

A CITY PASTORAL.

Look down, white summer moon, look down
From out the place of starry quiet;
See! where the red lights of the town
Shine through the midnight night.

JANE BRENT'S FORTUNE.

The Innkeeper's Crime.

CHAPTER XV. (CONTINUED.)

At that instant the wolf sent up a prolonged howl, and the inn-keeper's wife, springing out of bed, rushed to the window and saw her prisoner rowing off over the glistening lake as unconcernedly as if she had full permission so to do.

CHAPTER XVII.

Ingersol made his way home, moodily. He wondered much who the stranger was whom he had shot, and who had asked so pertinaciously what he had done with Jane Brent.

CHAPTER XVI.

Doctor Ervin, for you have long ago guessed his identity, started immediately for Queensgate, and called on the barrister, whom he found alone in his office.

'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 admission of the question startled 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 Ervin 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, Ervin 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 Ervin, 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.

'Then you are the—the last man?' she panted.

'I might have known it.'

'There is no time to be lost in regrets at what might have been. We must make all haste back again to Marshmellow Hall,' said Ervin.

'The horse neighed loudly as they came in sight of him. He was large and strong, and for a short distance would carry them easily. Mounting quickly they turned and rode in the direction of a house Ervin had seen on the hillside as he came down.'

'I don't know who you are or where you come from, nor do I know anything of Jane Brent; I only know that you are a vile and impertinent dog!' retorted Ingersol, loftily.

'The surgeon's heavy whip came smartly over the villain's eyes, and, maddened with rage, he drew his revolver, and ere Ervin could knock it from his hand there was a report, and with a wild cry the surgeon fell face downward to the ground, the blood running in a stream from a wound in his shoulder.'

'With livid lips, Ingersol sat down to recover himself.'

'But it was no time to linger. He would drag the body down to the lake and toss it in. He put his hand upon the heart. It was still.'

'The fool is dead, sure enough, but he deserved it!' he muttered.

'And gathering the body in his arms, he bore it to the water's edge, and with all his strength threw it in. Then turning hastily, he walked away.'

'Ervin fell with a dull splash into the shallow water, his hand resting on a bar of sand that extended into the lake.'

'From her hiding-place Jane Brent had seen the encounter, although she could not distinguish the words and witnessed the disposal of the body.'

'Dykhon long ago was out of sight. Ingersol had started on his return journey, and she determined to again get into her boat and continue her flight. Her close proximity to the dead man made further stay impossible.'

'Gathering up her cloak and basket, she uncovered her shawl, and taking up the oars, pushed off. Her eyes involuntarily turned shorewards as she went by.'

'As she did so she saw the lips of the supposed corpse flutter feebly, and his eyes open wearily; then he made an effort to rise.'

'Seeing that he was yet alive, she approached, unconscious that the man before her was he whom she had secretly acknowledged in her heart to be the king of men.'

'What is the matter with me?' he asked, faintly.

'You are shot,' a voice replied. 'I think Ingersol tried to kill you.'

'Oh, yes, I remember,' he said, sinking back on the sand, a full-red flush 'overspreading his face.'

'Falling the boat on the end of the bar, with her assistance Ervin was soon lying in the bottom of the skiff, and, taking up the oars again, she set it with steady sweeps over the boom of the lake.'

'He was lying on his side, his face partially concealed. She spoke to him, but he did not reply, and bending over him, she saw that he was in a dead faint.'

'She rowed for the further shore, and turned into a small cove. Then getting out her wine-jug, she knelt, and pushing back the

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. Ervin, awake!'

Ervin 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 youth, 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? Patiently, 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.

Ervin nodded.

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

'I might have known it.'

'There is no time to be lost in regrets at what might have been. We must make all haste back again to Marshmellow Hall,' said Ervin.

'The officers are there waiting to arrest Ingersol. Let us go to the landing yonder where my horse is hitched, and we will ride double until we reach the nearest house, where I can procure a vehicle of some kind.'

'The horse neighed loudly as they came in sight of him. He was large and strong, and for a short distance would carry them easily. Mounting quickly they turned and rode in the direction of a house Ervin had seen on the hillside as he came down.'

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Deserted Farms.

There is something sadly touching in the words a "deserted farm." One thinks of a deserted home, of a deserted loving wife, of a deserted aged parent 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.

'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 on the just completed Northern Pacific Railroad 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 over the land, and the other East, 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 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.

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APPROXIMATE, EGG & CHRISTMAS SIZES.

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SYDNEY OLD MINES

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Gowrie Mines Round.

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A LARGE STOCK,

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MACHINE, SWEET AND OLIVE

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THE CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.

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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, 3x3, 2x5, 2x6, &c.,

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300,000 Spruce do.,

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

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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.

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January 3, 1883—yr

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