

per, her hands were clasped over her head. But it was the voice and gesture of a young, passionate woman. "Into that house? I'll never cross the threshold while I'm living. It's just a step across the ma'ash, I'm knows," appealing to Jeremiah, "but it's nigh sixty years since I put my foot in it. I've never forgot that I was Josiah Perot's wife. There's them waitin' for me there as Josiah never could abide. But when I'm dead—" She threw out her arms with a sudden indescribable gesture of freedom. "I'll have done with Josiah Perot when I'm dead."

C— drew me away, and we hurried homeward. Glancing back, we could see the woman standing in the doorway; her back was turned towards us, looking into the sea.

It was a gusty, chilly afternoon. Spectral whitish drifts of fog were blown inland across the marshes. The sun went down in an angry glare which foreboded ill; and then the night fell suddenly, unusually dark, full of shrill whistles of the wind through the swamps and the threatening roar of the sea.

We had, however, I remember, a comfortable hot supper soon ready, and we closed the curtain and heaped up the fire in the living-room to shut out the darkness and strange noises without.

When supper was over and Captain Holdcomb was seated with his pipe in the chimney-corner, we urged him to tell us the story of Priscilla without reserve.

"There's not much to tell," he said. "She was born in this house, and married Josiah Perot well on in life; and if Josiah was a bit stupid he was a steady, God-fearin' fellow; and that's more than could be said of any Whyne that ever lived."

"But before she married Perot?"

"Well, nothin' happened remarkable—unless," he added reluctantly, "that serious occurrence at Abner Whyne's death. I kin tell you about that," dropping into the singsong of an oft-told tale.

"Abner Whyne was this woman's father. He lived to be 104. He lived with his wife down to Sherk River, for the old people had give up this house to their da'ater Peggy, who married Sam Volk."

"Where was Priscilla?"

"Well, I might as well tell the whole on't. It was like this. She wa'n't like the rest on 'em. She wa'n't ez handsome as Peggy, but she was of a different sort, I've heard say—finer an' harder to please. She went up to York, and there she fell in with a Captain John Salterre, commanding a brig that run to the Mediteranean. He was a handsome fellow, 'cordin' to accounts, and of a high family—very different from the Whynes. Word came back that she was married to him, and next (that al'ays was the queer part of it to me) that he had sent her to school. Oh, I've heard my father say when she came back in 1812 she could speak one of them foreign tongues quite fluent. Her father al'ays set great store by Priscilla, though she never come anigh him. Peggy grew to be a humble, hard-workin' in middle age, and was a faithful da'ater. But, Lorn! he cared not a copper cent for her. It was all 'My da'ater Priscilla,' because she had made the grand marriage in New York. When her mother died down to Sherk River, Peggy war there. She said, 'Now, daddy thee must come along home to me.'—'I will not, Margaret,' he says. 'But thee must,' says she; 'thee cannot live here alone.' For he was then ninety-eight. 'I hev my lines to know,' says he. For he was a fisherman, thee knows. 'Very well, daddy,' says Peggy, 'thee can set the lines in the inlet jest as well as Sherk River.' Then she ups and backs his clock and his wooden chair (it's this one I'm sittin' on, only it had a sheep-skin cover on then) and his tea-kettle and his fire-dogs, so's he might feel at home, and she fixed them all up in this hyar room back of me." Jeremiah, with his staff, pushed open the door into the half-ruined chamber behind him. The log walls had fallen to decay half a century ago, but there was the fireplace with rusted irons on the hearth—the very fire-dogs he had mentioned, perhaps.

"This was his room, he could do as he pleased in it. He used to sit by the door yander, his old deaf yaller dog Turk lyin' atween his knees, both on 'em a-lookin' out at the sea hour in an' hour out. He lived on here with Peggy for six year. In that time no word came from Priscilla. He used to talk about her and her grandeur to the men a-fishin', but we all knowed it was jest his notions, for she never sent him a letter or made a sign. I was a pert young lad then, rising sixteen. It's jest sixty year ago, last October, when one mornin' Peggy went in to get the old man's coffee for him. She al'ays made his bite of breakfast ready afore anything else. 'I'll have no coffee, Peggy,' says he. 'Is thee sick, daddy?' says she. For it was the first time he had ever refused his breakfast. As for sickness, he had never been sick an hour since any living man could remember, though as to his boyhood nobody was left on this yerth that remembered that. So Peggy was sort of stunned. 'Is thee sick?' she says. 'No; I never was better,' he says; 'but I'll eat naught, I tell thee.' So he fell asleep, and Peggy went out. But she could not tell me her work, she was that dazed. She told me she was mendin' Sam's nets that mornin' (Sam was her husband), and presently out comes daddy dressed and leanin' on his staff as usual. He sat down in his chair by the fire yander, and she brought him his breakfast and he ate it. About an

hour after Joshua Van Dorn came in, and he and Peggy talked of the blue mackerel, for there was a shoal of them in, and Sam had made a good haul that mornin'. Joshua was but a boy about twenty, but a strong, rugged fellow. Abner said nothin' to him until he was on his feet to go; then he says 'Joshua, Sam'll be out eel-fishin' to-night, and I want thee to come an' watch with me. I'll die to-night when the tide goes out.' Joshua thought it was jest his notions. 'All right, daddy!' says he, winkin' at Peggy. 'I'll come and watch with thee, and eat breakfast with thee too in the mornin'. Who'll I bring with me? Jeremiah Holdcomb?'—'Jeremiah'll do as well as another; it's the same to me. It'll not take a strong man to streak me,' says the old man; and he leaned, looking down at himself. For he was lean like Priscilla. The Whynes wear away with age. Peggy said he sot 'most all day by the door yander, looking out to sea. There's some think that old sea-farin' men has a wornin' from the water when their time's come. I dunno how that may be. But old Abner he sot lookin' out all day. When Sam come in he talked about the blue mackerel haul. Sam watched him keeful, but he couldn't see as there was aught the matter with him."

"Was no clergyman sent for?" demanded C—. "Did nobody remind him of the God that he was goin' to meet?"

Jeremiah looked up startled, chuckled and grew suddenly grave: "Nobody'd go to a Whyne with that sort of talk. I doubt of old Abner in all his hundred year had ever thought of a God, any more than his dog Turk hed. Him and Priscilla war jest alike. They belonged to this yerth. But as to their turnin' up agen in any other—I dunno; I reckon they won't," shaking his head dively.

"Go on with the story," said C—.

"Well, come evenin', Sam started out eel-fishin'. Daddy nodded to him. 'Good-bye, Sam Volk,' says he; 'I'll be gone before thee gets back.' Sam humoured him. 'Good-bye, daddy,' he says. 'Is there aught I ken do for thee afore I go?'—'No,' he says, 'no.' But he took Sam's hand and kept looking up at him. 'Onless,' he says, 'thee could fetch Priscilla hyar. I'd like to hev seen the girl afore I go. I hev it on my mind ther's somethin' she wants to say to me.'—'I can't do that, thee knows, daddy,' says Sam. 'For we all thought she was in foreign parts. But she'd been livin' in New York for four year, and that very night, as it turned out, she was on her way home in John Van Dorn's schooner."

"Well, Joshua and I come in to watch. We sent Peggy to bed at the usual time, 8 o'clock, for neither she nor we thought aught ra'aly ailed the old man. He took no notice of her when she went, nor of the children; he never could abide children. 'I'll make you some toddy, boys, to keep you awake,' he says; and we war willin'. There was not a man on the Jersey coast could brew toddy like old Abner. It was prime toddy that's a fact. He drank a bit, and then he went to bed (he wouldn't hev any help in ondressing), and when he was stretched out he whistled for old Turk, and the brute lay down across his feet. 'Good fellow!' he says, and he put his hand on the dog's head and straightened himself, and so went to sleep. About 10 o'clock Joshua called to me; he was standin' by the bed. 'Jerry,' says he, 'ther's a queer settin' in the old man's face, and his pulse is mighty low. Shouldn't wonder if he'd been in the right of it about himself, after all.'—'Shall I call Peggy?' I says. 'No,' says he; 'wait a bit.' But in a hour he says, 'Jerry, go and call Peggy.' So I called her. But what could we do? He was goin' out with the tide. He didn't move or speak, and his eyes were shet; he didn't hear Peggy or the children when they was cryin' about him. His breath got slowly thinner, and thinner, and his flesh colder. When Peggy called to him he took no notice, but the dog raised himself after a while on his fore legs and looked in his face and gave a howl. I declar' it skeert me, it was so like a human bein'. The old man stirred at that, and sort of smiled, and his lips moved as if to say 'Good fellow!' But he was too far gone to speak. Then it was all quiet. I opened the window yander' (pointing to the square opening in the ruined wall of the room outside), 'and I stood by it watchin' the tide go down, jest as you might be doin' now. And he lay on the bed hyar jest by the door. It was a clear night, and I could see the line of the white surf sinkin' lower and lower. I knowed by Peggy's face, leanin' over him, that he was goin' with it fast. At last the sea fell out of sight into darkness. Then I shut the window; I knowed it was all over. When I came up to the bed he was dead; Joshua was closin' his eyes. We folded his hands and straightened him. It seems to me but a few minutes till he was stark and stiff and dreadful cold. I remember Joshua said it was unusual, and was because there was so little blood in his body, but how that might be I dunno. We sot with him till the mornin'. Now, here's the curious part of the story. You'll likely not believe it, but I'll tell you word for word, just as it happened. An hour after Abner Whyne died his da'ater Priscilla come to the house. She had landed at the inlet, where the men war a-fishin', and Sam brought her over. She war not a very young woman, but she was like a lady—very fine appearing. She was greatly excited when she found her father dead, though she skercely spoke a word. 'You came too late,' says Peggy. 'You might have given him a deal of comfort. But you're too late.' I didn't know

before that Peggy war so bitter agen her.—'I must speak to him,' she said; and she tore off the sheet and put her hand to his heart. I could see her start when she felt the cold. 'Daddy!' she cried, 'daddy!'—'Let the dead rest, Priscilla,' says Peggy—'Go out, all of you,' she says, motionin' to the door. 'Let me have him to myself.'

"I went out, an' took Peggy. Priscilla kept a-cryin' in a low voice, 'Daddy! daddy!' I went outside—I was that cur'ous—and looked in the window. The dead man opened his eyes and sat up. 'Why did you bring me back?' he said. 'Why did you not let me alone, Priscilla? I was at rest.' She leaned over him, sobbin'. Presently he says, 'Is your husband here?' Then she whispered something. God knows what. But I reckon the whole truth was wrenched out of her. You can't lie to the dead. He sat up in the bed, and I saw him point with one hand to the door. 'Begone!' says he; 'you are no da'ater of mine.' She stood a mite, and then came out and ran a-past me, cryin', into the dark."

"Of course you only fancied that you saw the man alive through the window?" said C—.

"I dunno," said Holdcomb doggedly. "I de know as she has never crossed the doorway from that night, and that's sixty year gone. And," lowering his voice, "when we come back into the room the old man was dead and stark as we had left him. But he was sitting bolt upright in the bed."

"What do you suppose she had told him?"

"Oh, that soon come out. She never had been John Salterre's wife. A sort of shame had seized her at last, and she had left him and come home. She's lived hyar ever since. Four years later she married Josiah Perot, who was a heap better husband than she deserved. She married him for a home; she never could abide to work. But nobody ever thought she cared aught for him. The Whynes never forgot, and I believe she thinks of John Salterre at this minute, and keers for him jest the same as she did when she war a young girl."

"What became of him? Did he ever find her?" I asked.

Jeremiah hesitated: "I didn't mean to tell thee that. A year after her father died Salterre found out whar she was, and put off straight from New York on a schooner for this inlet. The schooner—the *Petrel* it was—struck the bar out yonder, and the crew was lost, Salterre and all. They war buried in the sand on the beach, jest whar they come ashore, 's the custom was."

The old man rose and began to put on his coat. We were not sorry to have him go. His ghastly story made us quite willing to close the door on the dilapidated apartment outside and turn our thoughts to cheerful matters.

For a week afterward the threatened nor-east storm kept us in-doors. The captain did not come to pay his daily visit, and we heard from a neighbour that he "was attendin' on Priscilla Perot, who was waitin' her call."

"Jerry's a main good doctor," she added. "But I doubt he'll not keep old Priscilla. She's bein' took off before her time; the Whynes live to a great old age. But they say she's been restless-like ever since she talked to thee about her young days in this house."

The storm continued to rage so heavily that it shut us in to an absolute solitude. Even the hardest fishermen did not venture out upon the beach. On the second night it abated. C— and I were sitting by the fire reading between 10 and 11 o'clock, when, finding that the beating of the rain upon the roof had ceased, I opened the door into the ruined room of which Holdcomb had told the story, and looked out. The wind had changed; the storm-clouds were driving to the east, and were banked on that horizon in a solid rampart; the moon shone out whitely on the surging sea and on the drenched marshes webbed with the swollen black lines of the creeks. The tide water had risen to an unprecedented height, and was within three feet of our door.

I called C— to look. "If the storm had lasted a few hours longer," I said, "the Whyne house would have gone at last."

We both stood in the doorway between the living-room, in which we had been sitting, and Abner Whyne's old chamber. The latter was clearly lighted by the moon and by the fire and lamplight in the room behind us. As I looked down through the broken wall to the marsh, C— pinched my arm, whispering, "Who is this?"

I turned. A small dark figure was crossing the beach, coming up toward the house. It came with such rapidity that before I had time to speak it stood in the outer doorway, and was in the room beside us.

"Priscilla," cried C—.

The woman had reached the spot where, as Jeremiah told us, her father had died. She halted there a moment. I saw her face as distinctly as that of C—, being about the same distance from both. It was Priscilla, and yet not Priscilla. The weight of age had dropped away. This was the creature which I had fancied still lived in the women, young, passionate, it might be wicked, but in no sense Perot's vulgar malignant widow.

She hesitated but a moment, and then passed through the back door into the garden, where the sand lay heaped by the storm in deep wet drifts. C— and I hurried after her, each with the same thought that the dying woman had become deranged and had escaped from her attendants with the wild fancy of reaching her old home. She suddenly flung out her arms

with a vehement gesture of triumph, and passed around a projection of the wall. We reached the spot in an instant. It was the place where mysterious heaps of brick were erected, one of which rose slightly above the sand. She was not there; sea and marsh and beach were utterly vacant.

We went into the house, and, I am bound to confess, we slept little that night.

Captain Holdcomb came early the next morning.

"The widow Perot is dead at last," was his first greeting.

"What time did she die?" asked C—.

"Last night at half-past ten o'clock."

C— rose, and going out beckoned the old man to follow her. "These are graves," she said, pointing to the heap of bricks. "Who were buried here?"

"I didn't keer to tell thee: I was afraid it might make thee uncomfortable. But—as thee knows so much—the crew of the *Petrel* was buried under them. That one which is part uncovered by the wind is whar Captain John Salterre is laid."

The old man never knew our reason for asking. There is my ghost-story, the only one for which I have never heard a rational explanation.

M. LAVALLÉE'S CANTATA.

A very large and fashionable audience assembled at the Skating Rink, Quebec, on Wednesday night to hear the rendition of M. Calixa Lavallée's grand cantata of welcome to their Excellencies.

The gubernatorial party occupied a spacious box, which had been specially prepared for their accommodation, and frequently applauded the different portions of the composition.

The solos were taken by Miss Wyse, Miss Carbray, M. Trudel and M. Laurent, and right nobly and artistically did they sing the music allotted to them. The orchestra, numbering one hundred and fifty performers, was well balanced and performed well. The choruses were in excellent harmony and time.

M. F. Jehin Prume, the eminent violinist, gave a splendid selection from "Othello," which was re-demanded. M. Prume well deserved all the praise heaped upon his execution.

M. Lavallée's Cantata, as a musical composition, is of great merit, and will become a favorite with our Canadian musicians.

SEASIDE HOTEL, RUSTICO BEACH, P. E. I.—This was formerly known as the Ocean House, and its proprietors are Messrs. John Newson & Son. This first-class house is run at moderate charges, and every attention is given to guests. A coach leaves Charlottetown every Wednesday and Saturday evening, calls for guests, returning every Thursday and Monday mornings. Arrangements have also been made to meet every train at Hunter River for passengers to the seaside.

HUMOROUS.

THERE is one thing that seems unaccountable to the average city fisherman, and that is, that an overgrown, awkward, saucy boy with a bean-pole for a fishing-rod and cotton twine for a line, will catch more fish than he with his fancy-jointed rod and fine silken line.

SOME persons have a great faculty for getting on in the world. The little shaver who stood at the foot of his class when we were schoolboys together now proudly guards the left field in some crack baseball club, and is playin' for a fielding average of 976.

THIS is the time of the year when the boy who has accidentally changed shirts with a companion, while enjoying the surreptitious swim, tells his mother, when she discovers the swap, that the other boy's mother took a fancy to his shirt and borrowed it as a pattern to make some shirts from for her little boy. Noble, unselfish little fellow!

IN a little town in Missouri a lady-teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question, "If you buy a cow for \$10—," when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Why, you can't buy no kind of a cow for \$10. Father sold one for \$60 the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

IN a primary school not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard, "Bird's-nest," and pointing to the hyphen asked the school, "What is that?" After a short pause a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out, "Plaze ma'am, for the bird to roost on."

A CHILD'S logic is not to be sneered at. His mind is keen enough to see the folly of much of the reasoning of his seniors. A little fellow in Connecticut asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was his shrewd suggestion in response, "you'd better take me now for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

A YOUTH, while having his hair cut last evening, asked the barber what he thought of his moustache. The barber said, "Bring it with you the next time you come, and I will give you my opinion."

Now the boy climbs up the trees,
And the verdant fruit doth seize,
And immediately the poison in his stomach camps,
And so do the fidgets and the colics and the cramps.

"Few things," says the New York Times, in a recent article on Caleb Cushing, "are more exaggerated than the amount of property men own." This is startlingly true. Only the other day we heard it reported on the street that we were worth a dollar and seventy-five cents, at an inside estimate, and could buy a pint of strawberries without feeling it. Let us say to our misinformed friends, while we are on this subject, that a man does not become a millionaire in journalism in ten years' time.

Subscribers removing to the country or the sea-side during the summer months, are respectfully requested to send their new addresses to our offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, and the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be duly sent to them.