

A CITY PASTORAL.

Look down, white summer moon, look down
From out the place of starry quiet...

JANE BRENT'S FORTUNE.

The Innkeeper's Crime.

CHAPTER XV (CONTINUED).

At that instant the wolf sent up a prolonged howl...

'Come back, Jane Brent,' she cried, loudly. But the fugitive replied by a clear ringing laugh...

'Not I,' she cried, mockingly. 'My life would pay the forfeit were I to return, and after this year of lonely prison life, liberty seems doubly sweet.'

Mrs. Dykman ran down to the landing, and redoubled her shouts, but her efforts to reach her prisoner were of no avail.

In a short time the tall towers and sombre walls were lost in the distance, and like a solitary speck her boat rode over the quiet waters, alone.

She rowed until nearly morning, and then finding she was near a heavily wooded shore, she looked sharply for some place where she could push into, and find a place of concealment for herself and her boat.

Finally, she discovered a small cove, overshadowed by large trees whose great limbs reached far out over the water, and resuming her oars, Jane shot the boat into it and stepped out on the shore.

Pulling the skiff up as well as she could, she covered it with boughs and dead leaves, and then searched for a secure hiding place for herself.

She found it in the form of two immense trees growing so closely together that the inner side of each was slightly curved, leaving a space sufficiently large to hold her comfortably.

Spreading her thick cloak around her strange domicile, she opened her basket of provisions and ate heartily, after which she commended herself to the care of Heaven and lay down to sleep.

Can you tell me anything of the man Ingersol?

'Can you tell me anything of the man Ingersol? Did you ever have reason to suspect that there was foul play done; that, instead of perishing in the sea, your client, Jane Brent, was murdered at Ingersol's instigation?'

The addressee of the question started the lawyer. 'I have thought all that not right, but I never fancied he had put her out of the way.'

'My suspicions were aroused long ago and there has been foul play. We have only to arrest Ingersol and his accomplices, and convict them not only of the death of Captain Blane and the mate, but also of the murder of Jane Brent. I myself will immediately see that the papers are made out for their arrest.'

'Where is he now?' 'He went yesterday to Marshmellow. I think he intends to remain a week or more. I will get the necessary documents, and we will cage him directly.'

'After a little more conversation Evlin returned to the hotel, and Brownell went busily hunting the minions of the law. The next morning, accompanied by the barrister and a couple of officers, Evlin went up to the Hall, but to their chagrin they found Ingersol had left the day previous for Wolden Waste, and would not be back for several days.'

'You may remain here,' said Evlin, impatiently, 'but I will ride down there and perhaps capture the miscreant and bring him to you' and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed madly away.

He rode rapidly, and ere noon on the succeeding day he reached the lake. It was Brownell had told him. There rolled the broad, fair expanse of water, but he was without means of crossing it.

Dismissing from his horse he hitched the faithful beast in the shadow of a thicket, and walked down by the water's edge. A gay laugh came ringing over the waves, and stepping back and screening himself behind a tree, he looked in the direction from which the sound seemed to proceed.

He saw two men standing near the shore, talking the elder of whom presently got into a skiff, saying, as he shoved off: 'Good-by, Ingersol.'

The younger turned in Evlin's direction, and as he came nearer he was so close that Evlin could have touched him with his hand. At last, unable to longer contain his rage, the surgeon suddenly confronted him.

'Kiss me, midnight assassin! what have you to do with Jane Brent?' he cried, in a terrible voice, swinging his heavy riding-whip high in the air.

Dark locks that covered his face, was about to apply the wine to his mouth.

The jug slipped from her hand, and with eager, wild eyes she devoured the contents before her. The face was white, and rigid as marble, but there was none other like it in all the world.

'It is he!' she cried, clasping her fingers tightly, the happy tears streaming over her cheeks. 'Dr. Evlin, awake!'

Evlin opened his eyes again and she placed the wine to his lips. He slipped it, revived and sat up. 'I knew you would come some day, but I have waited a long time,' she panted, clutching her fingers spasmodically.

The tones of her voice were familiar to him. They reminded him of one whom he knew across the ocean. He looked at her strangely.

'Who are you that you should expect me? Push back your hat that I may see your face,' he said, authoritatively. The color surged over her face, making her alternately white and crimson as she obeyed.

A faint cry escaped him. 'It is, it must—it cannot be.' He could not articulate the words.

'I am Jane Brent,' smiled she. Then despite his protest, this wonderful surgeon, this crusty, bearded, this hater of women, seized her lovingly in his arms and kissed her with passionate vehemence.

'I have found you after all! Why did you let me leave Rockhill? Or if you had come with me all our troubles would not have been.'

With something of his old petulance, he cried, hoily: 'I did come with you. I saw you every day on board the ship. I watched you, took care of you, and when the storm came up I fed you, and you returned my care with scorn. For kindness you gave me insolence. What else could I do? Poorly, Miss, you slammed the door in my face on more occasions than one.'

'Jane stood before him, her lips apart, her eyes distended. 'Then you are the—the last man?' she panted.

Evlin nodded. 'I was Roger Doddworth, merchant, from New York, bound for Liverpool.'

Deserted Farms.

There is something sadly touching in the words a "deserted farm." One thinks of a deserted home, of sunken loving ties, of deserted aged parents left to mourn in loneliness, to die in solitude, to owe to strangers the last kind offices which naturally belong to the husband and to be borne sadly from the homestead to the grave, in the old churchyard where in time the stone or the monument decays and falls down a wreck, like the old homestead, which gradually falls into ruin.

The barn is leaning all awry, and the big doors swing back and forth as the wind sweeps through the yard, and the rusty hinges make their sad complaint as they groan painfully with every movement.

There are no fields any more. The old road past the orchard is grown up with shrubbery, among which the red fruit hangs, and while drops dead upon the rank ground. The trees are hidden by the tangled sprout, and as one creeps among them the old fence, rotted down, is found under a mass of briars and dead leaves.

A new growth of forest trees covers the fields, where the old hills of the last crop still remain as the only relic of the former cultivation. It is a sad, dreary, melancholy thing.

Why is it? Where are those who were born under the old roof and who first learned to use the plow in these overgrown fields? What new love hath them to forsake the old, to leave home and parents and seek new scenes of labor? Gone West. This is the ready reply every where. All gone West. To better their condition and their fortunes. Have they done it? Some may have, but many have not. Thousands regret the ties which bind them to their native homes. Thousands would return if they could. Perhaps the never-ending incurable restlessness which afflicted them in their youth still afflicts their middle age.

From West to West they have gone on, and now there is nothing beyond. The limit has been reached. It was a wonderful thing to see the just completed Northern Pacific Railroad from the two engines, one from the East, and one from the West, touching as they met on the track. Thus far thou shalt go, but no farther. Here was the point where the two great waves which have been rolling westward since the dawn of time, the one from the East and the other West, met and came into conflict. The great Western pilgrimage has reached its culminating point and the tidal wave will begin to flow backward, and soon these dead, deserted farms will rise and smile again. The boom of mother earth is still warm and the soil will be as prolific as before. It is not to say the land is worn out. Land cannot be worn out. It is an inexhaustible quantity of fertility as the great ocean is of moisture. The heat and the winds take up millions of tons of water from the ocean and this is carried over the land, but while this exhaustion is going on, myriads of streams and rivers are pouring back into its vast depths not only the borrowed moisture but an inexhaustible quantity of added matter as interest on the loan. In like manner the soil is producing an uncountable quantity of vegetable growth which takes from it its substance, and this is scattered abroad. But as all waters come from the sea and return thither again, so every particle of this matter taken from the soil is returned; it may not be to the precise spot from which it was taken, but as the atmospheric currents pass over the soil and the "clouds drop their fatness," the earth regains what is loaned, with interest upon it. And as the ocean can never be exhausted, it is the poor, unskillful use we make of it which makes us fail to reach the wealth which is hidden in it, and the exhaustive methods of our culture have only been encouraged by the ease with which new fields could be reeled, upon which the old system could be practiced. As population becomes more dense, we must cultivate the soil with more care and skill, and then those widowed farms will give up their weeds and smile again under the wailing of another race of husbandmen.

Random Notes. A Georgia man claims to have a cow that is one hundred years old. People who think that cows cannot attain that age have only to get and call for roast beef at a Georgia hotel.

The woman who put her tongue to a hot iron to see if it was hot, now sits calmly and sees her husband pull off his boots on the parlor carpet without a word of dissent.

There was a reward offered the other day for the recovery of a large leather lady's travelling bag. Whether the "large leather lady" has got it back has not been stated.

It is the Same Old Story.—Two Illinois farmers had a dispute about the boundary line of their farms. The dispute is now settled, and so are the lawyers—on their farms.

COAL! COAL!

IN STORE, AND WILL BE SOLD CHEAP.

APPROXIMATE, EGG & CHRISTMAS SIZES, BEST QUALITY.

PICTO ROUND & NUT, Albion Slack,

(For Blacksmiths' use, good), SYDNEY OLD MINES

—AND— Gowrie Mines Round.

CAPT. JOHN HUGHES, Water Street, Charlottetown, Ang. 15, 1883—3m

ROYAL READERS

—AND— OTHER SCHOOL BOOKS,

—ON SALE AT THE— STANDARD BOOKSTORE,

S. T. NELMES, Charlottetown, August 29, 1883—2m

W. E. Dawson & Co.

OFFER FOR SALE

400 kegs Cut Nails (assorted), 400 boxes Glass,

6 tons White Lead, 30 casks Linseed Oil, 300 rolls Tar Paper and Felt,

30 barrels Pitch, and a full stock of BUILDERS AND PAINTERS' SUPPLIES,

—AT— Lowest Prices for Cash.

W. E. DAWSON & CO., Corner Great George and Kent Streets, and "Sign of the Padlock," Queen Street, October 3, 1883—1f

FARMING TOOLS, &c., A LARGE STOCK,

AT LOWEST PRICES. MACHINE, SWEET AND OLIVE

OILS, THE CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.

W. E. DAWSON & CO., Corner Great George and Kent Streets, and "Sign of the Padlock," Queen Street, October 3, 1883—1f

JUST RECEIVED

1 Car-load Carriage Wood Stock, 2 Car-loads Londonderry Bar Iron

W. E. Dawson & Co. October 3, 1883—1f

LUMBER!

PEAKE'S NO. 3 WHARF, (M. P. Hogan's Old Stand),

100,000 feet Seasoned Pine, 1, 1 1/2, 1 3/4 and 2 inch, &c., &c., 100,000 do Hemlock, &c., &c., 100,000 do Spruce do., 100,000 do Shingles, 2x3, 2x5, 2x6, &c., 300,000 Cedar Shingles, No. 1, 300,000 Spruce do., 20,000 Brick, 10,000 Clapboards, Nos. 1 and 2.

Dressed Flooring, Scantling, Fencing, Cedar Posts, Rubber Deal, &c., and all other kinds of Lumber suitable for Building purposes. All the above to be sold cheap for cash. POOLE & LEWIS, Office—Peake's Wharf, No. 3. 3m—4p

Boston Steamers.

STEAMERS: Carroll, 879 tons, Capt. Brown, Worcester, 885 tons, Capt. Blankenship.

ONE of the above FIRST-CLASS STEAMERS will leave

Charlottetown for Boston, Every Thursday Afternoon, AT FIVE P. M.

PASSENGERS will find this the Cheapest and most pleasant trip to Boston. Accommodations on both steamers are splendid.

CARVELL BROS., Agents, Charlottetown, May 23, 1883.

NOTHING LIKE GOOD TEA!

Strong and Good Flavored Tea for sale by the pound, Half-chests, Caddies, and in 5-lb. tin boxes:

Just the thing for family use. Every package warranted excellent.

BEER & GOFF.

Charlottetown, Sept. 26, 1883.

The Prince Edward Island Agency

—FOR— FROST & WOOD'S

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

The undersigned has now on hand a complete stock of

PLOUGHS AND CULTIVATORS,

among which are 300 of the well-known Frost & Wood No. 8, which cannot be surpassed as a general purpose Plough, 100 of the No. 5 Plough, which is largely used in the Eastern part of the Island, and quite a number of Stubble Ploughs.

We are also Agent for the McKenzie Potato Digger, with either wood or iron beaters. Farmers should call and see those Implements before purchasing elsewhere. Satisfaction guaranteed. A full stock of Extras always on hand.

GEORGE R. STRONG,

Office and Sales Room, South Side of Queen Square, Charlottetown, Sept. 19, 1883—11i

MARK WRIGHT & CO.

ARE SELLING EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

Household Furniture,

WIRE MATTRESSES, BEDDING, &c.,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Factory and Warehouses, - - - Kent Street, New Warehouses, - - - 83 Queen Street.

In their undertaking department they have every description of BURIAL CASES, COFFINS, &c., full mounted, from \$6.00 each and upwards.

A large assortment of very fine mounting, shrouds, body dresses, &c., &c. HEARSE CHARGES VERY MODERATE. Charlottetown, Aug. 22, 1883—1 yr

The North British & Mercantile

FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Of Edinburgh & London—Established in 1809.

Subscribed Capital.....\$9,733,332 Paid up Capital.....1,216,666

TRANSACTS EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

FIRE, LIFE & ANNUITY BUSINESS

on the most favorable terms. Losses settled with promptitude and liberality.

FIRE DEPARTMENT. Reserved Funds (irrespective of paid up Capital) over \$5,000,000.00. Insurances effected at the lowest current rates.

LIFE DEPARTMENT. Accumulated Funds (irrespective of paid up Capital) over \$12,000,000.

Nine-tenths of the whole profits of the Life Branch belong to the Assured. Profits of previous quinquennium divided among Policy Holders, \$1,558,500.00.

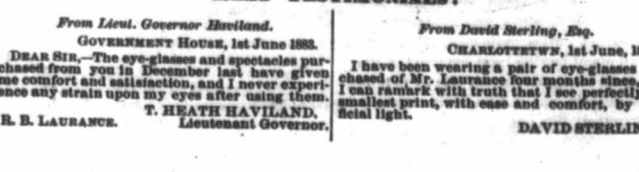
New and Reduced Premiums for the Dominion of Canada. Copies of the Annual Report, Prospectus, and every information, may be obtained at the Prince Edward Island Branch, No. 35 Water Street, Charlottetown.

GEO. W. DeBOIS, General Agent.

January 3, 1883—yr

THEO. L. CHAPPELLE,

Sole Agent for B. Laurance's Spectacles, for Prince Edward Island, Diamond Bookstore, 89 Queen Street, Charlottetown.



READ TESTIMONIALS: From Lieut. Governor Hamilton, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, 1st June 1883.

From David Sterling, Esq., CHARLOTTETOWN, 1st June 1883. DEAR SIR.—The eye-glasses and spectacles purchased from you in December last have given me comfort and relief which I never experienced any strain upon my eyes after using them.

I have been wearing a pair of eye-glasses purchased of Mr. Laurance four months since, and I can remark with truth that I see perfectly the smallest print, with ease and comfort, by artificial light. DAVID STERLING.

NEW SI

THE

PUBLISHER

ONE DO

IN

Macdonald Queen St Price

Advertisements

Contracted, will be

Business & Advertisements

Address all to

Macdonald Office,

RE

CALENDAR

New Moon 1st 4

First Quarter 8

Full Moon 15th

Last Quarter 22

New Moon 29th

DAY OF THE WEEK

Monday 1

Tuesday 2

Wednesday 3

Thursday 4

Friday 5

Saturday 6

Sunday 7

Monday 8

Tuesday 9

Wednesday 10

Thursday 11

Friday 12

Saturday 13

Sunday 14

Monday 15

Tuesday 16

Wednesday 17

Thursday 18

Friday 19

Saturday 20

Sunday 21

Monday 22

Tuesday 23

Wednesday 24

Thursday 25