

EDDY'S SEARCH
OR
A BRAVE BOY'S BATTLE.

THE HUNTED WIFE.

Had anything been needed to fill to overflowing the measure of Mrs. Burns' contempt and hatred for her persecutor, it was added when Hart Burgoyne, in his anger, and his desire to humiliate what he termed "her proud spirit," and to force her into submission, to his infamous will directed his confederates—Dr. Bullet, to resort to personal violence—

to apply the "strait jacket" to her. A little after ten o'clock, Dr. Bullet made his appearance at her door, attended by two stout women keepers. These chains, and bars were undone, and the Doctor with his assistants entered the lonely cell.

One of the women bore in her hand a large instrument of iron, known as the "strait-jacket." This was a vestment of stout, coarse-cloth, so made as to confine the wearer's arms tightly to the side like useless appendages. It was so contrived as to fetter every movement, and to allow scarcely room for breathing. It was in effect an actual coffin.

Mrs. Burns started up at the ominous entrance, and regarded her persecutors with dilating eyes.

"Do you feel any better, my dear Mrs. Burgoyne?" he inquired blandly.

Under the paternal necessity of adopting violent measures to quell your violent insanity, yet even now you can save yourself—

"By accepting that villain Burgoyne as my husband?" cried Mrs. Burns, in a passionate voice. "You know well that my husband is alive. Would you force me to commit bigamy—to accept this man I hate as my husband, while my true husband still lives? Villain! justice will yet overtake you!"

"Poor thing! She is even more delirious than usual," murmured the Doctor. "It will be a pity to confine that quietly in that strait-jacket, but we must yield to the painful necessity. Brigs may apply it."

The woman Brigs advanced upon the prisoner.

"With an inarticulate cry, Mrs. Burns bounded to the further corner, her blue eyes blazing, her white face pale and strange.

As she passed the toilet shelf, her dress caught in the standard of the lamp, hurling it to the floor.

The lamp was instantly broken. The fluid—kerosene—it had contained ran out upon the floor. The flames seized upon it, leaped over its surface and caught at the bed.

The catastrophe was so sudden as nearly to paralyze the Doctor. Yet he retained sufficient strength and presence of mind to intercept Mrs. Burns as she continued her flight past him to the door.

"Put out the fire!" he called to the woman, as he checked the tender, panting, figure in his arms.

The women strove to obey him, dashing upon the fire the small amount of water in the toilet pail. But the line of fire on the bare floor, and the smoke and flames now rising from the bedstead so terrified them as to render their efforts worse than useless.

"The straw tick's a-fire!" cried Brigs in a panic. "The straw is blazing. We shall all be burnt up!"

"Here, Brigs," yelled the Doctor, "and lock her in! Haste, run for the women keepers. Tell them to bring water. I'll see what I can do."

The women took up their skirts and leaped the lurid line of fire formed by the burning campfires upon the floor. Haste hurried away to summon keepers with water. Brigs seized the unhappy Mrs. Burns in a grip not less strong than the doctor's, opened her door and dragged the lady into the hall.

As they came out, a swift current of fresh air rushed in, and the dark cell was all ablaze. The flames shot their red tongues upward, licking the wall and seizing upon it.

"Water! water!" gasped the Doctor, pulling off his coat, and tearing frantically at the bed. "We shall have her burnt!"

Brigs dragged Mrs. Burns along the hallway in the direction of the dark cell. The lady proved a helpless dead weight. She has fainted! I suppose," muttered the woman "she may well faint. I would be in her skin, after this night's business, for all the money in New York city."

She gathered the lady up in her arms, and strode along the hall.

As they approached the wide staircase, the head of stairs, which they were obliged to pass, Haste came up at the head of three or four male keepers, each of whom was heavily burdened with water buckets, well filled.

Brigs set down her burden an instant to rest, and to look after the panic-stricken keepers.

At the instant she averted her head, Mrs. Burns sprang up. Her gown had been but a ruse. With a fleet step she flew down the staircase, bounding on her way like a scared deer.

Brigs saw her, and was instantly in pursuit.

Mrs. Burns comprehended that the crisis in her fate had come. On the one hand was torture—death; on the other, liberty, her husband and her son! Every nerve in her slight frame seemed turned to steel, and she forgot the danger of the women keepers. Mrs. Burns seemed to thrill through her veins and muscles.

On, on—the long staircase to the lower hall. As she sped through this, a loud rattle of clock hands upon a nail caught her eye. It belonged to one of the women keepers. Mrs. Burns seized it as she passed, with an instinct that she might need it. Gathering it up into her arms, she bounded on, not daring to pause even an instant in her mad flight.

The rear door of the asylum was open, as men had just left it after their hurried visit to the cistern for water. She darted out of this door, ran down the steps, and made for the rear wall, as Eddy had done weeks before, after his midnight visit to her.

The gap in the wall had been closed by a man. Mrs. Burns, as soon as she reached the garden, as Eddy had done

plunged through the gap, and found herself in the open fields belonging to the asylum. At this time the wretched Brigs found herself outdistanced. Mrs. Burns, speeding over her shoulder, she saw that Brigs had not emerged from the yard of the asylum.

The next moment, the buying of eggs, as Brigs understood them from their knowledge, came to her ears. With a gasping cry, she quickened her speed, moving onward like the wind.

She skirted the bit of woodland belonging to the asylum farm, crossed the garden and fields, and remembering that she had heard at some period that water destroys the scent of men or animals beyond the power of dogs to recover it, she made for Riverton Creek, pulled up her skirts to her knees, and sped down the treacherous stream, for the night was dark.

"Then she came out upon a hill overlooking Dr. Bullet's mad-house, and passed a moment to rest.

The right wing of the asylum was on fire, blazing and burning as if it had been a tinder. The red flames were burning out of the windows of the women's ward, and curling upward. Smoke issued from the windows of the floor above.

The village of Riverton was all excitement. The church bells were ringing out the wild alarm. "Fire! Fire!" The entire population seemed turning out into the streets, and taking its way up the hill and out to Dr. Bullet's asylum, eager to witness the spectacle of a mad-house on fire.

The baying of the dogs was no longer heard.

Mrs. Burns unfolded the cloak she had captured. It was a long dark circular apron, provided with an ample hood. She put it on, drawing the hood over her face.

"In this guise, I shall look like a woman who has been to see the fire," she thought. "And now, what am I to do?"

The question was one of terrible moment. In all Riverton she had not a friend who would believe in her sanity, or screen her from the pursuit of her wealthy, so-called "husband." Clearly she must fly.

She was penniless. Some few of her garments had been sent to her at the asylum by Mr. Burgoyne. All that she now owned in the world were the few articles of clothing yet remaining in Mr. Burgoyne's house, and the mortgage for four hundred dollars, representing the sum still due on her cottage, which she had secured in secret, previous to her ill-fated and fraudulently obtained second marriage.

Whatever the perils in her way, that mortgage must be procured. She must have money, or that which would bring money.

Having thus made up her mind she resumed her flight. Proceeding by a circuitous route, she skirted the little town, and hurried toward Burgoyne's villa.

Men were trooping along the road on their way to the asylum. Mrs. Burns hid under a hedge until they passed, warned by an instinctive fear. It was well that she did so, for one of the men was Hart Burgoyne.

He was hurrying with his servants to the scene of the fire. His voice, high and full of apprehension, penetrated to the fugitive's ears as she crouched low under the hedge.

"Have the firemen gone up yet?" he demanded. "They have got their patients safe into the other wing of the house. My wife is in the burning building. I hope no harm has happened to her!"

Then they passed on at a run.

When they had vanished down the road, Mrs. Burns crept out from her concealment, and stepped on her feet. She opened the gate, and hurried along the walk. The doors were all open, as Burgoyne in his haste had left them.

She listened in the hall, but the old housekeeper had gone to the deserted street, and the door was closed.

Mrs. Burns stole up the staircase to the room that had been prepared as her bridal chamber—that room which Eddy had entered on the night of his flight from Riverton, and in which he had found the money with which to prosecute the journey.

All trembling and panting, she crept into the apartment and closed the door. The room was sufficiently lighted for her purpose. She lifted the lid, and searched the tray. She completed the search, and the mortgage on her cottage, which so much depended was gone.

"Eddy never took it," the mother murmured. "He had no need of it. It is in his possession, Hart Burgoyne. It is in his desk."

Leaving her trunk all disarranged and open, she sped down the stairs to the library. The room was dark. She flung open the window, admitting the light. Then she tried the desk. The key by great good fortune was in the lock. She found papers and notices within the desk, which were employed in sealing letters. She lit a taper and began her search, trembling and starting at the faintest sound.

She turned over the papers swiftly, holding them up to the light. The document she sought was not there. A last hope, she turned to the secret compartment, in which, upon the evening of her second bridal day, she had so strangely discovered those proofs of Burgoyne's terrible treachery to her and the fact of those proofs that her husband still lived.

Opening this secret drawer, she emptied out its contents. The fatal letters were gone, but the document she sought was there. And with it, was a large sum of money. Mrs. Burgoyne counted the notes, and professions of money lender and usurer with his other parasites.

"I shall have difficulty in settling the mortgage," thought Mrs. Burns. "I will see money in my place."

She caught up one of the papers, and counted of \$1,000, but Mrs. Burns did not see it. She searched the bag upon her person, blew out the dying taper, and gave up a moment to thought.

Then she went out upon the veranda, and scanned her glance upon the asylum. The right wing, in all its fall, was a mass of flames.

"It won't be long, but I shall yet see Eddy," she thought. "I shall see him to-night, as they will see me so readily to-morrow."

Again she ran up stairs to her "bridal chamber," which she had opened upon a black shawl, and the smouldering bonnet and veil she had laid aside, a week before her marriage to Burgoyne. Then, like a shadow, she hurried down stairs and into the garden.

She looked upon the garden, and saw the shadow of a man, who she knew to be the man who had been with her on the night of her flight. She started, and fled to her room.

"We shall find her here," cried Burgoyne excitedly, approaching the spot where she was concealed. "She is in the house, you may depend. She is in the house, you may depend. She is in the house, you may depend."

"It's impossible, madam. Every man you place a search—this is all!"

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returned. "To-morrow, at three P.M., I will be at the door to take you to the asylum."

"I want a first cabin."

"It's impossible, madam. Every man you place a search—this is all!"

"Every man you place a search—this is all!"

was driven, so as to be absolutely worthless. The Captain studied his resources, and then raising his trumpet to his lips, shouted to Eddy, who was running up and down the beach to disperse the child caused by his recent exposure.

"If you need your voice," cried the commander of the Graham, his eyes rising above the tumult of wind and sea. "Can you see the light of the lighthouse? We will make a line for the shore."

Eddy made some investigations, and replied loudly in the affirmative.

The boat was surrounded with the wreck of masts and spars, and with torn sails and trailing ropes, so that locomotion was difficult. But Eddy soon cast out from the ship, hitched to a spar, and anxious eyes watched his progress as it floated on the waves, now reaching stationary, and now making a sudden dash upon some high hill toward the shore.

At a moment Eddy, he waded out into the water, and cast a stone at the rope, detaching it from the spar.

At the same moment the smallest form of a boat, which was washed ashore only a few feet distant.

Eddy bestowed but a single glance upon the boat, and then, convinced that he was for the present powerless to harm him, the boy continued his efforts for the assistance of his friends on board the wreck.

He found the wreck, upright rock-raft suitable for his purpose a few feet back from the shore, and attached the rope securely to it. The shoreward end of the rope was coiled on board the ship, and secured to the stump of the broken mainmast.

"The passengers first," said the Captain, commandingly, "and then the crew. You Mr. Gorse. Once ashore, you can be a great help to us."

"It was no time for useless ceremony. What was to be done must be done quickly. The wreck of the whaler—a miserable hulk hampered by the broken masts and spars, and washed by the wild waves and rocks of her perilous career by every wind—would not be able to bear the strain upon her. Already she shuddered, and she would be broken together, poised as she was upon an uneven mass of rocks, the sport of both wind and sea."

Gorse turned to Tina.

"Come, little one," he said calmly and encouragingly, "you must go with me. You may change your name. Can you get on my back?"

"I do not feel inclined. He stopped; she climbed upon his broad back; the Captain ordered her to Gorse by tying a rope around the neck of the whaler, and the Graham, sealing the rope of the whaler in both hands, boldly dropped himself clear of the wreck.

"A word, not a sound, escaped from Tina's lips, as she lay on her back, and she looked heavily. She could not be expected to hold together long, poised as she was upon an uneven mass of rocks, the sport of both wind and sea."

"She may be disguised," said the Captain. "She is on the Graham's back. I've engaged passage for you and her, and in case she's hiding in her room, we'll go on the Latham with her, and capture her at Chagres. I'm as patient as Death!"

"I don't want a fuss. I'll do as you say," said Mrs. Burns, who had been hidden in her room, and was now peering down into her face.

The attack upon Mrs. Burns had been so fierce, so sudden, so unexpected, that the boy could not prevent himself from being struck by the doctor's words. But even in the terrible shock of the assault, he did not lose his presence of mind, or his quick and ready energies.

"Stern, resolute, as determined as ever, he struck forward with his hands, grasping his assailant.

"The man's motive force was to get at the villain's eyes, and in this he was quite successful.

The pair had reached the water, Eddy had brought such a pressure to bear, with the thumb and fore-finger of his right hand, upon the eye of the doctor, that the wind together with the pressure of the thumb, had struck the doctor's eye, and he had fallen into the water.

His enemy once on the defensive, and once struck, Eddy felt that he was free to do as he pleased. He felt that he was free to do as he pleased. He felt that he was free to do as he pleased.

He had seen, as he stood on the whale-ship's deck, through the grey darkness, which was rapidly thickening, the outlines of some sort of close clasp toward, and he struck out in that direction with all the promptness of a trained swimmer.

Battling with the heavy waves, helped on by the mottling surf, Eddy struggled through the sea, and reached the shore, his head and arms aching, his feet numb, and his body all over aches.

His change of name, slight though it was, at the office of the attorney, had been a success. He had secured the precious passport to the far-off shores of the Pacific in her pocket, as if a lad named Edward Burns recently sailed for California by one of your steamers. His evident anxiety stimulated the clerk's courtesy.

"I will look," he said.

He turned over the books, and presently announced that a person of the name given had sailed on the steamer "Edith," on the 15th of the month.

"Can you tell me," asked Mrs. Burns, as she secured the precious passport to the far-off shores of the Pacific in her pocket, as if a lad named Edward Burns recently sailed for California by one of your steamers. His evident anxiety stimulated the clerk's courtesy.

"My poor boy!" she murmured, as she moved on with the thought. "Matthew must have given up the idea of going, and Eddy, my brave, noble Eddy, has gone on to California alone! What peril he will pass through, in his search for his father! Will he get there safely? Will he find him?"

It was well for the poor mother that she could not know the perils Eddy was to undergo. It was well that the valiant brother and son could not be pierced even by her loving eyes, else most her high soul would have quailed, and her brave heart been nearly broken.

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"A wig without sufficient disguise, perhaps," she thought. "I'll try its effect."

She walked up Broadway for some distance, passing at last by the shop of the ladies' hair-dresser. Here she stood for a short time, carefully arranged in puffs, after a style common enough at that period among elderly ladies, and with this acquisition she retraced her steps as far as Park Row, then proceeded to the same quiet business hotel. Eddy had passed this hotel, and had been engaged in her prosperous days, when she had gone down to the city "for a day's shopping." And she had visited it once with Eddy, after the departure of her husband to California, when she had been so successful in her attempt to procure a situation as music-teacher in some school in the great city. She had no difficulty, therefore, in procuring a room, unattended as she was, and was comfortably lodged in Park Row.

She took her meals in her own room, and after the next morning, after the latter repair, she went out to make a few necessary purchases of clothing. She returned to dinner in the evening, and prepared for her departure.

As Hittogard had grown accustomed to see her in mourning garments, which she had to wear for her husband, she deemed it best to lay them aside, and more especially as they were no longer

MINUTES OF BOARD COUNCIL.

Town Hall, May 6th, 1872. All the members present, the Reeve in the chair. The minutes of the meeting on the 25th of March last, were read, approved of and signed.

The following documents were also read—1st, Account of J. H. Nicholson, advertising County of Revision; 2nd, Petition of Daniel McIntyre, for Statute Labour on the 7th line; 3rd, Petition of J. McIntyre and P. Vandenberg, for \$15 to improve the top line of Pakenham and McNab, at the 11th concession; 4th, Application of Mrs. D. McNab, to be released from Statute Labour; 5th, Petitioner of Robert Dickson, to have the 6th line opened from 19 to the Sand Point Road; 6th, Petition of J. Robertson and A. Graham, jr., to have a part of the 6th concession line opened; 7th, Petition of John Brewer, for a shop license certificate; 8th, Petition of John Campbell, to have 14 to the 12th concession, put into School Section No. 14; 9th, Petition of John Osborne, for leave to occupy an old road; 10th, Petition of William Blackburn and others for \$50 to repair bridges on the 11th concession line; 11th, Petition of A. Young and others, to have Brasseville made a Statute Labour Division; 12th, Petition of J. Lyon and others, for Statute Labour on the side road between 5 and 6, in the 13th and 14th concessions; 13th, Petition of Municipalities of Bagot and Brantford, for the opening of the town line of Horton and McNab in the 1st concession; 14th, Petition of James Gillespie, for Statute Labour to open a certain part of the 6th concession line; 15th, Report of Commission on the non-resident accounts.

Mr. Leckie gave notice of a By-law to appropriate the Statute Labour.

Mr. Robertson moved, seconded by Mr. McLaren, that the report on the non-resident taxes, &c., be adopted by Council, and filed for future reference.

Carried.

Moved by Mr. McLaren, seconded by Mr. Leckie, that the clerk get an order for \$33.25 to pay expenses, &c., connected with investigation of account. Carried.

Mr. Leckie moved, seconded by Mr. Cochrane, that the clerk get an order for \$25, first quarter's salary. Carried.

On motion of Messrs. Leckie and Cochrane, the Reeve and Mr. McLaren were authorized to build or repair certain bridges on the 9th and 11th lines, and on the Ottawa and Pembroke road.

Mr. Robertson moved, seconded by Mr. Cochrane, that \$15 be granted to repair the bridge on the Loocha, in the 5th line. Carried.

Adjourned till the 15th inst.

A. HAMILTON, Town Clerk.

Town Hall, Balmer's Island, May 15th, 1872.

All the members of the Council present; the Reeve in the chair.

The minutes of the meeting on the 6th inst. were read, approved of and signed; also read—1st, A Circular from S. E. Mitchell, Esq. respecting Municipal Seals; 2nd, Petition of the Assessor, for an addition of \$10 to his salary; 3rd, Petition of Elizabeth Barr, for a road from the 6th to the 8th line.

Mr. Robertson gave notice of a resolution to provide for the keeping of the non-resident accounts within the Municipality.

Mr. McLaren gave notice of a By-law to repeal By-law No. 16, 1869, and to make other provisions in relation thereto.

On motion of Mr. Leckie the By-law to appropriate the Statute Labour was adopted first time.

On motion of Mr. Robertson, the Council then went into Committee. Mr. Leckie in the chair.

Report: 1st, that no action be taken regarding Municipal Seal; 2nd, that \$10 be added to the Assessor's salary; 3rd, that the Surveyor do examine and report on the opening of a road across lot 6, in the 5th concession; 4th, that \$15 be granted to repair the bridge on the 5th line, and that the clerk do attend to them on their arrival; 5th, that Mr. Cochrane be authorized to spend \$10 on the town line of Pakenham and McNab, on condition that Pakenham give an equal sum for the same purpose; 6th, that \$10 be granted to open a part of the 6th line; 7th, that the Petition of John Brewer do lay over until he produces the License Inspector's Certificate; 8th, that J. H. Nicholson's account be paid; 9th, that no action be taken on John Campbell's Petition; 10th, that the clerk do read the report of and as to the 11th, that in the meantime Mrs. D. McNab be relieved from Statute Labour; 12th, that the By-law to appropriate the Statute Labour be filed; 13th, that the Surveyor do examine and report on the opening of a road across lot 6, in the 5th concession; 14th, that \$15 be granted to repair the bridge on the 5th line, and that the clerk do attend to them on their arrival; 5th, that Mr. Cochrane be authorized to spend \$10 on the town line of Pakenham and McNab, on condition that Pakenham give an equal sum for the same purpose; 6th, that \$10 be granted to open a part of the 6th line; 7th, that the Petition of John Brewer do lay over until he produces the License Inspector's Certificate; 8th, that J. H. Nicholson's account be paid; 9th, that no action be taken on John Campbell's Petition; 10th, that the clerk do read the report of and as to the 11th, that in the meantime Mrs. D. McNab be relieved from Statute Labour; 12th, that the By-law to appropriate the Statute Labour be filed; 13th, that the Surveyor do examine and report on the opening of a road across lot 6, in the 5th concession; 14th, that \$15 be granted to repair the bridge on the 5th line, and that the clerk do attend to them on their arrival; 5th, that Mr. Cochrane be authorized to spend \$10 on the town line of Pakenham and McNab, on condition that Pakenham give an equal sum for the same purpose; 6th, that \$10 be granted to open a part of the 6th line; 7th, that the Petition of John Brewer do lay over until he produces the License Inspector's Certificate; 8th, that J. H. Nicholson's account be paid; 9th, that no action be taken on John Campbell's Petition; 10th, that the clerk do read the report of and as to the 11th, that in the meantime Mrs. D. McNab be relieved from Statute Labour; 12th, that the By-law to appropriate the Statute Labour be filed; 13th, that the Surveyor do examine and report on the opening of a road across lot 6, in the 5th concession; 14th, that \$15 be granted to repair the bridge on the 5th line, and that the clerk do attend to them on their arrival; 5th, that Mr. Cochrane be authorized to spend \$10 on the town line of Pakenham and McNab, on condition that Pakenham give an equal sum for the same purpose; 6th, that \$10 be granted to open a part of the 6th line; 7th, that the Petition of John Brewer do lay over until he produces the License Inspector's Certificate; 8th, that J. H. Nicholson's account be paid; 9th, that no action be taken on John Campbell's Petition; 10th, that the clerk do read the report of and as to the 11th, that in the meantime Mrs. D. McNab be relieved from Statute Labour; 12th, that the By-law to appropriate the Statute Labour be filed; 13th, that the Surveyor do examine and report on the opening of a road across lot 6, in the 5th concession; 14th, that \$15 be granted to repair the bridge on the 5th line, and that the clerk do attend to them on their arrival; 5th, that Mr. Cochrane be authorized to spend \$10 on the town line of Pakenham and McNab, on condition that Pakenham give an equal sum for the same purpose; 6th, that \$10 be granted to open a part of the 6th line; 7th, that the Petition of John Brewer do lay over until he produces the License Inspector's Certificate; 8th, that J. H. Nicholson's account be paid; 9th, that no action be taken on John Campbell's Petition; 10th, that the clerk do read the report of and as to the 11th, that in the meantime Mrs. D. McNab be relieved from Statute Labour; 12th, that the By-law to appropriate the Statute Labour be filed; 13th, that the Surveyor do examine and report on the opening of a road across lot 6, in the 5th concession; 14th, that \$15 be granted to repair the bridge on the 5th line, and that the clerk do attend to them on their arrival; 5th, that Mr. Cochrane be authorized to spend \$10 on the town line of Pakenham and McNab, on condition that Pakenham give an equal sum for the same purpose; 6th, that \$10 be granted to open a part of the 6th line; 7th, that the Petition of John Brewer do lay over until he produces the License Inspector's Certificate;

