

THE EXAMINER

Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

Vol. XV. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, October 2, 1865. New Series.—No. 44.

FOR SALE.

BY private contract, TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF FREEHOLD LAND, situated on the South Wilshire Road, Lot 31, in the city, about 80 acres clear and in a high state of cultivation, the greater part being limed, and 40 acres which can be easily cleared, and the remainder covered with fence poles, standing and hardwood of the best quality.

There are on the premises a New Dwelling House 28 by 28, a New Barn 36 by 20, stable complete, a Hay House 40 by 22, also a linnock and Dairy, and a never-failing Well of Water at the door, and a stream of water runs through the centre of the farm.

This property is admirably situated, being contiguous to the New and Shingle Mills, also to places of public worship, and a school within 4 chains of the premises, and within 1/2 mile of the North River Bridge, one of the best stopping places on the Island.

For further particulars apply to HENRY C. DORRIS, on the premises, or to JAMES P. DOUSE, Charlottetown, August 21, 1865.

N.B.—This land will be sold in Lots to suit purchasers.

Valuable Farm for Sale.

TO be sold by PRIVATE CONTRACT, that eligible LEASEHOLD PROPERTY, containing 200 Acres, more or less, of excellent Land, which about 150 are under cultivation, and the remainder for the most part, covered with a valuable growth of Firwood, Sycamore, and various other trees. The Dwelling House and Buildings are large and commodious, and the land is in excellent condition.

Terms and further particulars made known on application to the Subscriber on the Premises, or to CHARLES PALMER, Esq., P. BATHURNE, Charlottetown, May 28, 1865.

The lease is for 999 years, and the annual rent is 10s. per acre.

NOTICE!

LANDS FOR SALE!

THE subscriber, as the Agent of Sir SAMUEL CUNYARD, Bart., the Right Hon. LAURENCE SOLIVAN, and Mr. EDWARD CUNYARD, has been directed to discontinue the system of LEASING LANDS, in the following manner:—The future leaseholds will be SOLD on the following terms:—A deposit of Twenty-five per cent of the purchase money in hand down at the time of the agreement, and the residue in 10 years by equal instalments. The price will be from Twenty to thirty (20) per acre upwards. Further particulars make known at the subscriber's office.

G. W. DEBLOIS, Charlottetown, May 15, 1865.

Valuable Farm for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale a LEASEHOLD INTEREST OF EIGHTY ONE ACRES OF LAND, on the 2nd Ward, 20 Acres, early part of which are under cultivation and the remainder covered with hard and soft Wood, unsurpassed in quantity and quality on the Is. The Farm embraces many commodious buildings, including a large and commodious Dwelling House, a large and commodious Barn, and a large and commodious Stable, and is situated on the 2nd Ward, 20 Acres, early part of which are under cultivation and the remainder covered with hard and soft Wood, unsurpassed in quantity and quality on the Is. The Farm embraces many commodious buildings, including a large and commodious Dwelling House, a large and commodious Barn, and a large and commodious Stable, and is situated on the 2nd Ward, 20 Acres, early part of which are under cultivation and the remainder covered with hard and soft Wood, unsurpassed in quantity and quality on the Is.

THOMAS LAWLES, Old Town Hall, July 31, 1865.

A Freehold Farm for Sale.

CONSISTING OF 175 Acres of Freehold Land, in a high state of cultivation, with a good Dwelling House, Barn, Cow-house, Trenching Machine, and all other requisites suitable for a Farm. Also, 1/2 mile of Water, and 1/2 mile of Road, and is situated on the 2nd Ward, 20 Acres, early part of which are under cultivation and the remainder covered with hard and soft Wood, unsurpassed in quantity and quality on the Is. The Farm embraces many commodious buildings, including a large and commodious Dwelling House, a large and commodious Barn, and a large and commodious Stable, and is situated on the 2nd Ward, 20 Acres, early part of which are under cultivation and the remainder covered with hard and soft Wood, unsurpassed in quantity and quality on the Is.

CATHERINE WRIGHT, Esq., Charlottetown, October 6, 1864.

Valuable & Desirable Building Lots for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale Two valuable and desirable Building Lots, situated in the City, and is situated on the 2nd Ward, 20 Acres, early part of which are under cultivation and the remainder covered with hard and soft Wood, unsurpassed in quantity and quality on the Is. The Farm embraces many commodious buildings, including a large and commodious Dwelling House, a large and commodious Barn, and a large and commodious Stable, and is situated on the 2nd Ward, 20 Acres, early part of which are under cultivation and the remainder covered with hard and soft Wood, unsurpassed in quantity and quality on the Is.

GEORGE COLES, Charlottetown, 6th March, 1865.

ROBERT L. WEATHERS,

Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.
Office over Merchants' Exchange,
156 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.
Sept 11, 1865.

JOHN BELL,

Merchant Tailor,
QUEEN STREET,
CHARLOTTETOWN.
July 24, 1865.

F. P. NORTON,

Commission Merchant,
and
Auctioneer,
GEORGETOWN—P. E. ISLAND.
October 24, 1864.

ARCH'D. McNEILL,

Auctioneer, Accountant,
and
GENERAL AGENT.
Office—Reading Room Building, up stairs
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

J. S. CARVELL,

Auctioneer,
Commission Merchant,
General Agent,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.
12th June, 1865.

Dr. FRANK D. BEER,

Physician & Surgeon,
Surgery & Drug Store,
KING SQUARE—CHARLOTTETOWN.
September 6th, 1865.

ARMY CONTRACT, BERMUDA.

SEALED TENDERS, in Duplicate, upon printed forms to be obtained on application at the Commissariat Office, will be received until Noon on FRIDAY, the 23rd inst., at the Commissariat Office, Hamilton, Bermuda, from persons willing to enter into a contract for supplying such quantities of the following articles as may be required for Naval, Military, and Civil purposes, to be delivered at the several Barracks and Camps now existing or to be established in these Islands, with the exception of those in Ireland and Scotland, which will be subject to approval after delivery at the Quartermaster's stores.

FRESH BEEF.

As may be required for Naval, Military, and Civil purposes, to be delivered at the several Barracks and Camps now existing or to be established in these Islands, with the exception of those in Ireland and Scotland, which will be subject to approval after delivery at the Quartermaster's stores.

SMALL PROFITS.

THE subscribers have just received, per Sohrs, Nassau and Mary & Charles, from the Best Foundries in the UNITED STATES.

1000 STOVES,

with the Stock formerly on hand, will make the largest and best Stock of Stoves ever imported into P. E. Island, comprising in part of the celebrated Waterloo, Broadside and Magician COOK STOVES, FOR WOOD, and Black Diamond, Magician and Victoria COOK STOVES, FOR COAL.

Darwin's Building,

Corner of Great George and Kent Streets.

NEW GOODS.

W. H. WILSON
HAS SUPPLIED HIS SPRING IMPORTATIONS, per L. C. Ocean and Edwin and Little from LIVERPOOL, and Craven from LONDON, consisting of:

Grey, White and Striped Cottons, Grey and White SHEETING, Fancy Shirtings, Prints, Striped Skirtings, Jean, Osnaburg, Tickings, Hollands, Grass Cloth, Linen, Fancy Flannels, &c. &c.

Ladies' Dress Material,

in Plain and Fancy Poppinets, Barathas, Mohairs, Checked Lusters, French Merinos, Black Silks, and Printed Muslins.

Shawls, in Paisley, Black Indian, Silk Baraz, Fancy Cashmere, &c. &c.

Mantles, Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Fancy Willow, Straw and Graveline Bonnets, White and Coloured Hats, Dress Ornaments, &c. &c.

Parsons, Edging, Veils, Mullin, Curcose, Laces, and a large selection of Worked Embroidery.

A choice selection

of Scotch Tweeds, White Shirts, Scarfs, Collars, Hosiery, Revolving Ties, &c. &c.; Ready-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes in great variety.

Groceries,

TEA, warranted good; Sugar, Molasses, Soap, Candles, Starch, Rice, Tomatoes, Indigo, Blue, Paper, Ginger and Allspice, &c. &c.

Hardware,

Nails, Hoes, Shovels, Ploughing-mould, Glass, Weavers' Tools, and Table Spoons, Knives and Forks, &c. &c.

30 Tons Iron,

12 Bundles Sheet Iron, 12 Boxes Tin, 30 Pieces Galvanized Do, 32 Bbls. Steel in spring, 20 Pieces Plough Metals, cast, shoe & bladed.

195 Bags Nails and Spikes,

1 cask Chain Tines, 1 cask Files, 1 cask Zinc Irons, 1 cask Saws, 1 cask Zinc, 1 cask look & eye Nuts.

RECEIVED by the Spring

Ships from England, and for Sale Cheap—

20 Tons Iron,

12 Bundles Sheet Iron, 12 Boxes Tin, 30 Pieces Galvanized Do, 32 Bbls. Steel in spring, 20 Pieces Plough Metals, cast, shoe & bladed.

195 Bags Nails and Spikes,

1 cask Chain Tines, 1 cask Files, 1 cask Zinc Irons, 1 cask Saws, 1 cask Zinc, 1 cask look & eye Nuts.

ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS

AT
Bell's Clothing Store,
QUEEN STREET.

THE subscriber has the honor to announce to his numerous customers in town and country, that he has just received, per "EMERALD," a NEW and SELECT Stock of Goods, suited for the PRESENT and COMING SEASON, and which he is confident will give satisfaction in style, quality and price.

WEST INDIA PRODUCE.

BY the arrival of the above Vessel, the undersigned has on receiving—

30 Bbls. Bright MUSCOVADO SUGAR, 50 lbs. Choice RETAILING MOLASSES, 25 Hbls. OX HIDES.

The above Cargo will be sold at private sale, Apply to J. & T. MORRIS, or to DANIEL DAVIES, Charlottetown, Aug. 21, 1865.

LITERATURE.

MARGATE PIER.

The afternoon was both hot and sultry; I had walked to and fro upon the jetty for more than an hour; had scrutinized the bird and pretty flocks that seemed at once to invite and to forbid inspection; had shared also in the other and minor attractions commonly found at the sea-side, until, at length, scorched by the sun's rays, and, it may be, a little weary of my occupation, I determined to seek a spot where I might obtain a kindly shelter and a refreshing breeze; and, accordingly, I stepped below, and seated myself upon the landing-stairs, against which the rising waters dashed their snowy foams giving forth a coolness which was not to be experienced in other and less-favoured places.

I was not, however, permitted to enjoy the pleasure of my new position long for the near approach of a vessel, and the consequent rush of visitors from above, forced me to vacate my seat, and like the rest of the company, to stand and watch the bar as she sailed up to the pierhead. A moment later, and the passengers, glad to tread terra firma, for the voyage had been what sailors, with more grace than elegance call a 'dirty one,' tramped one after the other across the narrow plank on to the landing-stairs where they were greeted warmly by their respective friends.

As I stood, listlessly gazing at the motley throng, my attention was suddenly attracted by the sight of a fair young girl, seated at the extreme end of the vessel apart from the rest of the company. Her beauty was of a type so spiritual to be appreciated by every one, but it was such as is seldom seen, but being seen is revered by all true judges. In her deep, strange, sad face, an expressiveness which could scarcely fail to call forth feelings of the deepest interest in the minds of those dowered with that most priceless gift, the power to realize the truly beautiful in woman. Standing near her was one person only; a man, apparently some six or seven years her senior. He was tall, dark and handsome; his features were perfect, but their beauty was effluently married by a dark scowl that seemed to have settled down upon them, and which gave to his flashing eye that dreaded look which prompted you to exclaim, 'No eye is better than an evil eye, dark master.'

The passengers (those, at least, whose journey ended here) had well nigh all left the boat when the handsome stranger turned suddenly to his companion, and bending over her ear, seemed to whisper something in her ear, whereupon she rose and walked hastily to the pier of landing, closely followed by her male companion who looked so pale and trembled so violently, as to cause an old fisher to indulge in a joke about the effect of salt water upon 'land birds.'

At this moment my further vision was intercepted by the crowd, and I (thinking that all that was to be seen had been seen) turned to follow the rest of the company up the steps on to the pier, when of a sudden, we were all startled by a piercing scream and pressing ones more back, were not long in learning the painful fact that a young lady had slipped from off the plank and fallen into the water.

A strange dark thought flashed at that moment across my mind. One of those unaccountable feelings which many men have experienced at some time or other in their lives, and which philosophy has hitherto failed to account for; which, indeed, is past its power, and is one of the many things which are likely to remain unaccountable mysteries.

A sudden conviction that the person who had fallen into the water was the girl I had been so intently watching, and a vague undefined impression that the mishap was not wholly accidental, but that in some measure her friend (?) was connected with the untoward event, came unbidden to my mind; a dark phantom which not all the labors of reason and of common sense would drive away.

At such a spot, and in presence of so large a concourse of people, it was hardly likely that the accident would be attended with any fatal consequences, nor was it so; for in a moment the lady was drawn out of the water and carried back for a short time to the cabin of the boat. Being the only surgeon at hand, I at once offered my services, and having adopted such means as speedily restored her to consciousness, I was able to advise her removal to the nearest hotel, whither I accompanied her, and where, in a short time, I had the inexpressible pleasure of beholding her perfectly recovered.

The pleasure I experienced was, I confess, somewhat marred by receiving the cold, studied thanks of her protector, who, placing a toe in my hand, gave me a courteous dismissal by observing that should the lady show any signs of indisposition I should at once be sent for.

Thoroughly dissatisfied with the issue of the day's adventure, and troubled with many gloomy thoughts and forebodings of coming ill, I felt in no mood either for work or study, and guided by an undefined longing, I once more strolled toward the scene of the afternoon's misadventure. There, as might be imagined, I found many little groups engaged in earnest conversation on the one topic then uppermost in their minds. As was natural, many inquiries were addressed to me respecting the condition of the unfortunate lady.

'B-ther, eh? Fortunate that it was no worse,' said a fat old gentleman, when he heard my assurance of the patient's recovery—'just one of those men was he who a case for j'y and congratulation in all things, whether it be a marriage or a funeral.'

'Very careless of that handsome looking fellow with her,' said a second gentleman. 'But then he was so sea sick, as to be, as the police sheets have it, incapable.'

'Sea sick? he?' inquired a third, in a tone of derisive doubt.

'Of course! Did you not see him to tremble?'

'I did,' was the laconic reply.

'Well, what else should cause him to tremble?'

'There are other causes for pale faces and trembling limbs beside physical maladies,' was the ominous rejoinder.

There was something so terrible, so unbearable in that sentence, that I could not help going up to the speaker, as soon as the others had gone their respective ways, and he was left alone.

'What do you mean to say that you thought—?'

'What you think,' he interposed, hastily; 'that a spirit of fear and a guilty conscience have before to-day made strong hands tremble and calm faces grow ashy pale.'

I, who had dived to sound the depth of my heart, found another heart the lens through which I could read my own. This man's dark words found an echo in my own breast; his thoughts were mine; and for days they continued to haunt me. And just when they began to fade away, an event occurred which revived them; and not only so, but stamped them more firmly than ever upon my mind.

About a week after this event, while walking along the cliff, it was my good fortune to meet the fair object of my doubts and fears. Acquaintance was formed more readily at the seaside than elsewhere, and the incident of her accident, rather than the part I played in it, formed an ample pretext for entering into conversation.

'Good morning, Miss Herbert,' said I, for such I had ascertained was her name; 'I am delighted to see you free from any marks of your late accident. You had a narrow escape.'

'Indeed I had,' she replied, in her soft, plaintive voice, 'and I scarcely know how to thank you for your kind attention.'

'There are no thanks due to me,' I replied. 'How is your brother?'

'My brother?' she repeated; 'oh my uncle, you mean—Mr. Mounjoy. Thank you, he is well.'

'The people seem to think that it was owing partly to him that the accident occurred,' I continued. 'If so he must indeed be relieved at the thought that so little harm was done.'

'People are often very hasty in their surmises; more hasty than correct,' said Miss Herbert.

'However, it is of little consequence; all is well, you know, that ends well.'

From her manner I gathered that she deemed it well that the conversation should end here, so far at least as the subject of her accident was concerned. I therefore changed the subject by directing my attention to the book she carried in her hand. This was a copy of Longfellow's *Evangeline*. It was far more congenial to our tastes, and as we strolled along together, we talked with the freedom of old friends, until at length, from talking on the pleasures for which we are debtors to the poets, we began to feel the inspiration, and the flames of that most powerful of poetry, love; and each of us in turn became eloquent.

'I love L. in English,' she said, 'perhaps better than any living poet. I do not say that he is the equal of our great Englishmen—probably not, but still I find more music, or music that at least reaches my heart, in his pure and simple lays. What can be more beautiful than this thought—that true affection cannot be lost?'

She turned to her volume as she spoke, and read these truthful lines, which bid us not talk of wasted affection.

'If affection never was wasted: If it enters not the heart of another, his waters returning Back to their springs, shall fill them full ere That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.'

So we continued conversing together, our subjects being many, yet one, so closely were they allied, until, at length, Miss Herbert broke off suddenly, and saying she had to go to her room, she bade me good-bye, expressing a hope that we might meet each other again—for which felicity I also devoutly prayed.

Amy Herbert was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, whose wife died in giving birth to her only child. Her father passed his long home about six months prior to the occasion on which this story opened, leaving Amy in charge of her uncle, Francis Mounjoy, a man of an aversive temperance, who no doubt was nothing loth to undertake the guardianship of a girl whose fortune made her an heiress.

I have a firm belief in premonitory warnings—how else can we at times account for the strange feelings that come over men? Robust in health, gay in spirits, the entire citizen of the man may be strong against disease, yet some dread feeling of his approaching end comes over him, at times he even had sent a kindly warning for him to set his things in order for the journey to the other world. In like sort are there premonitions of danger. When the sky is bright with hope, and the heart is gay and happy in the realization of present joy, even in the midst of the most unalloyed pleasures we sometimes feel a cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, overshadow us, and destroy our peace. Explain it? No, I cannot. But who shall dare to say how this wondrous spirit, of which we know nothing, may be acted upon and influenced?

I felt that notion of danger, that cloud hung over me—I had seen it in the distance since the day of that mishap; but now that my heart told me I had fallen a-love with Amy, it had come directly over me. I knew something was at hand—scarcely sought to discover. I dreaded to examine my own mind closely. Nor had I this feeling alone; for at our next meeting when I told that 'oldest of all stories, and stretched my answer from her willing lips Amy confessed also to having an undefined dread of coming evil. Truly her own words conveyed a knowledge of it to both our hearts when she whispered,

'Henry, my uncle will refuse you; but we felt that this was not all our dread.'

'Why will he? I asked, all of a surprise I did not feel. 'Am I not wealthy enough?'

'Yes,' she replied; 'but, though I know not why, still I am sure he will refuse you.'

So it proved. I met with a cold and scarcely courteous refusal; and when I ventured to urge my plea more strongly; Mr. Mounjoy told me, in the bluntest manner possible, that he had other views with regard to his niece.

That night I sat up till a late hour, brooding over this refusal and forming a hundred schemes to obtain the consent of Amy's inexorable guardian, all of which I knew to be perfectly impracticable. At length, fairly exhausted, I retired to rest. My sleep was an almost disturbed as had been my usual sleeping hours, one only, however, appeared a form distinct enough to remark with me when the morning dawned. It was very simple. I thought I had been walking by the side of the cliff, and at a given spot I discovered a great treasure lying upon the ground. What that treasure was I had not the most remote idea.

The morning found me walking beside the cliff, refusing to acknowledge to myself that the previous evening's dream had aught to do with the morning's walk, and yet in reality guided by it to the spot pictured in my own mind during the hours of slumber. If I had gone with any hope of finding a string of pearls, or a purse of golden guineas, I should have been sorely disappointed, for all that my eyes lighted upon was a small address card. I picked it up and discovered on the one side the name of Amy's guardian, 'Mr. Francis Mounjoy,' and on the other side, written in pencil, '£100 due to H. C. for services rendered to me.'

My first feeling prompted me to throw it down again; but a desire came over me to retain possession of it; a thought that, after all, it might turn out to be the treasure of which I had dreamed.

That day I saw Amy only for a few moments as she passed me, to take her accustomed sea-bath. She expressed a dread of going into the water that morning; but I laughed it off calling her my timid little Amy.

I was so occupied the whole of that day that it was late in the evening before I could get my accustomed stroll upon the pier; when I arrived there I found evident signs of commotion. It was not long before I made the discovery that a young lady had been drowned that morning while bathing.

The blow had fallen, and for a time I was completely stunned beneath its weight. No one had mentioned the name of the lady who had met with this sad fate; but it was known to me as well as if the name had been published aloud. A hopeful doubt never once entered my mind.

In a short time the fact was duly certified. The weekly journal had its paragraph expressing in set phrase its regret at having to record the death of Miss Amy Herbert while bathing. The young lady, contrary to the directions of her guide, went beyond her depth, and the utmost efforts of the bathing women were futile to effect her rescue. Her uncle, on hearing the sad intelligence, was so deeply affected that he had been unable since to leave his room, so utterly prostrated was he. The body of the unfortunate lady has not yet been discovered.

What was to be done? Nothing; all was complete, and it was only left to me to mourn over my sad loss; to cherish hatred; to brood over dark surmises which made my soul hot with anger, and burning for revenge, for wrongs which were of mine own planting. But all was not yet over.

Time wore slowly on, (so heavy seems it when it beareth sorrow on its back) and although this loss had left traces in my heart too deep even for the hand of time, yet I was able to face yet those traces had in some measure been smothered away; they lost their sharpness as the tide of year rolled over them, even as the stone has all its rough, uneven points removed by the rolling wave.

One thing tended to keep open the wound, the presence of Francis Mounjoy who had resided in town ever since the accident, making himself merry and gay with his newly-acquired fortune. But it is possible to drain a river, and the little streamlet of death that had been Amy's was well nigh dry, so deep had been the draughts its new possessor had taken from time to time from out it.

Among the many visitors who frequented his residence was one who always came at a given time, half-yearly. A dark man, who bore the mark of villain in his countenance, made his appearance at Etchell's house, was admitted, remained closeted for about a quarter of an hour with the master, and then went his way to appear again in six months time.

Four times this fellow had come and gone; the fifth time arrived, and, true to the moment, the stranger arrived also. This time his visit was a longer one; it was retained on the morrow, when he descended the steps, it was with an angry countenance, and his lips were moving as though he was giving vent to his feelings in muttered imprecations. He did not return any more, for long before his allotted time had expired, his game, and also his master's, was spoilt for ever.

My practice as a surgeon had increased; it had grown, as most things do, when not required to do so. I had never since that sad night made any effort to widen it. My sun had gone down as at noon, and it mattered little how I passed the cloudy evening of my life. But fortune, a goddess ever wild and wayward, refusing those who seek her, courts those who regard her not, and so she favored me, and I grew rich.

As I placed the two pieces (the second lay upon the floor) one more in the place from whence they had been taken, the woman, who by this time was restored to half-consciousness, saw my movement, and in the confused state of her mind doubtless imagined that the whole truth, of which that card was but a small part, was known to me.

Indeed she exclaimed, with great vehemence, 'I hope you'll forgive me; but the lady is not dead! Indeed she is not!'

In my surprise I was on the point of asking to whom she referred, but I restrained myself, and, assuming a knowledge I did not possess, extracted without difficulty the painful story which had lain concealed so long.

This wretched creature had been bribed to destroy the life of Amy Herbert, by lending her, whilst bathing in too great a depth of water. She had done so; but although her part was duly performed, the diabolical scheme was not successful, owing to its having become known to a man as base as herself, who put forth in an open boat and rescued the drowning girl, and who, since then, had kept her confined in some secret spot, in order that he might extract bribes from her reprobate uncle. Here, then, was the secret of the stranger's half yearly visits.

To see the guilty man and extort a full confession of his crime was the first step to be taken. That done, I obtained with some difficulty a knowledge of the place where Amy was immured, and at once set off to effect her rescue.

There was a mingling of much pain with the joy of our first meeting. So altered had my love become, that one who had not her image in his heart would scarcely have recognized, in the thin and pale girl I now saw, the 'forgotten heroine of the pier.' I came upon her very suddenly, entering before even the old hag who acted as jailor had become aware of the presence of intruders in the house. When Amy saw me she uttered a faint cry of delight and threw herself into my arms, where for some moments I held her in a fond embrace.

At that moment our wounds were healed; the past pain was forgotten in the present joy. As for the remainder, it is soon told. A brow decked with the orange wreath, a trembling girl at the altar steps; a priest robed in vestments emblematic of purity, patting that solemn, life-fraught question; soft lips whispering in the stillness of the quiet church their willing answer; and the tranquil maiden of sorrow going forth the laughing wife, full of peace and joy, dowered with a strong man's love, in the light of which all a sadant future seemed bright with hope.

The church bells rang out their merry peal as the wedded pair came from beneath the old porch; but the sun fell on the cars of one, not far distant, with a general sound. They seemed to Frances Mounjoy to be the solemn knell of his wasted life; a sign of parting from his birthland to shelter and food upon a strange soil; there, let us hope to wash away the tainted waters of his crime-spent youth in the broader sea of a prolonged life of penitence and tears.

Mrs. S. Todd, of Bethlehem, was bitten by a rattlesnake last night, while sitting by the fire. She felt annoyed, because she should not be thinking about the poisonous qualities of the snake, paid no attention to his bite until he began to grow dizzy. He managed to drag himself, crawling some distance, to the house of H. Cowles, but before reaching the house his tongue became so swollen that he had to breathe through his nostrils. He crawled under the house until he found some fourth proof older brandy, and drank about two quarts of it. He is now in a fair way to recover.