

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS.

Storage how much sentiment... Ah, I remember still... What is it all about?

her enemy following with fiery eyes and... Then he began gaining upon her... The innkeeper glared at her furiously.

'If you ever really need me, do not fail... He stepped back in the dense shadow... His words were plainly audible to the barrister.

He stepped back in the dense shadow... His words were plainly audible to the barrister... Unfastening the horse he leaped into his saddle and rode toward home.

JANE BRENT'S FORTUNE.

The Innkeeper's Crime.

CHAPTER X.

As they rounded the hillside, the woman looked back and took a farewell glance at the house that so long had been her home.

'It will be many a long day we are returned to that shell,' said he, with a chuckle.

'But the girl?' 'Jane's listening ears barely caught the ruffian's brutal, though guarded reply.'

'We'll chuck her overboard when we come to a river.'

The coach rattled on over bridges and through narrow gorges, and the first blush of early morning found them many miles from the scene of the previous night's tragedy.

Three days and nights passed thus, and awakening on the morning of the fourth day, Jane Brent discovered that her time was come.

It was in a lonely gorge, through which rushed a soothing body of sullen sounding water, and the great gurgled forest trees towered closely over the steep sides, their heavy boughs shutting out both light and air.

As she felt the rattle of the leaves under her feet a desperate resolve fired her soul.

'Say your prayers, young woman, pretty quick, for I intend to let daylight through that heart of yours in just half a minute,' said Dykham, with an oath.

'If I am to die,' she said in a hushed, unwavering tone, 'you must allow me to commend myself to Heaven untrammelled and unimpeded by your touch.'

'The innkeeper shrugged his shoulders, removed his hand, and cocking a pistol, pointed it at his victim. She saw it with a glance of pale despair.'

'I cannot pray with your cruel eyes upon me. One you not leave me five minutes to myself? I cannot answer.'

'He lowered the revolver, and turning his head, wiped at his wife, who, with white lips, was watching the horrible scene from the coach window.'

'Jane saw his averted gaze, and her heart leaped with hope. With a startled bound she rushed past the ruffian, and sped into the forest, the loud rattling of the carriage following her flight, and giving a clue to the situation she had just taken.'

CHAPTER XI.

When Jane Brent became fully conscious and rational, she found herself in bed, in a great bleak room, that seemed to be built up somewhere among the clouds.

She looked vaguely around her, trying to remember where she was.

'Her head ached terribly, and she put her hand mechanically to her eyes. It came in contact with a linen bandage, tied tightly around her throbbing brows, and in an instant the recollections of her terrible struggle with her would-be murderer, rushed to her mind.'

'She was spared from death to find herself a prisoner for life, to know that she was doomed to a perpetual existence with the two creatures, whom she knew to be fiends in human form.'

A shudder passed over her shrunken frame; she looked at her hands, and they were almost fleshless, and so thin and white as to seem transparent.

'I have been sick,' she said aloud, and her voice echoed strangely on her ears. It sounded hollow, and like the voice of one who was on the verge of the grave.

Looking toward the window, she perceived the icicles hanging outside the panes, sparkling in the glittering sunshine like myriads of precious gems.

'I am alone, and with my enemies,' she thought, turning her face to the wall; 'I am the heiress of a hundred thousand pounds; but what a curse the fact has been to me! Oh, if I were back again at Rockhill, I would endure untold privations ere I would ever present a claim to Marshmellow Hall.'

Two great tears stood in her sunken eyes, and rolled down over her pallid cheeks, at the memory of that happy past.

A great golden bar of sunshine fell on the counterpane, and danced for a moment on her white, pinched face. She turned to it with a grateful thrill.

'At least,' she whispered faintly, 'if earth hold no friends for me, I am not yet forgotten by my God. He has once more preserved my life, for what purpose I know not; but I will hope and believe in Him always. Though the flesh is weak, the spirit is strong, and I can yet say, Thy will be done, Oh Lord, not mine.'

No longer she felt friendless and alone, and her tired eyelids closed, and she fell into a deep and quiet sleep, with a smile on her wan and colorless lips. When she awoke, the innkeeper's wife was sitting by the bedside.

'How do you feel?' she asked, in a not unkind tone, as Jane opened her eyes to the light.

'I hardly know, madame,' she replied, wearily. 'I dare say I am much better than I have been.'

CHAPTER XII.

As soon as it was proved that the Five Fly was really lost, Ingersoll came in possession of the great fortune which he had plotted and manœvered so villainously.

Brownell made over the accounts to him, and the accomplished schemer was now busily engaged in spending it as fast as he could.

He purchased a magnificent city residence, and kept a stud of horses that cost a small fortune; he frequented the opera, and belonged to several of the most exclusive and fashionable clubs in London.

He was known as a rather fast, but immensely rich young gentleman, with no encumbrance. Mothers angled for the 'great catch,' hoping to find themselves of their marriageable daughters. Fathers smiled, and looked bland at his approach, and some practiced his manners, and adopted his views.

Adam Brownell could hardly credit his senses when Ingersoll flashed out in his magnificence. He had fancied him to be a gentleman, whose quiet, unobtrusive tastes would lead him to shun the gay, glittering, but immoral life of the dissipated metropolis.

He saw his mistake with an inward pang, and watched the spending of old John Marsh's golden hoard with a troubled heart.

A faint doubt still lingered in the mind of the barrister. Unknown to any one he had dispatched a note to Doctor Evlin, at Rockhill, but though months passed he received no reply.

The lawyer was powerless. No nobility was to be done. Ingersoll was but spending his own, and when the barrister had once cautioned him concerning his mode of living, the young man had fired up at the first word, and told him plainly to mind his own business.

After that rebuff Brownell never again mentioned the matter, and Ingersoll plunged into excesses apparently with renewed vigor. The Waste was situated not twenty miles from Marshmellow Hall, and the innkeeper had notified him of his having taken up his residence there, and Ingersoll had run down to see him.

Dykham told him a long and horrible story of the murder of Jane Brent in that lonely gorge—a story his wife swore solemnly to be the truth—and the young man, with a feeling of intense satisfaction, listened to it, accepting it as such.

Without a murmur he paid the innkeeper the specified amount of gold, and with a light heart returned to his debaucheries in the city striving to forget in mad revelry the terrible crimes he had been the author of in possessing himself of the hundred thousand pounds.

There were times, however, when the ghastly face of his victims would creep between himself and the merry revellers, and the shouts of gay companions were insufficient to drown the horrible death-shriek he had heard that stormy night in the old inn on the sea coast.

But he would not permit himself to think of it for an instant. He never allowed himself to be alone, and when his presence was required at Marshmellow Hall, a score of gay gentlemen accompanied him there, and remained with him until he returned to the city.

Brownell watched him with a suspicious eye, and felt there was something wrong. What that something was, he had no definite idea. He determined to watch closely. There was an indefinable idea in his mind, or rather a faint, shadowy feeling that something Jane Brent would come and claim her own.

AGRICULTURE.

There are various species of the parasitical fungus commonly known as rust, or by botanists as Uredo, which affects the leaves of large trees. The present year this rust has been very prevalent upon shade trees, especially horse-chestnuts, maples, oaks and willows.

Upon examination the under side of the leaves is found covered with very small, round, orange, red, or brown bodies, among which white threads intermingling. Occasionally some threads with a round body at the end are seen. These altogether form the rust-plant, which lives upon and consumes the substance of the leaf. It is frequent in wet, warm seasons, and is really a contagious disease of the leaves, just as ring-worm and some kinds of scab and mange are contagious diseases of the skin of animals, and are caused by minute plants which grow and spread in the substance of the skin.

There are several insects which injure the roots of plants. The white grub of the May beetle or June bug and the wire-worm, among which white threads intermingling. Occasionally some threads with a round body at the end are seen. These altogether form the rust-plant, which lives upon and consumes the substance of the leaf.

A house 12 by 17 would do very well for keeping ice. A double wall and 9 inches space filled with sawdust would be sufficient. The ice would not require any inside filling excepting on the bottom and top, but every crevice should be rammed quite full of pounded ice between the blocks. Twelve feet high would be sufficient, but it would not harm if it were fourteen feet. A mass of ice 10 by 12 would contain more than 40 tons.

The only objection against Fall plowing light soil is that it runs together through the effects of the rains, and is as compact in the Spring as before. This objection is not found to be an objection, if the ground is plowed again in the Spring, but rather an advantage, as the vegetable matter plowed under is decayed and mixed with the soil again. But Spring plowing is not always needed.

Drains should be 3 feet deep at the lower end at least. When the ground is nearly level and there is but little fall, the upper and may be only 2 feet. This will add one foot to the fall. But draining alone will not restore worn-out land. On the contrary, unless the land is manured it will only help to further exhaust it. Still, it is a waste of manure to put it on wet soil. Fall plowing will be a help to the draining, as the land may be laid out in lands with open furrows where the drains will come, and these may be worked out with the plow to nearly the full depth and much less digging will be required. The drains may then be covered again in the Spring with the plow and the surface made level again.

The water from the clouds is not always pure. It is frequently charged with impure gases, and sometimes with a considerable quantity of vegetable matter, as pollen of plants and trees, and these produce fermentation and a foul odor and sediment in the water. Besides, the roofs are, as a rule, covered with a good deal of fat matter—dust, leaves, insects alive and dead, and the droppings of birds—and these are washed into the cistern by the rain, together with the worst particles of the material of the roof. To keep the water pure, this matter should be kept out of the cistern by means of a contrivance which runs the first wash away from the cistern and also by a good filter. And even then, the filter will need cleaning twice a year, as well as the cistern.

The P. E. Island EXHIBITION, 1883, WILL BE HELD AT CHARLOTTETOWN, On Wednesday & Thursday, OCTOBER 10th & 11th. CASH PRIZES, \$4,500.

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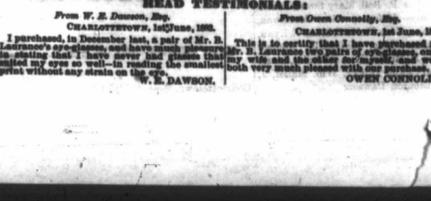
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HEAD TESTIMONIALS: From W. E. Dawson, Esq., CHARLOTTETOWN, 1st June, 1883. I purchased, in December last, a pair of Mr. DeBLOIS'S spectacles, and have worn them ever since. They are the best I have ever worn, and I can say that they are well worth the money paid for them.

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CALENDAR FOR 1884. New Moon 1st day, 11.41. Full Moon 15th day, 7.41. Next Quarter 22nd day, 7.41. Next Full Moon 29th day, 7.41.

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