WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

A young man stood by the summer sea,
In the flush of the rising sun,
And the wavelets gleamed as the light
down streamed,
Gilding them one by one.
Over the waves with the tips of gold,
At the sun and the shining sea,
Like an eagle, he gazed, with eye undazed,
And a soul all young and free.

"Youth and the world are mine!" he cried;
"Honor and hope and love.
Calm as the sea is my life to me,
And bright as the skies above.
"And the blue-eyed lass with the golden hair,
Who has given her heart to me,
And she will be mine with her love divine,
When my ship comes over the sea."

An old man stood on a barren beach,
Shading his haggard eyes
With a hand that shook, while his weary look
Went from earth to sea and skies.

And never a one to pity him
Of all the friends of his youth;
For Hope was dead, and there lived instead
The sinister lesson, Truth.

And the gold-haired lass that had looked on him
With her eyes of heavenly blue,
Had gone, with his fame and riches and name,
As blue-eyed goddesses do.

Haggard and broken his shadow fell,
Clouding the laughing foam;
Wrecked in the strife and storm of life;
His ship had never come home.

THE DOCTOR'S WARD,

OR,

PLOTTING FOR A FORTUNE.

By George W. Warner.

CHAPTER IX.

SISTER ANIMA.

Some men connected with the Empire Valley Mining Company were 'prospecting' in Bill Jones' Gulch. The mining studies and labors of George North had not been entirely profitless, as he had expressed the opinion to Major Warfield that there were rich 'leads' of the precious metal in Bill Jones' Gulch, and that gentleman had purchased the gulch on behalf of the Empire Valley Company.

The major had established a camp of two dozen men there, and had gone to work vigorously, having come to the conclusion that the gulch was much richer than the location already occupied by the company, and that there was a fortune buried there, when he was taken sick with malignant typhus-fever, and in a few days was so low that his life was despaired of.

There was no physician near than Empire Valley, and even he was absent when Major Warfield was down, and the sick man had no care but the rough nursing that he received from his companions.

As he lay on his coarse bed in his little hut on the mountain side, scorched with fever and delirious, with the winds that moaned through the pines already singing his requiem, the news ran from mouth to mouth that a woman had come into the camp.

A woman in the camp! It is no wonder that there was great excitement among the temporary inhabitants of Bill Jones' Gulch. Even at Empire Valley there was but one woman, the red-haired wife of an Irish laborer, and she was the wonder and admiration of the community. She called forth all the chivalry that was latent in the natures of the rough-sun-burned, heavy-bearded miners, and Mike McCaffrey was looked up to as as one of the most important men connected with the mine, holding a place in the estimation of his fellows to which his own deserts would never have entitled him. As for his wife, she stood on the very pinnacle of her dignity. She knew her value, and charged accordingly for washing.

The men of Bill Jones' Gulch had been so long away from the valley that they would gladly have hastened to greet Kate McCaffrey if she had deigned to visit them; but this woman was quite a different order of being, and it was no wonder that they crowded to see her.

They saw a woman dressed in the garb of the Sisters of Charity, and this of itself was sufficient to compel their respect and veneration.

It was impossible for any person to attain a higher place in the estimation of the miners and pioneers than was awarded to the Sisters of Charity. So many sick beds had been cheered by their presence and care, so many men had seen cause to bless them in their dying moments, that there were few indeed who were not bound to remember them, either on their own account, or in behalf of some friend whom the Sisters had nursed and tended.

The woman who came to Bill Jones' Gulch was a Sister of Charity. She could not be much more than thirty-five years old; but there were streaks of gray in the brown hair that could just be seen under the white frill beneath her black hood. There were lines of care and suffering on her face, although her cheeks were round and full, and her lips were rosy and full of sweetness. The expression of her countenance could not even be imagined, as the eyes were completely shut from view by a pair of green spectacles, with side-glasses, that interposed a barrier to all scrutiny, and gave her the appearance of having purposely disguised herself.

She had come to the gulch mounted on a gentle and well-conditioned mule, accompanied by a wild-eyed Indian boy, who rode a Mexican pony, and led a mule loaded with packs. No one knew where she had come from or from what direction. As soon as she appeared in the gulch, all labor was stopped, and she became the centre of attraction.

Instantly the camp and the services of all who were in it were placed at her disposal. Two dozen pairs of hands were ready to assist her in the most trifling matters, and all sorts of excuses were invented by those who desired to find something to do for her.

The man who, in times of great public excitement, originates a new and grand idea, that thrills the popular heart and turns the current of general sympathy into a proper and sufficient channel, at once becomes the observed of all observers, and is not likely to be soon forgotten.

On this occasion it was Josh Sanders, one of the men who had been in attendance on Major Warfield, to whom the right idea occurred at the right time. When it struck him, he slapped his hand upon his leg forcibly, and exclaimed: 'Here we've been foolin' and fussin' away the time, and forgittin all about Major Warfield, when we ought to hev took the sister up the fust thing.'

'If there is a sick man here,' she said, 'and if I can be of any service, please take me at once.'

The remark of Josh Sanders found such general favor, that he was tacitly chosen chairman of the committee who were to escort the Sister to Major Warfield's shanty, whereat he was greatly exalted in his own estimation, and became the leader of public opinion in the gulch.

Josh Sanders showed that he felt the dignity and responsibility of his position, as he led the Sister to the shanty in which Major Warfield lay sick, followed by all the miners, who could not think of returning to their work until they should satisfy themselves with gazing on that miracle of nature, a woman.

As she entered the shanty, she saw the Major lying on his rude couch, in a condition of unconsciousness. During two days he had been delirious, but was now quiet, and seemed to be sleeping the sleep of death.

The Sister stepped up and looked at him, but started back in surprise and affright. The blood rushed to her face in a crimson tide, and then quickly receded, leaving her face pale and ghastly.

'Seems to go tol'able hard with you, marm,' remarked Josh Sanders. 'Reckon you didn't allow he was so bad off.'

The burst of emotion was over in an instant, and she had recovered her composure when she replied to the miner:

'I thought he was dead, and I thought I had seen his face before; but I was mistaken in both particulars. Perilio, come here!'

The Indian boy ran to her at her bidding. She spoke to him in Spanish, and he hastened to her packs, returning with a well filled medicine case. The Sister made Josh Sanders drive the miners away from the door that the patient might have as much air as possible, selected a vial from her case and poured a few drops in Major Warfield's mouth. He soon opened his eyes, and stared about, wildly and weakly.

During several days Major Warfield's life was in the balance, and his periods of delirium were succeeded only by periods of unconsciousness. But the physician from Empire Valley arrived at last, and by his skill, together with the excellent nursing of the Sister of Charity, the disease was conquered, and it was decided that the patient, weak and exhausted as he was, would live. The physician returned to Empire Valley leaving the nurse in charge.

As Major Warfield gained strength, his eyes continually wandered to the pale and green-spectacled figure at his bedside, with an expression of doubt and perplexity that seemed to make her uneasy. At last he spoke to her

'Who are you?' he asked, abruptly.

'I am called Sister Anima.'

'Yes; but who are you?'

'I have told you. If you question me any more upon that point, I shall not answer.'

'I don't want to trouble you in any way; but I would only like to know who you are. Of course I know that Sister Anima is not your real name, and I can't imagine why you should not tell me what it is. There is something in your face which reminds me of one whom I used to know, and I can't help thinking that the impression would be strengthened if I could see your eyes. Will you not remove your spectacles for a moment?'

'I cannot, I am under a vow.'

'You must not suppose that I do not know and appreciate all you have done for me. I know that you have saved me life, and I am grateful to you. Your kindness shall not go unrewarded. I have a bag of gold dust here, that is heartily at your service.'

'I wish no reward for myself, and could accept none. If you are willing to bestow the dust in charity, I can make it useful to others.'

'Certainly. That is what I meant. I would not think of offering you any reward for yourself. It seems to me, somehow, only natural and right that you should have nursed me to life, as there is such a strange resemblance in your face to some one who once claimed that right and duty.'

'Whom do you think I resemble?'

'I have a great mind to tell you a story. Would you like to hear it?'

'I have no curiosity. You may tell it if you wish to.'

'It must be under the seal of secrecy. Will you keep my secret?'

'I will; but I do not desire to know it.'

'I must tell it, and must tell it to you.'

As Major Warfield proceeded with his narrative, the interest of Sister Anima grew deeper and more intense. At its close she was pale and exhausted, and seemed ready to faint.

'My story has interested you,' remarked the major.

'I am always strangely affected with such recitals, and there are times when I have no control over my nerves. I wish you had not told me your story. I shall be obliged to walk out until this agitation subsides.'

The next day Sister Anima left the gulch. She did not go to Major Warfield's shanty to take leave of him, but left a paper with Josh Sanders, containing directions for the course to be pursued during his convalescence. She set out on her mule, followed by the Indian boy and the led animal, and was escorted a mile or more on her way by nearly all the miners in the gulch. When they finally took leave of her, they could think of no better way of expressing their appreciation of her services and their sorrow at her departure, than by giving her three rousing cheers.

CHAPTER X.

MATTERS OF BUSINESS.

As soon as Major Warfield was able to be moved he was taken to Empire Valley, where he could have better care and accommodations than the gulch was able to afford him.

In this situation he convalesced rapidly, and was able to walk about and attend to business when George North and his party, on their way to the plains, stopped at the mine to pay him a visit.

The major was both surprised and pleased at meeting George, and took an early opportunity, while his friends were resting and enjoying themselves in the little town that had sprung up about the mine, to invite the young man into his private office, where he asked him why he had left Sacramento.

George explained that the failure of his health had compelled him to quit work for a while, and that he was taking a trip for the purpose of recruiting his strength.

'I was afraid,' said Major Warfield, with a sigh of relief, 'that you had found the situation unsuitable to you—that I had set you a task that conflicted with your conscience or your sense of honor.'

'By no means, my dear sir. I found that there was, as you had suggested, a wrong to be righted, and I think that I have done something towards righting it. At all events, I have secured the proofs of the wrong-doing, and I see nothing to prevent the perpetrator from being brought to justice, if anyone should choose to punish him.'

'You must have worked very rapidly.'

'I have. My interest in the affair soon became so absorbing that I could hardly rest until my task was accomplished. Besides gaining the necessary proofs in the matter you mentioned, I straightened up Sorranz's books and left an easy task for the man who took my place.'

'You found irregularities then in the books of Field & Sorranz?'

'Irregularities is no name for it. I found alterations, erasures, false charges, false credits, and a complete tissue of false entries during '50 and '51, and a part of '52. I should say that Mr. Field was swindled during those years out of at least thirty-five thousand dollars.'

'Was that all?'

'There was more I think; but of this much I am certain. I made copies of such portions of the books as covered those fraudulent transactions and noted the alterations and false entries. I have brought the copies to you, so that you may examine them at your leisure.'

'You have surely earned a holiday.'

'I ought to mention that Mr. Sorranz has a set-off to cover the amount I have named, and more, if necessary.'

'What sort of a set-off?'

'The personal bond of his former partner, for the sum of forty thousand dollars. This is charged against Mr. Field on the books, bringing him in debt to that amount.'

Major Warfield's eyes were opened wide, in genuine and undisguised astonishment.

'I had some acquaintance with Mr. Field during his life-time,' he said. 'I believe him to have been, notwithstanding his faults of temper and disposition, an honest and fair dealing man. He talked with me concerning his business affairs, and I am sure that he would have told me if there had been such a bond in existence. Depend upon it, George that instrument is a forgery. It may have been altered from a small sum to a large one, but it is none the less a forgery.'

'I saw it, sir, and examined it carefully. It appeared to me to be genuine.'

'That proves that the job has been well done. When you go back there, George—if you do go back—I will give you a powerful microscope, with which you may examine the instrument, if you get a chance, and I am confident that you will then be convinced that it has been tampered with. Robert Field was undoubtedly a rich man, and I am convinced that his daughter, if she would administer upon his estate, would find it worth her while to do so. At all events, the villainy of Joaquin Sorranz could be exposed, and he could be made to disgorge what he had stolen from his partner.'

'I don't think she could be induced to do anything of the kind. Since her mother's death she seldom mentions her father's name, and does not wish to hear it mentioned. I am sure that she would not touch anything that had belonged to him, even if it should be placed in her hands without any effort of her own. Besides she does not need it; she has lately come into possession of a fortune.'

Major Warfield's eyes opened wider than ever, and he did not attempt to conceal his amazement.

'A fortune! That is good news; but it surprises me, as I had understood that she had no relatives. From what source did her fortune come, and what is the amount of it?'

'Her mother was the niece of Joshua Tarleton, a wealthy merchant, who resided in China, and transacted business there. By his will, after giving large sums to various charities, he left the rest of his estate, valued at some sixty thousand dollars, to Helen's mother. At her death the property came to Helen; but it was only a short time ago that she was discovered by the lawyers who had it in charge, and then after the necessary proofs and formalities, it was transferred to her.'

'That is quite a windfall for you, my boy. Why don't you hurry back to the States and marry her? She has enough for both.'

'I thank you for your advice but cannot follow it.'

'Why not? Don't you suppose that she would be glad to share with you?'

'She has written me to that effect and has urged me to return; but I could not bring myself to be dependent on my wife.'

'Nonsense! I admire your independence and yet I think it is very silly. But it is useless to talk to you. I hope you will have fine sport, and I would go with you if I could possibly spare the time. I hope you will call at the mine as you return.

* * * * * * *

While Major Warfield and George North were thus discussing matters of business that concerned themselves, quite a different scene was being acted at the Sisters' hospital, some eight miles above Sacramento.

The hospital was a low building, only two storeys in height, but covering a large area. Everything was white washed, and everything in and about the house spoke of cleanliness and purity. All the wards were filled; and among the many patients the meek and self-sacrificing Sisters moved quietly ministering to the sick and alleviating the pangs of the suffering.

In a lower room was seated Sister Anima in earnest conversation with Sister Agatha, the directress of the institution.

'You are sure, then,' said the former, 'that Robert Field was here a short time previous to his death?'

'Three or four days, as near as I can remember.'

'And the man who died here at that time was named Ferdinand Laviell?'

'That was his name. His evident penitence, and his sincere sorrow for the wrong he had done, made such an impression upon us, that we could not forget him.'

'I understand that he made a confession to you, before Mr. Field arrived. I want to know the exact nature of that confession.'

'You must not think that I am seeking to question your motives, Sister Anima, when I ask you for what purpose you wish this information.'

'It is for the sake of his child. She reveres the memory of her mother, and would be glad to clear it from every possible stain.'

'As Mr. Field and his wife are both dead, and as you wish the information for so holy an object, I see no reason why I should not tell you all I know about it. I will first give you the outlines. He acknowledged that he had done a great wrong in separating Mr Field from his wife, and declared that all the charges that had been made against her were false. Mr Field was naturally of a very suspicious and jealous disposition, with a quick and fiery temper. Upon these elements Laviolle worked at the instigation of another, until Field became excited to such an extent, that he openly accused his wife of all the wrong that had been charged or instigated against her. As appearances sustained his accusation, and as no opportunity of justification was allowed her, the heart-broken wife left his house, taking with her her child.'

'Who was the person at whose instigation this great wrong was done?'

'Joaquin Sorranz, Mr. Field's partner. I persuaded Laviolle not to give the name to Mr. Field, as I knew it would cause murder to be done.'

'You have given me the outline, as you said you would do. Will you now give me the details?'

'I have them in the best possible shape. Feeling the interest that I did in Mr Field, and believing that some tangible proof would be useful to him when his passion should have subsided, I reduced Laviolle's confession to writing, and it was signed by him and witnessed by several of the Sisters. You are welcome to it, Sister Anima, if you desire to use it for the benefit of Robert Field's child to clear the memory of her mother; but you must declare before Heaven that you have no other motive or purpose.'

'Before Heaven I declare that I will use it solely for the purpose I have named, with no object of revenge or punishment, but solely for the benefit of that unfortunate child, that her mother's memory may be pure and stainless.'

'I believe you, Sister Anima, and you shall have the confession.'

Sister Agatha went up stairs to her own room, and returned with a paper carefully folded, which she handed to Sister Anima. The latter seized it eagerly, and thrust it into her bosom, pressing her hands convulsively upon the place of its concealment.

Nothing more was said by either concerning Ferdinand Laviolle or Robert Field, and Sister Anima was persuaded to accept the hospitality of the sisters until morning.

After breakfast the next morning she went away, mounted on her gentle mule, and accompanied by the Indian boy.

CHAPTER XI.

BAD NEWS FROM GEORGE NORTH.

Felix Vassilis was meditating mischief.

It had become painfully apparent to him that Helen Tarleton, as she persisted in calling herself, would not listen to his suit, and he perceived that his attempt to marry a fortune must result in failure, unless he should resort to some extraordinary means to accomplish his object.

The letter that he had taken from Dr. Dobrer's table at the time of the fire had been a revelation to him. It had told him, over the signature of Helen's father, that he was a married man, and that his wife was living when he married Alice Tarleton.

If so, what was Helen? She was surely not entitled to the property that had been transferred to her under Joshua Tarleton's will. If he could prove the statements of the letter, he would have a hold upon her that she could not easily throw off.

But that was a last resort. There was at least one other plan to be tried before resorting to such an extreme measure. In the meantime she should enjoy to the full the luxury of wealth and independence, so that it would go hard with her to give it all up.

So infatuated was Felix Vassilis that he was even willing to spend money in the pursuit of his object—not a little sum, but a considerable amount—although he drove as hard a bargain as he could with the clerk of the Marden post-office for permission to peruse Helen Tarleton's letters before they were delivered to her.

The letters in which he was chiefly interested were from California, and all of these he opened, read, and carefully resealed, before Helen had an opportunity of seeing them.

At last he received a letter from San Francisco, in which George North informed his affianced bride that his health had been broken down by hard work and close confinement, and that he was about to make a trip into the northern part of the State, and perhaps out upon the plains, for the purpose of recruiting his strength.

Thereafter no more letters came to Helen from George North; but about two weeks after the receipt of the letter last mentioned, she received one from the northern part of California, purporting to have been written by a man named Samuel Parker, who announced himself as the 'chum' of George North, and informed Helen that her lover was lying sick at the mining camp from which the letter was dated.

He went on to say that George North was afflicted with a lingering disease under which he might languish for a long time, but it would be sure to terminate fatally, unless he should be removed to some place where he could receive proper attention. George had expressed a strong desire to return to the East, and it was the opinion of the writer that his friends, if they wished him to live, should come and take him home.

There could be no doubt about the authenticity of this letter, and none was expressed, either by Helen or Dr. Dobrer. It was properly post marked, had come regularly through the office, and its style and all the circumstances connected with it stamped it as genuine. Mrs. Netley was the only one whose suspicions were in the least aroused, and her invidious remarks concerning the latter were easily attributed to her fear of losing her pet, upon whom she had lavished the accumulated affections of years.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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DR. S. R. JENKINS,

Physician and Surgeon,

Office at Residence of Dr. Jenkins,

PRINCE STREET.

Charlottetown, Jan. 28, 1885—1y

PARSONS' PILLS

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Parsons' Pills contain nothing harmful, are easy to take, and cause no inconvenience. One box will do more to purify the blood and cure chronic ill health than $5 worth of any other remedy yet discovered. If people could be made to realize the marvelous power of these pills, they would walk 100 miles to get a box if they could not be had without. Sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Illustrated pamphlet free, postpaid. Send for it; the information is very valuable. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.

Make New Rich Blood!

MARK WRIGHT & CO

1886. —ARE— 1886.

Better prepared than ever before to give the BEST VALUE in every description of

FURNITURE,

All manufactured on their premises by first-class workmen, and warranted second to none.

They have in stock **3,000 CHAIRS** of various designs, and will sell them at prices to suit the hard times.

LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS, TABLES, WASHSTANDS, LOOKING-GLASSES, MATTRASSES PICTURES, MOULDING, PARLOR SETS, BEDROOM SETS,

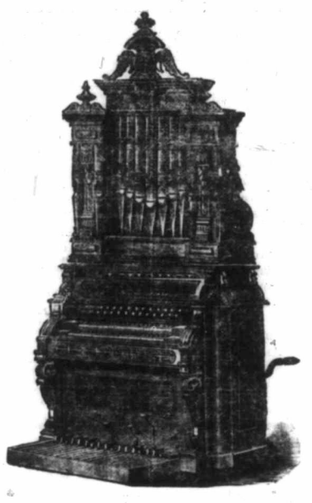
and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention.

☞ Remember we cannot be undersold.

Undertaking Department a Specialty.

MARK WRIGHT & CO.

Kent Street, Charlottetown, Jan 4, 1886



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—TO BE HAD IN—

PIANOS, ORGANS,

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Sewing Machines,

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Queen Street, - - Charlottetown.

CALL and be convinced that they keep the LARGEST and BEST STOCK of the above line of Goods in the Maritime Provinces.

PIANOS in price from $250 to $500.
ORGANS in price from $75 to $200.
SEWING MACHINES from $5 to $60.

A REPAIR SHOP in connection, where all kinds of Repairing will be promptly attended to.

MILLER BROTHERS,

QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN,

Dealer in Pianos, Organs & Sewing Machines.

Charlottetown, Sept. 8, 1886.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

IS called to the fact that all Amounts due the late firm of

BEER & SONS

will very shortly be put into the hands of an Attorney for collection. Those desirous of settling had better do so AT ONCE, at the Old Stand, KING SQUARE.

Charlottetown, Dec. 8, 1886—4w

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GET THE BEST.

BOOK-KEEPERS, Accountants and Teachers pronounce the

Charlottetown Business College Pen

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Be sure and ask your Stationer for the Charlottetown Business College Pen, and if he is sold out, write direct to the College, and a quarter gross will be mailed you upon receipt of letter containing 35 cents.

Try them and you will use no other.

Charlottetown, Dec. 8, 1886—tf

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A SPECIALTY.

THE undersigned, wishing to thank his many friends for their patronage during the past twenty-five years, begs to leave to intimate that he is now prepared to execute all work entrusted to him with neatness and despatch.

Painting and Repairing done at bottom prices, and all work warranted first-class.

New and Second-hand American Buggies, Carryalls, &c., always on hand.

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W. J. FRASER.

Late of the firm of McKinnon, Fraser & Co.

Dec. 1, 1886—6w

JAMES H. REDDIN,

Barrister-at-Law, Solicitor,

—AND—

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Has removed to the office adjoining that of R. R. FitzGerald, Esq., Cameron Block.

☞ MONEY TO LOAN.

October 13, 1886—3m