

TO A WATCH

Good night, my gentle, trusty guide, While placing thee my watch beside, I know thou wilt not sleep tonight...

JANE BRENT'S FORTUNE

The Innkeeper's Crime.

CHAPTER I.

The lofty spire and quaint high turrets of the dim old cathedral towered brightly in the rays of the September sunshine.

Down the principal street of the quiet town lumbered a queer, old-fashioned chaise, to which was attached a superannuated white horse...

Adam Brownell, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.

"Is the master in?" inquired the old man, in a shrill voice, of the lad who stood near the office door.

"He is," replied the man in the white coat, and walked stiffly into the hall.

The lad hitched the horse to the post, and, throwing open the office door, announced in a loud voice:

"A gentleman, sir."

The office was a bare, but clean-looking room. The floor was carpetless, and the windows were without curtains...

A tall stout man stood near the door, and a heavy book case, filled with great leather-covered volumes, occupied one corner...

"You are a lawyer?" said the stranger, in an inquiring tone.

"I am."

"The voice of the attorney was clear, and the tone pleasant."

"My master is ill unto death, and has need of you. I am come to take you to him, and he bids me say that no fee you may ask will be too much if you will only come."

"The counsellor looked at the servant man with a smile."

"And pray, who may your master be?" he asked.

"He is John Marsh, of Marshmellow Hall, and that prays shall be said for one month in the chapel for my departed soul."

"JOHN MARSH, gentleman."

"SARAH AUSTIN, { witness. ELAN PETERS, { witness."

"After it was duly signed, the lawyer drew the blotting paper off it, tied it up with a piece of red tape, and slipped the document with the purse of gold in his pocket."

"He secured the necessary articles, and leaving the office in charge of the boy, got into the chaise. The servant man fastened the horse, climbed up on the driver's box, and turned the animal in the direction of the street."

"The special bartender smiled gold-humoredly at the richest old vehicle jolted heavily over the road."

"It will be nothing less than a miracle if this old trap doesn't fall to pieces ere long, and spill me out on the ground," he thought, as they began the descent of a steep hill, and the heavy top of the conveyance swung noticeably from side to side.

"The chaises were long and dark on the road, and the purple twilight began to steal softly over the green earth, ere they came in sight of the Hall."

"The gray walls towered up blackly against the sky, and the high, irregular roof frowned grimly down on the occupants of the old chaise."

"Brownell could scarcely repress a shudder as the servant man showed him in."

"Please look him straight up to his master's room, and opening the door, ushered him into the apartment."

"You are awfully late, whilst the sick

man, as Peters approached the couch. 'I told you to hurry.'"

"And so I did; but the horse was poor and old, and I could not make him go faster," replied Peters, in a cringing tone, smoothing the hand lying on the counterpane. 'I have fetched a lawyer—Adam Brownell!'"

"Adam Brownell?" repeated Marsh, in a musing tone. "Oh, yes, I remember! Adam Brownell, come here."

The barrister stepped forward, and looked calmly down into the face on the pillows before him. The broad forehead was wrinkled and drawn; the once luxuriant hair was now thin and white, and the proud, scornful eyes were becoming glassed with death. John Marsh was slowly but surely peering the dark, deep waters. Even now the pale ferryman was waiting to ferry him across that silent sea, and the barrister knew that what was to be done must be done quickly, or it would be too late.

"The eyes of the dying man scanned him eagerly."

"How long, think you, I shall live?" he asked.

"Brownell hesitated."

"The truth, man—the truth!" cried Marsh, impatiently.

"Thus adjured, the counsellor replied: 'Fifteen minutes—perhaps twenty—but not over a half hour.'"

Marsh groaned.

"Get your paper, man! I must have it done, and that speedily!" he cried out, with a sudden burst of vehemence, clutching the bedclothes tightly. 'The will must be made.'"

Adam drew up the writing desk, and turning the night lamp, dipped '44 pens in the ink and wrote out the usual formula of a will. Then he paused.

"I, John Marsh, of Marshmellow Hall, being of sound mind, do hereby give and bequeath to my servant man, Peters, the sum of ten pounds, to be used as he shall see fit," dictated Marsh, in a distinct voice.

"To my maid, Sarah Austin, I give and bequeath the sum of twenty pounds, for her own private benefit."

Then there was silence. The dying man was evidently considering a point in his own mind.

"To my companion, Estace Ingerol, I give the sum of one hundred pounds, and the black horse, then, in return for his services. Moreover, he shall have the diamond ring now on my hand, and the collection of books in the library. The thing shall be taken from my finger as soon as I am dead, and placed upon his own, and he shall wear it ever, in memory of his dead friend, John Marsh."

There was a slight rustling of the heavy curtains, and the sheep cuts of the quiet barrister detected something that sounded suspiciously like an oath.

He looked up, but save the presence of the servant man, he was alone with his client.

"The rest and residue of my effects, consisting of Marshmellow Hall, and the sum of one hundred thousand pounds in bank, with my blessing, I fully and freely give to my only relative, Jane Brent, or if she be dead, to her heir or heirs, to be held by her or them, now and forever more."

Moreover, as I am not aware of the present whereabouts of the said Jane Brent, I set aside a purse of gold, containing one thousand pounds, now in the upper drawer of my writing desk, to be used by Adam Brownell, Barrister, in discovering my lawgiver's heir or heirs. Advertisements shall be inserted in all the leading papers of the United States and Canada, and whosoever shall be the first to bring to the said Adam Brownell reliable information of the said Jane Brent or heirs, shall have paid to him or her, as the case may be, a no less amount than fifty pounds."

However, after the expiration of two years and a day, if the said Jane Brent or heirs fail to make their appearance, and there be no news of them whatever, I declare it to be my wish that my friend, Estace Ingerol, shall thereafter claim and receive for five years all rents and interest money that shall accrue from Marshmellow Hall, and the bank account, to be used by him as he shall best please."

Moreover, if after the lapse of five years and the said heir or heirs are not yet found, the one hundred thousand pounds and Marshmellow Hall shall be claimed by the said Estace Ingerol, and the moneys and deeds be duly made over to him."

"Lastly, I desire that when I am dead, my body shall be properly embalmed and laid in the stone sarcophagus, now standing in the lower vault of Marshmellow Hall, and that prayers shall be said for one month in the chapel for my departed soul."

"JOHN MARSH, gentleman."

"SARAH AUSTIN, { witness. ELAN PETERS, { witness."

"After it was duly signed, the lawyer drew the blotting paper off it, tied it up with a piece of red tape, and slipped the document with the purse of gold in his pocket."

"He glanced at his employer. The cold sweat was standing out on his forehead, and his eyes were set, but his lips moved convulsively, as though even yet there was something more to be accomplished. The barrister bent his head low to listen, but the words were inaudible. Five minutes later, and the flickering rays of the night lamp shone dimly on the ghastly face of the dead. Brownell, with the assistance of the servant man, straightened the rigid limbs, closed the broad lid down over the wide staring eyes, and folded the thin hands above the quiet heart."

Then, summoning Ingerol, with noiseless steps he went out to the stable, and saddling a horse returned to town.

The lights were nearly all out, and the clock rang out the hour of twelve as he reached his office door. He sent the boy to the inn stable, and went into the house.

Placing the will and purse of gold in a small iron box, he put the key under his pillow and got into bed.

"Stagnant," muttered the barrister, as he dropped to sleep, "very singular that so rich a man as John Marsh should live so poorly, and die almost alone, as he has lived and died."

CHAPTER II.

Left alone with the dead, Ingerol turned down the sheet and looked carefully at the rigid face of his late friend.

A sneer curled his thin lips as he noticed the diamond ring that glittered brilliantly in the lamp light, and raising the stiff hand, he jerked the sparkling gem from its resting place, and fitted it on his own finger with a smocking laugh.

"It's worth a cool five hundred," he muttered, "and I'll take it now. Oh, the misery spirit that bequeathed me only a hundred pounds, when a sea of yellow gold lay stored away in bank. To think that I have served through all these thirteenth years for so paltry a sum as that! And Jane Brent, some two thousand odd acres at least, inherits all these Marshmellow lands, and the hundred thousand pounds besides!"

Ingerol ground his teeth with rage.

"Two years and a day must elapse ere I receive the rents and interests—and not then I have Jane Brent appears. May the Lord have taken her home many a year ago, leaving behind no child to claim the mother's due, and so cheat me from my just reward!"

Up and down the room he paced, all un-mindful of the long, stark figure, whose outlines were sharply defined under the white sheet—planning, hoping, and fearing—all at once.

"But something will surely happen to send Jane Brent here," he cried bitterly, throwing himself into the arm chair. "Oh, that I had the power to suppress the advertisements, then all would be well. A thousand curses on Adam Brownell ere he sends the fatal reward to print."

So he raved until morning; and then, having a care for his personal appearance, he summoned Peters to sit with the dead master, while he bathed his face and hands and refreshed himself with a quiet stroll.

The embalmers came up from the city, sent out by the command of the barrister, the funeral service was read the next day, and the body was placed in the stone coffin in the vault.

When all was over Brownell gave the keys of the house into Ingerol's keeping.

"They are yours until we find Jane Brent," he said with a smile, as Ingerol reached out his hand to receive them.

"I know—I know," returned Estace, bitterly. "She shall have her own when she comes."

Time passed on, and throughout the Canada the lawyer was busily searching for the missing heiress, and hardly an American paper appeared but what had, in a conspicuous position, the advertisement:

ESTACER INGEROL.

The above reward will be paid in gold to any person, male or female, who will send to the undersigned the address of Jane Brent, sister of the late John Marsh, gentleman, or of her child, the address of her heirs.

ADAM BROWNELL, Barrister, Queensgate, Bdg.

Ingerol read inwardly as he saw the starting notice; but he was powerless to suppress it, and forced to submit to the tide of circumstances as best he could.

Six months passed, and yet Brownell got no tidings of the one they were seeking. He hit his lips and looked grave, but was not discouraged.

Ingerol, as weeks glided by, gathered hope. Five-and-twenty years had gone since all trace of Jane Brent was lost. What might not have occurred in that long time?

"The old Hall, when once he came in possession of the yellow gold, now idly lying in his pocket, should glow with splendor. The ill-kept garden should be one of undulating fragrance, and the old wine now tightly corked in the damp wine vault below, should flow like streams of crimson gore, at the wish of happy guests. He would travel over Europe, and drink in the intoxicating loveliness of Italy. The gay French capital should serve his glowing tastes, and then he would curl his fevered limbs in the holy air of Palestine."

Life should be no one long-gilded dream, and when death came, he would go out of the world with all the pomp and splendor that the most fashionable and artistic undertakers could devise.

Five years he must wait for his hundred thousand pounds; and the only event which could occur in the meantime to dash his glittering air-castle to the ground would be the untimely appearance of Jane Brent.

He thought of her the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. The passing stranger was looked at with a jealous eye, and the occasional letter he received was opened with a sudden pang, lest it should contain tidings of the owner of Marshmellow Hall.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"My dear," said Rattler, at the tea-table, looking up from his evening paper, "this French-China trouble looks serious." "Yes," answered Mr. R., "bridge broke the handle off my sugar bowl to-day, but I didn't think you would notice it so soon."

Said the gilded youth: "What's the use of my licking against the price my tailor sets on a suit of clothes? I used to do it, but one day, after I had argued a couple of hours with him, I suddenly thought that it was a ridiculous waste of time, as I should never pay the bill."

"Poor boy!" said a lady, as she took out her purse to give the little beggar some change. "Yes, I am a poor boy," said the young rascal, squeezing a tear out of his eye, "and have four sick mothers to support." The lady put back her purse, shook her head, and walked sadly away.

A nervous man, whose life was made miserable by the clattering of two blacksmiths, prevailed on each of them to remove by the offer of a liberal pecuniary compensation. When the money was paid down, he kindly inquired what neighborhood they intended to remove to. "Why, sir," replied Jack, with a grin on his phiz, "Tom Smith moves to my shop, and I move to his."

Horace Greeley used to tell this story. He once sent a claim for collection to a Western lawyer, and, regarding it as rather a desperate demand, told the attorney if he collected it he might reserve half the amount for his fee. In due time Mr. Greeley received the following laconic epistle: "Dear Sir,—I have succeeded in collecting my half of the claim. The balance is hopeless."

AGRICULTURAL.

Apple trees which make much wood and bear no fruit should be severely pruned just now. This will force a growth of fruit-buds in place of wood-buds, and this can only be done by checking the growth of wood. The pruning should be done by cutting out all unnecessary growth, but especially by shortening this year's growth to one-third. All the rigor of the tree is then turned to the buds on the old wood which become fruit-buds, which will bear next year. Also give each tree a dressing of lime.

The time and manner of sowing grass seed depends upon the character of the soil. If it is rich and clean, the seed may be sown now, with no preparation but through harrowing. If the soil is not rich, it might be better to wait until the Spring, harrowing the soil thoroughly several times to kill the weeds until Winter. If a dressing of wood ashes is given and harrowed in, it will be useful. In the Spring, as early as possible, the ground is well harrowed and the seed is sown at once on the soft, mellow soil, and will over itself sufficiently.

It is not advisable to set milk in a well, the water of which is used for drinking; it is almost impossible to avoid spilling some milk now and then, and that will soon make the water foul. In taking up the cans the cream is disturbed and that is injurious. It would be better to have a refrigerating creamery—as the Cooley—in which the deep pails are set, and change the water two or three times until the milk is cooled down, when it will change but very little in 24 hours, as the box is non-conducting. It is not necessary to cool the milk previous.

For an April colt which has lost its dam, the following feed would be judicious: Let it run at pasture while the weather is fine, but take it up when it is stormy and cold. In addition to the pasture give it some ground or crushed oats. Begin with a little nibble from the hand twice a day, and gradually increase as the feed is found to be beneficial, until it gets a pint at a time. This will do until the cold weather comes, and the colt must be fed on hay. Then, if it is found to be constive, add half a pound of linseed daily to the food, give the best of hay, and gradually increase the oats and add a little corn as the colt grows.

The Langshan fowls are a comparatively new breed. They were brought from Northern China about a dozen years ago, and have been fully tested as to their value. They are large-bodied fowls with feathered legs and single comb, but differ quite from the black Cochins in the color of the legs, which is black, and the shade of their plumage, which is jet black with golden yellow reflections, and the color of their skin, which is white. The breed is very hardy and prolific, and has become very popular; formerly it has not been plentiful, but so many breeders have taken hold of it that it is now cheap enough to become available to the man who keeps poultry for profit. The Fall is the best time to begin keeping poultry, and it is best to procure young birds, for one pair of hens will lay 300 eggs, which may all be hatched by common hens, and will thus pay many times better than buying eggs.

Random Notes.

"I saw you coming out of a bar-room the other day," remarked a lady to a gentleman. "You wouldn't have me stay there all the time, would you?"

"Don't be going to the funerals of your patients," said a physician's wife to her husband. "It looks too much like a tailor carrying home his own work."

"Oh, pa," said a young lady, "why don't you get fir trees? It would be economical to raise our own furs, and then we could raise whatever kind we wish."

A Yankee invalid soon gets well in Florida. "I guess I am well enough to start for home this afternoon," he generally says, at sight of the first week's hotel bill.

A jolly old doctor said that people who were prompt in their payments always recovered in their sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to lose them. A good hint and a sensible doctor.

"I tell you what we will do," said Penderon—"let's go into the newspaper business; you furnish the money and I'll furnish the brain." "Agreed," said Fogg. "If we both put in our whole capital we shall have the satisfaction to know that we can never lose anything."

Said a reporter to a young lady: "I have become so proficient in writing up things that I can even write about nothing." "Yes, indeed," he went on, "I could even write about you." The reporter has not the slightest idea why the young lady has cut his acquaintance.

A wit was awfully bored by a stupid fellow who persisted in talking to him on natural history. "There's the oyster," at last said the bore; "what's your notion as to the idea that the oyster is possessed of lungs?" "I think it may be true," said the wit; "because the oyster knows enough to shut its mouth."

A fine young girl, in turning swiftly on his heel, ran his head against a young lady. He put himself in a position to apologize. "Not a word," said the quick-witted beauty; "it isn't hard enough to hurt anybody." The oxtroop frowned, and the young lady smiled and curtsied as gracefully as an angel.

"Do you ever have a sort of lassitude feeling just after dinner, a kind of creeping tiredness all over, and a desire to sit down and rest for a year or so?" asked the man on the soap-box. "Well, yes," said the man on the mackerel-barrel, "only the feeling comes over me earlier in the day. It strikes me sooner after breakfast."

A foreigner, writing an account of his travels in England, expatiated in eloquent terms on the high respect shown there by young people to their parents. "A son," he alleged, in proof of his assertion, "never leaves his father in the family terms common to other countries, but in certain cases always to speak of him under the dignified title of 'governor.'"

WE WANT

THE PEOPLE

TO KNOW

THAT WE

HAVE THE

Best Assortment of

DRUGS

In the City,

AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

PRASER & REDDIN.

July 11, 1883.

If and It

"If you are suffering from poor health, or languishing on a bed of sickness, take HOP BITTERS. If you are simply 'ailing,' or if you feel weak and dispirited, or if you are suffering from indigestion, HOP BITTERS will surely cure you."

"If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a Mother, or a laborer weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters, toiling over midnight work, HOP BITTERS will surely strengthen you."

"If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, or indigestion or diarrhoea, or if you are young and growing, or if you are old, HOP BITTERS will surely cure you."

"If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, or a sufferer from malaria, or intermittent fevers, or if you are suffering from a general debility, HOP BITTERS will surely cure you."

"If you are suffering from a general debility, or a sufferer from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill."

"If you are waiting away with any form of chronic disease, stop tampering with death this moment, and turn for a cure to HOP BITTERS."

"If you are sick with that sickening nervousness, or a general debility, or a sufferer from a general debility, HOP BITTERS will surely cure you."

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L. E. PROWSE

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L. E. PROWSE,

Sign of the Great Hat, 74 Queen Street, August 8, 1883—yr

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D. A. Bruce's,

A FULL SUPPLY OF

CLOTHS,

Offered by the YARD or made to ORDER, at the Lowest Prices, consistent with good workmanship.

—ALSO—

Gents' Furnishings,

A LARGE STOCK OF

HATS and SHIRTS,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

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165 Cases and Bales English, and 60

Cases and Bales Canadian and

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Our Stock will be found complete in all departments, and will be kept constantly replenished throughout the summer. We invite the inspection of Cash Buyers.

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