Merinos from 5s per yard,
Crimean Shirting from 1s 6d per yard.
Scarlet and Blue Twilled Flannels all wool, from 2s 3d per yard,
Ladies' Clouds from 2s 11d,
Grey Cottons from 4½d per yard,
White Cottons from 5d per yard,
Men's Under Shirts and Pants from 4s 3d,
Hoop Skirts from 1s 9d,
Fast Colored Prints from 7d per yard,
Gents' Paper Collars from 4½d per box,
Beautiful Stays from 1s 9d,
All Wool Tweeds for Gents' Wear, from 3s 11d per yard (Cheaper than Homespun)
Together with a Large and Well Selected Stock of Shawls, Mantles, Mantle Cloths, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Sontags, Hoods, Pelerines, Furs, Hats, Bonnets, &c., &c., &c
Terms Cash, and no Second Price
Queen Square, Ch'town, }
Oct 26th, 1868. }

TOBACCO!
JUST received per *Commerce* and *St Lawrence*, via Halifax, a large and varied assortment of fancy Tobacco, viz:—
12 boxes Best Gold Bar,
12 Caddies Best Navy,
12 do Temptation Roll,
12 do Beauties, Extra fine,
Wholesale and Retail for Cash or approved Credit.
O'NEILL BROS.
Union House, Queen Street, }
Nov. 23, 1868. }

Common Sense
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES
only £3 17s. 6d.
AT
HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,
Sept. 7. *Queen Stree*

WILLIAM KOUGHAN,
Ship Broker & General Agent,
Queen's Wharf.
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
Feb 8, 1869

Cheapest School Books
AT
HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,
Sept. 7, 1868. *Queen Street.*

GOLD & SILVER,
Watches, Clocks, Chains,
BROACHES, EAR-RINGS, PENCILS, BUCKLES, STUDS, and a large assortment of BLACK EAR-RINGS, BROACHES AND CHAINS.
ALSO—A varied assortment of SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES to suit any sight, for sale by the Subscriber, opposite the City Hall.
ROBERT SNEESTON, Watch Maker.
N. Side Queen Square, }
Ch'own, June 15, 1868. } 1y

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 Utensials,
&c., &c., &c
ALL ORDERS in the above BUSINESS will be punctually attended to.

J & T. McAVITY,
Importes and Manufacturers
HARDWARE,
No 9, Water Street, St John, N. B.
HAVE always in Stock a large assortment of
SHIP-BUILDERS'
HARDWARE,
viz:—Composition Butt Bolts, 7 to 15 inch Composition and Iron Clinch Rings, Brass Hinges of all descriptions, Brass Hasps, Hooks, Locks, Knobs, Brass and Galvanized Wire for Skylights, Skylight Hinges, Thompson's and American Augers, Deck Plugs, Sheet Lead, Scuppers, Water Closets, Lead Figurs, Staples' Patent Planking Screws, Cramp Screws,
PATENT ROLLER BUSHES,
Side Lights, Deck Lights, etc., etc.
RUDDER BRACES cast with despatch.
MILL SUPPLIES, viz:
Butcher's Mill Saw Files, Tallow Cups, Oil Cups, Steam Whistles, Guage Cocks, Water Guages, Water Guage Glasses, Steam Guages, Globe Valves, Check Valves, Steam Stop Cocks, Nuts and Washers, Copper Belt Rivets, Stock and Dies, Iron Pipe & Fittings.
PLUMBER' GOODS, viz:
Composition Bib Cocks, Stop Cocks, Basin Cocks, Basin Plugs, Water Closets, Ship's Water Closet Mountings, Ale Pumps, Cistern and Force Pumps, Ingot and Strip Tin, Iron and Composition Gas Pipe, Lead Pipe, etc.
Mechanics' Tools in great variety, consisting of Ward and Paynes Edge Tools, Spear and Jackson's Saws, Mathieson's Planes, Broad's & Spiller's Tools, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.
Cut Nails and Spikes, Horse Nails, Sheet Zinc, Sheet Lead, White Lead, Oil, Putty, Glass, Blasting Powder, Iron Wire, Strip and Ingot Tin, Rivets, Stone Bolts, Shovels, Irish Spades, &c.
April 19, 1869. 3m

FIRST ARRIVAL!!
FINE GOODS!
For Spring, 1869,
AT THE
British Warehouse!
THE SUBSCRIBERS have just Received from LONDON, via HALIFAX, per Steamer "ALHAMBRA"—
3 Cases DRY GOODS,
now open and ready for inspection.
W. & A. BROWN.
April 26, 1869

SEASONABLE GOODS!
We have in Stock, and offer for SALE LOW;
Kegs No. 1 and 2
LONDON WHITE LEAD,
a superior article.
RAW & BOILED
LINSEED OIL!
WINDOW GLASS,
PUTTY,
ZINC,
NAILS,
BARNDOOR HINGES,
PLOUGH METALS,
PLANTING HOES,
GRUBBING HOES,
CART HAMES,
Sporting Gunpowder,
Shot, Gun Caps.
—ALSO—
Brussels, Tapestry, Three-Ply, Wool and Hemp
CARPETINGS,
Victoria Felts and Stair
CARPETS!
PAPER HANGINGS,
FLOOR OILCLOTHS,
HEARTH RUGS,
DOOR MATS,
WINDOW MUSLINS.
DAMASKS,
DIAPERS,
TOWELINGS,
SHEETINGS,
&c., &c.
DAVIES & WEEKS.
Queen Street, April 19, 1869.

WOOL. WOOL.
CASH PAID for WOOL, on delivery at the Store of H. J. CALLBECK
Charlottetown July 13th, 1868. j1

Wool. Wool.
THE STANFIELD WOOLLEN MILLS at TRYON, having been thoroughly reconstructed and enlarged by additional Machinery and Steam Power, will continue to manufacture Cloth from custom wool as heretofore and at the usual rates. Having doubled their facilities for manufacturing, and procured skilful operatives for every department, the Company feel confident of giving their customers greater satisfaction generally, by manufacturing a better quality of Cloth, and making quicker returns for wool left with them In addition to the various kinds of Cloth previously made, they are manufacturing several new styles for men's wear, and full width blanketing
☞ Wool, which must be clean washed, free of mats and coarse locks, and of good quality, may be left at Hon. H. J. Callbeck's, Charlottetown, or at the Mill.
STANFIELD WOOLLEN CO.
Tryon, May 1s, 1868.

THE PRESENTIMENT.

Within the deep, cool, shadowy rooms with the gleam of a white vase here, a Parian statue there, a fragrance of unseen blossoms on the air, a glory of golden light sifted through trailing silken draperies, mellow old pictures on the walls, and mossy depths under foot Without, evergreen glades, and bewildering paths mazing along fruitly recesses, and flowery pastures—that was Leichanleigh.

Dark haired, lustrous eyed, slender as a reed and graceful as the swaying willow—that was Winifred Mostyn, mistress of Leichanleigh.

Robes black and funeral-like, as a pall clung to the little form and the little face looked whiter than ever, from the contrast. She wore no ornaments, not even a jet clasp at the slender waist, a brooch at the white throat, or a blossom among the jetty curls.

Her companion, a lady evidently some years her senior, and in the zenith of a queenly and magnificent beauty, regarded her impatiently, while she said:

'It's too ridiculous Winifred, really I think it is, when Mostyn has been dead so long to persist in burying yourself at your age.'

'I am twenty, Diana,' Winifred said in a low, sad voice.

'And you say that as though you meant fifty; I dare say you feel fifty; don't you now, Winny? It's a perfect mystery to me,' she continued 'If you had been so much in love with Mostyn as he was with you I shouldn't wonder so, but under the circumstances, since—'

Diana paused, she knew it was not an altogether pleasant subject this, she had broached so persistently to her sister, and she shrank a little from meeting the angry reproach she saw gathering upon Winifred's face.

'Since I did not love him since I injured him, myself and another irreparably in marrying him I think a life-long burial would not be too good for me.'

'Now Winifred,' said Diana, rallying and returning to the charge, 'that is supreme nonsense, you couldn't help yourself about marrying him, and you know it. Mamma was the Grand Czar when she willed, and she wasn't going to be turned out of Leichanleigh, when it only needed to marry you to the heir at-law to keep it in the family, so she married you to him. So much for your responsibility in the matter, and as for Mostyn the great gloomy bear I am sure he took his compensation in growling as he went along St. Ledger was the most injured of any one It was a shame to serve him so and I for one hope you'll make him all the amends possible, at the first opportunity I shouldn't think it would be hard to do either, for if ever a man worshipped the dust off a woman's feet, St. Ledger—'

'Diana, what do you mean?'

'Nothing very dreadful, I assure you, Mrs Mostyn What would be the harm, I'd like to know, if St Ledger could be brought to let bygones be bygones?'

'Diana, Diana, you must not speak so to me, must not—do you hear? Leo St. Ledger is as dead to me, as—as I am to him Never utter his name to me again. Never, if you have the opportunity remind him of me.'

Diana shrugged her graceful shoulders, but she looked anxious through all her efforts to appear at ease, and as her eye fell upon two forms approaching the house through the chestnut-shadowed avenue, she turned nervously, yet with a setting of her firm lips, towards Winifred, whose face was buried in her hands.

'Winifred,' she said slowly, 'you will never forgive me I suppose, I met St Ledger this morning, and he seemed so glad to see me, and enquired so kindly after you, that I could not help inviting him and the friend with him to dine hear this evening.'

Winifred's white face was lifted suddenly She started from her seat murmuring:

'I will not see him,' and was fleeing into the house but Diana's hand fell detainingly upon her shoulder and she made a gesture toward the avenue

'It is too late, he has seen you, he is already here.'

It was true. St. Ledger was already mounting the steps and coming towards them across the long terrace.

He was a stately looking gentleman, and so stern of face, as to form almost too harsh a contrast to the handsome, effable grace of his smiling companion whom Miss Diana met half way, and detained an instant in careless badinage, while St. Ledger passed on to greet her sister.

Winifred's face was like marble, and her hand ice, as she put it in that of her old lover. But the stern a most haughty courtesy with which he met her, did more to restore her shaken self-possession than anything else could have done. St. Ledger had forgiven, but he had not forgotten, and to a man of his pride it was easier to forgive such a wound as that had been than it was to stop its rankling. Winifred little suspected the agony that hid under the impassable front he wore all the evening, as little as the voiceless moan her heart was making

He went away early. It was more than he could bear to stay under the sad light of those sorrowful eyes, and the plaintive music of her voice echoed in his ear long after he had left her. It was a bitter struggle he held with his heart all the next day, for he loved her yet, and he remembered too, too keenly how she had suffered the decree of an inexorable parent to separate them once; and he remembered the black abysmal void his life had been ever since Four years he had been trying to forget her, and now at sight of her the old love leaped into such a flame, that it threatened to devour him

Four years! Why, she was but a child then, not so much to blame after all—so young—the timid tender girl, who had been used all her life to no will but her mother's.

That night he went again to Leichanliegh, and Diana, catching a glimpse of him coming, vanished from the drawing room, and left him to find Winifred alone in the dusky window seat, half shrouded among the crimson draperies, and shedding silent but most unhappy tears.

It was too much for St Ledger, coming unexpectedly upon her, at a turn in the terrace, and if he had not meant to relent, he should have stayed away. The wild impulse of the moment was to strong for him. Dropping upon his knees beside her, he extended his arms, saying, with sudden and vehement passionateness:

'I cannot live without you, Winifred!'

She lifted her frightened eyes, to encounter the compelling, magical tenderness of that look, the matchless entreaty of that face and melted into his arms, as a weary-winged bird might droop to the rest of the home nest

They were married very soon. St Ledger would not be put off and Winifred, in this season of deep bewildering joy, yearned to banish the sombre garments of her mourning, and so exchanged them at an early day for bridal robes.

'At last, God be thanked, at last,' St. Ledger murmured, looking into the beautiful eyes of his wife, and holding her to him as though he feared even then that some evil chance might take her from him. 'Nothing can take you from me now. Can anything, Winifred, oh! my darling?

She looked at him half frightened, and her blushing face grew pallid upon his shoulder.

He warmed into color again with his kisses, saying.

'Sweet wife—sweet, sweet wife, have I scared you? It was but the natural doubt of a bliss that seems too rapturous to be real'

Her dewy lips trembled into smiling again, but she clung to him when he would have led her back into the brilliant parlors from which they had vanished a moment before, and suddenly and unaccountably burst into tears.

'It is nothing, she said, brushing them hastily away, as she saw how startled he looked, 'only I, too, can scarcely have faith enough to banish forboding Oh Leo, oh my husband, I wish you could hold me in your arms forever.'

Feigning a light-heartedness he was far from feeling, for an inexplicable heaviness weighed upon his spirits, he soothed her with kisses and tender words, till she was calm and smiling again, and then with the little hand thrilling upon his arm, he led her back to the parlors, and they mingled again with the gay guests, who had begun to wonder at their absence.

Some chance had taken St Ledger to the opposite extremity of the long saloon, when Winifred chancing to look toward a window opening upon the terrace, beheld, standing outside in the broad gleam that poured through from the parlor, a form that made her very heart stop throbbing, with its likeness to—to—

Even her thought refused to syllable whom in the extremity of that terror. Her brain reeled, her senses seemed forsaking her, but with a mighty effort she retained possession of them, and passing through the window upon the terrace, before any one had noticed the deathly pallor of her face, flitted by the strange figure, and away down the garden walk.

The figure turned at once and followed her.

She knew it. Every time his foot fell it seemed planted on her quivering heart. But she did not pause till she stood beyond the possibility of being seen from the house. Then, with a courage that astonished herself, she faced him.

The moon shone quite brightly enough to enable her to see his features, as, removing his hat, he stood with a sarcastic smile curling his thin lip, a withering, denunciatory light in his bold black eye.

'Have you come even from the grave to haunt me, Rupert? she moaned, through white lips.

He laughed low and bitterly.

'You'll get ample evidence that I'm in the flesh, Madame, and that within the hour,' he said. 'I'm only in time it seems, barely in time, to offer the usual congratulations upon an occasion like the present. Pray allow me.'

He bowed mockingly, and turned toward the house again, with long, impatient strides.

She sprung after him.

'Where are you going?'

'To tender him my congratulations, too,' setting his teeth. 'Hands off, woman, the scoundrel and I have some old scores to settle as well as new.'

He tore away from her feeble grasp. She fell in the path bruising her white arms, and tearing great rents in the floating bridal tissues; but she struggled up again and after him, gasping with haste. She passed him, he catching at her to stop her in vain; and, bursting suddenly upon the startled vision of the brilliant throng indoors, stood like the impersonation of terror between St. Ledger and that advancing figure that was tearing its way to him through the crowd

There was a wild and fierce tumult—shrieks and cries from women, and a confused struggle about Winifred—and then strong hands had forced Rupert Mostyn back and taken his weapon from him, and a white and seemingly lifeless figure was drooping in the arms of St. Ledger, who looked down upon it in a kind of despairing stupefaction, seeing nothing but her—his lost, lost love; not even conscious of the glaring rage with which Rupert Mostyn was regarding him, nor how viciously he fought to escape from those who held him.

Pale and frightened but self-possessed Diana came forward then and tried to take Winifred from him.

He resisted the attempt almost fiercely at first; but was at last induced to yield her to Diana, and was then half persuaded, half forced away from the house by his friends, who knew that any collision between him and the strangely returned Mostyn must end fatally to one or both.

When St Ledger had really gone, Mostyn, nearly maniacal with rage, was released. Instead of rushing after St. Ledger, as they had half feared he would, he strode towards the apartment whither Diana had had her unconscious sister borne

Winifred lay still in that deathly swoon, and Diana was bending over her applying various restoratives.

Mostyn forced himself into the room, and sat down with a savage scowl and vindictive muttering.

Diana bit her lip, and presently she turned towards him.

'See here, Rupert Mostyn,' she said haughtily, 'we all supposed you dead; we had every reason to suppose you so; and I am not at all certain that you are not at the bottom of the cruel imposture that made us think so.'

'I had nothing to do with it. The blunder of putting my name to somebody else's corpse was 't mine,' he said savagely.

'But you must have found it out very soon and you left us to believe the lie all this time.'

He struck his clenched fist upon his knee.

'Yes. I did, he said, defiantly. 'I meant to give her a chance to try just what she has tried'

'Well you've done a shamefully wicked thing then, and I hope you may get your reward.'

'Oh, I shall get my reward, Miss Diana. I am going to have that in his heart's agony and hers I am going to take compensation for my wrongs now. She belongs to me. She's my property, mine as much as Lichanleigh, for which she sold herself, a loveless wife.'

'You were warned; you knew; you paid the price with your eyes open'

'Aye—setting his teeth—'I know I paid the price, and I'll have the letter of the bond. Find me a 'Portia,' my good Diana.'

Diana shuddered at the sneer that accompanied the last words; at the malignity of his tone; the cruel glitter of his eye.

'Oh, my poor darling,' she murmured over Winifred, 'if only I could be in your place, my Lord Mostyn should have a lesson to last him a lifetime.'

Till long after midnight Rupert Mostyn waited in the room, where Diana watched beside his seemingly unconscious wife. Seemingly only—Diana knew that for the last hour; the wan eyelids had drooped but to hide him from the vision beneath them.

At last he went away, and they could hear him storming over the great rooms, noisily, as was his wont in moods like this.

The guests were all gone long before, of course, but the banqueting room remained, with its rich viands and gleaming wines, untouched Mostyn went in there after awhile, and seemed to be venting his half maddened fury upon the plate and crystal

Alarmed at the din, the servants, who knew their master of old, only crept close enough to see that it was he, and fled to their respective chambers again. Winifred, shivering at every sound, was moaning to herself:

'Oh, Leo—oh, my love, my love—I wish I had died in your arms.'

A little later, a cry went forth upon the night air—a cry of appalling and terror.

Diana, waking from a transcient unconsciousness toward morning when even the banqueting room seemed to have lapsed into silence, found herself stifling with smoke. Very soon the truth burst upon her: Lichanleigh was on fire Dragging Winifred from her couch, she managed to reach the outer air with her, screaming at every step Then leaving her sister, she rushed back to try and rouse the servants, and to seek Mostyn. The servants were already on the alert, but for Mostyn, unless he had left the saloon in which he was known to have been till near morning, there was no redemption. The great dining hall was a mass of seething, impenetrable flame. Indeed, the fire seemed to have originated there

Fleeing from that impassable wall, horror-stricken, Diana returned to find a throng gathering upon the lawn, and to behold Winifred's slight and white-robed form just vanishing within the burning building.

'She is mad, oh, my God! she is crazed with terror and will perish in the flames!' she cried, rushing frantically toward her.

But a strong hand drew her back—a stalwart form leaped past her into those fiery corridors.

And now, from foundation stone to topmost gable, Linchanleigh was wrapped in sheets of flame. The grand old house looked like an enchanted castle in that gorgeous, blazing glory.

A thrill of intensest joy gilded along the nerves of Leo St. Leger as he treaded those fiery paths.

'Living or dead—together,' he murmured, and his sinews seemed braced with steel

At the sound of his voice, Winifred turned, and suffered him to clasp her—only in time for even as he wrapped her in the coat torn from his own shoulders, tongues of flame were licking her garments. Back now—nay, that avenue is closed; this way, then—but here also the flames mock him, and jeer and crackle, and thrust themselves like sinuous serpents in his face, and shut him in on every side. He bent his lips to the soft, sweet lips upon his bosom:

'Kiss me, Winifred'

And as she kissed him, she lifted her tender, tender eyes to his, and smiled, winding her white arms round his neck, and nestling in his bosom to die. Better to die so—sweeter far—than to drag on long years severed.

Suddenly a current of air swept through the building, lifted one instant the curtain of flame before them and St Leger beheld the gorgeous banquetting saloon, all its crystal, and amber, and sugared palaces set in amber fire and at its head the flash of his bold and baleful eye quenched in a deadlier blaze—Could that be Rupert Mostyn? The fiery screen swooped again, and his side another lifted Beyond he saw the terrace and the glimmer of the stars.

Now for it! Crackle and crash, and stifling smoke, and blinding glare—setting his teeth, and holding her close—battling them all, and conquering at last.

They were saved: he scarred for life, she pure of so much as a smoke trace on her fairness—so well had he guarded her.

Rupert Mostyn, it was supposed, perished in the flames, to which his own carelessness or intent must have given start.

A rapture to St Leger was the smart of his wounds, for soft lips dropped kisses on the bandages, and snowy arms cradled his head Nothing in life could ever take Winifred from him again

RAISED TO LIFE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

How and where did I first became acquainted with my wife?

You have asked the question in a sportive mood, and probably without being aware of the strange and wonderful story involved in the answer. I will tell you, however, how and when I first became acquainted with my wife, and, my life on it, you shall not find the wonders of my narration matched twice in a century!

I had graduated as a doctor of medicine, and set up practice in the city of New Orleans. I was young and romantic, and took far more delight in viewing a pretty, healthy face, than in the worst case of yellow fever that could be found. You are astonished at this confession from one of my profession, but I shall astonish you more yet presently.

One day, as I was hurrying along a retired and quiet street, in the direction of my office, which I hoped to reach in advance of a violent thunder shower that was already looming up darkly over the city, the rain began to fall in torrents, accompanied with a fierce wind I looked around for a shelter and perceived near me a small church with colonnade, and I ran up the steps and took refuge behind one of the columns Seeing the vestibule door ajar, I next hastened inside, congratulating myself that I had now found a place where the storm could not reach me It was pretty dark in there, and I did not observe I had a companion till a bright flash of lightening revealed the figure of a lady standing within a few feet of me An exclamation as of terror, and the sudden covering of her face with her hands, convinced me that she was a good deal frightened at the storm; and I noticed the crash of thunder, which followed shortly after the flash, caused her to shrink and tremble.

'Do not be alarmed!' I ventured to say; 'the storm is now at its height, and will soon be over.'

She withdrew her hands for a moment, and gave me a quick, startled look. It thrilled me, and excited a strange emotion. I felt drawn to her as by some magnetic power. I had never looked upon a human face that produced the same effect It seemed as if, by some flash of instinct, I knew my destiny to be connected with hers. Reason, it is certain had nothing to do with it, for that would have made the idea appear one of the most foolish. It was not that she was young and lovely, for I had seen hundreds of others as beautiful She did not speak, and I saw her face only for a moment, when she again covered it, as if to shut out some nameless dread. For a minute I stood looking at her, as one fixed by some enchantment. It seemed as if I could not stir—could not remove my gaze. Again the lightening flashed and the thunder crashed and again she shrunk and shuddered Thrice I essayed to speak—but, for some unknown reason, not a single syllable would pass my lips.

Suddenly, I saw her drop, as if cut down; and at the same moment I reeled and staggered, as if struck a heavy blow Then I saw a rugged seam down the front wall, fire and smoke, and rubbish on the floor, and I knew a crashing thunderbolt done its fearful work, and perhaps sent my fair unknown beyond the river of death.

Though a good deal confused and bewildered, I was quickly bending over the lifeless form. I raised it, gazed for a moment upon the sweet, pale face, and ran with it into the storm. The wind swept the rain against me with fearful violence, and seemed as if it would take me from my feet; but I struggled forward, thinking only of the fair burden in my arms. The church was already on fire, but I did not give it a thought. Had there been fifty churches burning—ay, for that matter, fifty cities—I should have thought only of the sweet form I held.

I gained the street and ran forward through the storm, taking a homeward direction. It did not occur to me that I was doing anything improper in thus bearing off the lifeless body of a strange lady; and had any one stopped me then, and asked me by what right I was doing so, I think my first impulse would have been to answer, not that it was for humanity's sake merely, *but that she belonged to me*. Nobody did stop me however, for no one else appeared to be facing that terrific storm, and I hurried on for nearly a quarter of a mile, with the one absorbing thought, that through my exertions only she could be restored to life. Finding myself at length opposite to a druggist's, I went in and demanded aid; and the proprietor and myself immediately set to work upon the insensible form, doing everything that either of us had ever heard of as being efficacious in restoring suspended animation.

But all in vain. Two hours of constant labor, in the use of fresh air, water, friction, inflation of the lungs and even bleeding, resulted only in convincing my assistant, Mr. Barker, that the lady was past all human aid—that death had already laid his iron hand upon her gentle form and sealed her sweet lips forever. It convinced him, I say, but not me. I would not have her dead; I could not have her dead; to me the idea was terrible beyond anything I had ever before experienced; and I continued my efforts for resucitation with renewed zeal, long after he had ceased his.

'Who is she, doctor?'

The question staggered me, and in some measure brought me back to my senses. Who was she, indeed? I could not tell—though, up to that moment, I had somehow felt that she belonged to me. I now, with a shock, saw my error—saw the abberation of mind under which I had been laboring—and I felt more strangely than I can describe. Who was she, indeed? I related all I knew of her.

I shall pass over briefly the remaining incidents of that to me eventful day, and come as quick as possible to the most wonderful part of my story.

The storm had passed over the city, the sun was again shining brightly, the streets were again alive with citizens, and quite a large crowd was collected at Mr. Barker's place, attracted thither by the report that a young, beautiful and unknown lady had been killed by lightning. That she might be recognised, Mr. Barker had laid her on a settee in an inner room, with her sweet face uncovered, and invited all who came to step in and see her, at the same time sending for the coroner. When this official appeared, no one had been able to identify her; but while summoning his jury and preparing for the inquest, a plainly dressed lady, of some five-and-forty years, pale, breathless, and excited almost to frenzy, came hurrying in, and asked to see the corpse. The moment her eyes rested on the sweet face—sweet even in death—she uttered one wild, prolonged heart-piercing shriek, and sunk down in a swoon. It was a mother's shriek and agony for the loss of an only child.

She proved to be a widow lady, in moderate circumstances, named Warland, whose husband, a judge of one of the lower courts at the time of his death, had, strange it may seem, himself been killed by lightning three summers before, while sitting by her side in his own dwelling. Her daughter, Clara, an only child, had this morning gone out to call on a friend, and was on her return, when, being overtaken by the storm, she had like myself taken refuge in the church—the door of which, by some negligence had been left open—and it was the remembrance of her father's fate which had caused her such extreme anguish and terror.

The coroner proceeded with his inquest. I gave in my testimony, and the verdict was rendered in accordance with the facts: after which the corpse was solemnly borne home, the undertaker sent for, and preparations were set on foot, by the friends and relatives of the deceased, for having the funeral ceremony performed on the following day, it not being considered judicious to keep the body longer above ground in that hot, unhealthy clime.

As for myself, I was in a wild fever of excitement, for which I could not rationally account. I would not have it that the girl was dead I could not give up the idea that it was merely a case of suspended animation—and not only followed the deceased home, but boldly asserted my belief in vital suspension, and protested against the untimely interment until I found that the people began to suspect me of being a monomaniac. Other physicians, however, were called in; but as they all agreed in pronouncing the girl to be dead, the case was decided against me, and I was reluctantly compelled to withdraw, to grieve over in solitude what I could not alter.

The night following was a troubled one for me. I was restless and uneasy, my sleep was feverish and broken, and three times I dreamed that Clara Warland was not dead, but buried alive. Long before day I found myself wide awake, thinking of the fair deceased and planning some means by which to save her. At last I settled upon a design, which, at the earliest practical moment, I proceeded to put in train of execution.

At the time of which I speak, there was a small class of rough, desperate fellows known as resurrectionists, or body-snatchers, whose perilous business it was to rob the new made graves of their tenants, and thus furnish the medical faculty with subjects for dissection; and in my professional capacity I had come in contact with some of these, and fortunately knew the address of one of the boldest and most adroit. Early in the day I sought him out and told him what I wanted. If he would watch the funeral of Miss Warland, see her buried, and bring her body to my office that night, without injuring it in any manner, I would give him any sum he might choose to name. He set his price, I agreed to it, and he said the thing should be done if within human power to accomplish. With full and emphatically repeated directions on every point, I left him, feeling that I could do no more For the rest, it was in the hands of the Great disposer of events.

The day wore away, but it was a day of such nervous excitement and mental suffering for me that I shall remember it through life. I did not attend the funeral—I did not again go near the dwelling of the deceased—but, in a retired part of the city I watched for the procession to pass; and when at last I saw it, slowly and mournfully, wending its way to a distant cemetery, I became so agitated and oppressed with a nameless horror, that I turned and hastened away to avoid attracting the attention of the idle and curious spectators.

Adjoining my office there was a bedroom, where I slept, and the two apartments were entirely disconnected from the rest of the building, with a door opening directly upon the street, all favorable to the purpose I now had in view. At an early hour I closed the shutters, arranged matters for a warm bath, had woollen blankets, a galvanic battery, and all kinds of restoratives put in readiness, and then extinguished my lights, and sat down there in darkness, to await the dread hour when I should receive the body of the girl, or know my humane scheme to be an unhappy failure.