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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WALTER C. GRANT,

AT HIS OFFICE, HILLSBOROUGH STREET, NEAR KING'S SQUARE.

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Fifteen Shillings, per annum, half in advance.

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ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 3d day, 6h. 29m., morn., E.
First Quarter, 10th day, 6h 59m even. S
Full Moon, 18th day, 7h. 38m., even. S. E.
Last Quarter, 25th day 10h. 21m. even. N E.

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

GEORGE D. WRIGHT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

CHOICE FAMILY 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

A. McNEILL,

Reading Room Propietor,

COMMISSION MERCHANT AND AUCTIONEER,

Charlottetown, - - - P. I.

May 31, 1869. tf

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.

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.

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.

WILLIAM KOUGHAN

Ship Broker & General Agent,

Queen's Wharf.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Peake Brothers & Co., Carvell Brothers, J. C. Hall, Esquire.

Feb. 8, 1869.

Marine and Fire Insurance,

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE & MARINE.

HEAD OFFICE---Corner of Church & Court Streets, 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,
(Next door to the Telegraph Office)

Ch'town, Sept 13, 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, - - - $12 000,000

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

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.

9,000.

NINE THOUSAND ROOM PAPER!

ROOM PAPER.

JUST RECEIVED at HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE, QUEEN STREET—

Nine Thousan Rolls ROOM PAPER, from 3d per Roll, upwards.

H. A. HARVIE.

May 24, 1869.

FRANCIS S. LONGWORTH,

BARRISTER AT LAW,

NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,

OFFICE: 4 doors south of Bank of P. E. I.

GREAT GEORGE STREET

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

ALBERT HENSLEY,

Attorney at Law, Notary Public &c.

OFFICE.—2 doors below Bank of P. E. Island, Great George Street, Ch'town.

Nov. 29, 1869. 3m

ERSKIN'S

BRAHEE SUGAR POWDERS

A Tonic and Unfailing Remedy for

Rheumatism of all kinds, Neuralgia

Lumbago, Sciatica,

As also for FACE-ACHE, TOOTH-ACHE, EAR-ACHE, COUGHS, and all affections from Colds.

See Lancet, under MEDICAL PATRONAGE

WM. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Queen Street, Sept. 16, 1867.

Table Delicacies of Every Description.

at the

"ITALIAN WAREHOUSE."

MACEACHERN & Co.

Nov. 15, 1869.

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

A Lot of First Class WATER COOLERS on hand.

SAYRS' CRYSTAL BLU,

Sold Cheaper than ever.

July 12, 1869

NOTICE!

THE SUBSCRIBER has JUST RECEIVED, Ex Schooner "M. E. BANKS," his usual supply of

Yarmouth Cook, Box and Franklin

STOVES,

which compare favourably with any STOVES yet imported into the Market, and will be sold on usual terms.

He also informs those INDEBTED to HIMSELF or MARY STEPHENS, that if they do not pay up their respective ACCOUNTS and NOTES, on or before the FIRST day of DECEMBER next, they will be sued for without further notice.

CASH PAID FOR

Hides, Oats,

AND ALL MERCHANTABLE PRODUCE

R. J. CLARK.

Orwell Cheap Store, Nov. 1st, 1869. tf

Feathers, Feathers.

WANTED immediately, at Newson's Cabinet Factory, a large quantity of FEATHERS, for which the highest cash price will be paid.

Ch'town, November 8, 1869.

1869

SPRING STOCK OF

HARDWARE.

City Hardware Store.

Just received, per Steamer from BOSTON Ship Undine, from LIVERPOOL, and Amphion from LONDON, the best and most suitable

STOCK OF HARDWARE

ever imported into Charlottetown, consisting in part of:

NAIL.

48 bags assorted fine American Cut Nails,
Cut and Wro't Spikes,
Brads and Finishing Nails,
Wro't Nails, all sizes,
Boot Nails, in copper, zinc and iron,
Horseshoe Nails,
Copper Burrs and Belt Rivets
Wood Screws, ¼ to 4in
Brass Hinges & Screws

PAINT.

4 tons Paint,
Best No. 1 London White,
Red Lead, Black Paint,
Green Paint,
Venetian, Red & Blue Paint,
Orange Crome Paint,
Burnt Terra Sienna do.,
Emerald Green
Ultramarine Blue,
Patent Dryers,
Red Ochre,
Extract Logwood,
Umber, mixed and unmixed.
Drop Black,
Metallic Paint,
Glue,
Paris Whiting,
chalias.

OIL.

21 casks Oil, in Boiled and raw Linseed,
Olive Oil, extra,
Machinery do.,
al Oil,
Kerosene Oil,
Cod and Whale Oil,
Turpentine,
Black and Brown Japan,
Walnut Stain,
Copper Paint,
Pitch and Rosin,
Mander's Fine Mahogany Varnish,
Capel Oak do.,
Pale Carriage do,
Quick gold size,
Knotting Composition,
100 Boxes Glass, from 7x9 to 36x42,
Putty,
2 tons Zinc,
160 rolls Tarred Paper,
Stove Polish.

PAINT BRUSHES.

A choice lot of Paint, Graining, Tar and Whitewash Brushes,
Blacking, Scrubbing, and Horse Brushes.
Shoemakers' Ink and Outfits,
Whips,
Fairbanks' and other Scales, from 3s to 120s.
Wire Cloth, all sizes,
Fence, Well and Mud Digger Chain,
Hemp & Manilla Rope,
Best quality American Mackerel and Cod Line Hook and Fishing Gear,
Silver Table Bells,
Hand Bells and Gongs,
American Patent Roller Bushes,
Brass and Enameled Stew Pans,
Egg Beaters,
Clothes Wringers,
Flour Sifters,
Wire Sieves,
Wire Dish Covers,
Blacksmiths' Anvils, Vices, Hammers and Bellows,
Blister Steel,
Carriage Mountings, in Axles and Screw Bolts,
Malleable Castings,
Hub Bands, in Silver and Brass.
Dash Centres, &c., &c.
Taylor & Bros celebrated Circular, Cross cut Hand and Tenon, Panel, Keyhole, an Mill-Saws,
Large assortment of Files, of every description,
Locks, Hinges and Screws, of all kinds,
Few Boxes IX Tin Plate,
Bar Tin and Spelter,
Brad's celebrated Bench, Narrow and Broad Axes,
Adzes, Shingle Axes &c., &c.,
Carpenters', Joiners' and Coopers' Tools of all kinds,
Fanner Wheels, and Bushes.

A few Double Barrle GUNS, a very superior article; Revolvers and Breech Loaders Ammunition of every description.

A large Assortment of English and American FORK, SHOVELS SPADES and HOES Garden Tools of every description, Hay FORKS, SCYTHES, NEATHS, RAKES

CUTLERY.—Ivory Handled Table, Carving and Dessert KNIVES; Elliot's celebrated RAZORS Pocket, Pruning and Sportmens' KNIVES Hutton's Famed British PLATE in Table, Dessert and TEA SPOONS TABLE and DESSERT FORKS, &c. &c

The above is but a small portion of the largest stock of Hardware ever imported into Charlotte town, all of which has been purchased for CASH on the very best terms and we feel satisfied that we can please the public in price and quality. Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere

BOURKE, GILLAN & Co.,
Successors to
H. E. STARBIRD, & CO.

June 28, 1869

NEW GOODS!

NEW GOODS NEW GOODS

—AT—

ROBERT YOUNG'S

"Centre of Attraction."

New Bonnets, New Hats,
New Ribbons, New Flowers,
New Feathers, New Mantles,
New Mantle Velvet New Velveteens,
New Silks, New Irish Poplins,
New Dress Stuffs New F Merinoes,
New Shirts, New Shirtings,
New Flannels New Wool Shirts,
New Wool Shirting, &c, &c.,

TO BE SOLD CHEAP.

North Side Queen Square

Ch'town Oct. 7, 1869. tf

NEW GOODS. NEW GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED AT

JOSEPH A. McDONALD'S

Queen Street,

PER STEAMERS "ORIENTAL" & "ALHAMBRA,"

4 Cases Felt & Caps, New Style

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Per "City of Quebec," from Montreal,

3 Cases Boots, Shoe and Rubbers,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Per "St. Lawrence,"

1 Case Ready-Made Clothing,

(Fashionable Make.)

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Ch'town, Oct. 4, 1869

CLOUDS, CLOUDS, CLOUDS.

Ladies' Clouds

IN

IMMENSE VARITY.

CHEAPER THAN EVER,

AT

ROBERT YOUNG'S,

THE "CENTRE OF ATTRACTION,"

North Side Queen Square.

Ch'town, Oct. 18, 1869 tf

IRON!

JUST RECEIVED per ship DUNCAN from LIVERPOOL—

10 Tons Best Refined IRON.

For Sale Low.

GEORGE HOWAT.

THE STONE VAULT.

THE STORY OF THE HEAD CLERK AT "MORRIS AND GRINBY'S."

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I have been with Morris and Grinby five-and-thirty years come the first of next month. I was forty when I came here, and so I have a habit of being exact about dates; am now within a few weeks of seventy five. But as for being old, bless you, I m younger than the youngest clerk, Tom Codger s, who, what with late suppers and hard drinking, has a hand that shakes like those old ledger leaves blowing in the wind by the open window yonder.

Cold water, early hours, and temperance in all things, keep a man hale his life through If you don't believe that, look at me, I'm an example, sir. Yes, I ve seen changes here The firm was 'Morris, Grinby and Bloom,' when I came, though young Bloom died three months after, and young Grinby was taken into partnership. We had a fire here, too, and the offices have been rebuilt on a different plan. Ah, yes—changes enough sad and pleasant; but the strangest and saddest of all was what happened to poor Ben Wade

Ah dear me. It did seem hard, very hard, looking at it with human eyes, and forgetting, as we are apt to, that God does everything for the best.

Perhaps you don't know how this house is built. It's an old place, although the front and offices are new, and those great balustrades were only put up last year Down below you can judge how very old it is. Such a cellar sir,—such massive walls, and all paved with stone; and below the cellar a small stone vault, which Codgers, who laughs at serious things, says the old firm built to be buried in. My own opinion is, it was intended to conceal valuables, for it has a great and plated door and three locks, each fastened with a different key—that is, if they were ever fastened at all. The vault was disused long before my time. Well, sir, I hadn't been here six months, when one day, or rather one evening, for it was nearly six—merchants kept later hours in those days—I had occasion to go down into the cellar before going home, to give directions to the porter about some bales to be sent up in the early morning next day.

Mike and I were up at the north end of the cellar, where the bales were, and I was giving him my orders, when, at my elbow, as it seemed, I heard an odd sound—a kind of wheezing cough smothered in a moment.

I looked around, there was nobody there—not a soul; and I thought: How our ears deceive us, to be sure, and went on talking. But, I give you my word I hadn't spoken three words when there was that sound again. It quite startled me.

'Mike,' said I 'did you cough?'

'No, sir,' said Mike, 'I thought your honor did.'

'It must be imagination, or some sound from the office overhead,' I said, but just then ough—ough We both heard it.

'It's no good, yer honor,' said Mike.

'There s some one hiding in the cellar,' said I.

So, with Mike's lantern, we went over the great stone-paved place, looking behind boxes and bales, and under the steps, and up the coal shd, But not a soul did we find, until, passing the door of the vault, I heard it, this time very faint and strange, and called out to Mike.

'Who ever it is, is hidden in the vault.'

And with that we both turned stairward, and bolted into Mr, Grinby's office together. The old gentleman, Grinby, senior. He don't come to the house once a year now, for he's past ninety. Old Mr. Grinby was just locking his desk and buttoning his overcoat. He stared at us through his glasses and ejaculated:

'Bless me, Humphries. is the house on fire?'

'No, sir,' said I, 'but there is some one hidden in the stone vault'

'Ban!' said Mr. Grinby, 'I thought you had more sense, Mr. Humphries. No one could exist ten minutes in the stone vault. It is the next thing to air-tight.'

'It s my belief, sir, that whoever it is, may be choking to death, sir,' I said; 'but there is some one there. Mike heard a cough as well as I.'

'Very well,' said Mr. Grinby; 'call the nearest constable, Mike, and—Mr. Morris, are you in your office, sir? Perhaps you'll come down with us and assist in the capture of a burglar Mr Humphries has discovered in the air tight stone vault below the cellar.

He was very satirical; so was Mr. Morris. But we a l went down together, the constable with us, and stopped before the stone vault. The door was shut so tight that it took all Mike's strength to force it open. And Mr Grinby, looking straight before him, shouted:

'Ha, ha, nobody, as I told you.'

But the next minute he saw what the rest of us had already seen—a bundle of rags in one corner of the vault, down on the floor. And amidst the rags was a white face and a thin hand, and a bare, bruised and bleeding foot. And we dragged out into such air as there was in the cellar a miserable wretch of a little boy who seemed quite dead.

Up in the office, however, we brought him to life, and got the story from him. He lived, it seems, amongst thieves, and they had planned to rob us that night, and he, poor little midge, had slipped in somehow, and hidden in the cellar, to open the door for them, never thinking any one would come there that night.

But when Mike and I went down, he took to the vault, and there would have smothered but for my hearing him. I don't care to tell you how we kept him, and filled the place with constables, who, when the burglars came, pounced out upon them, and took them into custody. You can guess all that. It's the boy I have to tell you about—poor Ben Wade. It came out during the investigation consequent upon the arrest, that the poor child was kept amongst the thieves by force, and that they used him cruelly. Once a ruffian of the gang had broken his leg in a drunken fury, and limped yet from the injury He was such a pale, worn, miserable thing, that every one felt merciful to him, and it was decided to pardon him and send him to the poor-house.

But that very morning, Grinby, junior—a young man then—came into the office where his father sat, and put his hand upon his arm

'Father,' says he, 'I want to ask you a favor. I want my own way in one thing'

'Well,' said the old gentleman,' let me hear you'

'I want to take Ben Wade into this house as an errand boy,' said young Mr Grinby.

'Hey?' said the old gentleman, 'what, a young housebreaker as errand boy. Bless my soul.'

'Father,' says young Grinby, 'the boy is naturally a good boy. I like him, I want to save him. Perhaps if I had not had so good a father to guide me and to care for me, I might have been worse than he. I don't ask you to trust him, sir. I only ask leave to trust him myself. I am sure he will prove deserving of confidence'

Old Mr Grinby took out his snuff box, and

'I've noticed the lad's eye—it's a good one,' said Mr. Morris

'It's a risk,' said Mr. Grinby, 'but we'll consider we'll consider.'

And I suppose the result was what youn Grinby wanted, for little Ben Wade came t us next Monday.

Now he was clean and whole, he didn't look so bad, and good food and no abuse made a difference in him in a week.

In a month or so people stopped predicting that young Grinby would repent some day; and in a year I don,t think there was one in the office who didn't love that boy So grateful, and so trustworthy, and so ready to do everything for every one Young Mr Grinby had him taught and well taught, too. The lightning calculator might beat him, but I doubt it; and I never knew that lad to forget to dot his i's, or cross his t's, in all my acquaintance with him after he had learned to write at a l.

At twenty he was one of the best clerks in our establishment, besides being as fine a looking a young fellow as one would wish to see. On the whole I did not wonder that Miss Lucy Evens took a fancy to him—a sister, sir of one of the young fellows at our place, and a girl who looked like a queen, and was as good as she was handsome

I used to meet them walking on the battery where lovers used to walk in those days. He was so fond and proud of her, and she had such a tender way of looking at him, that they made my old heart young again, as I often told Mrs. Humphries, to whom I always confide everything. And how he reverenced her why, a ribbon, or a faded flower, that she had worn, were cherished by him as a miser cherishes his gold.

At last he told me, in confidence—for her name was sacred and not to be spoken before every one—that they were to be married.

'And when I look back, sir,' said he, 'and remember the miserable years of my wretched childhood, and think how friendless and forlorn I was, and how there was nothing before me but a prison or the gallows, and think that now I have everything to make man's life blessed—the power to win a respectable livelihood by reputable labor, the respect of honest men, and the love of such a girl as Lucy—I can never be too grateful to the kind friend who saved me from a life I dare not contemplate. God bless Mr. Grinby!' said he, lifting his hat reverently as he might in church, and there was a prayer in his dark eyes as he looked upward.

Those were the last words I ever heard him speak, except 'Good night' Ah, dear me, it should have been good-bye. Ten minutes after I went one way and he the other I took my way home, and he, as it seemed afterwards, walked just two blocks and then came back here At twelve o'clock that night I awoke Mrs. Humphries.

'My dear,' said I, 'I must have had the nightmare or something'

'Goodness' said she, 'it seems so. Your hands are like ice. What gave it to you, love? the lobster, I ll be bound.'

'Perhaps,' said I. 'I admit I ate a hearty supper. And nothing else could make me fancy young Wade at my bedside, white as a ghost, with both hands on my breast.'

'Ah, but the nightmare is always black, not white said my wife. And then she went to a little cupboard and brought me a glass of wine. After that I went to sleep again.

I did not rise early, and was quite behind my usual time. But when I reached our place I found it in great commotion. Clerks running hither and thither, the heads of the firm standing about in the most unbusiness like manner; and three constables on the premises.

'What is the matter, sir?' I said, addressing Mr. Grinby.

'Matter enough' said he. 'We've been very heavily robbed.'

'I fancied that couldn't happen here,' said I. 'I really believe it would be impossible for burglars to break into Morris, Grinby & Son's, sir.'

'Ah,' said he, 'they did not break in. The door has been quietly opened from the inside.'

'And I believe——' began Mr. Morris.

'Sir,' cried young Mr. Grinby, out of breath, 'I beg as a gentleman, as a man of principle, you will not give utterance to your unfounded suspicion—totally unfounded and unworthy of you.'

'Prove them so, sir,' said Mr. Morris, coolly, and I ll apologize.

I looked an inquiry.

'Don t ask explanations, I beg, Mr. Humphries,' said Mr. Grinby. 'Something has been said—which the speaker will regret. Ah, there comes my messenger.'

And in ran one of our boys.

Well, Tom?' said Mr. Grinby.

'Mr. Wade ain't been home all night, sir,' said Tom.

'I told you so,' said Mr. Morris.

'And I tell you even yet I will not hear my dear friend's—yes, my very dear friend's—character aspersed,' said young Grinby. 'Humphries, I know you love Ben Wade as I do. Fancy imagining him connected with this robbery. As well suspect my father or myself or you.'

'He's missing,' said Mr. Morris, shutting the office door upon us three. 'He was seen to return late in the evening. He was one of a band of house-breakers when we took him in, and many declare the character to be formed at six years old. He was nine. I believe he has been won back to his old ways.'

'You will not express your belief to others,' said Mr. Grinby.

'Not as yet, most certainly,' said Mr. Morris.

Well, sir, that was a bitter day to me—a bitter day. We could learn nothing of young Wade after eight o'clock on the previous night. Then several had seen him. He had taken tea at a little coffee-house, as he sometimes did when he did not intend to return home until quite late, and had said to some one there, 'I must go back to the office. I have forgotten something.'

Half an hour afterwards Mike, the porter, had passed him in the street, and young Wade had said:

'What's the time, Mike?'

The porter told him.

'I shall be too late,' he said. 'I have an engagement, and must go back to our place for a parcel I've forgotten.'

An apple woman on the corner had seen him enter. He often bought fruit from her for lunch, and she knew him well by sight.

There the news ended, until Mike, going in to light the fires, found the place a scene of confusion—desks and safes rifled, papers strewn about, and every mark of Systematic burglarly

Later in the day Lucy Evans came down. Her brother had sent her word of what had occurred. She believed some terrible accident had happened to Ben, and begged the firm to spare no efforts to discover him. She was almost distracted, and who can wonder. They had been going together, it seemed to see some play the night before, and she had been sufficiently alarmed by his failing to keep the appointment to be in a measure prepared for worse. She knew he intended to bring her a book. He had spoken of it. That must have been the parcel he went back for. Of course she never doubted him, and no one dared to hint at what had been whispered in her presence.

For weeks, sir, the authorities were at the burglars, and for the recovery alive or dead of young Benjamin Wade, but without the least effect.

We were notified of every body washed ashore, and of every unknown man found dead for months and at last there were few who did not laugh at poor Ben's friends, for their credulity.

It seemed plain to them—and may heaven not judge them as they judged their brother—that Ben Wade was guilty.

Poor Lucy never looked up. It was easy enough to see that her heart was broken, and in a year she died, just a week too soon to hear what I shall tell you.

One morning I was very busy at my desk in the inner office when a gentleman came in and asked for either Mr. Morris or Mr. Grinby. Old Mr. Grinby was at home with the gout, but Mr. Morris and the young gentleman were in. I called them, and went on writing I saw the gentleman was a clergyman and fancied he had called to solicit subscription for some mission to the heathen, or sunday school, or new church. But his first words made me start. They were these:

'You remember, of course, a burglary committed here a year ago, or more'

I could not keep my seat then, but went forward, trembling like a leaf.

Young Mr Grinby had turned quite faint, and was leaning against the wall for support.

'You are agitated,' said the clergyman; 'I fear you will be still more affected by what you must soon hear A person now in custody, condemned to execution, has a confession to make to you in regard to that affair—a very horrible one, I fear.'

He took a card from his pocket and wrote a few lines.

'If you will call at the prison any time today, you will see him,' he said. 'To morrow will be too late. It is Friday, and he is to suffer execution at dawn. Present this, if you please, and I implore you, ask no questions now.'

Before they could say much he was gone. Afraid, I think, to be the first to tell the story, and our gentlemen called a cab and took me with them at my request. They seemed to expect us at the prison, and we were admitted. But in the narrow corridor Morris stopped us.

'Gentlemen' he said, 'you must nerve yourselves Have you reflected that you may see Benjamin Wade when yonder door is opened?'

Young Grinby put his hand upon his heart, and seemed turning faint again. It was the first time the thought had entered my mind, and it was a blow. It staggered me.'

The next minute the turnkey flung the door open, and we were in the cell. On the floor lay a man—a broad-shouldered fellow, in rough garments—who seemed to have cast himself down in grief or terror. It was not Ben Wade. At first I thought I had never seen the face he lifted as he arose. In a moment it came to me.

It was the leader of the gang who had been arrested for that old attempt at robbery, when we had found little Ben in the stone vault.

'You've come, have you,' said he, sitting down on the stone seat, 'and I see you know me. They've caught me again, and its murder this time, and I've got to swing. If it wasn't for that, no parson 'ud have got this out of me. But I've promised, and I always keep my word I do.

'You remember a young man called Ben Wade?'

'What of him?' we cried in a breath.

'Not much—he didn't rob your place that's all. We done it—Dick Burch, and Slippery Tom and me. Tell you how it was. You know that boy informed on us, and I was locked up at hard labor for more years than most men live. I didn't stay, though, I cut off, and came home. And the first thing I did was to vow vengence on that boy. Why, there he was a gay young buck, in fine rags, with the handling of money, and thought of, and trusted just for having done for us. Proud, too,—wouldn't speak to us in the street. Threatened to give infoamation if he ever saw one of us prowling about. I heard it all I swore I'd fix him; and it seemed to come to me.

'One night I was goin' to Slapper's shades, to have a drink. Burch was with me; and in a quiet sort of street we came up to Ben, in a mighty hurry.

'I'd have knocked him on the head, but Burch stopped me.

''See what he's up to,' says he. And we followed. He went down to your place, and went in. He left the door ajar, and we made the best of it. He was coming out, with a book or something in his hand, and we met him. He was plucky, I tell you. One of us wouldn't have got off so easy; but we were two to one We gagged and tied him, and made a clean sweep of the place that night.'

'And Ben—my God, did Ben think we would not believe him!' cried Mr. Grinby. 'He had but to come to us—to tell the truth. Where is he? Do you know? Speak!'

The robber was turning the hue of ashes. His words came slowly. His eye glanced over his shoulder and he backed up against the wall

'We locked him up in the stone vault,' he said, 'and took the keys with us. If you look you'll find him there.'

And young Mr. Grinby fainted outright in my arms.

Well, sir, the robber's words were true. The stone vault was opened that day, and there—no matter. It was easier to know the ring he wore and the keys and purse in his pocket than poor Ben Wade.

The first thing Mrs. Humpheries said, was: 'Thank Heaven, Lucy cannot know it.' And the next she sobbed—'Oh, but the certainty would have been better for her, after all. And then to know his name was clear.'

And so that is the story of our stone vault; and strange as it is, it's quite true. You may see his grave close beside Lucy's, any day. And Mrs. Humpheries—she's a romantic little woman, sir—says she thinks the violets and roses grow there of their own accord, under the white monument.

A physician going down town with a friend of his, said to him, 'Let us avoid that pretty woman you see there on the left, she recognizes me, and casts upon me looks of indignation. I attended her husband.' Ah, I understand, you had the misfortune to dispatch him' 'On the contrary,' replied the doctor, 'I saved him, and she did not get a chance to get another.'

An idle fellow the other day complained bitterly of his hard lot, and said that he was born on the last day of the year, the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been behind hand. He believed it would have been a hundred dollars in his pocket if he had not been born at all.

A Connecticut Johnathan, in taking a walk with his dearest, came to a toll bridge he, as honestly as he was wont to after paying his toll, which was 'Come, Sukey, you must pay for just as like 'I shall after all.'

A lady w three days married perceiv husband enter, stole secretly beh gave him a kiss; the husband w offended against decency