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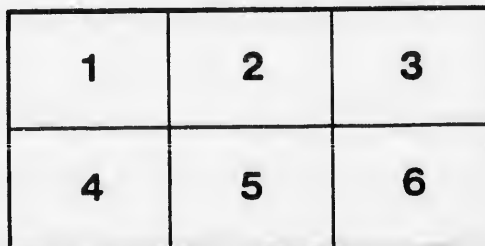
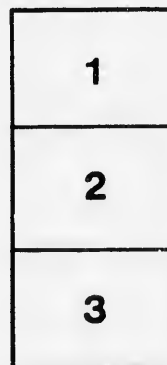
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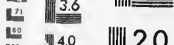
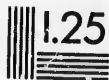
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CONSABINA SEVILLE;

—OR,—

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

BY D. PATERSON, OF LINWOOD, ONTARIO.



Stratford:
PRINTED BY W. BUCKINGHAM, STEAM PRINTER, ONTARIO STREET.
1871.

OPPERHOLTZER & CO.
BOOKSELLERS.

BERLIN.

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CONSABINA SEVILLE;

—OR,—

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

In the early part of the present century, Don Zeres Seville, and Sabina his wife of three summers, with their child, a chubby dark haired boy of six months, whom they had named, by mutual consent, "Consabina" in honor of his mother, left Spain, their native and dearly beloved land, and emigrated to the Northern States. Having met several reverses in business as a merchant, he was forced to become bankrupt. The friends that had supported him in his prosperity turned their backs upon him in his adversity, and seeing no prospects of ever being able to redeem what he had lost, by his own efforts, and having no hope of assistance from any other source, he was in a manner almost compelled to leave his native land and seek a home beyond the wide Atlantic. After a rather boisterous and tedious voyage, they reached New York in safety. Hence they took a southerly route, and finally succeeded in making the purchase of a farm in the State of New Jersey, with ten years' time to meet its payments. This farm was situated on a beautiful eminence overlooking the ocean, and but two miles distant from it.

The ten years slipped away, during which many privations and hardships had to be endured, but as a recompense they had their

farm paid for. They now looked forward to a time of comfort, but crops failed for three successive years, and again they were cast down, and as a last resort had to mortgage their place.

When Consabina had attained his seventeenth year, "Seville Place," for such was the name their farm received, was one of the most beautiful and best situated in that section of country. To the north was a magnificent ridge of woods, which in summer seemed overloaded with foliage. To the south lay the blue waters of the ocean. To the east and west lay an undulating tract of land, with every here and there a cluster of farm buildings and thriving orchard. In fact the surrounding country presented such a lovely aspect that Don Zeres, one lovely summer's evening, said to his wife, "Surely Paradise could not be much ahead of this." Their house was not very ostentatious, but plain and comfortable. At the east end of it was the avenue leading to the main road. Magnificent shade trees lined each side, the branches meeting overhead and forming an archway.

This was Consabina's place of resort. Hardly a summer's evening went by but he spent an hour or two parading up and down this avenue, admiring nature's beauty, and talking on the past and the present and laying out schemes for the future, for he was seldom alone in his evening rambles; he had a

companion,—a friend—even more, the darling of his affections,—one who had been raised from infancy with him—one who had been a companion to him in all his childish sports and rambles. And now that they had attained maturer years, they were forming plans so that they might enter the great drama of life united by a stronger tie than friendship.

There were some peculiar points of resemblance between them. He was an only son, she an only daughter. He was noble in appearance, she was lovely. His father was a bankrupt merchant, hers likewise. The one difference between them was—he was of Spanish descent; Arabella Melodine, for such was her name, was of French. But this was never thought of, and why should it be? Both claimed the same country now; if it was not the land of their birth, it was the land of their adoption. From mere infants they had never known any other; their parents, friends and home were in it. Their affections and future prospects were centred in it. In fact all the ties that bound them to earth and to each other were in it, and what more could they desire?

Don Zeres Seville was a man of sound judgment—rather reserved in manners. His dark eyebrows, heavy moustache and beard gave him a commanding expression. Friends he had many, enemies none, confidentials few. There was but one, apart from his own household, in whom he confided, and to him were entrusted all private transactions, business or otherwise. His name, Baldwin Baesil—his occupation, lawyer in the neighboring town of S—.

In Don Seville's employ were two servants, Everard Lynn and Sophie Bright.

Everard's father had been at one time a banker in Bristol, England. His mother died at an early age, and he was left to the sole care of his father, who lavished upon him all the affection of his nature. To the furtherance of his education his father paid particular attention. So that when he had attained his eighteenth year he was the possessor of a first class education. About this period his father was falsely accused of forgery, and thrown into prison. Being a man of high standing and possessed of a very sensitive nature, he could not withstand so gross an insult, and took it so much to heart that he died in prison just three days after having been placed therein. This was a severe blow to

young Everard. His grief was almost intolerable and the more so on account of his father's death occurring before the falsity of his accusation had been proven. What to do he knew not. Stay in England longer he would not. Alone in the world with no one to advise him; his reputation injured, and deeply injured, by his father's alleged crime. He knew he once had an uncle, a brother of his father, but he had gone to South America several years ago, and they had not heard from him nor of him since. Whether he had been shipwrecked, or had died in a foreign land, or whether still alive, he knew not. Matters were at this crisis, when he bade a lasting farewell to Old England, and sailed for America. In the town of S— he met with Don Seville, and engaged with him as an assistant on the farm. There he had been ever since a period of two years, and had become a favorite in the family.

Sophie Bright was a plain-looking, plain-going country girl, and had little to say at any time apart from household affairs. She always used her best endeavors to please, and generally succeeded, as her mistress, being a woman of superior qualities, was not over fastidious.

Olivier Melodine, Arabella's father, was Don Zeres' nearest neighbor to the west. As before stated, he was a Frenchman. He had located there just one year prior to Don Zeres. His farm was known by the name of "Rosemont," and was similar in appearance to "Seville Place." His household consisted besides himself, of Rosalind his wife, Arabella, and a colored servant, Jake by name. Mr. Melodine had managed to battle against the hard times that had involved so many of his neighbors and was now in very comfortable circumstances.

Jake was a rather eccentric individual, and had a peculiar dialect. He, like many others had his own style of language. He prided himself, in his leisure moments, in teasing Arabella. He would say, "when young Massa Seville and Miss Abella got spliced for shu the year of jubilee hab come," and he was certain "Abella would get as white's an angel when the preacher was splicing them she was so timid." Such sayings would emanate from him with so much gravity that you would really think he meant every word of gospel. He once made an attempt at flattery by telling Arabella, "He was shu she was better lookin' than the Queen of England,

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thinking on account of her lofty position that she must be the best looking woman in the world.

So much for introduction, and, reader, we will now glide into the first link of our story.

CHAPTER II.

UPLIFTED.

Riches, like the sun's bright rays,
Fill us full of joy and mirth;
But ere we have them many days,
Some one may come and snatch away
Those glittering gems of earth.

'Twas an evening in the month of June. All nature was clothed in her richest array. The birds were singing gaily in the tree-tops. The sun was sinking in the west, in glorious splendor. Two persons might be seen parading arm in arm up and down the avenue, apparently in close conversation. The one was Consabina, the other Arabella. The Melodine family had come over to pay their neighbors a friendly visit. The young people, as was only natural, had left the old people to themselves. No doubt they had matters to talk over not fit for the ears of sensible old age. This too, was only natural, and if we follow nature in all her various courses, we find the same. The lofty tree of the forest looks down, as it were, with majestic pity upon the slender sapling, and throws out her huge and hardy branches to protect it from the scorching rays of the noon-day sun. Still it desires its own exalted position, and has for companions trees of a height with itself, but at the same time allowing the young and tender sapling full scope on the undergrounds. So with old people; they look upon the young from the summit of age with a sort of stately pity, and allow them to have their way—their frolics, their companions; at the same time they desire for their companions those of an age with themselves—those who can talk of sensible things of bygone days. So while the two young people were enjoying their evening walk, talking on subjects touching on the sublime, and laying out their schemes for the future, the old folks were enjoying a comfortable seat in the sitting-room, and chatting about weather, season, crops, and prospects, and again about things that took place in days long past.

Consabina and Arabella had just seated themselves on a large stone, over which hung the large and leafy branches of a silver poplar, and were apparently entering into secrets, for their heads were in close contact and their voices reduced to a whisper, when they were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of another party coming hastily up the avenue. It was Everard. He had gone to the town of S— about an hour before. What had brought him back so soon? "Something out of the way has happened," said Consabina, "otherwise he would not have been back in such haste." Everard was the bearer of a letter addressed to Don Zeres Seville, and bearing the Spanish postmark. He thought it might be important, and consequently hastened to deliver it. Their evening walk was over, for all three hied to house.

On the abrupt entrance of the trio, the inmates of the house were rather taken by surprise, but they had not time to speak until the letter was placed in Don Zeres' hands. He looked at it for a moment, then perceiving the postmark, exclaimed, "A letter from dear old Spain! But who has written me, that's the query?"

This was the first letter he had received from his native home for a period of nearly fifteen years. It was opened, and its contents gave them a very great but an agreeable surprise. It ran as follows:—

DON ZERES SEVILLE,

Dear Sir,—Having received considerable and timely assistance from you, when starting business on my own responsibility, and having since that time been very fortunate, I considered it a privilege as well as a bounden duty to repay you for your kindness. Enclosed you will find a check for \$20,000. Please to accept the same with favor. Hoping you and family are well and prospering in your adopted land, accept my kind love and ardent wishes.

Your sincere friend,

ADRIANO RIGO.

P. S.—I learned your whereabouts from a gentleman from New York, who chanced to pay our town a brief visit.
A. R.

The reading of the letter caused considerable sensation. Their astonishment and joy knew no bounds. Recollections of old times and old friends were awakened in Don Zeres' memory. Scenes of the past flitted through his mind, but were speedily suppressed in the unbounded felicity of the moment. "Now," said he, "can we rejoice, and now can we pay off our mortgage, and have no more fears of losing our dear old farm, and now can we,"

addressing his wife, "live contentedly and happily the remainder of our days." One and only one in that assembly did not seem to participate in the sudden joy. Everard sat silently, deeply absorbed in thought. He was thinking of his former bright prospects, and of how they were so suddenly and unexpectedly blighted. "Ah," he inwardly murmured, "riches and worldly honors are not to be relied upon."

He was aroused from his reverie by the entrance of Jake. "Anything wrong Massa Seville, 'dat Massa and Missus hab not come home?" was his eager inquiry as he entered.

"Nothing," replied Don Zeres, "we have just been a little fortunate to-night, and they stayed with us to participate in our joys, and you too are highly welcome. Please come in and take a seat." Jake felt himself so uplifted by this introduction that he gracefully raised his hat, and at the same time drew up his heavy frame, until he stood on tip-toe, made a bow, bending his body half way to the floor, then entered. Songs and jokes went round until the evening was far spent. Jake took a prominent part in the proceedings, singing comic and sentimental songs, alternately teasing Arabella, then Sophie. Turning to Arabella, who was seated beside Consabina on the sofa, he said, "I always thought you an angel afore, Miss Abella, if you only had wings, now you hab got gold uns, and I spects to see you fly off some of them days with Massa Consab." He then struck up a comical ditty, turning the white of his eyeballs to the ceiling, displayed his white teeth to a nicety, setting the whole household in fits of laughter. Never before had such an evening of mirth been spent at "Seville Place." At a late hour the Melodine family departed, after which Don Zeres gathered his household around him, read a portion of God's word, offered up a prayer of thanksgiving—then all retired for the night—to rest—to sleep—perchance to dream.

CHAPTER III.

BALDWIN BAESIL EMPLOYED.

In the darkness of the night,
When all is wrapt in sleep,
Some fiend, who fears the light
His villainous vigil keeps.
Stealthily he lurks around,
Softly he treads upon the ground.
The coveted gold he hears.

Hark! something strikes upon his ear;
'Tis but imaginative fear.

He starts at every sound he hears.
The prize is gained at last, and he
Leaves behind him a mystery.

The following morning found Don Zeres' household astir at an earlier hour than usual. The golden rays of the great orb of day were just peeping above the eastern horizon as Consabina left the house and proceeded to take—what he had not taken for some years—a morning walk before breakfast. His first expression was "what a glorious morning; even nature seems to be rejoicing with us." The birds seemed to sing their morning carol, in the tree-tops, in richer and sweeter tones than was their wont. The water of the ocean seemed to have brighter hues. The fields appeared more verdant—the hills more magnificent—the woods more gorgeous—the air more balmy. Even the sky appeared more beautiful and grand, and the straggling clouds that hung around the eastern horizon were tinged with golden hues. But why does everything appear so grand on this particular morning? Why had Consabina not perceived those grandeurs previously, for he was a real lover of nature? The reason is two-fold. He is more elated on this occasion than usual, and he has risen an hour earlier than was his wont. He, like a great many others, had the habit of sleeping away the most precious, most pleasant, and most invigorating hour of the day.

As he walked along, he became absorbed in thought. He was thinking of the happy time when he could call Arabella his own. It appeared to him now not to be far distant, since fortune had favored them so well. The great barrier before was the mortgage; now they had wherewith to clear it, and plenty of money besides. The marriage ceremony—his lovely bride—the bridal tour—all were anticipated in his imagination. How little he fancied his bright hopes, his joyous anticipations were illusive, and that ere many days he would be cast down! He started as one out of a dream, and found that he strolled further than he had intended; so he retraced his steps and found breakfast awaiting him.

At the breakfast table, Don Zeres made known his mode of procedure. Immediately after breakfast he and Consabina would proceed to the town of S—, call at Baldwin Baesil's office, acquaint him of the matter, and get him to accompany them to New York to get the check cashed and then return home

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for which Baldwin was to receive the honor
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 They would be three days absent, as it was a
 good day's drive to New York ; they would
 be delayed one day there, and on the other
 they would return. As soon as breakfast
 was over, Don Zeres and Consabina made a
 start. Twenty minutes' drive brought them
 in front of Baldwin's office. Early as it was,
 Baldwin was there. He was never kept very
 early ; still he was punctual, and during busi-
 ness hours you would hardly ever fail to find
 him at his office. On hearing the rattle of
 the wheels coming down the street, he rose
 from the desk and made for the door—always
 on the look-out for business. As the door
 opened, the buggy halted. Baldwin bowed,
 and saluted them.

"Hallo, Messrs. Seville ! Has the world
 turned upside down or what wonderful event
 has transpired to bring you to town so early
 as this ? Something remarkable indeed !
 I never knew you to be in town at
 this hour before. It used to always be ten or
 later in the morning, and why (consulting his
 watch) it is only half past eight yet. What's
 up ?"

Baldwin was a quick speaker and all this
 language was spoken before Don Zeres or
 Consabina could realize that the horse was
 stopped.

"Nothing serious has occurred," replied
 Don Zeres, "on the contrary, good fortune has
 favored me for once in my life-time, and we
 have come down to receive your congratu-
 lations, and to solicit your assistance in the
 business line, and amongst other things in hav-
 ing that old difficulty the mortgage squared
 up."

"What ! eh !" resumed Baldwin, his eyes
 sparkling with eagerness, "a fortune I sup-
 pose. Some wealthy friend has died and left
 the old friend Don Zeres a pile. But I must
 not conjecture. Walk in—no person in the
 office, and I shall be happy to hear all, and to
 do all I can to assist you."

The exterior of Baldwin's office was not
 very attractive—the interior no more so. The
 building was small, and as it contained
 two rooms, neither of them was commodious.
 The one room was for business, the other for
 private consultation.

It was into the business department that
 Don Zeres and Consabina were ushered.

A large writing desk on which were a num-

ber of papers and writing utensils—an arm
 chair, four easy chairs, and a sofa rather the
 worse of the wear, composed the furniture of
 the apartment. On the walls hung two maps,
 a few posters, some business cards, an oil paint-
 ing which was a life size portrait of Bald-
 win himself.

Baldwin was quite a young man, not ex-
 ceeding thirty. Of medium height and rather
 slim built. He had a bushy head of jet black
 hair. He shaved the hair on his face all off
 but his moustache, which he permitted to
 grow to a great length. Dark heavy eye-
 brows, long black lashes, and a full black eye,
 made his glance penetrating. He had not
 been very successful in business as a lawyer,
 and the clothes he wore were rather shabby
 in appearance. When the trio had got seated,
 Don Zeres handed the letter to Baldwin as
 the easiest mode of acquainting him with his
 business. While he was reading the letter,
 Consabina eyed him closely, not from any
 suspicion he had of him, far from it ; Bald-
 win was held in too high estimation for that.
 But it seemed as if something inspired to it.
 He noticed a peculiar glitter in Baldwin's
 eyes, and a nervous twitch in the muscles of
 his face, as his eye had met the figures \$20-
 000.

"Well," commenced Baldwin, as he had
 finished perusing it, "I must say that I heart-
 ily congratulate you on your good luck. I
 only wish some of my friends would give me
 such a lift."

Consabina thought this linked with what
 he had noticed previously. However he
 might be mistaken.

"I suppose," resumed Baldwin, "the first
 steps to business is to get the check cashed.
 That you can do yourselves."

"The check is on one of the New York
 banks," said Don Zeres. "Thither we are
 bound, and your company is desired, if you
 can accommodate and oblige us so far."

Baldwin was only too ready to assent.
 Don Zeres was a man of means now, and he
 must *oblige* him, but at the same time with an
 eye to his own interests.

In a few minutes Baldwin was ready, and
 they started for the metropolis of America.

The sky was clear. It was a hot, sultry
 day, and they could not make very rapid pro-
 gress. This, be it remembered, was before
 the days of many railroads. Baldwin was

not so talkative as usual. He seemed rather indisposed to enter into conversation, and was apparently in deep thought about something. So the day passed on, and they travelled on, with an occasional halt at some village inn to refresh themselves and their horse. It was late in the evening when they reached Jersey city, at which they put up for the night. Early next morning they ferried across to New York—spent a few hours in viewing some of the wonders of the metropolis, then proceeded to Wall Street, and entered one of its banks. When they again appeared on the street, their features had quite an elated expression. The first step was gained, and they felt somewhat satisfied. We next find them in one of the magnificent hotels for which Broadway is famous. Don Zeres treated to the best it could afford—had dinner—another stroll through a portion of the vast city, then returned to Jersey to put in another night. That night something was seriously wrong with Baldwin. He tossed to and fro on his bed—sat up—got out upon the floor—lay down again—tried to compose himself, but could not sleep.

Morning came, and with it signs of rain. All was bustle to get home again. It might rain before night and delay them, so an early start was desirable. Baldwin was suffering from a severe headache, no doubt brought on by his wakeful and restless night.

Soon they were on their way, and they sped towards dear old home. They could drive faster than when coming, as the sky was clouded and the atmosphere much cooler. It was exactly six p.m. by Baldwin's time piece, as they entered the town of S—, at which they halted fifteen minutes. Baldwin was urgently requested to accompany them the remainder of the way, and spend a night at "Seville Place." Of course he consented, and again the trio drove off on the last stage of the road. Eager eyes were on the lookout for them. Finally they arrived, and were greeted with showers of congratulations, as the Melodine household had come over, anxious to learn the success of the trip. "Why," said Jake, "Massa Seville's goin' to hab a carriage an four. Massa Don an Missus in de back, young Massa Consab an Miss Abella in de middle, Everard an me in de front, an I'll drive; won't it be glorious." Jake had to say something, and he was so elated that he did not know how to express his mind best. Another merry evening was spent at "Seville

Place." Baldwin, to the astonishment of Don Zeres and Consabina, took a prominent part in the jokes of the evening. Everard was again silent, and apparently watching the proceedings. Arabella alone noticed him, and wondered to herself what made him so down-cast.

But the distant peals of thunder could be heard, and the lightnings were playing on the western horizon. The storm that had threatened all day was approaching, so the Melodines left for home, and Don Zeres' household prepared for retirement. Don Zeres put his newly received gold in a neat little box—locked it, then placed it in an old writing desk—locked it, but unwittingly left the key in the lock. Eyes were watching him, but he did not perceive them. Then all went to bed. But did all sleep?

Towards midnight the threatened storm came on—passed over, and apparently all were still in slumber. The thunder was still rolling in the distant east. The lightning's lurid glare illuminated the heavens. A form, as of one walking in his sleep, might have been seen to emerge from the front door of Seville's house, carrying something weighty, and in a few minutes to return, entering again noiselessly.

CHAPTER IV.

MYSTERY.

Fortune is not all bright smiles,

Fortune has her frown.

To-day our spirits may be up,

To-morrow be cast down.

The box of gold has flown away,

And all is wrapt in mystery.

Morning came. A beautiful morning it was. The shower of the past night had refreshed all nature. The atmosphere was clear and cool. On Baldwin making his appearance, Don Zeres saluted him, "A fine morning this. Hope you had a good night's rest. Is your headache gone?" Baldwin rubbed his eyes a moment, then answered, "My headache is entirely gone. Never slept better in my life. Splendid bed that of yours. Quite a contrast to the one I slept in at Jersey." Baldwin ate very little at breakfast, and excused himself by saying his appetite was always impaired by a long drive.

Breakfast being over, Baldwin and Don Zeres proceeded to business. On opening the desk, what was Don Zeres' consternation to find that the box containing the gold was

There. The alarm was searched, but was mysteriously disappeared. Whether had it been the house which the whole house was in a state of alarm was saddled by detective W.

House was re-searched, but no signs of a bare-footed thief near the front door, nor toward the lane, nor further.

Consabina hastened to the Melodine's place. On his entrance, by his features that another family were in the family. The family had been in the previous evening in their loss.

With him to assist in the search, Baldwin and Wilson glanced at his eyes met Baldwin's from childhood on him.

Everard was next to meet him. He was in the story he had heard of.

Jake came next. A quick glance than a word of antipathy to such an open enemy and good-naturedly pronounced him.

After Wilson had examined the case and examined

Don Zeres entered on the door, when the following took place:

Wilson began, "I searched this house at present."

"I do not," was the answer.

"Have you any suspicion of another party or parties?"

"I have not."

"Well, then, are you matter entirely to me, whether the searchers?"

"I suppose I must tell you my suspicion on any of them."

"Are you certain of

here. The alarm was raised. The house was searched, but in vain. The gold had actually disappeared.

Whither had it gone? Had robbers been in the house while they were asleep? The whole house was in an uproar. The swiftest horse was saddled, and Baldwin set off eagerly for detective Wilson. In his absence the house was re-searched, and this time the footprints of a bare-footed person were discovered near the front door. They traced them backward to the lane, but he could trace them no further.

Consabina hastened to "Rosemont" to acquaint the Melodines of what had taken place. On his entering, Arabella perceived by his features that something was wrong. Another family were thrown into consternation. The family that had rejoiced with them the previous evening, now condoled with them in their loss. All, even Jake, ventured with him to assist in the search. As they started, Baldwin and Wilson arrived also.

Wilson glanced around the apartment. His eyes met Baldwin's; but he had known him from childhood, and could lay no suspicion on him.

Everard was next in turn. He might suspect him. He was comparatively a stranger. His story he had heard, but it might be a fabrication.

Jake came next. He received a more scrutinizing glance than the others. Wilson had no word of antipathy to the negro race, but Jake had such an open expression, and looked so simple and good-natured that his very appearance pronounced him innocent.

After Wilson had enquired into the facts of the case and examined the footprints, he and Don Zeres entered one of the rooms and closed the door, when the following private conversation took place:

Wilson began, "Do you suspect any party in this house at present?"

"I do not," was answered, firmly.

"Have you any suspicion whatever of any other party or parties?"

"I have not."

"Well, then, are you willing to leave the matter entirely to me, to suspect whom I may choose, whether the same be friend or foe of yours?"

"I suppose I must submit: but at the same time I tell you emphatically, you need not lay suspicion on any one in this house at present."

"Are you certain of Everard's innocence?"

Did you know his occupation or character prior to his living with you? His story is all very good, but remember that in his own story his father was placed in prison for alleged forgery. Remember also, according to the story, he died ere the matter was brought to trial. I tell you what it is, Mr. Seville, we have to look sharp in these days; some of our apparently best friends are at heart our secret and vilest enemies."

"All very true, Mr. Wilson; still I can have no suspicion of Everard. You may suspect him if you deem it proper, but I hope it will not come to that. I leave all to you; if you succeed in finding the gold, I shall in return give you \$1,000, and if that be insufficient I will give more."

Mr. Wilson expressed his thanks for the liberal inducement offered, and promised to leave nothing undone that could be done in the matter.

The private interview being ended, the door was opened. Every eye was turned towards the detective as he came out of the room, for all were eager to know what was next to be done.

"Friends," he began, "I must acknowledge there is mystery in this affair. One thing is evident, the gold has disappeared. Whither we know not. Of the guilty party or parties, Don Zeres himself has not the slightest suspicion. He suspects no one, and yet some one acquainted with the interior of this house must have taken it."

This last clause was spoken with emphasis, and a searching glance was directed at Everard, but he flinched not under it.

He resumed, "Who that party or parties may be, it is my duty to endeavor by all the means in my power to discover."

Once more the house was searched. Every nook examined, every trunk and chest searched, but neither the gold nor any clue to the thief was obtained.

Three months passed by. Everard had been suspected and he knew it; watched, and he knew it. He began to think his father's fate was hanging ominously over his path, and, as a consequence, was thrown into a state of despondency.

Detective Wilson had been on the alert ever since, but had obtained no further clue to the mystery. He had watched Everard closely, but to no more avail than that his suspicions of him were somewhat strengthened, and that merely by his despondent ap-

pearance. The harvest was past and the crops that had promised so well in the fore part of the season turned out a complete failure. Nowhere was it felt more keenly than at Seville place. The fortune that had so elated them was now like a past bright dream.

They had given up all hope of ever receiving it.

Lawyer Simpson, who held the mortgage against the place, threatened to close it on them, unless they would either pay or give security that it would be paid in nine months hence. Nine months was the longest time he would grant them. To pay up at present was a thing impossible. Where to look for security they knew not, especially when their own prospects were so dark. What to do they could not conceive. Nine months would soon wear away, and where could the money come from, even to pay the interest? To involve another party seemed far from right. If the fortune would only turn up, all would be well, if not they would lose their dearly loved home.

Don Zeres resolved to let fate have its own course. He said, "I will do my best; no one can do more. If we lose our farm, we will just have to remove farther west and start afresh."

Though up in years he had a youthful spirit.

Thus matters were, when Mr. Melodine, who knew their circumstances, kindly came forward to their assistance, and offered to go security for the nine months. Don Zeres declined at first, but Mr. Melodine was so persistent that he at last agreed, and the next day the business was concluded. This settled affairs for the present. What might transpire in the nine months no one knew.

In a certain sense Don Zeres was contented. Not so with Consabina. He was young and ambitious. He could not think of losing his present and what he looked to as his future home, without making an effort to save it, and further he could not think of his intended father-in-law running any risk on their account. So he determined to leave home and try his fortune in distant climes. If he did not meet with success, matters would be no worse; if he did, all would be well. Thoughts of encountering danger in such an enterprise never as yet entered his mind.

* * * * *

'Twas a beautiful autumn evening. The sun was setting as Consabina sat talking with

his parents. They were talking of what had transpired during the last four months, of the fortune they had unexpectedly received, of the mystery of its disappearance—of Baldwin then of Everard, for he was absent, having gone to the town of S—about four hours previously on some business; of the failure of the crops; then of the late arrangements about the mortgage. Then their conversation took a turn.

"I was just thinking," Consabina commenced, "that I had not yet informed you of my intentions."

"What may they be," inquired his father rather struck at the sudden turn of the conversation. His mother looked up surprised. "Well, dear father and mother, you are both aware of how we are placed at present. I am young and hearty, and would not like to see this dear home pass into other hands without making an attempt to prevent it. I was thinking, if you were willing, that I would leave home for a while, and try my fortune in Australia."

His mother sat in mute amazement, gazing at her son—her only and dearly beloved son—to think of his leaving home and risking his precious life upon the dangerous ocean. What could he mean? Leave his father, mother and Arabella! He must be raving. Not so with his father. He took it more coolly, and after a few moments of consideration he approved of it, and said it was exactly what he would do, were he as young as Consabina. But he was not going to give his decision rashly. Such an undertaking required consideration. They must sleep on it,—talk over it,—eat over it—and discuss about it several times before arriving at a conclusion. Consabina felt a little relieved. He had his father's opinion, and he knew very seldom changed his opinion. The matter had set, so he left them to talk the matter over, and proceeded to "Rosemont." Arabella met him at the gate and after the usual salutation returned with him to their favorite resort, the avenue: He had finished a hard task, but a much harder was to be performed. How was he to sum up courage and tell the darling of his affections, that he was intending to leave her for a time? How long that time might be he did not himself know.

Arabella perceived there was something brooding in his mind, so she inquired, "you unwell Consabina; or is there anything you wish to say?" and she placed her

hand upon his face—the face—look, so mild

"I am not I have sometimes may not appreciate intended, with to see if I can home."

The shock looked paler than moments' silence must be, it must as I can. God's obstacle in the you. Go my I can trust to God for your

They linger late, each unwelcome, but at last the

When Consabina retired. His father had not an account for his punctual in being now it was half met in with a faint night. They started to bed—home.

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The night had yet returned, what had occurred never been absenting his stay with uneasiness than the had become like were they to each surmising, it was after breakfast the town of S— here we will leave present and let the in the town of S— Everard arrive

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hand upon his shoulder, and looked into his face—the face she loved so dearly, with a look, so mild, so gentle, so imploring.

"I am not sick, my dear," he replied, "but I have something to tell you—something you may not approve of, but it must be told. I intended, with your consent, to go to Australia, to see if I can earn what will redeem our home."

The shock was hard, but it was over. She looked paler than before, and after a few moments' silence said, "Dear Consabina, if it must be, it must be. I will bear it as well as I can. God forbid that I should prove an obstacle in the way, when duty requires it of you. Go my dear, if you deem it requisite. I can trust to yourself for constancy; and to God for your safe return."

They lingered there until it was growing late, each unwilling to part with the other, but at last they separated.

When Consabina returned, his mother had retired. His father sat reading the paper. Everard had not yet returned and they could not account for his absence. He had always been punctual in being home before eight o'clock; now it was half past ten. Probably he had met in with a friend, and stayed in town over night. They sat up half an hour later—retired to bed—still Everard had not come home.

CHAPTER V.

IN JAIL.—MISSING.

Sadly he sits, and alone,

In a dismal cell.

A deep sigh and stifled groan

His anguish tell.

His father's fate seems to him to be cling-

ing,

Yet, oft we see a very dark beginning

End well.

The night had passed, and Everard had not yet returned. All felt anxious to ascertain what had occurred to keep him away. He had never been absent a whole night before, during his stay with them. Consabina felt more uneasy than the others, for Everard and he had become like brothers, so much attached were they to each other. After considerable surmising, it was concluded that immediately after breakfast Consabina should proceed to the town of S—, to learn the result. But here we will leave "Seville Place" for the present and let the reader know what took place in the town of S— on the preceding day. Everard arrived in town, and first of all

completed the business that had called him there. He then called at the post office to inquire for papers addressed to "Seville Place" or "Rosemont."

Detective Wilson was on his track watching his every movement.

Shortly after Everard had left the post office, Wilson entered, and was surprised to find a letter there for him, as he had inquired for letters not more than an hour previously, and no mail had come to town since. On the envelope was written that it should not be delivered nor opened for three days hence.

"Fudge," exclaimed Wilson, "some one trying to fool me, but it won't succeed. Hand me the letter and I'll be responsible for your delivering it."

The letter was handed him, and Wilson walked out—then to the "Traveller's Inn"—entered and seated himself in the sitting room. He had barely got seated when the door opened and Everard entered. Each stared at the other for a moment, then Wilson inquired "all well at Seville's, to-day, Lynn?"

"All's well," answered Everard, dryly.

"No word of that fortune yet, I suppose," put in Wilson, at the same time staring him full in the eyes.

"No sir, not to my knowledge," was the haughty reply, and suiting the action to the word, turned on his heel and walked out, leaving the detective to himself.

"That fellow has taken a dislike to me," soliloquized Wilson, "why he should is not unnatural, but if I have suspected him it's my business. If he is innocent I can't help it, and he can just take it as he likes. If he is guilty I must find him out and prosecute him. Then if I can only get to the bottom of this affair I will be \$1000 richer. It's worth trying for, and I will."

Just then he thought of the letter in his pocket—pulled it out and opened it. "Oh, zounds!" he exclaimed, after perusing it, "what a plagued fool he must be, a stupid ass. Why he ought to have been on his way, if he wanted to get clear. But this may be a forgery. Let me see, is this his hand writing? Well, it don't resemble it much, still he would be agitated while writing. However, it matters not. I must act upon it, at any rate."

It ran thus:—

DETECTIVE WILSON,

Sir,—By the time you read this I will be out of your reach. You will undoubtedly think my actions strange. But when you consider my former standing and the hard trial I had to undergo in being reduced

from affluence to poverty, you will then know what prompted me to commit such a rash act. I am the thief of Don Zeres' gold. I am sorry for the trouble and anxiety I have caused them. I feel for them. But if fortune favors me I will probably have it in my power to repay them at some future time.

EVERARD LYNN.

Here is something worth having, thought Wilson to himself. Even if Everard clear himself—if it be a forgery, I will have a clue to the thief; for the writer positively asserts "I am the thief." But there is no time to lose; he may be gone ere this.

The next place we find Wilson is in Baldwin's office. Baldwin had a look of surprise mingled with satisfaction as he read the astounding disclosure.

"This proves your suspicion correct, Wilson; but is it not strange, I saw him in town not more than three minutes ago?" "But," interrupted Wilson, "look there," calling his attention to what was written on the envelope, "that accounts for it."

"True, I did not notice that. Surely he must be out of his mind, crazy or something else," continued Baldwin with a sinister sneer; "surely he never thought you fool enough to keep a letter three days unopened, especially when it is your business to solve mystery, not to assist it."

But, reader, I must not go too much into details. Suffice it to state that Everard was apprehended and carried to jail. He remonstrated, of course, and denied having anything at all to do with either letter or gold. But in vain; in jail he was placed. This happened in the evening, just as Everard was leaving for home. Before returning to the proceedings of the day following, let us take a glimpse of Everard in his lonely cell. The jail was situated in Moro, a town five miles to the north of S—. Once within its gloomy walls, Everard seated himself on a rude bench, in fact the only seat his cell afforded, other than the floor, and placing his elbows on his knees, he buried his face in his hands, and was soon lost in deep and sorrowful meditation. Positive was he now that the fate of his father was his. The perspiration of anguish was dropping in large drops from his noble forehead. Thus he sat awhile, then springing to his feet he paced the floor of that dismal hole in mental agony. "Can it be possible," he muttered, "that I shall die in this miserable hole as my father before me died in Bristol prison? No, it must not be. I must strive against it. A stranger in a strange land, accused of a crime of which God knows

I am innocent. No, I must not die. I must prove to the world that I am innocent. Does Consabina know where I am to-night, and if he does, will he believe me guilty? Time alone can tell." He then threw himself down on a miserable bed prepared for him on the floor, and tried to quench his thoughts in sleep, but sleep, blessed sleep, would not come to his relief for many long and dreary hours. Towards morning he fell into a troubled slumber, and when he awoke he found the night had fled, and the welcome light of another day had burst around him. But as Consabina is the chief actor in the day's transactions, we must return to where we left him.

When Consabina arrived at the town of S— he heard with amazement what had occurred. He was intensely excited, and at once hastened to Wilson's residence. As luck would have it he was at home.

"Mr. Wilson, I think you have rather overstepped the mark this time," was Consabina's first salute, spoken in a somewhat angry voice. "I feel certain Everard is as innocent as I am."

"That may be," replied Wilson, "but you must remember that I have been commissioned by your father to do my best in endeavoring to find a clue to the lost money, and in this affair I have acted on my own responsibility. Further, I would not have fulfilled my duty had I allowed Everard to escape without investigating the matter, after receiving such a letter bearing his signature."

"Please to show me the letter, Mr. Wilson. I think I can soon settle the matter."

The letter was handed him, and after comparing it with another letter written by Everard, which fortunately he happened to have with him at the time, he said, handing both to Wilson, "There, you can see for yourself that he never wrote that infamously designed scroll. It is a forgery—a miserably planned forgery—and now you can set to work and find its author. Whoever he is, he is nothing more nor less than a dastardly villain."

A glance at the two letters convinced Wilson that the one was a forgery—a base forgery.

"We must," said he, "proceed at once to Moro and release Everard, for guilty or not guilty, it is quite evident he never wrote that."

So without further delay the two set off to Moro jail.

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lawyer Simpson, as we shall call him, had
a resident of Moro for a period of fifteen
years. He was a Scotchman by birth, and one
of that class termed "hard, but honest." By
constant perseverance, and speculating on a
moderate scale he had risen to affluence. He
dressed rather shabbily, considering his means,
and when any person remarked it he had but
one answer for him, viz: "A penny in the
pocket 'll make twa after a while; but mo-
n on the back is aye wearin awa." He had
a somewhat rustic appearance—red whiskers
and a prominent aquiline nose and keen blue eyes.

As a casual observer might pass him by with-
out the idea that he was a real clodpate, but such
was not; he was remarkably acute, espe-
cially when his own interest was at stake.
During the "hard times" before mentioned
he became mortgagee to a number of farmers,
in the surrounding country, amongst whom,
as previously stated, was Don Zeres Seville.
Accordingly felt deeply interested in Ever-
ard's imprisonment, knowing if the fortune
turned up the claims he held against "Seville
Place" would at once be settled. So on the
next morning, Simpson was up and out at
an early hour to gain all the information he
could respecting the new prisoner. He had
long talk with the jailor, then directed his
steps towards his office. On turning the cor-
ner of the street which led to S—— he met
Consabina and Wilson just as they were ar-
riving in town. "Guid mornin, gentlemen.
Happy to see ye," was his first salute. "Fine
business, it's hard tae bate you detectives. I
expected that rascal mysel. Quite an ac-
complished thief."

"Stop there," said Consabina, losing pati-
ence, "he is neither rascal nor thief, I am
happy to inform you. He is a gentleman,
and we are come to take him out of that de-
testable place," pointing towards the jail.

Simpson was amazed. Wilson handed him
two letters, which his keen eye quickly
perused, and as quickly detected that both
were not written with one hand.

"Weel, I see thro' t noo. Puir fellow, I see
that he'll no be sorry tae get out in the
fresh air again. But ye hae got a clue tae the
real detective; a' ye've got tae dae noo is
to find out wha's written this."

"I am aware of that," said Wilson, "but
it must be off," so bidding Simpson adieu,
they were soon in front of the jail.

The feelings of Everard, after regaining his
freedom, can better be imagined than de-
scribed. His attachment to Consabina was

stronger than ever, and he told him he
would ever feel a deep sense of gratitude to-
wards him for the exertions he had made in
his behalf.

Consabina said in return, "I have done no
more than duty required of me," and expressed
his regret at what had taken place.

They immediately started for home, as both
knew anxious eyes were on the lookout for
them. Wilson remained behind. He ex-
cused himself by saying he had some busi-
ness to attend to in Moro, but the truth was
he did not like to be in company of one whom
he had so lately imprisoned, and whose inno-
cence had been so easily made evident.

It was two p.m. when they arrived at "Se-
ville Place." But the news of what had hap-
pened, with the exception of Everard's re-
lease, had preceded them. Everard was
heartily welcomed back again.

Another week passed by, during which
Everard's despondency seemed growing worse
and worse. They tried hard to cheer him up,
but it was of no avail.

It was on a Monday afternoon when he
again repaired to S——. This time to trans-
act some business of his own. Night came,
and again he had not returned. Tuesday
morning came, and still Everard was absent.

Consabina again followed, but this time he
failed to get any trace of him. He went to
Moro, still no trace of him. He drove about
all day and enquired of every one he met, with
the same result. On his way home he called
at Baldwin's office, but he was not in. Upon
enquiring he learned that he too had not been
seen since morning. Could it be possible
that Baldwin also had disappeared? He
then returned, and still neither Everard nor
Baldwin had turned up, nor had any trace of
them been found.

Thursday morning came, and Consabina de-
termined to go to New York, and enquire by
the way, and go he did. At Jersey he learned
that two gentlemen had ferried over to
New York on the afternoon of Thursday.
But it being rather late, he remained in Jer-
sey over night. Early next morning he was
in New York, and having learned that a ves-
sel had lately sailed for Australia, he at once
proceeded to the ticket office. Here he
learned with amazement that two gentlemen,
one by the name of Everard Lynn, the other
Baldwin Baesil, had procured tickets, at dif-
ferent times, for a passage in the "Van Die-
man," which had sailed on Wednesday at 2
o'clock, p.m., bound for Australia. Further,

that Everard Lynn had left a letter in the care of the ticket-master, for one Consabina Seville. If such a person called within a week it was to be forwarded to S—— post office. Consabina made himself known, and the letter was handed him. Its contents were as follows :

DEAR CONSABINA:—It is with heartfelt regret that I have taken this step. Words cannot express the pain it caused me to tear myself away from those who have at all times treated me as their own. But parting from you was the severest trial of all. I need not tell you that I esteem you as a brother, for I am convinced that in that respect my feelings are reciprocated. I was compelled to leave, not by anything you or yours have done, far from it. It was my own imaginations. The idea got into my head that my father's fate was impending over me. I tried, but in vain, to banish the idea. Day by day it increased, until finally I could not rest. That was what made me so silent and melancholy of late, when you and your kind father tried so hard to cheer me up. By the time you receive this I will be on my way to Australia. If I meet with success, and if my life is spared, I will probably return to America. Dearly will I remember you all. I hope you will forgive me for the manner in which I left. I could think of no other at the time. Wilson was always eyeing my movements, and I detested him. Further, I know it would be hard to withstand a parting scene with, I may truly call you, the only friends I have on earth. If I arrive in safety at my destination I promise to write you. Until then, adieu!

And believe me to be,

Yours, very sincerely,

EVERARD LYNN.

With a sorrowful heart Consabina turned homewards. He had looked to Everard as one who would fill his place when he was gone to a foreign land. "But what is past, cannot be recalled," and he would just have to arrange matters accordingly. Now a new thought occurred to his mind. "What motive had Baldwin for leaving so clandestinely?" "Could it be possible that Baldwin was the thief?" For the first time suspicion had entered his mind.

But Baldwin was highly respected in the neighborhood and had an enviable character for honesty, so he concluded to keep his doubts, for the present, at least to himself.

It was late in the evening when he arrived home. The news he brought created wonderful excitement. The town of S—— was in a complete uproar about Baldwin. People generally could not help inquiring "What motive he had for leaving so," and were answered by some one chiming in, "Baldwin is no fool. He knows what he's about. See if he don't come out all straight yet."

Everard's departure was deeply lamented at both "Seville Place" and "Rosemont."

That night Consabina dreamt of the future. He thought he was upon the ocean—encoun-

tering a terrific storm, and just as he was thinking shipwreck near at hand, there was a fearful shock, which awoke him, after which he turned over and fell into an unconscious sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE.

Parents good-bye—dear friends, adieu

I bid you all farewell

When I may meet again with you

Future alone can tell.

'Tis sad to leave our dear old home,
O'er unknown seas and lands to roam.

The week following the events narrated in the foregoing chapter, was one of sorrow and bustle at "Seville Place." Of sorrow on account of its being Consabina's last week at home. Of bustle in making the necessary preparations, and in setting things to rights. The "Adelaide" would sail on the Tuesday of the ensuing week, and it was with this vessel Consabina proposed going.

Mr. Melodine had procured the services of an old acquaintance to assist him at "Rosemont," and had kindly permitted Jake to engage with Don Zerres. So Jake filled Everard's place, and a better substitute would be hard to find, for he was not only an able workman, but trustworthy in the highest degree.

Now that the time of departure was approaching, Consabina felt that it was going to be a hard trial—harder than he had at first anticipated. But he resolved to fight it out. Go he must, and go he would. He now had a double motive in going, for the suspicions he had formed of Baldwin's being the thief prompted him to follow him up.

The first day of the week came. All went to church. After the services were over, Consabina had his right arm well night shook from its socket, by friends who were eager to bid him farewell. Then came the most trying scene of all—the last night at home. That night the eyes of more than one never closed in sleep.

"What, sleep! sleep away moments so precious," said Consabina, as his parents urged him to take a little rest before leaving. "No, I can sleep, when I have nothing else to do, on board ship."

Arabella sat clinging tenaciously to his arm, pouring into his ears words of comfort—love—hope, and of the bright anticipated future. How little she fancied the trying ordeals that future had in store for her!

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Morning came at last. A beautiful morning it was. Nature was performing her part giving cheer. The sun seemed to smile upon the scene, and contrasted strangely with the sadness that prevailed amongst those present. Many were the tears shed as Consabina and Jake drove off. But there was one present who shed no tears, that had a sadder heart than any of the others. Her feelings were too deep for tears to come to her relief, and her eyes left him not until he was lost to view. Nor was Consabina free from sadness, but he had firmly resolved to bear up under it. Still it was hard to bear. It was enough.

They had a weary day's drive, for neither Consabina nor Jake was in a fit mode to converse. Both were too sad to talk of the past at the present, and neither dare venture a conjecture about the future.

They ferried over to New York that night and put up at a hotel, convenient to the wharf, and retired to bed at an early hour. Both slept well. Exhausted nature required it, and they had to yield. So soundly did they sleep, that when the bell rang for breakfast neither of them could believe the night had so quickly passed away.

"Are you going to return home immediately after breakfast, Jake," inquired Consabina.

"No sah; I aint gwine home till I sees Consab safe aboard, an' the vessel push off."

The time soon came round—Consabina on board—the anchor weighed, and the "Adelaide" moved off. Jake waved his handkerchief awhile as a farewell token, wiped his eyes with it, and then mingled with the crowd that was lost to view.

Consabina felt himself alone. On board all were strangers to him. All the friends he loved, and the one that was dearer to him than anything else on earth, were left behind. He had forgotten, one friend was ahead, Gerard had gone before him. This thought shone like a ray from the sun breaking through a cloudy sky; it cheered him a little. He was standing on deck motionless as a statue, gazing on home, father, mother, Arabella—the past, present, and the future, when he was aroused by one of the sailors very politely saying, "please mister, clear the way. There's a slight breeze sprung up, and we must haul more sail." Consabina changed his position and perceived the captain with a young lady at his side.

The young lady was handsome, and Consabina thought there was something charming in her appearance, as she raised her eyes to the captain's face, and smiled as she spoke to him. "Whoever she may be," he said to himself, "I must get acquainted with her, as her company would assist in driving those gloomy thoughts from my mind." He walked along the deck toward them.

"Who is that young gentleman coming towards us," inquired the young lady of the captain, who was none other than her father.

"I am not personally acquainted with him, but his name is Consabina Seville," was the reply.

"How noble looking," she whispered.

As Consabina drew near, the captain bowed, and a conversation ensued, and from that time forward a friendship was formed between them, never afterwards to be broken.

Captain Edgar Nieling was a man of good appearance, education and refined manners. Alicia, his daughter, a girl of fifteen summers, was always by his side, when he was not busily engaged.

It was a lovely day. No clouds obscured the azure heavens. There was a light breeze blowing, and a gentle ripple on the blue waters of the Atlantic, over which the "Adelaide" was rapidly gliding. The captain and sailors were in excellent spirits, and such was necessary to cheer up those of the passengers who were inclined to be downcast. Consabina was gazing silently and thoughtfully at the ripple of the waters, when he was aroused by the announcement, that all who desired it, might take a last look at the receding coast. "Half an hour," said the captain, "will hide it from our view, and I can assure you that it is the last glimpse of land we will get for many days."

"Perchance," thought Consabina, "we may never see those shores again." A dark presentiment of the future had entered his mind. He gazed until the last remnant of the distant shore sank, as it were, beneath the waters. On turning around to proceed to his berth, he met the captain, who inquired, "Why those sorrowful looks, Mr. Seville? I had the idea you would make a good sailor."

"And you may yet find your opinion of me not far astray, Captain. But you must give me time to prove myself. It is not always he who is merry and thoughtless when enlisted, that turns out the best soldier when on a field of battle."

"True," replied the captain, "nor do I

care for a reckless, thoughtless person. Such a one has no sterling qualities. The man that can feel for his friends can generally do a humane action if duty requires him."

"You and I agree on that point, captain, and if it be our lot to encounter any danger (which God forbid), I think I shall then be able to prove to you, at least, that I am no coward."

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," returned the captain, "your father was a man of sterling courage. I saw him once risk his life in saving a family from a burning house. The flesh of his face was in a manner broiled. And he nearly lost his life."

While he was speaking, Consabina stood amazed.

"And were you really acquainted with my father? You surprise me very much."

"I should have told you so before, but I thought I would reserve it until I knew you better. It has always been my way, not to make acquaintance too hastily with any one. At that time," he continued, "I was travelling agent for a mercantile establishment in Bristol, England. My business extended through a number of cities and towns in the southern part of Spain. Your father being in the mercantile business, I made it a point to call on him, and as strangers to each other we became very intimate, during my short stay in the town. He kindly requested me to spend a night at his house. I consented, and the evening after found me there. The first two or three hours passed off very pleasantly. He had only been but a short time married to your mother, and I must say, she did all in her power to make us both comfortable. About ten o'clock on the night in question, we were aroused from our pleasant chat by the cry of fire! We at once made for the street, and found to our consternation that the neighbouring dwelling house of Mr. Wheeler, an Englishman, was in flames. In half a minute's time we reached the scene of conflagration. The fire-engines were busily at work; but the fire had gained too much headway before their arrival to be of much use. They prevented its progress, but that was about all they did. As is always the case at fires, there was any amount of confusion—men running in all directions—tumbling and scrambling over each other, not knowing what they were about. Presence of mind is necessary on such occasions. The man that can keep all his wits about him at a fire is deserving of praise. Presently Mr.

Wheeler appeared. He was frantic. "My wife! My children," he exclaimed wildly, "are all enclosed in an upper bedroom. Will no one save them? O God of mercy save them!" There was a momentary silence, and the piteous wailings of the prisoners were distinctly audible. The room in which they were, was twenty-five feet from the pavement, and there was no way of escape only by the window, the stair case being in flames. Your father lost not a moment in considering what was to be done. With all speed he ran to his own establishment, and in less than a minute returned bearing a coil of strong rope. A shout was raised. Mrs. Wheeler had yet sufficient strength left to put her head out of the window. The rope was thrown in—made fast, and with the expertness of a sailor, your father climbed it. Quick as thought he fastened the end round Mrs. Wheeler's body, and lowered her to the ground. A shout of praise was raised by the crowd, and again the rope ascended. But it was some moments before it came out again. In fact we had given both your father and the children up for lost. As we learned afterwards, he had to grope his way through smoke and darkness, searching for them, and when he did find them they were huddled together in a half suffocated condition. One by one they were let down, each time the shout was renewed. As the fourth and last child was being let down, the flames burst into the room,—a portion of the floor had given way. No time was to be lost. Your father's life was the only one in peril now. Quick as lightning he fastened the one end of the rope to something, he knew not what, and began his descent. Every eye was fixed intently upon him. When about half way down, the rope snapped, it had burned through. There was a crash, followed by a groan, and we picked up your father, insensible, and carried him to his own house. Never will I forget the anguish of your mother as we laid him upon his bed. But he had performed a noble work, and when the doctor came he alleviated your mother's sufferings considerably by pronouncing him not dangerously injured, and that he would be all right in a few days. The remainder of that night I spent at his bedside. When he awoke to consciousness, his first inquiry was "are they all alive?" I answered in the affirmative, to which he replied "thank God." He did not seem to be suffering much from pain, for he was soon again asleep. He was yet sleeping when I

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took my leave in the morning. I called several times afterwards, before leaving the town, and ere I did depart had the pleasure of seeing him so far restored as to be able to walk about. I afterwards learned about his becoming bankrupt, and his departure to America. But not until lately did I hear anything further of him, when I learned of another link being added to his misfortunes, likewise of something in connection with my own history, but of which I will say nothing at present. This latter is what is taking me to Australia. The former was the fortune you lost, of which I need not speak."

"I have heard my father relate the same story," said Consabina, when the captain had finished speaking. "He spoke also of you, but he used another name than Nieling."

"That is easily accounted for, as I always received the name of the establishment which I represented, when acting in the capacity of agent. I may also apprise you that Nieling is not my surname. On account of a little mystery in connection with family affairs, I, several years ago, threw my surname aside, and will not again adopt it until that mystery is cleared up."

Consabina had not time to reply, as the captain's attention was called away on account of the wind varying.

Alicia, who had been parading the deck, and watching with interest the conversation that had just taken place, moved towards Consabina. She was anxious to have a talk with him, and in this she was gratified.

"A lovely evening, Miss Nieling."

"Very, indeed. I think we are going to be favored with a pleasant voyage. I feel confident you must enjoy it."

"I do, and especially so, since I have found a friend on board—an old acquaintance of my father's."

"Pray, and who may he be?"

"Your father—our worthy captain."

"Well, Mr. Seville, I am happy to hear it, and I am certain he will prize it as much as you, for both father and I love companionship, especially when we find one in whom we can safely confide."

"At that rate I may say I have found two companions on board. And to prevent anything that might in future mar our friendship, I request you to consider me always as a friend, but no more. Do you understand?"

"I do, and I feel grateful to you in being so frank. Previously I felt reluctant in speaking to you. Now that barrier is removed."

Here they were interrupted. Alicia returned to her room. Consabina remained on deck for sometime after. He noticed a change in the sky. Clouds were appearing in the north west, and he heard the sailors remark that a storm was brewing. He then returned to his berth, and spent the remainder of the evening in meditation.

CHAPTER VII.

ON BOARD THE "VAN DIEMAN."

We must now go back a week or two to let the reader know of some strange things that occurred in connection with our story.

All was bustle on board the "Van Dieman," as she wended her way out of the harbor. Some were weeping, some screaming, others cheering, and the screams and cheers were responded to on the quay. Hats, bonnets, and handkerchiefs were raised aloft and waved as tokens of farewell. Amidst the confusion and bustle that prevailed on board, might be seen two young men standing gazing at each other in amazement. Each surveyed the other for some moments, then one spoke.

"Why, Everard, I am thunderstruck! How happens it that you are here?"

The one interrogation was answered by another, "And Baldwin! how came you to be here? It astonishes me so, that I can hardly think it reality."

Baldwin and Everard had met and passed several times in New York, but not until now had they recognised each other. Still the reason is quite simple. Each had assumed a partial disguise, and only now that the vessel was fairly on its way did each appear in his true colors.

Baldwin was the first to make a response. He said, "I received a letter lately from an aged relative in Australia, who had, during his lifetime, acquired considerable wealth. He had taken suddenly ill, and the doctors said he could not last many months at the longest. He promises in the letter, if I would only come over, he would make me his heir. It was quite a chance, so I thought it the best of my play to go. The reason I left so clandestinely was, to take my old neighbors by surprise when I would return a made man."

Everard's answer was as well suited to the occasion as his, and savored more of truth. He said, "I am going in quest of an uncle, who with his daughter, a little girl of about six years of age, left England nine years ago,

since which time I have heard nothing of them."

Thus ended the first conversation on board ship, between two individuals whose mysterious disappearance had created so much excitement in the neighborhood of S—.

The first few days passed over, and nothing of importance occurred. Baldwin apparently watched every movement of Everard with a suspicious eye. He seemed afraid of him, but for what reason was not yet known. On the fifth day, Captain Roselle and Everard became acquainted. Roselle was one of those shrewd, far-seeing men that we sometimes meet with. Very little passed his eye unobserved.

"Let me see," said he, twirling his beard through his fingers, "are you the Lynn that was imprisoned in Moro a short time ago, on suspicion of theft?"

"Yes, sir."

"The evidence against you was a letter bearing your signature, but which turned out a forgery. The person that had lost the money went by the name of Seville. Am I correct?"

"Quite correct, captain. Some maliciously disposed person tried to ruin me, but failed in his purpose."

"By the by," resumed the captain, "are you acquainted with this Baldwin Baesil?"

"Yes sir, I am. He was Don Zeres Seville's confidant."

"And was he never suspected of having something to do with the theft?"

"No sir, he is the last man in the world Don Zeres would lay suspicion upon."

"Well that may be, but I have some suspicion of him. I do not altogether like his appearance. Do you know his reasons for leaving, or the manner in which he left?"

"As for his leaving, he left like myself, secretly." Here he related what Baldwin had told him as his reason.

"I am going to tell you something at another time," continued the captain, "when we are better known to each other, that will probably arouse your suspicions also." (He was referring to a weighty box Baldwin had amongst his luggage.)

Here they separated for the present.

That night a strange scene occurred on board. The berth of Everard and that of Baldwin adjoined each other. After all the passengers had retired to bed, Everard lay sleepless and musing on what the captain had said. "Could it be possible, there was

any foundation for his suspicions? What has the captain to tell me? One thing certain, both of us were at 'Seville Place' the night the money disappeared."

Hours passed away, still Everard lay awake. He did not feel inclined to sleep. At length he was aroused by a strange noise in Baldwin's apartment. His curiosity was awakened, and slipping out of bed as cautiously as possible, he stepped noiselessly towards the door of Baldwin's berth. He found it a little ajar, just enough to allow him to hear all that might be said inside. He had not long to wait. Baldwin had, apparently, been sitting erect in his bed, but he now got out on the floor. As he did so, he muttered something to himself, but it was too indistinct to be made out. He then moved to that part of the room facing the door. His muttering became louder and more distinct. Everard was all eagerness. He heard a chest open, and what seemed to be the tinkle of gold. Then came distinct mutterings, "Yes, I've got it and nobody suspects me, but what the deuce does Everard follow me for? Did he hear me get out of bed that night? Did he watch me? Never mind, I'll pay him for his trouble, see if I don't. I wonder if he believes the story I told him the other day? Pretty good one. Ha! ha! When I get to Australia can easily bribe some old fool to act uncle for a small sum—make a will—disappear—dead—put in the papers—the will—fortune—myself—the heir. By Harry it will be the nicest bit of law I ever had to deal with. Ha! ha! I can then return to my old home, and who will dare doubt the authenticity of my story when I am armed with papers, documents, will signed and sealed, good! yes, I pronounce it good! Ha! ha!"

After this there was a pause. The one thing that broke the stillness was the tinkle of gold. Yes, Everard could be certain now for each piece was struck down with force. Baldwin was evidently counting the pieces. A few minutes elapsed, and again the muttering began "Only for that lightning—the lightning! It blinds me." (The reader will call to memory the passing thunder storm of the night on which the money was stolen.) "Somebody may see me, and then I am lost for, but it's worth the risk, and if I can manage the first part safely I have law enough in my brain to succeed with the rest." Then making a sudden digression, he went on "How will I manage it, that's the trouble. He's following me, and I don't like him. Y—

he sleeps in the of the way and could only turn he probably can but how will I found in the act and what good Well, yes it's a that lofty mind longer. Ha! ha!

Again the storm "That lightning was that a voice distant thunder. but I must have got it."

He then got in the mutterings of about half an hour bed, thinking Baldwin's revelations that made him delay as though Baldwin's enemy. His breath harsher. There and once more in his mutterings.

"Now Lynn—watching me. See to redeem that gold won't vomit you of Jonah—no, a deacon—so that's ended—All's well that ends bloody end. I'm But it's mine. A blood! It's a blood—mine—the—gold—Here the midnight he was exhausted.

enough in his sleep of Don Zeres' gold.

sometimes divulged Everard went to for thinking over with him. Baldwin in jeopardy. How matter?

"I must take the said he to himself, this dastardly and me He must and will be His villainy has gone has marred the happy Poor Conasabina betrothed, and a happy accomplished villain

he sleeps in the room next mine. Mm out of the way and all will be well. Oh, if I could only tumble him overboard—but then he probably can swim, I must dispatch him, but how will I? That's the query. If I was found in the act it would be the last of me, and what good would the money do me then? Well, yes it's a kind of satisfaction to keep that lofty minded young Seville single awhile longer. Ha! ha!"

Again the storm seemed to annoy him.

"That lightning! How bright it is! Hark! was that a voice I heard? No, it is but the distant thunder. It's wrong, I know it is, but I must have it. Money, money, now I've got it."

He then got into bed and for a short time the mutterings ceased. Everard waited for about half an hour, and was about retiring to bed, thinking Baldwin would make no more revelations that night, when a shuffling noise made him delay yet a little longer. It seemed as though Baldwin was struggling with some enemy. His breathing came shorter and harsher. There was a momentary silence and once more in broken accents came distinct mutterings.

"Now Lynn—you're done for. You were watching me. Sent as a spy. You thought to redeem that gold. Poor fellow. The sea won't vomit you out alive—as the whale did Jonah—no, a dead man can't tell tales on me—so that's ended—and as Shakespeare says, 'All's well that ends well.' But this has a bloody end. I must wash out those stains. But it's mine. Ah! that lightning! That blood! It's a bloody piece of business. But—mine—the—gold."

Here the midnight talker ceased. No doubt he was exhausted. But he had talked long enough in his sleep to prove himself the thief of Don Zeres' gold. What strange things are sometimes divulged in sleep.

Everard went to bed, but could not sleep for thinking over what had just been revealed to him. Baldwin the thief, his own life in jeopardy. How would he proceed in the matter?

"I must take the captain into confidence," said he to himself, "and see if we cannot bring this dastardly and murderous villain to justice. He must and will be frustrated in his designs. His villainy has gone too far already: He has marred the happiness of my dearest friends. Poor Consabina compelled to leave his dearest betrothed, and a happy home, all through his accomplished villainy. But the way of

transgressors is hard, and probably he may yet get paid back in his own coin."

Next day Everard acquainted the captain of what he had heard. The Captain in turn told him of the weighty ohest. They resolved to watch Baldwin closely. The Captain made Everard the present of a brace of pistols, so that he might be prepared to defend himself if compelled to do so. Time sped on. The door of Everard's berth was made secure.

Each day Baldwin tried to elude Everard, and he looked with a jealous eye on the conversations that took place between him and the captain. It seemed to annoy him. In fact any trifling noise made him start. Persons that follow evil pursuits are easily frightened. The howl of a dog or the spring of a cat after nightfall strikes terror into them. So it was with Baldwin, and the fact did not pass unnoticed by the sailors, but when asked what was the cause of his starting so, would answer, by complaining of an ailment in his nervous system.

Another week has fled, and nothing further relative to Baldwin has taken place. Other important scenes take place on board the "Van Dieman," but these we must defer to a future chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSABINA SAVES ALICIA.

Beneath thy surface, O mighty deep,
Lies many a soul in quiet sleep.

So thought Consabina as he stood on the quarter-deck gazing over the vast expanse of water. So far nothing had occurred to mar the progress of the "Adelaide," and she was gliding rapidly onward under a favorable breeze. The captain declared, if the wind only kept as favorable as it had been they would yet be in port ahead of the "Van Dieman," "for," said he, "we have by far the swifter sailing vessel of the two."

This announcement was heard by Consabina with much satisfaction. To arrive at their destination ahead of Baldwin was something he had not previously thought of. The very idea of its being a possibility elevated his spirits. New schemes fitted through his mind, as to how he might watch Baldwin, for the suspicions he had previously formed of his being the thief were now so confirmed that he felt convinced almost to a certainty he was on the right track. Previous circum-

stances that had passed by at the time unnoticed, were now recalled to mind in a quite different light. Baldwin's silence driving to New York—his restless night in Jersey—his dullness on the way home—the sudden change from dullness to mirth at night—his drowsy appearance next morning—then his clandestine departure. These, and innumerable other trivial events, came vividly before his mind and strengthened his suspicions, which were only too correct.

Had he but known what was taking place on board the "Van Dieman," he would have ceased planning. Little did he dream that two individuals in that vessel were, at the present moment, working diligently in his behalf, and had already discovered sufficient to prove Baldwin guilty.

The day to which this chapter refers, was one of almost intolerable heat. What else could be expected, sailing as they were now beneath the scorching rays of a tropical sun.

About noon the breeze that had been blowing ceased, and there was a calm.

The sailors predicted a storm before night-fall, but Consabina heeded them not. He had heard them make similar predictions before, which luckily failed to come to pass. About four p. m. "Sailor Tom," for that was the only appellation by which he was known on board, not being otherwise engaged, though he might, as well as not, have a chat with "Master Seville," as he called our hero.

Sailor Tom had been on the seas many years. In fact there not many of the vast waters unknown to him. He was a Scotchman by birth and had a bright intellect and good education; still some of his ideas were extremely eccentric, if not ridiculous. He had become greatly attached to Consabina, and enjoyed nothing better than a chat with him.

"Weel, Maister Seville," he commenced, "is this no' gran' wather, but I tell ye if the sun had na' been o' the ither side the equator we wid haud it faur warmer. Haund on a wee, anither week or sae, an' I'm thinking ye'll be the better o' some ane tae fan ye."

Consabina laughed and said, "You surely do not think me some delicate lady or sickly child when you talk of using a fan."

"No, na, man, I think naething o' the kind, but I've seen as brisk young lads as you glad to feel the breeze o' a fan." Casting his eyes to the westward he continued, "dae ye see yon line o' angry looking clouds on the horizon? That's a storm comin' or I ken naest-

ing about wather. I thoct this calm would be followed by a storm."

"I hopey ou may be wrong, Tom, for I would not like were we to encounter a heavy storm on a boisterous sea."

"I dinna like a storm myself, for if we happened tae be shipwrecked I canna swim. Ye may glaur, but it's nevertheless true, an auld sailor ancanna swim. But it's no for losin my present life I care, it's when the last day wid come an' the dead would be raised, I wid then be drowned a second time an' that eternally."

"Tom, you astonish me! A man of travel and education like you to hold such a ridiculous idea as that. Surely you cannot believe that at the resurrection we will possess merely natural powers?"

"I am perfectly aware Maister Seville that the general belief is, that at that time human beings will be in possession of supernatural powers, but I hae my ain ideas on that score, and I fully believe a' them that hae been drowned in the sea, if they canna swim, when resurrected they 'll be drowned a second time an' that eternally, nae matter whether they hae been Christians or no." *

"Well, Tom, I must say, your ideas in that line are wonderfully strange. I would advise you to consult your bible, which may convince you of the erroneousness of such a theory."

"Na, na, Maister Seville, there's no much o' my bible but I ken off by heart, and whatever ye may think, I'm positive, in the right. But I see they need me o'er there, (pointing to the other end of the ship) so I maun gang."

Consabina stood for some time in thought. His arms were folded, his eyes fixed upon the deck, and the various movements of the sailors were by him unperceived. From Tom's vague idea his mind wandered back to the home he had left and to those whom he held so dear. He fancied himself once more within its sacred walls, surrounded by those loved ones, and in his fanciful vision stood one pre-eminent. I need not say who she was, and as his imaginary gaze lingered upon that pre-eminent one, a thrill of rapture filled his soul. He would have given a world at that moment, had it been in his possession, for but one embrace of her lovely form, to feel those graceful arms twine about his neck, and to hear her speak in accents so familiar and melodious to his ear.

* The above idea is from fact.

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What joyous moments we have through the medium of thoughts! But how often our anticipations prove as illusive as they have been felicitous? So with Consabina, could he have pierced the future and caught a glimpse of what was before him, it would have made him shudder and pause ere venturing it, and who knows, brave as he was, that he would not have given up in despair? And is it not well that nature has so provided it that we are unable to penetrate the future? Were it otherwise, many would yield to despair sooner than face what lay on their path.

Consabina had been standing for, at least, the space of half an hour, when on raising his eyes he met the gaze of Alicia. Her look was troubled and her cheek pale.

"What ails you Miss Nieling that you look so downcast? Your cheeks have lost their wonted color."

"Why, Mr. Seville, you astonish me. See for—"

Her sentence was cut short by an uproar among the sailors. Every inch of canvass was being reefed, and the vessel's course changed directly to the leeward. Consabina needed no further explanation as to the cause of Alicia's anxiety, for on casting his eyes westward he perceived what made his own nerves quake. The sky on the western horizon was as jet. A huge foam-crested wave was approaching, swift as a race horse.

"A hurricane," exclaimed the captain.

"Below everyone that is not required on deck. Haste, for the hatchways must be made fast."

Those commands were instantly obeyed. These sailors, who remained on deck to be in readiness should anything happen the vessel, were each and all clinging to some firm support prepared for the shock. Onward the mighty wave came. The sight was grand but awful. The heavens seemed as if rending asunder. The lightnings were vividly playing amid the rending clouds. The thunder's dreadful peal seemed as a mighty voice warning the terror stricken mariner of danger on a raging sea.

Nearer it approached.

Amidst the tumult, and unperceived, Consabina and Alicia awaited the result on deck.

Suddenly there was a severe shock, followed by a rushing of water. The ship for a moment was deluged. Then she rode unimpeded on the top of the wave.

But what was that? A faint cry was

heard, then a shout of, "*For mercy sake seize that rope,*" followed by a plunge.

"Some one overboard," rang out from bow to stern.

Captain Nieling was the first to perceive a coil of rope, which was speedily paying itself out into the sea. He seized it just in time and made it fast. Another moment would have been too late.

Casting his eyes seaward in the direction the rope had taken he perceived a form struggling with the waves. Assistance was at hand, and the rope was gently pulled in. What was the captain's astonishment as he recognized, in the form they were pulling in, Consabina nobly struggling to keep Alicia's head above water. Next minute saw the rescued and her deliverer on deck.

The portion of the waves that passed over the vessel had carried Alicia with it. She had uttered the feeble cry before mentioned, and Consabina who happened to be near her seized the rope which fortunately lay at her side, plunged after her and had thus been the means of saving her from a watery grave.

Captain Nieling expressed his heart-felt gratitude to our hero for the noble manner in which he had risked his life in the rescue of his daughter, not forgetting to remind him of their former conversation, assuring him that he had not only proved himself a worthy sailor but a hero as well.

He then returned thanks to him who rules the wind and waves, for the preservation of the life of his only daughter, and of him who had rescued her, and also for the almost miraculous escape of their ship through such a hurricane. Everyone on board united in that prayer, for all felt its truthfulness.

Alicia felt a little unwell after her drenching and the excitement it had caused her, but she expected to be right again in a few days.

The storm was over—but that was nothing uncommon to mariners. All felt extremely thankful, they had got so safely through such a gale.

The sails were again unfurled, and the "Adelaide" glided onward as if nothing unusual had taken place.

CHAPTER IX.

HOME.

Dreary winds, wait me some tiding
Of the one I love so well,
Tell me, is he safely gliding
O'er the ocean billow's swell?

Or hast thou woful news for me?
 Waft them to me, whate'er they be.
 The wind moaned dolefully, and seemed to sigh,
 She dropped her head sadly, tearful her eye.

Day after day Arabella-gazed wistfully towards the spot on which she had taken her farewell gaze at the hero of our story,—the pride of her affections.

The dreary winds of autumn were blowing. If they could but waft some glad tidings—one hopeful word, 'twould be an inestimable consolation. But alas, for the winds! They sigh and moan amid the stately branches of those very trees, beneath whose pleasant shade she had so often enjoyed the company of him for whose safety she felt anxious, whose absence she mourned, and who was now far away.

Thus it was for the first few weeks. Afterwards she endeavored to banish those gloomy thoughts from her mind by looking forward to a bright future.

At "Seville Place" affairs went on more briskly than might be expected. Jake was an adept in expelling sorrow. His timely jokes, and the brilliant view he had of the future, produced a good effect on the minds of Consabina's parents. Still Mrs. Seville bore a look of sadness, nor is it to be wondered at when we consider a mother's feelings towards an only son, who had been compelled by the reverses of fortune to leave a happy home and venture his life upon the uncertain ocean.

One evening, about two weeks after the departure of Consabina, Jake returned from the town of S—, in remarkable high spirits. "Good news! Good news!" was his first exclamation on arriving home.

"What may it be?" eagerly enquired Don Zeres, rising from his seat. "Well, dat der Baldwin is nothing but a scoundrel, and he's been found out." But we'll here relate what had transpired in S—, in our own words, as we can give it a more readable style than Jake did.

After Baldwin's disappearance, as time wore on, the populace grew more and more excited and suspicious about the matter, and finally determined on having his office examined. Detective Wilson was consulted and gave his approval of such being done, and said he would lend his assistance if for nothing more than to satisfy his own curiosity. The office was accordingly broken into and searched. Everything it contained was turned upside down—every paper carefully

examined, but nothing of importance could be found. They were about giving up, thinking their investigation fruitless, when Wilson chanced to notice some papers stuffed into a small crevice between the end of the partition and the main wall. Amongst these papers, which were sadly crumpled, they found a duplicate letter, that had caused Everard to be arrested and imprisoned. The indignation of all present was aroused. Baldwin was denounced in the strongest terms as an artful deceiver, a forger, a disturber of the peace, a villain, yes, a thief, for they felt convinced, taking everything into consideration, that no other than Baldwin was the thief of Don Zeres Seville's gold.

Too late had Detective Wilson got on the right track, and he felt chagrined. Why had he not suspected him as well as Everard? "But," as he grumbled to himself, "What's the use of making a noise about it now? Baldwin is gone, and not likely to return to these parts. I've lost my \$1000 and Seville's money is gone for good, so it ends with that."

Don Zeres was more than astonished when Jake got through. He was in a sort of dilemma. Could it be possible Baldwin was so deceitful. "My old confidant," he murmured, "can it be possible he has deceived me so? I can hardly believe it, still it may be so." Old and experienced as Don Zeres was, he knew little of the world's deception. He was too honest to perceive duplicity in his fellow beings.

Jake was wonderfully uplifted. He had always held Everard in high esteem, and this discovery in his eyes, cleared his character completely. "Ay," said he, "I always know'd he was a gentleman, an' dis proves it out."

That night the news was conveyed to "Rosemont," and it would have sounded harsh to Baldwin's ears had he heard all that was said of him throughout the entire neighborhood during the next few days.

CHAPTER X.

CAPTAIN ROSELLE'S SCHEME—BALDWIN OUTWITTED.

Man forms strange schemes,
 But seldom dreams
 What the result may be.

The scene has changed to the south Atlantic. The day is an auspicious one. The sky is clear—the ocean gently undulating, and

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mild breeze is bearing the "Van Dieman" on-
ward in her course. An island is looming on
the horizon. Captain Roselle is thoughtfully
looking towards it, evidently brooding over
some scheme or other. Everard Lynn stands
near by.

"Lynn," commenced the captain, "do you
see you island?"

On being answered in the affirmative, he
went on, "that island is well known to all
mariners, who have traversed this portion of
the Atlantic. It is uninhabited and it's coast
is a very dangerous one in stormy weather,
on account of numerous hidden rocks, which
extend quite a distance from the shore.

"But I may as well come to the point at
once. I have been forming a plan in my own
mind, which, if carried out, will completely
outwit Baldwin and save both you and me
considerable trouble."

Everard was getting deeply interested, and
on the captain's making a momentary pause,
he urged him to proceed.

"My plan may not meet your approval ;
however, you shall know it. Baldwin, as you
are aware, has been bedridden for a whole
week. His sickness is of such a nature that
it has thrown him into a state of somnolency.
Every afternoon he gets into that state, and I
have privately tried my utmost to awaken
him without effect. You are likewise aware
that ever since that eventful night, on which
he revealed his secrets to you, we have list-
ened—we have watched his every movement,
and all to no purpose. Of course we might
delay until we arrive at our destination and
have him arrested and tried by the proper
authorities, but you shall hear my idea and
if you approve of it, we can get clear of all
that trouble.

"This very afternoon, while Baldwin is in
his unconscious sleep, I propose that we enter
his berth and extract the box containing the
gold from his chest. Of course we are posi-
tive of its being there. We can spare you a
pawl, and after stowing it with plenty of pro-
visions and various kinds of seeds in case of
unseen calamities, we will land you with the
gold upon that island, where you will remain
awaiting our return. You can cultivate a
patch of land for amusement, as I intend to
leave you some implements. You can also
while away some of the time in fishing, as you
will have a small boat, net, line, and fish-
hooks. There you have it. What is your
opinion of it?"

"I think the scheme quite ingenious," re-

plied Everard ; "but how will you manage
Baldwin, when he regains his health and finds
both the gold and me missing?"

"Leave that in my hands. I can easily
contrive a story to suit the occasion. And,
if fortune favors us, so that we may return,
you may rest assured that Baldwin will not
be one of our number."

"I suppose you will leave him behind?"
"As certainly as you now stand on deck."

Roselle would not have spoken so positively
could he have penetrated the future.

The afternoon came, and found the "Van
Dieman" as close to the island as she dare
venture for the rocks.

The sailors were apprized of what was
going to take place, and they were unanimous
in thinking the affair a grand and well-devised
plot.

Everything seemed to favour the project,
for even Baldwin slept more soundly than
ever. All went at work with energy, and in
a very short time the small-boats were afloat
and laden with the various articles pre-
viously mentioned.

The captain and Everard skilfully suc-
ceeded in finding the box of gold, which was
immediately handed down to those in one of
the small boats.

After bidding Roselle an affectionate fare-
well, and warning him to keep a close watch
on Baldwin, Everard descended the vessel's
side, with feelings considerably agitated, and
took a seat in one of the small boats.

Silently, but speedily, they rowed towards
the island. Not a word was spoken until
they stood upon its banks. Then they busily
set to work with both tongues and hands, and
in an hour's space they had everything ashore
—the boat which was to be left to Everard
pulled out of water and set on rollers,
and a comfortable tent erected. But they
had no time to lose. Baldwin might
awaken. So each in turn bade Everard a
hearty good bye, got into the boats, gave vent
to a roaring cheer, then departed, leaving Ev-
erard on the island—alone.

He felt a peculiar feeling come over him, as
he beheld the "Van Dieman" move off. If she
should get lost what would become of him, left
as she was upon a solitary island with no com-
panion to brighten up the dreary hours. He
gazed after the vessel until his eyes grew dim,
and then made preparations for his first night
of camp life.

Everard, thy lot is a hard one, you may
look, you may wish, you may pray for the ro-

turn of the "Van Dieman," but all will be in vain. You will never again see her!

CHAPTER XI.

SHIPWRECKED.

"Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down came her mast with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder."

—WILSON.

We return once more to the "Adelaide." This time we find her about the same spot of the South Atlantic, as that in which the events related in our last chapter transpired, but laboring under very different circumstances. A heavy gale is blowing from the north-east. The ocean is turbulent, and the "Adelaide" is being borne over the huge waves at a rapid rate. The day is cloudy and dismal, and the spirits of both sailors and passengers are anything but lofty. Even Captain Neiling has a look of anxiety as he views the surrounding prospects which are far from promising. Three o'clock p.m. arrives, and the gale is still unabated, and the fury of the waves increased. The day keeps growing darker. In fact, everything seemingly portends some unseen calamity.

About the time mentioned, sailor Tom turned to Consabina, who was leaning against the mainmast, scanning the surrounding dangers, and in timorous voice said, "Is this no awful? We're in for a dangerous night. I hope we may manage to keep clear o' the islands that lie around us."

"Truly it is a horrible day," replied our hero, "and I earnestly hope we may get safely through this night." He put particular emphasis on the latter clause as though he dreaded some impending evil.

"You made mention of islands," he continued, "are you certain there are such in these parts, and if there are, had we not better steer clear of them in such a storm as this?"

"I'm positive of it, an' it cheats me if we're no' within a short distance o' some o' them noo, but the captain kens o' them, and it's likely he'll keep as clear o' them as possible."

Tom was, at this moment, abruptly called away, and Consabina went in search of Alicia. He was eager to find a companion with whom he might beguile some of the dreary hours. He found her sitting alone in her own apartment. A sad, but sweet smile lit up her countenance, as she hailed his entrance, and her first words were, "Ah! Mr. Seville, I am so glad you

have come. I feel so lonesome and down hearted, that every hour as it goes by seems an age. Oh! how I long for this tempest to cease. I have fervently prayed to God, soliciting his protection during the dark hours of approaching night, for I have an instinctive dread of something terrible about to happen. If spared to see to-morrow, surely it will bring a change."

We might say—"Ah, yes! Alicia, to-morrow will bring a change—a change you little wot of."

But we will leave Consabina and Alicia to their conversation, which was anything but animating, and notice other circumstances. Towards nightfall the wind slackened a little, and both the captain and sailors' spirits revived in consequence; but a fearful night was before them, and all felt considerable dread thereat.

Night finally set in with almost impenetrable darkness. Not a soul on board felt desirous of sleep. Every one remained on watch. About an hour after dark something strike upon the captain's ear.

"He listens to the sound."

It came directly over the bowsprit, and it was the sound of the surge, beating upon a not very far distant coast. The terrible fact was instantly disclosed, and quick as thought the vessel's course veered. Several moments elapsed, then something grazed the keel of the vessel and caused her to quiver slightly. Another, and an awful fact is disclosed, as the captain makes the announcement, "We are among rocks! May God have mercy on us!"

For some moments all stand aghast! Alicia clings tremblingly to Consabina's arm.

"The next moment may be our last," cries the boatswain, as he orders the small-boats to be in readiness. Inaudible prayers are mounting upwards from every soul. The awful crisis is at hand. A reeling shock is felt.

"She has struck on a rock," the seamen cried, in a breath of wild dismay."

A few moments more and the "Adelaide" falls asunder. Piteous wailings ascend upon the breeze. The small boats have been filled and swamped by the waves. The life-boat alone rides safely o'er the waves, and is borne speedily away from the scene of disaster. A few, and only a few, are within it. Captain Neiling, the first and second mate, and several of the crew are its occupants.

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and when he discovers that his own daughter
and Consabina are among the missing, it al-
most drives him frantic. But the lives of those
in the life-boat are still in jeopardy, and it
takes the utmost precaution to keep their
boat afloat. They noticed a fact, which at
the time seemed unaccountable. They were
being carried downwards before the wind, and
strange to say, the sound of the waves lashing
the shore decreased. But, as afterwards dis-
covered, the rock upon which their ship had
struck was one of the cordon rocks, stretching
outwards into the ocean, from a promontory
which was situated on the north-east corner
of the island. Their boat had glided into
waters of the south-east side of this cordon,
hence the reason. But we must, for a short
time, leave the life-boat and return to the
scene of the wreck.

CHAPTER XII.

DRIFTED ASHORE.

Amid the scene of confusion and disaster,
Consabina with Alicia still clinging to him,
succeeded in getting into one of the small
boats. As a likely consequence, the boat was
instantly overloaded and upset, and its oc-
cupants submerged in the waves. Alicia
clung to our hero with the tenacity and des-
peration peculiar to a drowning person. He
being a good swimmer, immediately struck
out from the spot, bearing Alicia up with his
one arm and dexterously using his other. He
was aware that to come in contact with any
one of his drowning companions would be
likely to result fatally to himself and the one he
was endeavoring to save. After fighting man-
fully with the waves for a short time he came
in contact with a large piece of floating
wreck, which he seized, and after making
several strenuous efforts, he at length suc-
ceeded in drawing himself and his now half-
conscious companion upon its surface. To
his both clung with desperation, and each
had a firm hold of the other, for Alicia re-
sisted almost instantly on finding herself
out of the water, and with a chance of escape.
Every wave, as it came, washed over them;
but of one thing they felt convinced, each
was bearing them nearer the shore.
However dreary that shore might be, it was
desirable in their present position.

Towards midnight they neared the coast.
The splashing of the waves told them so,
the darkness was so dense they could

see nothing. Shortly they discovered, by the
sound of the waves, that they were within
the circle of an indentation of the coast, and
finally a huge wave seemed to carry them
upwards to a great height, and as it receded,
they found themselves left on the strand. Con-
sabina took Alicia in his arms, as she was
too much exhausted to walk, and hastened
up the beach, so as to be out of reach of the
next wave.

He reached the bank and clambered to its
summit, then freeing himself of Alicia, his
first word was to wring the water from their
apparel. The wind being warm, as they were
in a warm latitude, soon dried their clothes,
and they began to feel comparatively speak-
ing comfortable. They felt thankful to
think they had escaped a grave in the ocean,
but what had become of all the rest—where
Alicia's father? These thoughts produced
sorrow and anxiety in both their minds.

"Do you think, Mr. Seville, there is any
probability of my father's being saved?" in-
quired Alicia, imploringly.

"I have every reason to believe there is.
I am almost certain he was in the life-boat
at the time it left the wreck, and that I heard
him speak encouragingly to his men. Such
being the case, I am confident that, by being
careful, they would find no difficulty in keep-
ing afloat, as it is a boat well calculated for a
rough sea."

"That relieves my mind considerably. It
revives me, and gives me hope."

They conversed thus for a short time, but,
both being sorely exhausted, they became
drowsy and were soon fast asleep. No dreams
disturbed their repose, and when morning
dawned they were awakened by a voice close
by exclaiming—

"Haloo! Master Seville an' Miss Nealing!
Can it really be possible? Preserve us a',
hoo cam ye here?"

Our hero and Alicia could hardly believe
their eyes as the recognized in the person who
had thus addressed them, their old and es-
teemed friend, Sailor Tom.

Tom had drifted ashore in a manner sim-
ilar to the others. He said he was "deter-
mined no' to be drowned in the sea," and his
determination had saved him.

But let us take a view of their situation as
it presented itself on this particular morning.

A small and beautiful bay lay before them.
To their right stretched the promontory, pre-
viously mentioned, rising gradually to the
the height of some forty feet or thereabout

above the sea level. To their left extended the other wing of the bay, with a gradual rise as it receded from the shore. The island, for such it proved to be, was covered with clusters of various kinds of shrubs and plants, peculiar to the climate, and to all appearance was uninhabited, save by themselves.

The storm had abated, and the sun broke through the clouds and shone down upon them in all his southern brilliancy and splendor. This inspired them with courage, and as soon as each had finished relating his perilous adventures of the past night, they proceeded along the beach with the hope of falling in with more of their former companions, who, perchance, might have been as fortunate in getting ashore as they themselves had been; but the search was in vain, and they shuddered as they thought of the fate of their comrades—a fate which had so nearly been their own. They next mounted the highest summit on that part of the island, and scanned the ocean in every direction, as far as their view extended, but could discern nothing in the shape of a boat or sail. They had expected to discover the life-boat tossing somewhere amongst the waves, but in this they were doomed to disappointment.

They then returned to the spot from which they had started, and noticing that numerous articles were coming ashore from the wreck—articles which would prove invaluable to them in their present isolated position—they immediately set to the saving of them. Amongst the first things hauled out, was quite a stock of provisions, which was looked upon as an inestimable blessing, sent, as it were, from God. Then there was a chest containing some carpenter's implements, a few books and some clothing. The chest had been made water tight, hence the reason of it floating ashore. They likewise succeeded in pulling out one of the small boats and three oars, which came within their reach. This truly was something worth having as they could coast around the island when the ocean was calm. They worked well and hard all day.

Towards evening they erected a rude little dwelling out of the fragments of the wreck which had been washed ashore, and when completed they assembled within its walls, and with the chest placed in the centre as a table partook of their evening meal with considerable relish and comfort. After supper, such as it had been, they conversed awhile on various topics, but chiefly on the wreck of

the "Adelaide," and all appertaining thereto. It was also concluded that next day they would take a survey of a portion of the island. Then feeling somewhat tired, after their day's toil and the exertions of the previous night, they laid themselves down in different corners of the earthen floor to sleep away the silent hours of another night.

Alicia was the last to close her eyes. She could not help thinking of her kind father. What had become of him? When her eyes did close in sleep, they were bedewed with tears.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Next morning our little island party awoke refreshed, and, as soon as they had partaken of a humble repast, started out on an exploring ramble. They took an easterly direction, and on arriving at the base of the promontory previously spoken of they cut across and in a very short time reached the eastern coast. They were not long in discovering that this portion of the island was far more beautiful, and presented better advantages than that on which they had located, and they could not help pausing to admire.

"I've been in a good many parts o' the world in my life-time," said Tom, "but this is the bonniest I ever witnessed. Wi' twa or three to keep me cheery I could live contentedly here a' my days."

"Look! look!" shouted our hero, pointing towards the south, "the island is inhabited. Yonder is a man cultivating his garden with a spade."

"Ay, ay, man," returned Tom in a tone of surprise. "It's a fact, but I should'na wonder if he turn out one o' our ain companions, washed ashore like oursel's."

Alicia stood conjecturing. What if it should be her father. A shout of joy was raised. The stranger raised his head, and waved his hat. He had noticed them, and throwing down his spade, walked towards them. They immediately set out to meet him. As they neared each other Cousabine immediately came to a stand and looked for a moment bewildered. Then rushing forward, he shouted "Everard Lynn! 'tis none other than he."

Alicia, as she heard the name, stood amazed, gazing inquisitively at the stranger.

Tom looked on in an unconcerned manner. In the ecstasy of the moment, neither Cousabine

hina nor Everard

words. "Everard Lynn!" "Can it be possible?" "You." She could not help stepping forward in emotion, "Everard Lynn?"

He instantly looked towards her and she continued to ask such a question since you last saw your cousin—Nielsing Lynn."

Everard was this be a dream? Has this been our lonely island? your father—my "God only knows!"

When Alicia Everard, Cousabine's consent. Everard used in their "Adelaide," and why she had not revealed this to Cousabine for keeping an appropriate occasion, so he said

Then there were surprises, one after another. Everard told her she was wrecked, but left her will. "But," said she to relate here. Tom

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Consabina nor Everard could find utterance for words.

"Everard Lynn," repeated Alicia to herself. "Can it be possible that I have at last found you." She could restrain herself no longer, and stepping forward inquired in a voice of emotion, "Everard, do you not remember me?"

He instantly turned his gaze on the speaker and looked perplexed.

She continued, "How foolish of me to ask such a question. Nine years have elapsed since you last saw me. Know me then as your cousin—your long lost cousin—Alicia Nieling Lynn."

Everard was completely astonished. "Can this be a dream," he said, "or is it reality? Has this been our destiny, to meet thus on a lonely island? Strange fate! But where's your father—my worthy uncle?"

"God only knows," was the solemn answer.

When Alicia disclosed her relationship to Everard, Consabina fairly stared with astonishment. Everard's name had often been used in their conversations on board the "Adelaide," and it was certainly strange, why she had not on some of these occasions revealed this to him. What were her reasons for keeping it concealed? But this was not an appropriate time to demand an explanation, so he said nothing.

Then there was a regular complication of surprises, one after the other. The next was; as Everard told them, he had not been shipwrecked, but left on the island of his own free will. "But," said he, "my story is too long to relate here. The day is hot, so let us at once proceed to my habitation and get beneath its shelter. You must be fatigued after your long ramble, so let us away. You can relate some of your adventures by the way, and when we get there I have another surprise in store for Consabina, one that will require considerable explanation."

Everard then motioned Alicia to take his arm, and all four started for the tent, Consabina relating, in brief, account of the wreck of the "Adelaide," and of their narrow escape. When he made mention of the life-boat and of the hopes he entertained of its escaping, Everard interrupted him, saying, "Why I saw a small boat that very next morning far to the southward, and made signals to it, but those in it either did not see me, or were overpowered by the waves in their at-

tempts to return, for I lost sight of it shortly afterwards."

"So much more," said Alicia, "to confirm the hopes we have of my father's having escaped, for we are convinced, almost to a certainty, that he was one of the occupants of that boat at the time it left the wreck."

"That being the case," continued Everard, fervently, "may God in his mercy rescue them."

Here they arrived at the tent. Everard had already quite a patch of ground cultivated and planted with various kinds of seeds, but they were too much taken up with other things to notice this. Still it spoke well for him, to be already making preparations for the probable exigencies of a life of solitude.

As soon as they entered, Everard brought out the box of gold and asked Consabina if he knew it. This was the surprise he had spoken of. Then followed his story, which has been told in previous chapters. When he got through, he treated his new friends to an excellent dinner, with no less than a bottle of wine in the centre of the rude table. Certainly this was a rare treat, and they partook of it with great zest.

The day seemed to pass by very rapidly, and evening apparently came round before its usual time. When darkness set in Everard lit his lamp—another wonder. And they kept up the conversation until their eyes were closing. Alicia promised to tell her story of both herself and her father, next morning. And it was concluded that they would remove anything that was of value from the other tent to his, and make this their abode while they remained on the island. And all looked forward to the time of Captain Roselle's return as the termination of living in solitude. They had more comfortable beds to lie upon that night. Alicia had Everard's mattress, and the others a lot of half-dried grass, which they had cut during the afternoon, spread on the floor.

Consabina lay awake for hours pondering over the events of the day, and then turned his thoughts on home and on Arabella. And as he thought of her, who was now dearer to him than ever, words similar in meaning to the following beautiful lines, passed through his mind:—

"Midst all the turmoil of the busy day,
 And in the peaceful stillness of the night,
 Recurs thy dear, fond name whene'er I pray,
 Yearn I to see thy loving face so bright.
 All in a mist whene'er thou art not here
 Looms in the distance, phantom-like, thy face;

I can in fancy, darling, fool thee near—
Can feel thy power and every soothing grace.
And ever in my heart an echoing sound
Yields up it's tune to love's untrifling hand;
O'er my lone spirit love-born joys abound,
Unclouded by a shadow is love's land.
Nor pen, nor voice, my love can ever tell;
God knoweth how I love! Darling farewell."

CHAPTER XIV.

ALICIA'S STORY.

"I suppose you are anxious to hear me relate my story," said Alicia, as soon as breakfast was over on the morning following. "so, according to promise, I will now begin, if you are ready to hear me."

"Proceed, proceed," said Consabina and Everard in one breath, "we shall be happy to hear you."

"Well, about nine years ago, as Everard is aware, my father and I left England and sailed for South America. On our voyage thither he took a great fancy to a sea-faring life and receiving every encouragement from the captain, he engaged there and then to serve his term as a sailor. It is needless to enter into details, for such would not prove interesting to you. The first five years of this new life were spent in traversing the southern seas. No matter where he went, I was with him. He could not bear to leave me behind. So that during those five years I became so accustomed to seafaring, that I considered living on land, dull and monotonous in comparison. We encountered numerous dangers and were several times nearly shipwrecked, but we became habituated to such, and looked upon them as only natural occurrences. The next year we spent sailing on the coasts of India, and were once hotly pursued by a pirate. We were at the point of being captured and falling into the hands of a murderous pack when the intervention of a British man-of-war saved us. She came up to our rescue just in time. The pirate suddenly turned in her course, and instead of pursuing was closely pursued. We soon lost sight of both vessels, but afterwards learned that the pirate had been captured and the villains who had survived the conflict, brought to justice. About the end of this year my father, having risen from one grade to another, became captain of the "Poonah," a strongly built and fine looking vessel. Another year slipped away and nothing worth relating occurred. Early in the year ensuing we sailed with a valuable cargo for England. You may well imagine with what feelings of

joy we steered our course towards the land of our birth—a land we had not seen for so many years. And when, at length, those dear enchanting shores came in sight, our very souls were filled with rapture. Finally we arrived at Liverpool, as that was the port at which our cargo was to be unshipped, and as soon as the opportunity offered we proceeded to Bristol in the full expectations of there meeting our relatives, Everard and his father—my dearly-to-be-remembered uncle, Horatio Lynn."

As Everard heard his father's name pronounced, he heaved a deep sigh, and tears stood in his eyes.

"But, alas!" she continued, "when we reached Bristol, the painful news of my uncle's disgrace and death fell like a thunderbolt upon our ears. I thought my father would fall beneath the blow. God knows that neither he nor I thought him guilty."

Here her feelings overcame her, and there was a brief pause, during which not a word was spoken by any one. Tom ran for some water, thinking she was about to faint; such not being the case, she moistened her lips with the water, and resumed.

"We next learned of Everard's departure, and found that you (addressing him) had sailed for New York. My father resolved to throw aside our surname until the disgrace or mystery, whichever you like to term it, that hung over my uncle's death should be cleared up. He eluded all those who were likely to recognize him, and we only remained two days in Bristol. We then returned to Liverpool, where he found a substitute to fill his place as captain of the "Poonah." We shortly afterwards sailed for New York in quest of you—arrived, but failed in getting any trace of you until we met your name in the paper in connection with the robbery of this very gold you have here. This was another severe blow to us. We hardly knew what to do, and delayed a couple of days in an unsettled state of mind. Then we came to the conclusion that it would be the proper way of arriving at the true state of affairs to find you out, and hear your story. This was on the very day that the "Van Dieman" sailed, and in some way or other, father found out that you were one of her passengers. It appeared somewhat strange in his view of matters, your leaving the country so shortly after being released from jail. You must admit there was something mysterious looking about it. So he determined to follow you up. To lose sight of our only living relative

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with such doubts in our mind about him would never do. That very day an excellent opportunity for the carrying out of this resolve offered itself. The "Adelaide" was to sail the week following, in the "Van Dieman's" track. Her captain had taken suddenly ill, and the company to which she belonged, being partly acquainted with my father, and knowing him as a captain and mariner of considerable experience, requested him to take charge of her for the voyage and fill the vacancy.

"As a matter of course, he consented, and the remainder you know. One thing more and then I am done. My father made me promise not to divulge our surname to any person under any consideration, until he authorized me to do so. But I considered that I was no longer bound by that promise, and that it was my duty to reveal myself to Everard, meeting as we did upon this lonely island. And it afforded me unspeakable happiness as I learned yesterday from his own lips his innocence of the crime for which he had been so basely imprisoned."

Thus she ended her brief and unvarnished account.

Everard had listened, with the deepest concern to every word of it. He felt peculiarly happy to think this cousin had been restored to him even under such unfavorable circumstances, and already he regarded her with an affection which might ultimately wax stronger than that of a cousin. Her narration had relieved Consabina's mind. Why she had not revealed her name to him before was now made evident.

It was a source of grief to all concerned as they thought of how improbable the chances of Capt. Neiling Lynn's being rescued. Still they could only hope for the best.

On casting their eyes seaward, they perceived that the ocean was calming down, and the day being excessively hot, they deferred removing the articles from the [other tent a day longer. It was thought by that time they might venture in making the transfer with the boats, which would be a much easier method than carrying burdens by the land route.

But we must for a short time leave the island and its scenes. We leave those upon it with gold in plenty. Land, likewise, they have in abundance. Then why are they not satisfied?

"Home! thy charms are not there!
Thy loved ones are absent."

They yearn for these.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

South-westward they are drifting,
Borne onwards by the waves.
Their prayers to God ascending,
Imploiring him to save.

"Will morning ever come?" was the despairing enquiry of more than one of the seattered occupants of the life-boat.

"Keep up your spirits my men; it will never do to be already losing hope. Cheer up! Be lively!"—was the response of their brave captain.

Nothing but hard toil and careful management took them safely through the long and dreary hours of that night. Two of their number were kept constantly at work scooping out water, and several times they came nearly being swamped. The welcome daylight came at last and they discovered the island far to the northward. They hesitated for a short time between two opinions—as to whether it would be advisable to endeavor to run to the island or remain at sea and run the risk of being picked up by some passing vessel. They were thus hesitating, when the captain shouted, "a sail, boys! a sail to the south-east."

True enough there was a sail, but she was very distant, as only her top-sail was visible above the horizon.

"Ply your oars steadily, boys. I'll attend to the steering," was the captain's brisk command. The men were instantly inspired with new life, and the island was entirely forgotten. But they had to take a zig-zag course in order to cross the waves, and in consequence progress was not very rapid. Now the half-mast rose to view and again it totally disappeared. Thus it was for the whole day, and when night came they were as far from the vessel as ever. It was disheartening. Another night upon the ocean in that life-boat was inevitable. The cravings of thirst and hunger were beginning to be severely felt. They had worked assiduously all day, and this was their recompense. Exhausted, hungered, athirst, truly their position was deplorable. Nor will I attempt to portray the longings and yearnings of these poor beings during the dismal hours of that long and tedious night upon the ocean—adrift.

The second morning at length arrived, but it found them one less in number. Poor Jim Caner, one of the ship's crew, had gone to his "long account." His constitution had not been rugged enough to withstand such hardships. Strange thoughts passed through each mind, as they lowered his remains into the waves. Each wondered if it should be his turn next. But this dark hour was not void of circumstances to revive their languishing spirits. During the night the wind had changed, and it was now blowing a gentle breeze from the south-east. Presently, the sail which they had pursued so earnestly on the day previously, rose again in view. This time it kept rising, and shortly the hull presented itself. Even in the midst of sorrow for their lost comrade, they could not help rejoicing as they perceived that the vessel had changed her course with the wind and was now bearing almost directly towards them. Jackets were stripped off, and raised aloft on the ends of the oars as signals, and a shout, long and loud as their exhausted lungs could yield, was raised. Soon they observed some one clambering the main mast, and immediately after the British flag was hoisted and a gun fired as signals in return.

"Thank God!" Captain Nieling fervently exclaimed, "we are discovered—we are saved."

In due time they were taken aboard the "Mersey," a Liverpool merchantman, homeward bound.

As soon as they had received some refreshments the two captains interchanged compliments, and Captain Nieling's sad story was briefly told. He would have felt more satisfied had the vessel been bound for an American port instead of Liverpool, but such was his destiny, and he could not help it. One painful reflection worked constantly in his mind—"My daughter, my darling, what has befallen thee?"

CHAPTER XVI.

BALDWIN GAINS THE ASCENDENCY.

"Captain Roselle, from you I demand an explanation of this apparent mystery. There is no doubt whatever about the matter, in regard to Lynn and my money disappearing simultaneously. It is just like one his tricks. This is only another instance of his cunning. He might have contented himself with what he had so lately stolen from Squire Seville. But no, that had not satisfied the cravings of his thievish nature, otherwise he

would not have taken the advantage of a poor sick man. But that is not what I wish to come at. It is this: You are the master of the ship, and I feel convinced that Lynn has not escaped without your being aware of it. That being the case, I consider you as an accomplice, and will hold you responsible."

The reader will doubtless have recognized in the speaker, the villain—Baldwin Baesil. Just one week has elapsed since Everard had been left ashore on the island. Baldwin had so far recovered as to be able to get out of bed, when he discovered to his consternation that his ill-gotten gains had disappeared. On learning from the sailors that Everard had also disappeared, he immediately confronted and addressed the captain in the foregoing imperative manner. While he was speaking, his features bore a look of anger, mingled with suspicion, fear and revenge. When he got to where he left off, Captain Roselle feigned a look of wrath, and assuming a haughty tone retorted.

"Enough, Baldwin Baesil, enough! Be careful of what you say. I am surprised to hear that you have lost your money, but do not, at your peril, attempt to implicate me in the robbery. Give me but one word more of your insolence, and I will have you at once placed in irons."

Baldwin could not help displaying his pusillanimity under this shower of angry words. He fairly trembled in his shoes, and turned pale as death.

"I did not intend to say you took the money," he said, timidly, and in an apologetic manner.

"Whether your intentions were such or not," returned the captain, "your words certainly implied that meaning. Did you not say you considered me an accomplice, and as such you would hold me responsible? Pretty strong language, I can tell you. Many a man has suffered for less."

Roselle felt he was rapidly gaining ground on him, and he went on, "Had you come to me and made your complaint civilly, I might then have sympathised with you, and assisted in having the matter investigated. But, as it is now, I demand you to retract your words."

"I do, I do retract them," said Baldwin, penitently, fairly cowed. But it must be remembered that Baldwin's nerves were weakened by prolonged ill-health, otherwise he would not have been so easily conquered, for he was a perfect fiend in human form, as will shortly be proven. Still his conscience, no doubt, troubled him

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and Shakespeare very truly says, "Conscience makes cowards of us all."

"Since you have done so," continued the captain, softening his tone, "I may as well tell you how and when we missed Everard." (Of course his story was previously invented.)

"One morning, about a week ago, as I was walking along the deck, I perceived one of our yawls to be missing. I immediately inquired of the sailors, and especially of those who had been on watch during the night, but none of them could account for it. Presently we discovered that Everard Lynn was nowhere to be found. What had become of him? Whither had he gone? We were amazed and perplexed. I at once raised my telescope, and scanned the waters in every direction, but could discern nothing. We kept a sharp look out for the remainder of the day and the day following, and then gave him up as lost—lost in a manner, to us mysterious. That he has your money with him seems probable enough, still I had a loftier opinion of him than to deem him capable of committing such a mean act. Is your loss heavy?" Roselle put this question merely to see how much truth the answer might contain.

"Between four and five thousand, at any rate, and that is too much for a poor man to lose," was Baldwin's adroit response.

"Certainly it is quite an amount, but there is no use fretting over it now. Who knows but you may yet recover it? It may turn up in a way you little dream of."

"That will never happen," said Baldwin, despondingly.

Roselle said no more, but turned away, muttering to himself, "What right has he, the villain, to expect to recover that which is not his?" Baldwin looked after him suspiciously. He evidently mistrusted him, and his mind was in a state of disquietude about the matter.

Shortly afterwards, the captain returned, and found Baldwin still standing where he had left him. He had regained his courage, and with a treacherous look, again accosted his superior.

"Roselle," he began, "you need not try to blindfold me. That story of yours is a mere fabrication. I firmly believe that you and Everard have coalesced against me, and robbed me of my gold. I say this unmindful of the consequences. I am aware that you have me in your power, for the present at least, but be careful what you do, and re-

member 't is a long road that has no turn in it."

"Scoundrel! Villain! Deceitful wretch that you are," retorted Roselle, 'twould have been well for you, had you kept silent. Then you would have had liberty while you remained aboard this vessel; now you shall be held as a prisoner—and placed in irons."

"What authority have you for that, pray?" haughtily interrupted Baldwin.

"Since you have the audacity to ask such a question, I will apprise you of what you may not wish to hear, and of which you deem me ignorant. In the first place, you are a robber." Here he related how he had revealed himself, during which rehearsal Baldwin, pale and trembling, heard all. "Secondly, you contemplated the murder of Everard." He staggered at this disclosure and looked more haggard than ever. "Thirdly, I assisted Everard in extracting the money from your chest, and by a certain scheme which we carried out, and of which you know nothing, he is at present safe, beyond your reach. Lastly, from a knowledge of these affairs I take you prisoner, and as such you will remain, until handed over to the authorities, when you are likely to receive a just penalty for your atrocities."

As a wolf that has been captured gnashes his teeth at his captor, so Baldwin, feeling that he was overpowered, drew out a long-bladed knife, which he had concealed in his belt, and made a desperate thrust at Roselle. But Roselle was too well skilled in such manoeuvres for him, to succeed in his murderous attempt. In an instant the would-be-assassin was thrown violently on his back and his throat compressed in the powerful grasp of the captain.

"Contemptible, dastardly wretch!" exclaimed the now enraged captain. "Only for allowing the law her full privilege, I would without hesitation throw you overboard."

"Over with him! show no mercy," shouted several of the sailors in one breath. They had been listening, at a little distance, to the exciting contest, but had never once thought of its coming to this.

"No," returned the captain, "not so rash as that. Bring hither the fetters and make him secure." His orders were promptly obeyed, and Baldwin with his feet shackled and his hands manacled was carried to a secure apartment.

"We'll tame his courage and temper now," said Roselle, feeling somewhat relieved.

"He'll not get a chance to attempt another outrage like that, for some time to come."

How little he knew of the turn events would take ere another day should pass over. That night was to Baldwin a night of misery. Revenge stood uppermost in his evil mind and he vowed to himself to have it, even if it should cost him his life.

Next morning dawned and all stood aghast as they beheld, at no great distance to the windward, the "Glede," a notorious pirate. Presently the demoniac yells of the fearless sea robbers fell upon their ears like a knell, sending terror into every heart. Captain Roselle instantly summoned his men and cautioned them to keep cool and civil, otherwise, said he, "torture and death will be our portion. Escape is impossible, and to offer resistance with what arms and men we can muster, would be worse than madness, and would only drive away the hope of whatever mercy we may otherwise receive at their hands, for she is manned with as murderous a set of ruffians as ever existed."

Another yell more terrible than the preceding ones shook the air, and a monster flag, bearing the inscription in large capitals, "SURRENDER OR DEATH," was hoisted to the main top.

Roselle, to prevent mischief, for the "Glede's" guns were being brought into position, took up his speaking trumpet and spoke the words—"we surrender."

The pirate's small-boats were immediately lowered and manned. In brief the "Van Dieman" was boarded and ransacked. On coming across Baldwin, the pirates and he were noticed holding a brief consultation, the nature of which at the time was not known, but was shortly after evinced. Everything of value was taken out of the ship, and speedily transferred to the "Glede." Baldwin was released, and he and Roselle were taken along. The latter demanded an explanation, but it was not, at the time, granted him. To remonstrate was useless, so he unwillingly submitted. The masts of the "Van Dieman" were cut down—her rudder destroyed, and in this helpless and wrecked condition, they sent her with all her occupants, save the captain and Baldwin, adrift.

Poor beings, destitute of provisions, left to perish on the merciless ocean, by a band of heartless robbers. They were never heard of, and their probable sad fate can only be conjectured. Roselle had no sooner arrived on board the pirate than he was bound

hard and fast in the very fetters from which Baldwin had been released.

"What have I done," he demanded, "that you abuse me thus? How have I merited this cruel punishment?" Mocks and jeers were his first answer. Then one of the desperadoes ushered Baldwin into his presence, saying, as he did so, "There my friend, he can give you all the explanation you want."

Roselle instantly conjectured the whole plot.

"These chains become you admirably, captain. I think they fit you better than they fit me. Happy to see you so comfortably situated," was Baldwin's first taunt.

Roselle looked searchingly into his eyes, but said nothing.

"Did I not tell you yesterday," he continued, "that it is a long road that has no turn in it." Yesterday I was in your power, to-day you are in mine."

"But," interrupted Roselle resolutely, "yesterday just punishment was dealt out to the guilty; to-day, unmerited punishment is being meted out to the innocent."

"Silence, Roselle!" growled Baldwin sarcastically. "Remember your life is at my mercy. With one word I could have you instantly despatched, but that is not my purpose."

"Then what is your purpose?" was haughtily demanded, at the same time giving Baldwin a look so stern that he winced under it.

"You shall know it, my dear sir, with the utmost pleasure."

"How overhearing you are," interrupted Roselle.

"You must just put up with it, my esteemed friend," he went on, more jeeringly than before. "You see, the jangle of those chains puts me in mind of old times. It is a sweet melody to my ears. It charms me."

"That will suffice for sarcasm," again interrupted the captain, growing impatient to hear his enemy's designs.

"Well, I am glad to hear that I have satisfied you on that score. I hope the next may suit your wishes as well. You see I have become pirate now, and I must endeavor to perform my part, so I suppose I may as well come to the point at once. We purpose that you shall inform us as to what has become of Everard Lynn and the *gold*, and direct us in a plan whereby we may recover it."

"Never will I betray my friend," was firmly put in by Roselle.

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all us willingly, you shall be rewarded. If, on the other hand, you choose reticence, we shall extort the truth from you."

"You may take away my life by inches, if you will, but never will I reveal to you anything further in the matter than what has already been told you." This reply was made in a cool, steady, but determined tone.

"That being your resolve, you may prepare yourself, my dear captain, for torture in its strictest sense."

"Do what you will, I pray God to bear me through this trial. And remember, Baldwin, tribulation will come to you sooner or later." This was spoken with pathos, but it produced no visible effect on Baldwin.

"If it is a fair question," continued Roselle, "in what direction are you steering?"

"We are retracing the 'Van Dieman's' course, and I pity you should we pick Everard up by the way. But I leave you now for a short time, and again I tell you to prepare for torture."

Alone and in chains Roselle sighed for the sake of his trusty crew—then as he thought of the probability of their discovering Everard's hiding place, he shuddered. But he pruned aloud, as he thought of his wife and family whom he had left so happy in Halifax.

Poor Roselle! thy case is lamentable. Thou hast many ordeals yet to pass through. Baldwin, thy inveterate enemy, has sworn to be revenged on thee, and he will carry it out unmercifully. Sad fact! the just suffering of the unjust, but such not unfrequently happens.

CHAPTER XVII.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

We look, we long for a sail to come,
Oh for a ship to bear us home,

Here, all seems drear.
At length the welcome sight we spy,
Our hopes are raised, our spirits high,
But as we think our rescue nigh
It disappears.

Let us return to the island. Isolated as our little island company were from the civilized world, they were not destitute of numerous things, which go to constitute comfort. They had a fair supply of provisions, and means to replenish it as it became diminished. They had also in this line considerable variety, such as wild fowl, for Roselle had not for-

gotten to leave Everard a gun and plenty of ammunition,—palatable fish—vegetables, the products of their garden, and delicious fruit, which grew in variety and abundance around them. Thus by fishing, shooting, gathering fruit, and tilling their garden-plot, as well as the comforts derived from such, they found employment to while away the time.

Then, the scenery which surrounded them, to say the least of it, was picturesque. So upon the whole their situation might have been far worse.

After removing the things from the other tent, the three men engaged themselves in extending the limits of Everard's garden, and in a few days had quite a patch of land under cultivation. Growth was so rapid on the island that already some of the seeds which Everard had first planted, were ready for use, that is on a moderate scale.

Day after day they kept a constant look-out for a passing-sail, and one evening, you may imagine their joy, as they beheld, far to the east-ward, the much-longed-for sight.

"Hurrah! hurrah! ship ahoy!" shouted Tom rapturously. "Let us collect a' the auld timber an' rubbish into a heap, and as soon as it's dark we'll set fire tae 't."

All went to work with cheers, and in a short time they had a huge pile raised on the top of the highest mound, proximate to their tent. The last view they took of the distant vessel was not very encouraging. Night was fast approaching and only her topmasts were visible above the horizon. At night-fall they set fire to the heap and kept up a bright blaze until far on in the night. But the fuel being exhausted they were compelled to give it up, and wait the morning's result. Morning at length arrived, and with it disappointment. As far as the eye could reach no sail was to be seen. Their signal had evidently not been perceived, and they felt downcast.

But sometimes disappointment proves ultimately a benefit. So in this case, for the sail of the previous night was none other than the "Glede" scouring the ocean, in search of Everard and the gold. What a narrow escape was theirs! Fortunately for them the marauders had not perceived the beacon, otherwise the end could not have been imagined.

For a short time we must once more leave our island party. We leave them downcast, but had they known all, they had reason to feel happy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEREAVEMENT.

Such is life. We all must die.
Flowers bloom and fade,
Clouds arise on sunny skies,
And cast their shadow;
But the darkest shadow cast,
On man's hard lot,
Is grim Death's cloud sweeping past,
Leaving its blot.

We return to "Rosemont," and find Death hovering around its portals. As the unseen shadow flutters without, determined not to leave until it carries its victim to the unknown world, "from whose bourne no traveller returns," human aid and skill are busily at work within, applying restoratives, but they have a powerful opponent to deal with: he is already gnawing at the vitals, and we will shortly see which triumphs.

Mrs Melodine had suddenly taken ill, and was, at the time to which this chapter has reference, lingering, as it were, between life and death. The brittle cord of life seemed, at any moment, ready to snap asunder.

Let us glance within this chamber of the dying. Mr. Melodine sat by the bedside, chafing the enfeebled hands of her who had been to him a loving wife, and who had, without a murmur, borne her part, with him, through the many vicissitudes—the ups and downs, of the past twenty years. Arabella stood near, gazing with tearful eyes upon the prostrate form of her maternal parent.

"Mother, my darling mother, you will not die," she uttered in broken sobs, then, raising her eyes aloft to Him, who alone, can restore when all earthly powers have failed, she exclaimed, "Spare her! Oh, merciful God, spare her yet awhile!—Do not—O do not take her from us."

Mr. and Mrs. Seville were seated close by, their eyes suffused with tears. Jake stood with his back towards them looking pensively through a window. "My dear old misus," he inwardly breathed, "May de good Lord be merciful to her."

Doctors Veren, and Bowen, sat near by, at a table, consulting. On the table stood numerous bottles, containing various kinds of drugs. Neither of the doctors understood the nature of the invalid's complaint, and ever since they had taken her in charge, instead of gaining, she kept gradually sinking. They had made several experiments on her, but none of them had availed anything further

than bringing the end more nigh, and now, that she seemed on the verge of death, as a last resort, they were about to try something that would either kill or cure.

"Doctors, can you do no more for her?" inquired Mr. Melodine in a choking voice.

The doctors shook their heads doubtfully and replied, "Only one thing is left us, but judging from the present state of our patient, and to be honest with you, we greatly fear its result. However, if you desire it, we are ready."

"Then let nature have its sway," was replied mournfully, "And may God prepare us for this sad trial."

The doctors again examined their patient and announced that she had only a very few more hours to live.

"My mother, O my mother!" exclaimed Arabella, as she fell fainting to the floor, at this announcement. She was immediately raised and laid upon a couch and the proper restoratives applied by Dr. Bowen. "It is only a swoon," he said, "she will be all right again in a few minutes."

A lit cordial was then given to the invalid, and it so far revived her that shortly she began to speak a little, but the words came very feebly, and were barely audible. She told them to prepare for the worst, that she had not long to live, and besought them earnestly to bear it calmly, that it was God's will and they must submit to it without a murmur.

At length the shades of evening fell upon the surrounding landscape, but a darker shade—the shade of death—gathered over the features of poor Mrs. Melodine. Stillness reigned without—a death-boding stillness broken only by the hoarse breathing of the invalid, within. The gloomy hours glided past. The dark hour of midnight approached. A sorrowful group drew more closely to the bedside of the dying. A peculiar gurgle sounded in her throat as she drew breath; presently the breathing ceased. The lookers on shuddered; she gasped again for breath. There was a slight convulsion of the muscles. The eyes opened—closed again—once more they opened partially, then closed forever in death.

Need we go on? Shall we follow the mourners to the grave? No. Their sighs, their groans, their tears cannot be written. The saddest scene to which mortals are subject has closed. Death has triumphed. Mrs.

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Gone from the many trials,
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CHAPTER XIX.

MYSTERY UNVEILED.

"Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the fillal band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!"

As soon as Captain Nieling arrived in Liverpool, he lost no time in sending a despatch to the owners of the ill-fated vessel—the "Adelaide," containing an account of the disaster, with the names of the rescued and the lost. He resolved to remain in England for a short time. Nomadic as had been his life for the past ten years, his native land had still charms for him. How true the words of the poet—

"There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven, o'er all the world beside.
* * * * *

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air."

The truth of these lines was, a few days after landing, fully realized by Captain Nieling, as he visited some of the frequented haunts of boyhood. But no pen can describe his feelings, when at length he stood before the cottage in which he had first breathed existence. The many happy scenes of childhood—his dear parents who had long since passed away—their loving smiles as he used to clamber round their knees,—his trotting to school, accompanied by his brother Horatio, alas! who was, also, now numbered among the dead,—all recurred to his mind and produced unspeakable sorrow. "Alas!" he murmured, as he turned away from that sacred spot, "what a world of mutations! For what have I to live? Where are those loved ones? My parents, my only brother, my daughter, all gone. Sad lot is mine. Even I, my only surviving relative, separated from me. We may never again meet. Then suspicion hangs over him, and his father—I cannot think of it. Will these ever remain mysteries? Is it to be the destiny of our name to remain forever disgraced? May God explain it otherwise."

Retrospection brought sadness to him. The picture of the past was every here and there marred by an afflictive scene. Still as

he walked away from that hallowed spot—his birth-place—notwithstanding his being aware that such would be the means of recalling other dismal reflections, he determined to again visit Bristol. He was prompted by an instinctive impulse, which seemed to say, "Go to Bristol at once. Mystery is not always insolvable."

Two days after we find him reclining on a couch in one of the saloons of that famous city. A little way from him stood a large and elegant table on which lay an endless variety of books and newspapers. He picked up one of the latter of recent date, and stretching himself upon the couch, commenced perusing it. He was fatigued by his journey thither, and soon read himself asleep. The paper fell from his powerless fingers. As it rustled to the floor, he started up and clutched it again. Something seemed to whisper "read it—peruse it more carefully." Quickly his eye ran up one column, down another, until he had finished all save the advertisements. He threw it down, dissatisfied, for what reason he did not himself know. What did he desire to meet in those columns? That was the query. Again he snatched the paper and started a perusal of the advertisements. Down one column—the second—half-way down the third his eye caught something. Could it be a dream or was it reality? He read it over again. Yes there it was in black and white—an explanation of one of the mysteries. "Thank God," he inwardly exclaimed, "my brother died innocent." He glanced again at those charming words,—

INFORMATION WANTED—Of Everard Lynn, son to the late Horatio Lynn. Should this meet his eye he will hear of something to his advantage by applying either personally or by letter to J—S—, No. — St., Bristol. Let him also understand that his father's name has been exonerated of the crime for which he was wrongfully imprisoned and which occasioned his death. Further particulars relative to this by applying as before mentioned.

Agitated to learn something further in the matter, he at once started, paper in hand, for the address mentioned in the advertisement. A few minutes' walk brought him to the spot. Presently he found himself ushered into the presence of no less a personage than the president of the bank with which his unfortunate brother had been connected—introduced himself as Edgar Nieling Lynn, brother to the late Horatio Lynn—made his business known, and was briefly apprised of everything appertaining to what had called him there. The sum was as follows:—A wretched

specimen of humanity had, a few months previously, been arrested for theft, and placed in the very cell in which the late Horatio Lynn had met his death. This miserable being repented of his crimes, and made confession. He avowed himself to be the author of the forgery—sent for the managers of the bank and made affidavit to that effect. He said he had an accomplice, but that he had, one year priorly, been hanged for murder. Horatio Lynn had invested considerable of his earnings in the bank. He called such his "private fund." This fund, with its accretions, now amounted to about £5000, which was ready at any time to be paid over to Everard Lynn, the nearest heir at law. If such a person should not be forthcoming, it would then devolve to the next nearest of kin.

This certainly was satisfactory intelligence, and Capt. Lynn, as we shall henceforth call him, felt as if his mind was relieved of a troublesome burden. But how was he to find out Everard's address? How was he to communicate the news to him? A new field of labor was opened for him, and he determined to spare neither time nor trouble in making search for the absent one, and he immediately set his mind to work in the forming of plans whereby he might carry out his resolve.

CHAPTER XX.

SAD NEWS.

We return again to "Seville Place," and "Rosemont."

It was an afternoon in winter. The bleak wind was humming dolorously through every crevice that lay in its way. It was one of those dismal cheerless days that produces a depressing effect on the minds of sensitive persons, and causes them to imagine that evil is about to befall them—that they are going to hear dreadful news, and such like presentiments.

At "Rosemont," Arabella sat conversing with her father. They were clad in deep mourning, and both countenances had a look of gravity, that told more plainly than words could, the sincerity of their sorrow for the departed one. Mrs. Melodine had just been three weeks in her grave. The tide of sorrow was, at times, almost overwhelming and still continued unabated, and no wonder, as the poet truly says—

"What is home without a mother?
What are all the joys we meet?
When her loving smile no longer
Greeted the coming of our feet."

"Father," commenced Arabella, in a sorrowful tone, "I greatly fear we are about to hear of some calamity. I don't know how it is, but strange forebodings pass through my mind."

"My dear daughter," was replied, gravely, "You must expel such thoughts. You are thinking too much on your mother's death, and that is what produces them. I am afraid you will bring sickness on yourself. Already your nerves are becoming weak. Our loss is heavy, but it was the will of God to afflict us, and it is our duty to resign ourselves to it in a manner becoming christians."

"As regards the latter, dear father, you have exactly spoken my mind, but, as regards the former, I have endeavored to expel them, and the more I do so, the more ominous they seem to rise, and it strikes me strangely that we shall realize them before nightfall."

"My daughter, you must not give way to superstition. It is only the howling of the wind taking advantage of the weak state of your nervous system. That is all, take my word for it." Mr. Melodine did not believe in the saying—"Coming events cast their shadows before."

"Dear father, pray do not call it superstition. I believe such thoughts are produced by some latent natural power that pervades the atmosphere, and that has not yet been discovered by man, consequently cannot be demonstrated. Let two persons work together for a short time, and how often we find the same thought pervading both minds simultaneously, and both in unison giving utterance to the same idea. Then if they sleep in the same apartment, how often will they dream alike. Again, how often do we speak of a person, just as that person is approaching in close proximity to us? This latter has given rise to the saying, 'If you speak of a person he is almost certain to appear.' Now these things I ascribe to the same secret power, and I fully believe that power will yet be clearly demonstrated by men of science."

"Arabella you astonish me, I had not thought you capable of making such a long-winded argument on so trivial a subject; but your ideas, in my fancy, are mere sophism, so we had better leave off, and, if you are not otherwise engaged, you may accompany me to 'Seville Place,' as I feel inclined to spend this evening there. I feel sadly downcast like yourself, and good company with me dissipates dismal thoughts."

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"Well, come along, and as I said before, leave off on that subject, for I am too well up in years to be convinced that you are in the right."

They were welcomed as usual at "Seville Place," and had barely got seated when Jake entered. He had been to the post office. "No letters for neder of you," he said, "but here is Massa Don's newspaper, an' de post-master said you were to look on de second page carefully." This last was spoken emphatically.

Mr. Seville turned to the page, and glanced eagerly over its contents.

"What!" he exclaimed, and could proceed no further as his eye met the headings—
A Terrible Disaster at Sea!—Wreck of the Adelaide!—Passengers and Crew nearly all Lost!

His eyes ran down the column until they came to the words "Rescued," and "Lost." They dazzled; he could not distinguish the print from the blank. He rubbed them and turned them in another direction, then made another attempt. Yes, there was his name among the "lost"—"Consabina Seville."

"O God, can this be true?" he exclaimed in agony, "my son,—Lost!" These words were heard by the others. Mrs. Seville sank backwards in her chair. Arabella shrieked, and staggering forwards snatched up the fallen paper. Mr. Melodine, fearing the result, endeavored to take it from her, but he was not quick enough. Her eyes met the name—the name she loved. "Perished!" she cried pitifully, "merciful God take me also!" and her graceful form fell heavily to the floor.

"Merciful Heaven!" frantically exclaimed her father, "Thou hast taken my wife, O spare my daughter!"

Jake ran to and fro, not knowing what he was about. He thought some fearful judgment had befallen them. In the midst of the excitement he hastened to the stable—took out the fleetest horse and set off at a full gallop for Dr. Bowen. It was well he did so, for the doctor's services were required as soon as he reached the spot. When they raised Arabella from the floor the blood streamed from her mouth and nostrils. We cannot conceive the feelings of Mr. Melodine as he perceived this. They anxiously awaited the doctor's arrival. Mrs. Seville revived. Don Zeres likewise, and all felt anxious for Arabella.

She had their sympathies, for they knew how dearly she had loved him—him who in their eyes, was dead. But, reader, we know to the contrary, and therefore cannot so truly sympathise with them. Presently the doctor arrived,—pronounced Arabella in a "critical state," and said "she had burst a small blood vessel in her fall." We must not dwell too long on this sad picture.

Arabella is in good hands. Dr. Bowen is a young man and he feels deeply interested in his patient. He had seen her previously—at the death-bed of her mother. Of what was passing in his mind we will not at present speak. As regards the others—the shock is over, and they must just bear their sorrow as all mortals have to bear it. Brighter days will come.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOVE IN SOLITUDE.

Four moons had come and gone, and the fifth was at the "full," since our heroes had established their home on this secluded island. No sail had appeared since the one that had left them in disappointment, and they began to despair of being ever restored to their friends.

It was southern autumn. The sun was declining in the north-west, midway between the zenith and the horizon. His resplendent rays shed a lustre, peculiar to southern climes, on the island scenery, and made it magnificent to behold. The waters of the ocean lay before them like a vast mirror, and such a view as was theirs to behold,—so grand,—so picturesque,—so enchanting, is seldom if ever seen in northern latitudes.

The waters were so placid, that Consabina and Tom went out in one of the boats to spend the evening in fishing. Tom felt at home, in such an exercise, and was an exhilarating companion. He had an old sailor's ditty for every occasion. Hauling in the net reminded him of hoisting the anchor, and while thus engaged he would sing—

"Haul her up high,

Ay O chelymen,

Up to the sky,

Ay O chelymen,

There let her lie,

Ay O chelymen,

Haul ay O, ay O, chelymen."

Everard and Alicia remained on shore. They declined accompanying the others, by saying, they "preferred a comfortable seat on the beach to toiling in a boat," but they had other reasons than that, as we shall pre-

sently see. They seated themselves on the mound, behind which stood a thick cluster of shrubs, which protected them from the sun's scorching rays. For some time they watched the boat skipping over the ocean's surface, like a waterfowl, for both Consabina and Tom were expert hands at rowing and vied with each other, so that at times their boat seemed to leap from swell to swell. "Heavy on the larboard," Tom would ejaculate, "Ay, ay, captain, you tend to the 'starboard,'" our hero would respond. On such occasions gaiety alone prevailed. Sorrow and gloomy thoughts were, for the time being, cast into oblivion.

Everard sank into his habitual silent mood.

"Dear cousin, what makes you so desponding," inquired Alicia, in a consolatory manner.

"Excuse me, dear Alicia," he replied, "I was wondering what had happened, to delay the return of the 'Van Dieman' thus long."

"Everard, we must not banish hope. We must be patient."

"Very true, Alicia, but my life, at least these three past years of it, has been nothing but a disheartening, nay further, heartbreaking continuation of sorrow, trouble and disappointment. Still, dear Alicia," and he drew more closely to her, gently taking her hand in his, "there is one bright ray of hope, to which I cling tenaciously—one object which I have in view, to gain which will bring me happiness; to lose which will sink me to misery and despair."

"May I make so bold as to ask what that hope—that object may be?" inquired Alicia, in a trenchant voice.

"Then let us be confidants. One word from you can either bring me happiness or misery, and that word is YES or NO."

Her head found a resting-place upon his shoulder, and he went on—

"Fate brought us together on this secluded island. How strange her workings! No sooner had I seen you than irrepressible feelings of love filled my breast. This is the hope to which I fondly cling—a return of that love. Then tell me, dear Alicia, are those feelings reciprocated? Do you return the love I bestow?"

"Dear Everard, remember my youth. I am but a child in years," she said pleadingly and with emotion.

"Truly you have said, a child in years, but are you not a woman in experience? Then

dearest one, do not hesitate. Tell me you love me, and we will spend the years of your minority in love's effulgent sunshine."

She threw her arms softly around his neck, and whispered the words,—these charming words,—"Everard, my own, I love you. We shall be happy."

He pressed her to his bosom. "Welcome happiness! thou art mine at last," he exclaimed ecstatically. "A new life is dawning before me. Dark clouds are fast vanishing, expelled by its glorious light, and, henceforth, my own darling, thou shalt be as a bright luminary casting dazzling beams on my pathway. Henceforth, solitude shall not seem dreary. Still may Heaven guard the 'Van Dieman' in her course, and may the time speedily arrive when we shall be taken aboard of her and conveyed to a land where friends will greet us with tears of joy."

Tears trickled down the fair one's cheek, and her bosom heaved a sigh. "O! Everard, my own, do you think we shall ever meet my father again on earth?"

"As you said to me dearest, 'we must not banish hope. We must be patient.' Time alone can tell. I sincerely hope and trust we shall."

"Were I assured of his safety, my happiness would be replete."

We might put the question, was happiness ever replete on earth? and we might also answer in the negative, for there is always something to regret or sorrow for. But the happy moments glided rapidly past, and evening approached.

In the meanwhile Consabina and Tom had, unperceived by the lovers, returned, and now stood near by admiring the love scene. No derisive smile curled on their features as they looked on. The scene was only a natural one, and was not altogether unexpected. Consabina thought of the happy moments he had spent in a similar position. "My own Arabella," he inwardly sighed, "shall we ever enjoy such moments again? Is it so destined that we are to remain forever separated—torn asunder by fate?—God forbid."

Everard looked up and felt confused at having been discovered. Alicia's cheeks instantly colored crimson, and she lowered her head modestly.

But Tom spoke out, to their relief. "Come come," he said, "there's nae need o' sic bashfulness here. There's only four o' us, an' it wud be a pity if we could'na ken an' another's secrets."

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"Well said, Tom," quoth our hero. "We are as one family, and as such we should be confidential to each other."

But again we must leave the island. Strange things are occurring elsewhere, and we must notice them. Our hero knew not that the news of the disaster had reached home—that his knell had been sounded—that his friends were clad in the sable garments of mourning for him, who was still alive—alive, to those around him—dead, to his friends and the world. Alicia knew not that her father mourned the loss of his daughter, and she likewise was considered dead. Everard was not aware of the tortures inflicted on Captain Russell, nor of the "Van Dieman." Those things they did not know, and it was as well for them, as the saying has it, "Ignorance is sometimes bliss."

CHAPTER XXII.

A NEW SUITOR.

Dr. Bowen had only lately graduated when he became a resident of the town of S—. He was a young man, of fine appearance and more than ordinary talent. His affability, and the unrestrained and gay manner of his converse soon gained for him the esteem of a large circle of friends. In brief, he shortly became the most popular man in S—. The populace for miles around placed all confidence in him as a physician, and the name "Dr. Bowen" became a by word in almost every house. Headache, biliousness, fever, ague, toothache, and I don't know what all, could be cured by his very presence. If a child happened to be a trifle unwell, probably the result of eating a little too heartily, or of over-exertion at play, Dr. Bowen had to be immediately sent for. He would come of course—his pay was sure—examine his patient, and make any amount of inquiries respecting him—then prescribe for him—hand a bottle of some harmless mixture to the parents—then would follow orders: "One teaspoonful three times a day—give him nothing but rice and milk as diet for a few days, and keep him quiet." He was off then, and many a blessing he received while leaving. Night and day he was kept on the run, until, finally, his practice grew so extensive that he was compelled, for the sake of his health, to write to an old companion, Dr. Veren, to come and assist him. Veren came, and both found plenty to do.

Dr. Bowen was unmarried, and, as might

be expected, the hearts of a large number of the young ladies in the vicinity were constantly in a flutter about him. Cupid's darts were incessantly showered upon him, but so far they had failed in hitting the target.

In a previous chapter we left him at "Seville Place" with our heroine in charge; so we will return and notice how he succeeded with his patient.

For three days Arabella lay apparently at the point of death. Dr. Bowen did all in his power to hasten her recovery, and remained for the greater part of the time near his patient. How strangely beautiful she looked as she lay there upon that bed of sickness. Her dark glossy ringlets lay disheveled on the white pillow case and contrasted strangely with her pale, but well-carved features. Her long, dark eye-lashes protruding from the closed eye-lids, her nobly arched brows, and the sweet but sad expression of her countenance, gave her a peculiarly fascinating appearance. No wonder, then, that Dr. Bowen admired her, nay further, he was captivated—he was in love, and felt as deeply concerned about her recovery as any of her friends. What the gay belles of fashion—with all their artificial adornments, with all their furtive glances, their winning smiles, and all their vain attempts—had failed to accomplish was accomplished by an unconscious invalid.

Dr. Bowen felt himself entangled in love's mysterious meshes—in love solely by natural influences. But will his love be returned?

On the fourth day, Arabella began to recover, and a few days after found her so far restored as to be able to leave her bed. During her convalescence Dr. Bowen was a frequent visitor, but the time was inopportune for him to disclose his love, so he deferred until her mind would be in a more settled state. In this he showed wisdom.

* * * * *
Spring, with all its loveliness came. Nature threw off her dreary garb of winter, and assumed her verdant clothing. Everything, in which there had been life was speedily undergoing the process of re-animation. The birds re-visited the tree-tops, and their morning carol cheered the farmer on his way to work. The whip-poor-will made the evening lively with his incessant chatter. In fact all nature seemed alive to the charms of an American spring. The evening to which we are about to refer, was one of the most enlivening of the season. The passer by could notice no change in the appearance of "Rose-

mont" or "Seville Place," but sad change had had been wrought on the features of the dwellers there—sorrow for departed ones had left its trace behind.

Dr. Bowen had lost his relish for "single blessedness," and determined to press his suit with Arabella. The evening in question found him at "Rosemont." As introduction he made numerous inquiries as to the state of "Miss Melodine's" health. Of course Mr. Melodine was present, for awhile, and I need hardly say, his presence was a source of annoyance to the enamored doctor, but such annoyances cannot at all times be avoided, and must therefore be borne with patience. Furtive glances were occasionally cast at her, and Arabella felt somewhat annoyed thereat. She knew for what they were intended, and endeavored to elude them.

Once he made so bold—no, I was forgetting it would not be considered boldness in a doctor, at least, under ordinary circumstances—as to feel how her pulse beat, but he pressed her fingers rather tightly with his unemployed hand, and the consequence was that she withdrew hers, and gave him a glance that did not speak of much love. However, Mr. Melodine withdrew, and left the two for a short time to themselves.

"Miss Melodine," commenced our amorist, "would you not be the better of some fresh air? Supposing we take a walk, that is, if you have no particular objection to my company."

She tried to evade this by calling his attention to an oil painting that hung on the wall of the apartment, but he was not to be so easily defeated in his purpose. After examining the picture and eulogizing its merits, he resumed:

"Miss Melodine, I have a secret to tell you, if you are ready or willing to hear me. What say you?"

"Well, doctor, if it is a secret I would rather not know it."

"But it is something that must be told, and told to you alone. Will you bear with me? Will you hear it?"

Arabella already divined his meaning, and made no answer.

Taking the old proverb for his guide—"Silence gives consent"—he went on, "When attending you, while you were prostrate by sickness, strange feelings of sympathy entered my breast. As time wore on, those feelings grew stronger, and now, dear Miss Melodine, I love you fondly."

"I am sorry such is the case," replied Arabella, sympathizingly. "There is no one for whom I entertain a more implicit deference than yourself. Still hear me, for once and all, your love can never be returned by me."

The latter was spoken so emphatically that he saw plainly, to attempt pressing the matter further, for the present at least, would be futile, and he felt his position to be that of a discarded lover. With a heavy heart he bade her adieu.

"Farewell!" he said, and he held her hand firmly, "To-morrow I shall leave America, and you shall never see me again."

She plead with him not to say so, but her pleadings were in vain, and when she turned from him, her eyes were filled with tears of sympathy.

Mr. Melodine wondered what had taken the doctor away so abruptly. But there were more wondering a few days later when it was proclaimed that Dr. Bowen had sailed for England

CHAPTER XXIII.

REMOVAL TO CANADA.

"Time carries not" is a true proverb—an indubitable fact. It matters not, whether we employ it usefully or allow it to pass in idleness, whether we are uplifted by joy or downcast by sorrow, whether basking in the sunshine of prosperity, or battling with the storms of adversity, or whether or not we desire it otherwise, time keeps continually moving onward, like the revolving of a mighty wheel in perpetual motion.

Eight months out of the nine that had been granted Mr. Seville for the settling of the mortgage held against his place, had elapsed. The events of those eight months had been anything but animating to him, and, in consequence, he felt discouraged to such a degree that he was quite indifferent as to what might be the ultimate result of matters.

"It is of no use fretting over it," he murmured to himself, "it will make things no better, rather worse if anything. Then, it is an utter impossibility for me to redeem the place, and for whom would I be redeeming it, even if such were possible? Poor Consabina is gone!" This last clause was often uttered.

But cheer up, Mr. Seville. Brighter days are ahead of thee.

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on the threshold, and was politely ushered in by Jake, who was always ready on such ready on such occasions to officiate. The stranger introduced himself as "Mr. Kinsale, from Canada," and was kindly requested to partake of some dinner, which he did. As soon as dinner was over, Mr. Kinsale made known his errand. He commenced by saying he was on a tour for the purpose of selecting and purchasing a farm for himself in some of the Northern or New England States—that a Mr. Simpson, a lawyer in Moro, had directed him to "Seville Place," as a farm likely to suit his fancy.

"Have you followed farming as a profession for any length of time?" inquired Don Zeres, judging him by his appearance to be a man of sedentary employment.

"Not altogether," he replied; "I have as beautiful a farm in Canada as you ever set eyes on. It is situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, only a few hours' sail from the Thousand Isles. But I only keep a farm as something to look at—a home for my wife and family, and as a place to which I can resort when I tire of rambling, for I travel a great deal."

"Then am I to infer that you have become tired of living in Canada, or that you merely desire to enlarge your possessions, as a sort of disbursement for your surplus funds?"

"Neither, Mr. Seville, is correct, but if you desire it, I will tell you all about it?"

"Go on. I shall be happy to listen."

"Well, you see, I am an Irishman by birth, and you may have already noticed by my accent. I am likewise, and always have been, a strong advocate for republicanism. When I settled in Canada, it was at the request of my wife, who was born there, and I did not wish to thwart her wish. But, if there is anything in this world which I detest more than monarchy, it is living in a country in subjection to royalty. Give me a land free from the shackles of royalty—a republic."

"I beg leave to oppose your sentiments," interrupted Don Zeres, "for I believe there is no land on earth so free from turmoil, nor so happy, as the land governed by a just and wise monarch."

"I am sorry, Mr. Seville, that we happen to differ in our opinion. Still, it is but the way of the world, and each has his right to defend his own, and I maintain that none of our so-called royalty has any right whatever to dominate over a free-born people. But it

is not my intention to dispute with you. It was not for that I came, so I will go no further."

"You have had your say; I must have mine," said Don Zeres. "You had the first, and it is nothing but fair play for me to have the last. I maintain that a constitutional monarchy is as far ahead of a republic as the sun exceeds the moon in brilliancy, and that a sovereign, guided by the counsel of wise statesmen, is as requisite at the head of the affairs of state as a parent at the head of a family. Look at Great Britain, for instance. Where is the republic fit to compare with her? Consider what she has done towards the civilization of the world. Consider what she has done towards the relief of nations that have been oppressed by other nations. No wonder I should defend her. When Spain, my native land, was sorely oppressed by the ravages of the invader, it was Britain that came so nobly to her rescue, and drove the invaders from her soil. Noble Britain! I hope the day may yet come when I shall live under the protection of thy glorious banner."

"I wonder at a man of your stamp living in a republic," said Mr. Kinsale, who had listened carelessly to what had been said in opposition to his views.

"That is easily accounted for," said Don Zeres. "I was led hither by the glowing descriptions of the country, given me by an American land agent, who likewise gave me a base misrepresentation of Canada, and further, I thought the latitude of Canada rather far north for persons who had been reared in Southern Spain."

"Well, Mr. Seville, we have had a rather strange debate, when we consider that this is our first interview; still it has suggested an idea to my mind which may work for the benefit of us both."

Don Zeres drew his chair a little nearer the speaker, and was all attention.

"Well," he continued, "in the first place there is a striking resemblance between your place and mine. So much alike are they, that I almost fancied myself at home as I walked up your avenue; but the buildings on my place are built on a much grander scale than yours. The farm contains 160 acres of good arable land. In the second place, Canada does not suit my fancy, and this country does. With you it is *vice versa*. And lastly, I think an exchange of places would suit both parties admirably. What think you of my idea?"

"It is so unexpected, Mr. Kinsale, that I can hardly venture an opinion on it."

"Supposing, then, I make you an offer. Have you any objections?"

"None whatever. Go on." Don Zeres was getting deeply interested.

"Well, I will, providing it suits you, give you clear deed and title of my farm, in exchange for yours, as it stands at present; that is, I will assume your liabilities, as your farm, in a market point of view, is more valuable than mine."

"But, Mr. Kinsale, my farm is mortgaged for a considerable sum."

"I am aware of that, having learned your circumstances this morning from Mr. Simpson, your mortgagee. That is what I meant by 'liabilities.' I should have said—the liability of the mortgage."

"Then, Mr. Kinsale, I must say your offer is extremely fair, and if your farm is what you represent it to be, the advantage will be altogether on my side."

"That you can testify for yourself when you see it, and I propose we start for Canada this very afternoon."

"Rather abrupt is it not? We had better wait till to-morrow morning."

"As the proverb goes, 'Mr. Seville, 'strike while the iron is hot.' Let us go at once. It would only be unnecessary delay waiting till to-morrow."

"Without more ado Don Zeres got himself ready, and the two started for Canada."

Mrs. Seville had been an attentive listener to all that had passed, but she was not a woman that intermeddled with the affairs of her husband, so she said nothing either for or against the matter. Still she felt inwardly satisfied with the affair, and gave her husband a smile of approval as he bade her adieu!

In due time they arrived in Canada. Don Zeres was highly satisfied with Mr. Kinsale's farm, and a bargain was accordingly concluded.

Three weeks later, Mr. and Mrs. Seville, Jake and Sophie, bade farewell to their neighbors in the vicinity of the old homestead. The parting scene between them and Mr. Melodine and Arabella was a most affectionate one. "Go," said Mr. Melodine, and the unwonted tear stood in his eye. "It's all for the best. I know it is, still I feel reluctant to part with you, my dear friends. May you prosper, is my ardent wish."

Arabella said nothing, but the silent tears

told her grief. Jake, too, felt sorry at parting with his former "Massa" and "Missabella," but he also felt uplifted with the idea of going to Canada to live.

So they started for the northern shore of Lake Ontario, and as they went they could not help gazing back at the old homestead—once their own—another's now. It was no longer "Seville Place."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"ARABELLA AN HEIRESS—"ROSEMONT" ADIEU!"

"Dear father, I feel as though we were alone in the world" said Arabella, one evening shortly after the departure of their neighbors to Canada. "Consabina dead! Mother dead! 'Seville Place' deserted. Oh, my father, I feel as if my heart was breaking."

"Cheer up, my daughter. Do not give way to sorrow. In a day or two hence we shall take a trip to Mr. Seville's Canadian home. That will revive our languishing spirits, and benefit our health."

Just at this moment, one of Mr. Melodine's neighbors, who was on his return from the town of S—, entered and delivered a letter addressed to "Rosemont." On the envelope was written the words, "To be forwarded with all possible despatch."

Mr. Melodine expressed his thanks to his neighbor, who immediately withdrew. The letter was instantly opened, and Mr. Melodine was wonder-struck by its contents. The note was briefly written as follows:

NEW YORK—

MR. MELODINE—

Dear Sir—Your brother Gustave is dying, and desires to see both you and your daughter immediately. Come to No.—, and lose no time, for death is near.

Yours, &c., Dr. M—.

N.B.—It will be to your advantage to come.

"My brother! my only brother Gustave dying!" exclaimed Mr. Melodine, "and yet I had thought him dead these many years back. Certainly it is strange. I cannot account for it. Come to New York to die, so near his brother's habitation. How inexplicable are the events of this mutable world!"

"Father!"—

"My daughter, forgive me. It amazed me so that I had nearly forgotten you. There, take the note and read it for yourself, and then get ready as quickly as possible, for we will start for New York this very evening."

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sheerless one, the details of which would not be interesting to the reader.

Ten o'clock next morning found them at the bedside of the dying, nor had they arrived a moment too soon. The tide of life was fast ebbing, and the Dr. motioned them to be still. The apartment was elegantly furnished and adorned with various kinds of tapestry, and everything in it indicated wealth, and was arranged with such taste that it could not have failed to satisfy the most fastidious.

Mr. Melodine gazed on the features of the invalid, whose eyelids were closed in slumber. Truly it was a slumber presaging death. Alas! what a change had been wrought there. The burning suns of India had rendered his complexion swarthy, and sickness had added a peculiar sallowness to it, still a striking semblance yet existed between the two brothers.

The Dr. handed Mr. Melodine a manuscript and told him to read it. "It was written," said he, "at your brother's dictation, and contains an account of his life during his absence."

Mr. Melodine immediately began a perusal of it, and we will briefly summarize its contents. Gustave Melodine had spent the past twenty years of his life in India. Had remained unmarried—and amassed considerable wealth. Towards the end of that period an incurable disease, peculiar to Eastern climes, laid hold of him, and finding himself its victim, he at once resolved to return to his native land, and if his brother were still living, he might see him ere he would die. When he arrived in France he found that many years previously his brother had emigrated to America. He immediately sailed for New York—arrived—but could get no further. The disease that had all along been working in his system had reached its culminating point and he was laid low, as we find him. The manuscript finished up by saying: That his will was made, and all, amounting in American currency to some \$60,000, he bequeathed to his niece Arabella Melodine.

Just as he got through reading the manuscript, the invalid awoke from his slumber. Mr. Melodine and Arabella were at the bedside in an instant. The eyes of the invalid opened wide upon them, and the words came faintly from his lips, "My brother, my niece." He recognized them in a moment, but that moment was his last. A convulsive shudder shook his exhausted frame and the eyelids

closed in the slumber of death. In vain were Mr. Melodine's wishes for the vital spark to return. It had fled no mere to return, and as the doctor pronounced the word "dead," it sounded strangely to the ears of the bereaved ones. To them it recalled another painful scene—the death of Mrs. Melodine. But why need we dwell on this, another dark portion of our story? Suffice it to say, that the remains of Gustave Melodine were interred in the cemetery of S—, in proximity to the grave of Mrs. Melodine and that by his death Arabella was left a mourner, but likewise, the possessor of wealth.

The funeral ceremonies being over, they set themselves to work in making preparations for the carrying out of their preconcerted visit to Canada. To Arabella "Rosemont" had grown more dismal than ever. Retrospection only added sorrow to sadness. The one bright hope of her life had been extinguished by the awful news of the wreck of the "Adelaide." Alas! *his name* was among the lost. Certainly she required something to revive her spirits, otherwise sickness, probably death might be the result. To such persons travel often proves beneficial, and we will now notice the result of our heroine's journey.

The set day came round, and they were off. We will not give the details of their trip thither. We might, however, state that the weather was extremely favorable, and that they saw many things worthy of admiration by the way. When they finally arrived at their destination—to say they were heartily welcomed would only be using a simple term, it would better convey the meaning to say they were greeted with tears of joy. Jake fairly leaped for joy, and putting his words into a sort of rhyme he sang—

"My ole massa's come to see us.
La la, la, la; Ha! ha! ha!
Missa Bella's come to see us
All de way to Canada."

Of course Jake was no poet, neither did he pretend to be. Still if he was void of poetical talent he was not of musical, and the melody of his voice made up for the deficiencies of his rhyme. The first few days passed by very pleasantly. Mr. Melodine was highly pleased with the vicinity, but more especially with Mr. Seville's farm.

"Fortune has favoured you for once, Mr. Seville," began Mr. Melodine, one evening at the tea-table. "Certainly you got by far the best of the bargain. This farm is actually

more valuable than the one you exchanged for it."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so. Why look at the buildings on this. They are really magnificent, and are in themselves almost worth as much as the other place, buildings to boot."

"Well, Mr. Melodine, I am glad to see you so highly pleased with it. I, too, am well satisfied with the exchange, and in one respect I am, or rather we are the gainers, but in another we have lost what has caused us regret ever since coming here."

"What have you lost, Mr. Seville," inquired Mr. Melodine, rather perplexed.

"We have lost you and your daughter as neighbors, and we deeply regret it."

"My dear friend, we as well as you, have experienced that loss, and as the privilege to repair it was mine, I have already taken a step in that direction. This very afternoon, while I was absent from you, I purchased the farm to the west of this, and the bargain is to be concluded to-morrow. Three weeks hence we are to get possession. You see I wanted to surprise you."

"And you have done so, but it is a joyful surprise," replied Don Zeres, and he spoke the sentiments of all present.

Again Jake leaped for very joy. "Why," said he, "it will jist 'pear like ole times to hab Massa Melodine un Missa Abella libing to de west ob us."

Next day the bargain was concluded, and the day following Mr. Melodine left for New Jersey, for the purpose of selling "Rosemont." Arabella remained at Mr. Seville's. After arriving in "Rosemont" vicinity, Mr. Melodine was not long in finding a purchaser. Mr. Kinsale, as he said himself, had been eagerly awaiting the chance of purchasing; so "Rosemont" became his property. Mr. Melodine immediately sold out his effects and returned to Canada. But it was not without feelings of sorrow all this had been done. No. There were many things to cause regret, and among others he deeply regretted going so far away from the graves of his wife and brother.

Rosemont, adieu!

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TWO CAPTAINS--PROSPECTS BRIGHTEN.

The events of this chapter happened contemporaneously with those recorded in our last. The scene changes to England. The time, evening.

Quite an excitement prevailed in Bristol on account of the news being circulated that a British-man-of-war with a captured pirate in tow lay at anchor a few miles out, and that early next morning, she would proceed up the river Avon and enter the precincts of the city triumphantly.

Next morning, bright and early, an immense concourse of spectators scattered themselves along both sides of the Avon, eagerly awaiting the approach of the vessels. Among that vast crowd was Captain Lynn. He had been in Bristol ever since we last referred to him, and had done his best by way of writing in endeavoring to hunt up his nephew, Everard, but no intelligence could be obtained either of him or the vessel in which he had sailed; so he had come to the conclusion that something must have befallen the "Van Dieman," and, as we have the privilege of knowing, his conclusion was only too correct.

Presently the cry was raised—"There she comes! There she comes! Hurrah for the flag of old England!"

Then there was a rush down the river to meet the object of their admiration. Onward she came, her pennons floating on the breeze—her prisoner following in the rear—a noble specimen of the prowess of England's sailors. Deafening cheers rent the air as she glided past. But what was that which caused the cheering to cease so instantaneously? The pirate had come in full view. Every eye was raised aloft to the top of her main, and only mast, as her others had been cut down during the engagement, by the excellent gunners of her captor. At her main top floated the British flag, but that was not the object of attraction. Immediately below it was a monster flag, which the reader will easily recognize, when we tell them it was inscribed with the words "SURRENDER OR DEATH."

Yes, the notorious "Glede" had been captured at last. Her day for ravaging upon the ocean had ended. She had been compelled to yield after a desperate struggle in which two-thirds of her villanous occupants had met a fearful end—the end they so well deserved.

But what has become of Captain Roselle? Has Baldwin met his end? Let us inquire after them, for we know they were aboard that pirate.

Soon the man-of-war halted and rode at anchor in the middle of the river. Captain Lynn procured the service of a ferry-man and was soon alongside, and, introducing himself,

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was immediately taken aboard. Here he learned with amazement what had become of the "Van Dieman," and letting it be known that he had a relation on board that ill-fated vessel, he was conducted into the cabin and introduced to Roselle. Poor Roselle! How pale he looked—his eyes sunken in their sockets—himself reduced almost to a skeleton, still his emaciated features bore a kindly smile, as he extended his bony hand to Captain Lynn. The latter shuddered as he noticed the cruel marks of the fetters on his wrists. Roselle perceiving it said: "My friend, what you see is nothing to what I have endured, but I thank God it is all over now. But Lynn, I understand, is your name—a name familiar to me. Have you a relation by name Everard."

"Yes sir, I have, and that is chiefly what has brought me into your presence. I am aware of his being one of your passengers. He is my nephew, and I feel very uneasy to know what has become of him."

"And you shall know with the utmost pleasure, for Everard and I were true friends to each other."

Here he related all that had occurred on board the "Van Dieman," to the utter amazement of the listener. Then followed a concise account of the tortures inflicted upon himself by the pirates at the instigation of Baldwin. "Once," said he, "I am certain we were in close proximity to the island, but fortunately the villains did not discover it. Incessantly they carried on their fiendish work of excretion, on me. In vain they cried to extort the truth from me. Once they racked me until I thought every joint in my body was dislocated. At another time they filled my flesh with needles, and again they placed my feet upon red hot iron bars, but finally my reason gave way, and I knew no more until when I found to my surprise and joy that I was no longer in the hands of my persecutors, but on board a British man-of-war. My misfortunes were soon told to my rescuers, who in turn informed me that Baldwin, my arch-enemy, had been wounded in the fray, but not mortally, and that he, with the rest of the surviving scoundrels, had been placed in safe keeping. I am of opinion that Baldwin is more devil than man, for last night he made his escape in some mysterious manner, and not the slightest trace of him has since been discovered, and if we do not succeed in recapturing him, it is hard to tell what atrocities he may yet perpetrate. But as I told him

once before "Retribution will come to him sooner or later."

"Roselle, my dear sir, I am sorry to think you have suffered so much on behalf of my nephew. We shall never be able to compensate you sufficiently for what you have done, but we shall ever feel grateful toward you. You have relieved my mind, by what you have just disclosed, of a heavy burden, as I had not known previously whether to believe my nephew innocent or guilty of the crime for which he was imprisoned. And do you think the island capable of subsisting him for such a length of time?"

"Certainly I do, and if he is still upon it, that is, if he has not ere this been picked up by some passing vessel, I guarantee that he does not want for food. However it is our duty to rescue him as soon as possible."

"But you will not be able for some time to come. Probably I had better go alone. If you give me the latitude and longitude of the spot, I can easily find him."

"No, no, Captain Lynn, I could not rest satisfied were I to remain behind. When you go I shall accompany you. But have you means within your reach? You see it will cost considerable, as we will have to hire a vessel for the trip."

"If I have not enough, I know where I can get it. £5,000 lies in one of the banks of this very city, awaiting Everard's return. By telling our story to the managers of the bank they will not hesitate a moment in advancing a few hundreds."

"Then I propose that we sail this very week for Halifax, and make that our starting point. You see my wife and family are there, and it is only natural that I am anxious to see them, especially after such a lengthy absence. Further, we can get a vessel to suit our purpose as well there as here. Do you agree?"

"I do."

"Well then, I have told my history. I will now take pleasure in hearing yours."

Captain Lynn then related his story, which the reader knows.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE "RESEARCH."

The voyage across the ocean was a pleasant one, and it had a resuscitating effect on the impaired constitution of Captain Roselle. Home and its loved ones were ahead of him; that also had a cheering effect on his mind

and assisted nature in performing her work of repair on a constitution that had been shattered by a cruel torture. Captain Lynn was more cheerful than he had been for several years. The exculpation of his brother and his brother's son in the matter of forgery, and theft, respectively, made him peculiarly happy, and that he was now on his way to rescue the injured one from solitude filled his soul with joy. The future presented an aspect far different now than what it did only a few months priorly. The dark clouds of mystery had disappeared, and the name of LYNN was no longer darkened by the shadow of disgrace.

The two captains spent the greater part of the time in conversation. They had nothing else to employ their time, as the captain of the ship being of a jealous turn of mind requested them not in any way to interfere with the affairs of the vessel, so in acquiescence to his request they kept at a distance from both captain and sailors.

The day was clear and bright as they entered Halifax harbour—the finest harbour on the eastern coast of the American continent. Soon the citadel rose in view, and as it loomed in the distance towering above the city of his home, Roselle turned to his companion, Captain Lynn, and gave vent to his gratitude. "Lynn, my dear friend," he began, "younder is the city I once had despaired of ever seeing again, but thanks be to God, my eyes are once more permitted to gaze upon it, and I earnestly pray that God, who has sustained me through all my trials, may have guarded my wife and family likewise. And now, that the time of restoration is at hand, I feel every moment an hour."

The time soon glided past, and they were landed in Halifax. Their first duty, of course, was to visit Roselle's home, and there Captain Lynn witnessed a scene that would have melted a heart of stone. Would that we could describe it, but it is beyond the power of our feeble pen. A husband and father that had been absent for such a length of time restored to a wife and family, that had anxiously longed for and almost despaired of his return. Reader, you can imagine the rest. We must pass along. Suffice it to say that he found his wife and children alive and well, and spent that night in telling the thrilling events of his absence and in enjoying the sweets that can only be found within the sacred walls of home. Next morning early found our two captains at the dock-yard in

search of a suitable vessel for the expedition. They considered the enterprise upon which they were bent as a sacred duty, and in accordance they lost not a moment in entering upon it. They found no difficulty in procuring a vessel—snugly, neatly and strongly built—well rigged—in fact one in every way adapted to their purpose. Her name, too, was very appropriate to the occasion, as she was named "Research," and true enough they were going to make a research for Everard,—and although they were not aware of it,—for his companions in solitude. A crew to man her was next to be obtained, and these also they found without trouble. In brief, four days afterward, everything being completed,—Roselle bade his wife and family an affectionate farewell—all aboard—the "Research" launched out, her sails unfurled to the breeze bound for a cruise, under the guidance of two brave and well-experienced captains, and with a trusty crew. Everything gave omens of success. The day was fine—the weather promising—the breeze favorable, and the sailors were in excellent spirits.

No doubt Roselle felt downcast at leaving home after such a brief stay there, but he felt he was performing his duty. Captain Lynn looked thoughtful. Only a little over a year had elapsed since both captains started out on their ill-fated voyages. Would this be more prosperous? That was a question which the future alone could answer.

To man the future is impenetrable darkness, and its events uncertainties, so we will leave the future to answer the question, and as they did, we must hope for the best, even if we are disappointed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOPE.

Winter had once more thrown her dazzling white garb over the face of nature. The merry sleigh-bells chimed along the snow-beaten roads,—

"Ding-dong ding-dong what rapture swells
The music of those joyous bells."

The winter to which we refer was a Canadian one. The day was clear and frosty. There had been a freezing rain storm a few days previously, and the leafless twigs of the surrounding woods were clad with icicles which glittered in the sunlight like so many myriads of sparkling diamonds. Certain

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then there is something to admire even in a Canadian winter, with all its frost and snow. Some go so far as to say that winter is the most dreary season of the year, but it is just because they think so, for every season has its own peculiar charms.

But we must take a glance at how matters were progressing with those parties, connected with our story, who had only a short time previously made their homes in this fair land of ours—Canada.

Don Zeres Seville named his place "Wellingwood" in honor of the Duke of Wellington, his favorite hero—the hero of the peninsular war.

Mr. Melodine named his farm "Thornbrook." Between the dwelling-house and the main road ran a little stream, and along its banks grew a number of shrubs of the thorn variety, and from these his farm derived its name.

Truly Don Zeres and Mr. Melodine were inseparable companions. It seemed as if they could not live without each other's company. Even the former's removal to Canada kept them apart but a very short space of time, and ever since the latter had removed hither, matters had gone on more lively with both parties than before. Arabella and Mrs. Seville had become like daughter and mother to each other, and were together the greater part of the time. In order to give the former her full freedom, so that her health might be benefitted thereby, Mr. Melodine had procured the services of an able house-keeper.

Jake was beginning to draw more closely to Sophie, and she was apparently greatly attached to him, but as she was white and he black, no person thought anything of it. He often talked of "Massa Consab" and said "he spected to see him walk in to de house some of dem days." But what caused him to "spect" so he himself could not tell.

On the day to which we refer, Mr. and Mrs. Seville, Mr. Melodine and Arabella with Jake as driver, indulged themselves in taking what is the happy privilege of every Canadian—a merry sleighride.

The sleighride being over, Jake had any amount of smiles for Sophie, and made great lamentations about her not being one of the sleighride party. She was apparently abashed, and told him to mind his own business, but that only made him all the worse.

"Why, Miss Sophie, he said, 'don't you believe me. I see so sorry you was not one ob

dat party. I'd been so happy an you der aside me, I war so lonesome widout you."

Sophie saw it was no use to remonstrate, so she turned away, to all appearance not in the best of humor.

"O Miss Sophie," continued Jake, pleadingly, "I didn't mean to vex you. Where am you going?"

"I'm going to milk," she returned, "and if you're as fond of my company as you pretend to be, you may come along and help me." This was just what he wanted, so with pail in hand he gladly followed. This was nothing new to him; he often assisted Sophie in the performance of her household duties. Fetching water, carrying in the wood, even to washing the dishes after meals, Jake was always on hand, and was a great help to Sophie.

While this had been going on between the servants, Don Zeres and Mr. Melodine had been conversing on past events, and as usual the name of Consabina came above board. Mrs. Seville and Arabella sat listening.

Not far from Arabella lay the paper which contained the account of the "wreck of the 'Adelaide.'" She picked it up and commenced reading to herself the "Notes and Comments" of the Editor. Strange, that portion of the contents of that paper had previously been overlooked; nevertheless it was so, for her eyes met something new. She immediately perused it, and called the attention of the others to it. On being requested by them to read aloud, she read as follows:

"In the account we give in another column of the wreck of the *Adelaide*, it must be noticed that she foundered within a very short distance of an island, and in consequence some, at least, of those who are represented as 'Lost' may yet turn up. It does not seem improbable to us that some of the unfortunate ones might have drifted ashore. Such being the case they run every chance of being taken aboard some passing vessel, as the island according to its latitude lies directly in the line of ships."

Even at this late date, Hope, one of "the best boons to mortals given," came to their relief.

"Strange we had not thought of that ourselves," said Don Zeres, "and if any one was saved, Consabina would run a good chance, for he was an excellent swimmer."

"When we read it," said Mr. Melodine, "we were too excited to see anything but the dark side, but now, when we calmly consider matters, his safety seems quite probable."

"And," commenced Arabella, "I have had a presentiment for some time back which

seemed to whisper to me, that he was not dead, and that we would yet see him, and this which we have just read seems to confirm it."

"I sincerely hope," said her father in return, "that your presentiment of good may prove just as veritable as did your presentiment of evil a short time ago," alluding to the day on which the news of the disaster had been received.

"Ah," said Mrs. Seville sorrowfully, "we may hope for his return, as that is all we can do, but I greatly fear our hopes will prove vain."

But we must leave them conversing thus, and notice how Jake got on in the barn-yard with Sophie. They had left the house just as Arabella took up the paper. There was only a short distance between the house and barn, still there was a wonderful contrast between what was going on at the two places. As soon as Jake began to milk, he also began to sing one of his extemporary rhymes. You will have to make allowance for his grammar, seeing he was void of an education. It was a love ditty, you may be sure, and ran as follows :

"I lub, yes I lub a pretty white gal,
Her name ara Sophie Bright,
Her eyes be bright as——"

He couldn't find words to suit his rhyme so he filled it up with :

"La, la, la, la, la,
Bright as de stars ob night."

"Hold there, Jake," exclaimed Sophie, "I don't want to hear any more of your nonsense."

"Call dat nonsense, Misse Sophie, why I thought I was doin de big thing. I'se jist singin to de cow." There was silence for a few moments and then he resumed :

"I hope de day 'll come fore very long,
When we'll sit side by side,
An' I'll sing to you a far nicer song,
For you will be my bride."

"Now, Jake, I can't stand this," again interrupted Sophie.

"Now, Sophie, jist tell me de honest truth, don't you like to hear me sing?"

"You know I do," she was forced to reply, for she knew Jake was in earnest, "but I don't want others to hear such words as you were singing."

"All right, Sophie, I'll be more careful now," and so it ended for that night.

But we must leave—"Wellingwood" and "Thornbrook" and those who dwell there.

We leave them in hope, and when next we return to them it will be to portray a more interesting scene than that contained in this chapter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SOLITUDE FAREWELL.

"We are in the vicinity of the island. Keep a sharp look-out, boys." These words were spoken by Captain Roselle, and immediately one of the sailors clambered to the main top. About five minutes afterwards, the words came down : "Land to the sou'-west, right over the lee-bow."

"All right boys," again spoke Roselle. "We will soon be on our way home."

These announcements elicited a rousing cheer from the lively crew of the "Research." They had made a splendid trip. Fair weather and propitious breezes had favored the voyage throughout. No wonder then that the crew were spirited. But the heat was almost insupportable, for, although it was mid-winter in northern latitudes, it was mid-summer in the region in which they were sailing, and the sun being at meridian height, made it all the hotter, for his scorching beams fell almost perpendicular on the deck.

Now that the island was actually in sight, Captain Lynn was greatly agitated, wondering what the result would be. But soon they neared the island, and telescopes were raised to their anxious eyes.

"He is there, he is there," joyfully exclaimed Captain Lynn, as he perceived a human being near the coast. The sailors instantly began to cheer, but were checked by Roselle, who motioned for silence. "He is not alone," he announced. "I can listinctly discern four beings, and one of them, if I am not far mistaken, is a female. They are at present making signals to us. Why, Captain Lynn, what is the matter?"

The telescope fell from Captain Lynn's fingers, and he looked as pale as death, but the cause was soon explained.

"How stupid of me," he began, "not to have noticed this before. Why that is the very island, and yonder (pointing to the northward of a headland, of which we have spoken in previous chapters) is the very spot in which the "Adelaide" got wrecked. I was so absorbed in Everard's rescue that I could think of nothing else. And oh Roselle ! just as the words left your lips, that you discerned a female, it struck me that it might be my daugh-

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ter—my own Alicia. This is what makes me
so excited."

Roselle was amazed, and the telescopes were
again raised to take a view. This time they
perceived the islanders on the beach, and
they were evidently launching a small boat.
Every moment increased the excitement, but
the distance between them was fast grow-
ing less. Another view was taken. Two
boats had left the island and there were two
persons in each. The one that contained the
female was a little behind the others, but
they were dexterously plying the oars and
approaching at wonderful speed.

"Bout ship, and stand to, boys," shouted
Captain Roselle. "We are close enough to
that island—her coasts are rocky."

"Lower away the boats there," shouted the
boatsman, "and let us meet 'em."

These commands were promptly obeyed,
and soon a couple of the ship's boats with
Captain Lynn in one and Roselle in the other,
left the vessel's side. Then followed a regu-
lar race between these two boats.

"Heavy on the rowlocks, boys," shouted
Roselle; but Lynn was gazing too eagerly
towards the approaching boats to command
his men, nor did they require such, for being
better rowers than those in the other boat,
they soon took the lead, and kept it.

The foremost boat from the island slackened
speed and allowed the one that contained
the female to come along side. Soon they
met and Captain Lynn instantly recognizing
his daughter, exclaimed, "My daughter!
My daughter! Thank God! thank God!"

He could find utterance for no more, and
would hardly be restrained from leaping into
the sea towards the boat in which she sat.

"Heaven has been merciful. My dear
father is safe," she joyfully cried in return.

"Halloo, my friend Everard," shouted
Roselle, "you see I have come to your rescue
at last."

"Happy to see you, my noble captain," re-
sponded Everard.

"Captain Lynn, have you forgotten me?"
replied Consabina, gleefully. Our hero had
changed so much in appearance during his
stay upon the island that Captain Lynn would
not have known him, had he not spoken, but
his voice he knew in a moment.

"Mr. Seville," he replied, "time has
brought such a change in you, that I failed
to recognize you."

"And father, dear father, it was he that
brought me," was put in by Alicia.

"Then, Mr. Seville, twice have you res-
cued my daughter, and may heaven reward
you for it. Words cannot express my grati-
tude."

"An' cap'n, dae ye no ken me?" was en-
quired by another voice.

"Sailor Tom, as sure as I live," replied the
astonished captain. "So you were not
drowned in the sea, after all."

"Na, na, cap'n, but I had an awfu' struggle
that night."

But it is impossible for me to record the
sentences as they were uttered—half-a-dozen
voices clattering at the one time. Everard
exchanged congratulations with his uncle,
and the latter told the former that he had a
budget of pleasant news in store for him
which he would hear when they were aboard
the vessel.

"We are only losing precious moments
here. Supposing we run ashore ere we re-
turn to the vessel," suggested Roselle.

"Agreed," shouted several voices in uni-
son, and immediately the four boats were
pointed towards the island, and down went
the oars.

"Good bye," shouted Lynn, and he waved
his hat aloft as his boat glided past the other
three.

"No' sae fast, my brave cap'n," returned
Tom, "we'll try ye a pu' for it yet," and suit-
ing the action to the word, he and Consabina,
displaying their usual dexterity in rowing, in-
stantly left Captain Lynn and his boat in the
rear.

"Where are ye noo, cap'n," shouted Tom
with a laugh. "Come awa mon, we're wait-
in' on ye."

"Can you listen to that, boys," said Capt.
Lynn to his men, "Tear the rowlocks out of
the boat, if you will, but try and take the
conceit out of these island braggadocias."
They cried, but it was of no use. Our hero
and Tom jumped on the beach. They had
left their rivals far behind, so they sat down
and awaited their and the others' approach.

In a short time all were ashore. Alicia and
Everard were the last to land, and no sooner
had the former sprung from the boat than
she was clasped in the fond embrace of her
father, and both wept for very joy. "My
darling daughter," he fervently said, "Thank
God you are again restored to me."

"Dear father, I had given up hope of ever
seeing you again on earth, but now you are
with me once more."

Consabina was enraptured with the thoughts

of soon being on his way home.

"Can this be reality?" he wondered to himself, "or is it only a dream—a bright fanciful vision? It is the former—a delightful reality—and, home—fond parents—my own Arabella—friends one and all, may God conduct me safely to you all once more."

But time was passing by, so taking with them what articles of value their rudel tent contained, they got into the boats, and left the island; and joyful were the hearts of those who had dwelt so long upon it, as they bade farewell to solitude.

Soon all were aboard—sails were again unfurled and the "Research," having been successful in her research, started on her homeward voyage.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

After the "Research" had got fairly started one story followed another in rapid succession. First came a brief recital of the adventures of the rescued party. It contained nothing new to the reader, save that during the last four months of their stay upon the island they had not seen a single sail—had yielded to despair and resigned themselves to their apparent destiny—solitude for the remainder of their days. And when at last a sail—the "Research"—appeared on the horizon, and more especially when they discerned that she was approaching them, their feelings of gratitude had been inexpressible, their joy rapturous. The remainder you know.

Then came Captain Lynn's account. When he arrived at that portion relating to the exculpation of his brother, Everard's joy knew no bounds. Then of the money that was in store for him. £5000 was no small amount, and the news of it would have been received by many persons more gladly than the other, but to Everard it appeared as mere dross in comparison to the fact that his father's innocence had been made manifest. Alicia likewise felt extremely happy, and congratulated him, whose interests she considered as her own.

Then followed Captain Koselle's sad story. It made them shudder, and tears came to the eyes of all concerned—even some of the sailors were weeping—as they heard him depict the horrible tortures that had been inflicted on him. And Baldwin was denounced as a base scoundrel—a villain of the deepest dye—a dastardly wretch—a miscreant, and many

other such like antipathetical expressions. "That box of gold and Baldwin," thought Consabina, "have been the source of all our troubles," and he felt like casting the former into the sea. But such would have been foolishness. The gold in itself was perfectly harmless, and would prove a benefit in its own place. Baldwin was the object to get rid of, and he inwardly vowed vengeance on him, should he ever meet him. And more than our hero vowed likewise; so woe to Baldwin should he ever cross their path in future. But hold on—*Baldwin will yet cause them trouble*, at least some of them.

It was a charming tropical evening. The "Research" had once more passed over that great central line of our earth—the Equator—and was fast approaching the tropic of Cancer. The ocean was gently undulating and a light warm breeze filled the sails. Captain Lynn stood upon the quarter-deck, his daughter beside him. They were conversing.

"What a delightful evening, pa; if it keeps like this, we will soon arrive at our destination."

Alicia had no home. She once had, when she was very young, but she had only a very faint remembrance of it. She was a wanderer, and knew nothing of the charms of that sweet place called Home.

"Indeed, my daughter, very prompt weather. Everything promises fair for our safe return."

"Father," she commenced, making a sudden digression, "there is one thing which I have not yet told you. I should have told you this, but I was afraid of its meeting your disapproval, and such would destroy my happiness, also the happiness of another."

"My daughter, be not afraid of me. How could I be so cruel as to do or say anything to destroy your happiness? You whom God has restored to me after I had given you up as lost. Destroy your happiness, never. Then speak, Alicia, my darling daughter. Put confidence in your father, and if it is your duty to tell me your mind, tell me at once, as you will have no reason to regret it afterwards."

"It is my duty, dear father, and your satisfaction is required," and hiding her face upon his bosom the words came tremulously:

"Everard, my cousin, is my affianced. Dear father forgive me, if I have done wrong."

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taken me by surprise in this. I had not even the slightest suspicion of the like, but fear not, I will not censure you. True, I never was a believer in cousins getting married to each other. Such a practice only tends to the extinction of our race. Still considering the circumstances in which you were placed, it would be wrong—far wrong, in me, were I to blame you, or either of you; instead I give you my sanction to your betrothment, and may you both be happy, is your father's most eager wish, believing Everard in every respect well worthy of you."

"Dear father, you are kind, very kind," and she imprinted a kiss upon his cheek. "How happy Everard will be, when I tell him, that you have sanctioned our affiancement, for he wanted to come to you himself to acquaint you of it, and I wouldn't let him."

"Ah, my daughter, I perceive, you are as artful as the rest of your sex. You thought, no doubt, you had a more coaxing way than he."

"But father"—

"There now. That will do, you may go to him now, and tell him I want to speak a few minutes with him."

Ever obedient, she was off instantly, and a minute afterwards Everard was at the side of Captain Lynn. The latter extended his hand and said:—

"Everard, my dear nephew, I congratulate you on what I have just learned. It seems the relation you bore to us failed to satisfy you; you wanted to be more closely allied. May you prove true to each other, and may you have happiness, is all I have to say."

"Since it has met your approval, dear uncle, it gratifies me much; had it been otherwise, it would have rendered me miserable. And now I can only promise you, to do all that lies in my power to make your daughter happy, and if love contributes to happiness, we shall be, for the tie that binds us together can only be severed by death."

The conversation then took a turn. On another portion of the deck stood our hero, musing. His eyes were directed homeward. What was passing in his mind the reader can easily conceive. He was drawing more nearly to home and its loved ones, but, as the distance between lessened, his anxiety for those loved ones increased. "Shall I be again permitted to meet them all," or will it be that death has robbed me of some of those dear ones in my absence? "God grant the former,"

and he sighed as he thought of the probability of the latter.

Sandy Hook was left far behind. The Narrows at Staten Island had been passed through, and New York City—welcome sight—rose in view. Certainly it was a feast for the eyes of those who had spent such a length of time upon a lonely island, shut out from the world. Their hearts leaped with joy at the sight.

It was noon. Spring was just opening—the season was rather earlier than usual. The sky was clear, and there was a fresh breeze coming from the seaward which felt somewhat cool to those who had been accustomed to the warm winds of the south.

Soon they cast anchor in the middle of the River Hudson; the boats were lowered, and shortly they stood on the wharf. Their plan, as preconceived, was—that they would run into New York—leave our hero and his party there, and Roselle would then proceed to Halifax with the "Research." In a few minutes after landing, they were all comfortably seated in the very hotel in which our hero had spent the night previous to his departure. Captain Roselle intended staying only a few hours ere he would again set sail for his home. So our hero thanked him for what he had done in behalf of himself and his comrades. "We shall never be able to repay you," he said, "but we shall do what we can."

"Do not talk of repaying me," said Roselle, in return, "I merely did what duty called me to do."

"Well you cannot refuse a present," said Everard, deeming that Roselle being high-spirited, did not fancy the word repay, "and you shall receive one ere long, of that you may rest assured."

The time came round and they bade adieu to Roselle and the noble crew that were with him. The former they promised to visit as soon as they could make it convenient. Those that remained with our hero were Captain Lynn and daughter, Everard and sailor Tom. They determined to accompany him to his home, and he resolved not to part with them. After seeing the "Research" move off, they returned to the hotel there to stay over night.

On turning the corner of the street, whom should they meet face to face but Baldwin, in company with another person, whom they

did not know, but who was none other than Dr. Bowen. In an instant they lost sight of both.

CHAPTER XXX.

A PLOT AND THE PLOTTERS.

We made mention of the names of two individuals at the close of our last chapter, and we must return to let the reader know something of their history.

The manner in which Baldwin escaped from the man-of-war seems almost incredible, still as the old Scotch proverb has it: "Deil's bairns have aye their daddy's luck," and so it seemed in his case. His manacles not being overly secure, he succeeded in freeing himself of them, and in the middle of the night he made his escape. [Of course what I tell you was not revealed till long after, and how it was revealed will be told in another chapter.] Eluding the sentinels, some of whom, luckily or him, were taking the enjoyment of a nap, he crept cautiously on deck—then to the vessel's side—noiselessly he reached the water, and as silently as possible, struck out for the margin of the river. Having gained *terra firma*, he made the best of his time until daylight, in putting distance between him and those who were likely to pursue him. When morning came, he found himself in proximity to a wood, which served as a covert during that day. He obtained some food from a number of school children on their way to school, promising them that he would give them each one shilling on their way home in the evening, and assuring them that they would find him there, but on their return, as might be expected, Baldwin kept out of sight, and the children went home sadly disappointed. The second night he again spent in travelling towards the interior of the country; the third night likewise, lying under covert as before during the intervening day.

The third morning found him entering a small and secluded village, remote from town or city. In this village was a barber, to whom Baldwin repaired at once. Having gained the barber's promise to keep the matter secret, he took him into confidence—a mere pretence—told a mournful story, fabricated for the occasion—said he was a Frenchman by birth—his real name and title was Count de Lemont—his estates had been confiscated by the ruling party, whom he had opposed and before whom he was now fleeing—that his wife and family had been basely murdered—and that

he would meet a similar fate, should he fall into the hands of those who were pursuing him. There was more truth than fiction in this latter clause.

"Now," continued he, when he had got thus far, "can you suggest some plan whereby I may disfigure myself so as not to be recognisable?"

"That I can," returned the barber, who was nothing more nor less than a returned convict, and up to all sorts of deception. "I have in my possession a dye that will change your complexion as soon as it is applied. By cutting off your hair and moustache—allowing your beard to grow—applying the dye, and donning another suit of clothes, I will defy even your most intimate acquaintance to know you."

"Capital, capital," exclaimed Baldwin, with a satanic smile on his features. "But will the stain hold for any length of time!" he inquired.

"You will have to renew the dose once every week, that is all. When you leave here I will give you a bottle of it with you, and you can easily apply it yourself."

For one week he remained with the barber completing his disguise, and assuming the name "Tom Dearson," he then repaired to London. Once within the precincts of that vast city, he hardly knew which way to turn himself or what to turn himself to. To be brief, he soon found his way to a gambling room, where he got acquainted with Doctor Bowen. The latter,—it is our painful duty to record the fact,—began a downward career with his leaving America, and at the time to which we now refer, his main pursuits were gambling, drunkenness and debauchery. Alas! how fallible man is! And what foolishness, for a man, when defeated in his purposes, to try to quench his trouble by plunging headlong into those debasing and destroying customs that prevail all over this world of ours. Such was the course adopted by Dr. Bowen after being defeated in his love-suit with Arabella Melodine. In his youth he had learned many tricks in gambling, and he put them into practice now. Fortune seemed to favor him, for he nearly always won.

But how was the acquaintance formed between him and Tom Dearson, alias Baldwin Baesil? Well it was simply thus: Dr. Bowen happened to say something about New York and the town of S—. One thing led to another, and they shortly became friends. They entered into compact—Bowen told his griev-

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"I will put you on a plan," returned Baldwin, roguishly, "whereby you may have your wish gratified."

"But name it, and you shall be compensated."

"Her abduction;—and I will also, for a small consideration, assist you in carrying it out to effect."

"Then let us set about it immediately. I have £8,000 in the bank, the result of gambling, and as soon as the scheme is carried out, one-half of that amount shall be made yours."

Baldwin's eyes glittered with avidity. "I'm your man," he exclaimed exultantly. "I will even risk my life if necessary for that amount."

And so the matter was arranged. Some weeks later, and they were in New York—procured the services of a worthless character to obtain information respecting Mr. Melodine and daughter—found out that they had removed to Canada. They were just preparing to depart thither pursuant to the carrying out of their vile scheme, when they met face to face those whom they desired not to see. Baldwin knew Consabina and Everard in a moment, and in consequence was both confounded and alarmed; but the next instant he, followed by his companion, struck into a dark alley which chanced to be at hand, and they were soon out of sight.

"Doctor, we must haste away," said Baldwin, excitedly, "or we will be too late."

"Why so, and who were those parties whose presence seem to excite you in this manner?"

"One of them, the person that first rounded the corner, is none other than Consabina Seville—Arabella's affianced, he whom we considered dead."

"Let us be off at once."

"Now, doctor, I have the pleasure of seeing you excited also, but keep cool, don't get too selfish. We must await nightfall, for remember, should they discover me, your scheme and my life would both alike be ended."

Baldwin knew he had been discovered. He had ceased disguising himself for some time back, not deeming it necessary, but he regretted having done so.

That night, as soon as darkness set in, they

left New York for Canada to carry out their wicked plot.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HOME IS HOME NO LONGER.

"That was Baldwin Baesil, as sure as I have the privilege of knowing him," exclaimed our hero.

"'Twas none other, and how quickly he disappeared," said Everard.

All were amazed.

"We must endeavor to capture the villain," said Captain Lynn, and immediately he and Consabina set off in search of a detective. Having found one, they gave him the description of Baldwin—told the atrocities he had committed, &c., and then returned and joined their companions at the hotel. But it was of no use, as the detective informed them next morning that no such person could be found.

Consabina and Everard felt uneasy about the matter, to think of their common enemy again appearing just as they had arrived in the vicinity of the former's home, and in which neighborhood the latter intended making his home.

With the first peep of day they started on their way to S—.

Rapidly the wheels rattled along the road, and as they went they charged their pistols, so that they might be prepared, in case of Baldwin having waylaid them. Extremely anxious was our hero all the way.

When they arrived at the cemetery of S—, it being situated in the suburbs to the north of the town, Consabina shouted, "Halt! I perceive some new tomb-stones erected there, and I must see them."

The vehicle was instantly brought to a stand-still, and he sprang out. His quick eye soon detected the epitaph—

IN MEMORY OF

ROSALIND,

BELOVED WIFE OF

OLIVIER MELODINE.

He started. "But whose grave is this," he questioned himself as he perceived one of more recent formation at the right hand side of the other and parallel to it. The idea struck him that it might be the grave of Arabella, and he was intensely agitated, but as he read the inscription and came to the name "Gustave Melodine," he found relief. Tak-

ing it for granted that these were the only graves that concerned him, he resumed his seat in the vehicle, and they again drove off on their way. "One less in number to welcome us back," he said mournfully, addressing Everard. "Mrs. Melodine has gone to rest," and he inwardly sighed poor "Arabella must have taken it hard." But down the street they went. How familiar everything seemed to Consabina and Everard, and familiar faces peered at them from every direction. Passing the post-office they were arrested by the postmaster crying out, "Halloo there, haloo!" They halted. The postmaster resumed, "Consabina Seville, if my eyesight hasn't failed me."

"The same, sir. Happy to meet you again," returned our hero.

"Well now, if this doesn't beat everything," again resumed the postmaster in a surprised tone. "Only a short time ago, we read of your being shipwrecked and lost, and here you are alive and well. This is certainly a strange world. And is not this gentleman seated before you Everard Lynn?"

"It is I," answered Everard.

"Then welcome back again to you both, but I'm sorry to inform you that you will find strangers in the old homestead."

"What!" exclaimed our hero, "has Seville Place been sold?"

"No, not sold exactly. Your father exchanged it for a farm in Canada, and got a great bargain, so I am told."

"And he has gone there to live?"

"Yes, some time ago."

"Is Mr. Melodine still living at Rosemont?"

"Why no, he has sold out, and followed your father to Canada."

What a disappointment! In the vicinity of what had been his home: full of the joyful expectation of soon meeting and greeting those whom he held so dear. But he bore it well, and after a moment's consideration said:—"Well, at any rate, I will see the old homestead once more before leaving the neighborhood."

"That is your privilege, certainly," returned the postmaster, "and your horses being fatigued you had better unhitch them and put them in my stable, and after you have had tea with us, I will hitch my team to the vehicle, and drive you out to the old place."

"Too much kindness altogether," said our hero.

"Come, come, don't talk of kindness. Do

as I say. Your horses will be all the more refreshed for an early start in the morning."

They felt the truth of this, so they accepted the invitation. Tea being over, they drove towards the old homestead. As they passed Baldwin's office strange thoughts recurred to Consabina and Everard, but no remarks were made. Our hero met many of his old friends by the way, and several halts had to be made for an interchange of greeting. Soon they arrived at the old gate. Our hero gazed thoughtfully up the Avenue, then towards "Rosemont," for the latter place still retained its name. What joyous scenes of the past were recalled, but he sighed as he thought that a stranger now occupied that home.

"Shall we drive up to the house?" was enquired. "No," returned our hero, "I have seen it, that is enough." The horses' heads were turned towards S—, and as the wheels once more rattled on their way, our hero gazed backwards and sighed, "Home thou wert once, but home thou art no longer. Farewell, dear old spot!"

With day break next morning they were again on their way, and with anxious eyes they looked towards Canada.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ABDUCTION.

In the vicinity of "Wellingwood" and "Thornbrook" lived a widow, by name Mrs. Danley. She had a snug little farm of fifty acres, a comfortable dwelling house upon it, a small orchard, two good milch cows, quite a stock of sheep and poultry, and a pretty pair of French ponies, all her own. She had also three very nice children, of whom she was extremely fond. Well, at this Mrs. Danley's on the afternoon to which we are about to refer, were assembled all the young ladies of the neighborhood. Mrs. Danley was having a sewing party, or as Canadians term it a "sewing-bee." Our heroine was one of the number.

Outside, quite a number of young men had collected, and with their axes were busy at work preparing firewood for the widow.

So while the needles were being busily plied within, the axes, those indispensable implements of the Canadians, were busily swinging without. They were having a lively time, and a merry evening was anticipated.

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season. The wind was bracing, but rather chilly to those not actively employed.

The afternoon soon slipped away, and evening came. Now was the time for the young folks. The needle and axe were thrown aside, and jollity predominated instead. Arabella Melodine desired to go home. "Home," said Mrs. Danley, "My dear, you must not talk like that yet. There is nothing to prevent your staying with us for at least two short hours longer."

"But," remonstrated Arabella, "it will be dark to-night, as there is no moon, and again I promised my father to return early."

But expostulation was of no avail, for the young people gathered around her, one pleading—"Come, Miss Melodine, we cannot enjoy ourselves without you"—another—"Just say you'll stay," others, "We'll see you safely home," &c. So at last their entreaties prevailed, and she remained.

Well for her had she gone home, as we shall presently see.

The first hour glided merrily past. Our heroine was requested to sing a song, and she favored them with "Oft in the stilly night." While she sang the first verse her voice trembled somewhat, but when she came to the lines—

"When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in winter weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!"

—she sang with such pathos, and the words being so analogous to her own history, that tears were brought to the eyes of several of those who were more particularly acquainted with her. Just as she was sounding the last notes of her song a light tap was made at the door, and it being opened a small boy was ushered in. He held in his hand a small slip of paper very neatly folded. For a moment he seemed bewildered, then said: "Will anyone be kind enough to shew me Miss Melodine? I have a message for her." Arabella stepped forward, saying, "I am the person of whom you are in quest." Whereupon he handed her the slip of paper, saying as he did so, "You are to read it immediately, and I have to take an answer back to the gentleman, whose messenger I am." It was quite evident from the appearance of the boy, that his sentences had been prepared for him and that

he had them by rote. Arabella approached a light, unfolded the note, and began reading to herself:—

MISS MELODINE,

Dear Madam,

I await you at the elm-tree by the roadside. Come without delay, and come alone, as I have very important news to disclose to you. *He, whom you think dead, yet lives.* What I have to tell is of the deepest concern to you.

Yours, &c.,

A FRIEND OF BYGONE DAYS.

"He, whom you think dead, yet lives." She reiterated the words again and again. "That certainly must mean Consabina," she inwardly said, "for he says it is of the deepest concern to me and I must go." So she threw her shawl loosely over her head, told the party she would return again in a few minutes, and, quite unsuspectingly, she followed the boy out. The night was not so dark as she had expected it to be. Objects were quite discernible, and at a considerable distance, too. A few minutes brought them to the appointed spot. The author of the note stood with his back leaning against the elm-tree. Down the road a short distance stood a covered vehicle, with a man sitting on the driver's seat in front, holding the horses. Arabella, on perceiving these, shuddered. Suspicion entered her mind, and she regretted having ventured out alone. However, Mrs. Danley's was near by, and her courage revived thereat.

"Happy to meet you, Miss Melodine," said the man at the tree, as he advanced to meet her. The voice struck her as one familiar, but she had not time to reply, until her mouth was gagged.

The next instant she was borne towards the carriage and placed therein. Baldwin, for it was none other than the villain, then exchanged places with the man in the front, who of course was Dr. Bowen. Presently the whip was applied to the horses, and off they set at full gallop, the boy messenger clinging on behind, Arabella within, struggling in the arms of her discarded lover. In vain she tried to force the gag from her mouth—in vain were her gesticulations for mercy—in vain her attempts to release herself from the cruel grasp of the mean scoundrel, who held her on his knee. Poor Arabella! Why should she be made to suffer thus? What had she done to merit such punishment?

A few minutes, and the elm tree was left three miles behind. A dark wood now lined each side of the road, and in consequence that

part of the road was in poor condition for swift travelling. Still the whip lash was applied, and the poor horses alone had to suffer for it. Presently the wheels on one side of the vehicle sank in a deep rut—something snapped—there was a sudden jerk, throwing the inside passengers forward and landing Baldwin among the horses' feet. The shaft of the vehicle had broken. Arabella, released by the fall, tore the gag from her lips, and uttered a wild scream, but the gag was instantly replaced by the captor. Baldwin was more terrified than injured by his fall, and the horses not being wild in their disposition stood still in a moment. The work of repair was soon begun. The break was not a bad one, and they expected to be on their way again in a few minutes. Meanwhile our heroine was earnestly praying for some one to come to her rescue. Poor Arabella! What shall thy fate be?

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE RESCUE—HOME AGAIN—BALDWIN DOWN.

"Home again, home again from a foreign shore,

And oh! it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more.

Here I dropped the parting tear,

To cross the ocean's foam,

But now I'm once again with those
Who kindly greet me home."

The party at Mrs. Danley's begun shortly to wonder why Miss Melodine did not return, and finally they came to the conclusion that she had gone home. But we must leave them to their merriment, and return to our hero and his comrades, whom we left in a previous chapter, on their way to Canada. We need not follow them through all their journey. In Canada they had landed, and where we will begin to notice them is, as they halted opposite a small country inn, exhausted by a weary day's drive along the lake shore, and overtaken by darkness. This was on the very evening on which the party was being held at Mrs. Danley's.

"Going to put up for the night?" inquired the officious innkeeper.

"That depends on how far it may be from here to 'Wellingwood,'" returned our hero, for by the way he had learned the name of his home, and was fully bent on reaching it that night.

"'Wellingwood,'" resumed the innkeeper, "is just six miles distant."

"Then nothing can hold me here to-night."

But Alicia being very much exhausted, it was concluded she had better stay over night at the inn, and her father, Captain Lynn, agreed to stay with her.

"Then, say the word, who goes with me?" inquired our hero.

"I, for one," said Everard.

"And I, for another," said Sailor Tom; "and I wud propose that we tak' our feet for the rest of the way. It wud only be guid recreation for us, after bein' jolted about as we have been for this last while."

"Agreed! What say you, Everard?"

"You might be sure that I would agree to such a proposal, for I am tired of riding."

So after seeing Captain Lynn and daughter comfortably quartered at the inn, and as soon as they had partaken of some refreshment, the three set off on foot for "Wellingwood."

Everard and sailor Tom could hardly keep pace with our hero, so anxious was he to reach the end of the six miles before him. He was in the vicinity of his home at last, and oh, dear reader, you may fancy, for I cannot describe, what feelings of gratitude were his as he bounded along on that dark road. Two miles from the inn and they entered a wood, the shade of which threw darkness on their path, and the road became more muddy, still they plodded on through mud and darkness not slackening their speed in the least. Presently the sound of approaching wheels struck upon their ears. They halted to listen. "Hark! they are driving furiously."

"That they are," returned Everard, and again the trio pressed forward on their way. Soon the crack of the whip was distinctly heard. The vehicle approached rapidly. Suddenly there was a crash, followed by a terrific scream as of a female in distress.

"Let us approach as noiselessly as possible," said our hero. "Who knows but our action may be required. Have your pistols in readiness, we may have to use them."

They left the centre of the road and slipped cautiously along the edge of the wood. Two minutes afterwards and they were opposite the spot on which stood the carriage. They crouched to the ground, and perceived a man actively employed repairing a broken shaft.

Soon a voice proceeding from some one within the vehicle inquired: "Will you soon have it ready, Baldwin?"

"D—n it, you must be a fool," returned the other, "use no names, for who knows but some one may be listening?"

"Excuse myself."

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"Excuse me this time. I was forgetting myself."

Yes, and he made another forget at the very same moment. He forgot his charge, who again succeeded in tearing the gag from her mouth, and once more screamed aloud; then, ere he could prevent her, she fiercely demanded: "What right have you to abuse Arabella Melodine thus?"

Consabina sprang to his feet. "Revenge," he whispered to his comrades, "now is our time. Let us snatch the opportunity. He bounded forward. There was a bright flash followed by the sharp report of a pistol, and Baldwin uttering a yell of despair, fell to the ground. The horses, finding themselves released from the carriage, leaped forward, and dashed along the road at furious speed.

Our hero sprang towards the carriage and tore the door open, but was surprised at finding no one but Arabella within. Bowen had escaped from the opposite side, and had entered the wood. Baldwin regained his feet, but in a moment he was seized by Everard and Tom. He was dangerously wounded in the left breast, and the blood flowed freely from the wound. He struggled savagely, and bit at his captors like a rabid dog. "Who are you," he wildly demanded, "and who was it fired that shot?"

"I am Everard Lynn, and he that fired that shot is Consabina Seville," was answered haughtily.

"Then I yield to Fate," said Baldwin, and he ceased struggling, "and for God's sake stop my wound, else I will bleed to death."

"How can you expect mercy?" demanded Everard. "You who showed none. Think of what we have suffered at your hands. Think of how you tortured poor Kosselle."

Baldwin shuddered, "I expect no mercy from you," he returned, "but I wish to make confession before I die, and oh! for pity's sake, stop my wound."

Everard, anxious to hear his confession, took out his handkerchief and stuffed the wound. But let us glance within the carriage.

"Who have I to thank for my rescue and who is my deliverer?" inquired our heroine as soon as she found herself released.

"My own Arabella, my darling," and he clasped her fondly in his arms, "Your own Consabina has returned, and just in time to save you from those villains."

"Oh God! can it be possible?" she exclaimed in ecstasy. "Can it be possible that in

the midst of this severe trial I am to be made joyful?"

Fervently they embraced each other. Their bosoms heaved with gratitude to God, but in their moments of rapture, Bowen had made good his escape. Still they felt satisfied; they had captured Baldwin, and him they considered as chief actor—not in this scene only, but in all their troublesome scenes of the past. So after a few minutes' delay, they again proceeded towards "Wellingwood," our heroine leaning fondly on the arm of our hero, while Baldwin tottered between and supported by Everard and Tom. He was fast becoming weaker, as the blood still kept oozing from his wound, in spite of its being stopped by the handkerchief.

But unlooked for assistance was at hand. The sound of an approaching carriage could be distinctly heard. Mr. Melodine had grown uneasy about Arabella—had gone over to Mrs. Danley's—had learned there that she had followed a messenger out, and all they knew respecting the matter. He was extremely anxious and excited over it. Immediately Mrs. Danley's horses were harnessed and attached to the carriage, and now they were meeting the object of their pursuit. As if by chance, they had taken the right direction. The carriage drew near.

"That is my father's voice," said our heroine. "He has missed me."

They stepped aside to allow the carriage to come up. The reins were pulled; the horses halted.

"Is that you, Arabella?" was inquired by Mr. Melodine.

"It is, dear father, and thanks be to God and to those, who by his guidance, have rescued me, that I am restored to you."

Then followed a concise account of what had taken place. The names of those who had rescued her were reserved to the last.

"And who are these gentlemen who have so nobly rescued you?" inquired Mr. Melodine, eagerly.

"Consabina Seville is one," said our hero, and he stepped forward and took hold of Mr. Melodine's hand. The latter was for some moments lost in profound amazement.

"Consabina Seville!" he exclaimed in astonishment, "is this really your hand I feel in mine? Let us hasten to 'Wellingwood'. What joy this will bring to your father and mother. Truly this is replete expiation for all our past trials and sorrow."

"Yes, father," said Arabella, "and the note

which decoyed me away contained this fact, for it said, 'he whom you think dead, yet lives.'"

At this point their attention was called off. Baldwin had fallen into a swoon, so the carriage was turned round, and he was placed within it. Those who had accompanied Mr. Melodine from Mrs. Danley's kindly gave up their seats to Arabella and her rescuers, and immediately they drove off towards home.

Everard being now released from his burden, was kindly greeted by Mr. Melodine. Baldwin revived by the way, and soon they arrived at Wellingwood. The inmates of the mansion stood in the doorway. They had been aroused by the sound of the approaching wheels, and wondered to themselves who it could be that was coming at that late hour. What a joyful surprise was in store for them!

"The lost son has returned," shouted Mr. Melodine, in order to break the news to them.

Our hero sprang from the carriage and assisted Arabella to alight. Then bounding towards his parents, he exclaimed: "Father, mother! thank God I am at last restored to you."

"My son, my long lost son!" exclaimed the father, almost wild with joy. The mother threw her arms around her son, and wept burning tears of gratitude. "My dear, my own Consabina," she fervently exclaimed, "God has indeed been merciful toward us in restoring you once more to your aged parents, and in sparing us to enjoy these happy moments."

Truly they were happy moments. They felt the painful past to be already atoned for. But their wounded prisoner demanded their immediate attention. His painful groans awakened the sympathy even of those who had every reason to feel hard towards him. The fact relating to his capture and all concerned therewith, were soon told in brief, and the prisoner was carried into a room, and laid upon a bed.

"Shall we send for a doctor?" inquired Consabina in a kindly voice, addressing the prostrate Baldwin. He looked amazed.

"Such words will kill me. Put another bullet through me is what I have merited. But do not speak kind words to me. They pierce my heart like arrows. You need not send for a doctor. Why lengthen out my life to die upon the gallows? No, let me first confess all my wrongs to you whom I have wronged, and then let me die. Already I am sinking down, down, down. Fain would I

call upon the God whom I have scorned for mercy, but such would only be mockery. Leave me now until you get your greetings over. Tell your father all you know of my crimes,—my wickedness, then come to me and I will tell you more."

They left, but as they descended to the kitchen, they could not help pitying the poor wretch.

Everard now exchanged greetings with his friends. But where was the enthusiastic Jake? Why he was in bed fast asleep. So as soon as the first bustle was over Sophie was despatched up stairs to waken him. Presently down came Jake rubbing his eyes.

"Massa Consab! Massa Consab, an' Everard," he exclaimed in his usual ecstatic manner. "Thanks to de Lord, dis make me so joyful. Didn't I say I spected him to come home some ob dem days? Oh dis makes me so joyful, happy joyful," and he threw his arms around the one, then the other. "Oh I'se so happy," he went on. "It lifts me right up 'mong de stars I'se so joyful." There was no affectation about Jake's joy, it was heartfelt.

While all things had been going on in the kitchen, sailor Tom had slipped up to the room which contained the dying Baldwin. The end of the miserable man was drawing near. He asked for a drink of water which was given him, and shortly after he requested Tom to go down and send up Don Zeres, Consabina and Everard. "Tell them," said he, "that I am dying, and that I desire to make known all my evil-doings. Their forgiveness I cannot, do not expect." Tom did as he was requested, and in two minutes after the three persons just named stood at the bedside of the dying villain.

Baldwin then related all that we have told respecting him in previous chapters. At the close he assured them that they had nothing to fear from Dr. Bowen—that they might allow him to escape, for, said he, "it was my evil promptings that made him do what he did."

He then told them that the horses and carriage which they had with them when captured were his own, and that they might take possession of them, if they had not been taken off by Bowen. Towards the last his words were uttered so feebly that they were scarcely audible, and finally he ceased speaking. His eyes stared wildly round the apartment, then closed in an apparent swoon. A little water

was applied to temples with Don Zeres' aim air, when they perceived opened the bedclothes were blood. His desperate effort on me—I am down—down—gle ensued. F in a minute aft will trouble th had been his inclined he mig world, but as i roid of happine

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Soon it was an and daughter we felt anxious to s young lady whose

was applied to his lips and they bathed his temples with the same.

Don Zeres threw back the coverlets to give him air, when to the horror of the beholders they perceived that with his own hand he had opened the wounds afresh and both bed and bedclothes were completely saturated with his blood. His eyes again opened and with a desperate effort the words came: "Take pity on me—I am sinking—hold me fast—down—down—down—I—am—lost." A feeble struggle ensued. His eyes had a satanic glare, and in a minute after he expired. Baldwin Baesil will trouble them no more. The love of money had been his ruin. Had he been otherwise inclined he might have made his mark in the world, but as it was his life throughout was void of happiness—his end miserable.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

UP—CONCLUSION.

"Music sweet, music soft, lingers round the place,
And oh! I feel the childhood charms,
That time cannot efface;
Then give to me but my homestead roof,
I'll ask no palace dome,
For I can live a happy life
With those I love at home"

With Consabina's return a new day dawned around "Wellingwood" and "Thornbrook." The dark clouds of trouble disappeared with the death of Baldwin. The future now seemed clear and promising. The morning after their arrival dawned. It was a lovely morning. The sky was clear, and presently the sun arose in all his magnificence. There had been a slight frost during the night and the atmosphere in consequence was somewhat chilly.

The night had been spent without slumber. Each had related his account of the past, and all were too deeply interested to think of sleep. A neighboring carpenter and two other men whom he had brought with him had attended to the corpse, and now with the rising sun they carried the remains of Baldwin from the house and laid them on a small wagon with a single horse attached, then placing the bed and bed clothes saturated with his blood beside the coffin, they proceeded to the burying place, which was about two miles distant. No procession followed—no sigh was heaved—no tears were shed—he was buried—buried to be forgotten.

Soon it was announced that Captain Lynn and daughter were approaching. Arabella felt anxious to see Everard's cousin—the young lady whose life had been twice saved

by our hero. In this she was presently gratified, for a few minutes brought the carriage to the door. The necessary introductions followed. When Don Zeres had made the acquaintance of Captain Lynn, he expressed his gratitude to him for having rescued his son.

"Mr. Seville," returned the captain, "you must understand that I, accompanied by the noble Roselle, went in quest of my nephew—Everard. We found him, and these other three with him—my daughter, your son, and Sailor Tom. So it is Everard and Roselle deserve all the credit; for had Everard not been left ashore on the island, we should never have thought of the others, and they might have died there."

Consabina at this moment took the box of gold from the carriage, for it had been left in Captain Lynn's care, and handed it to his father. As Don Zeres took it in his hands he could not help thinking that, that very gold had been the first link of all their past troubles. Still he said nothing, as he carried it into the house.

The events of the previous night were soon told to Captain Lynn, who informed them in return that the runaway horses had been caught by the innkeeper and that they were then in his stables, awaiting the owner to come and claim and take them away. A note was written and handed to Jake, who was immediately sent after them and the broken down carriage.

Time passed merrily on. Jake returned. The horses and carriage that had been Baldwin's became the property of Everard. Don Zeres had no use for them, so Everard accepted them. That night was spent in the enjoyment of sound and peaceful repose.

Next day a large party were invited to come and spend the evening at Wellingwood mansion, in celebration of the event of the return of the lost son. Evening came and all was gaiety. Two couples figured prominently during the evening's entertainment. These were our hero and heroine, Everard and Alicia. Jake was never before in such glee. But that night, like all others, came to an end.

The woods and fields were once more bedecked with green. The spring flowers were again bursting forth. The birds had once more returned from the sunny south. The morning was magnificent. The sunbeams fell upon the placid lake and gave it the appearance of a vast sheet of glittering glass. Truly

it was an auspicious morning, and one well suited to the happy event about to take place at Wellingwood. Arabella stood at the threshold of the mansion leaning lovingly on the arm of our hero. She looked more lovely than ever, arrayed in the gorgeous apparel of a bride. That day "Wellingwood" and "Thornbrook" were to be united by marriage. Crowds of young people were assembling from various quarters to witness the event. Near the bride and bridegroom stood Everard and Alicia; they were to act as groomsmen and bridesmaids.

Jake like the rest of his race was extremely fond of white, and on this particular morning he was clad from head to foot in white garments. With Sophie's arm in his he paraded back and forth in front of the mansion displaying no small amount of dignity.

Presently the Reverend gentleman appeared, and soon after Consabina Seville and Arabella Melodine were pronounced Husband and Wife. Then followed the usual congratulations, and immediately after the wedding dinner, they departed on a bridal tour.

A visit to Captain Roselle had been preconcerted, so Halifax was their destination. The party consisted of the bride and bridegroom, Everard and Alicia, and Captain Lynn. Neither Mr. and Mrs. Seville nor Mr. Melodine could be prevailed upon to accompany them; they preferred remaining at home. Mrs. Seville, the younger, took with her a present for Captain Roselle. Both Don Zeres and Everard had desired to contribute towards it, but she would not hear of such. "Leave it to me," she said, "then should you deem my present not munificent enough, you can afterward bestow yours."

The party at length arrived at Halifax, found Roselle and family at home, and received a joyous welcome. After the lapse of some hours, Mrs. Seville, junr., rose from her seat, walked towards Roselle, and handed him a neat little purse saying: "Take this, my dear sir, as a token of gratitude for the noble manner in which you assisted in rescuing my husband and his companions from solitude. May you and family live to enjoy it, and may it prove a blessing to you."

Roselle on finding that the purse contained a check for no less an amount than \$10,000 was completely bewildered, and at a loss how to reply.

"Surely you never mean me to accept this. It is too liberal altogether. What have I

done to merit such a reward? I merely did my duty, no more."

"We do not, my dear sir, intend you to consider this as a compensation for what you have done. We desire you to accept it merely as a token of gratitude."

"Then, with many thanks, and earnest wishes for your future happiness and prosperity, I do accept it."

Next day Captain Lynn and Everard sailed for England. Their business there, the reader knows. Everard went to put in his claim for the £5000 which lay in Bristol awaiting him, and his uncle went along as company for him.

Alicia and the others soon after returned to Wellingwood—no, I was forgetting—when the two places were united by marriage, a portion of each name was united also, giving to both places the collective name of "Wellingbrook." Great rejoicing hailed their return.

Time sped along. But where resided the hero of our story and his charming bride? Mr. Melodine being up in years had to have his way, and that was, that they should dwell in the same house with him. "Otherwise," said he, "I will be alone and lonely." So with him they lived, and they were happy as happy could be.

Three months slipped away. Captain Lynn and Everard had returned to "Wellingbrook."

During the remainder of that summer it was noticed that Captain Lynn was paying very frequent visits to Widow Danley, and ere the close of autumn those visits terminated in a marriage between the two.

In the meantime Everard purchased a corner lot in a thriving village about four miles distant, to the east of "Wellingbrook," and a large building was being erected upon it. When this building was completed he purchased a stock of goods and opened a merchant's store. And once more "Wellingbrook" was made merry by the marriage of Everard and Alicia.

But what of Jake and Sophie? Their turn came at last, and it would have done the reader good to have seen Jake upon that morning of all mornings—of the day upon which he and Sophie were to be made one. There he was strutting about, clad in white

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from top to toe, the white of his eye-balls glistened with gladness—his face radiant with smiles, and his pearly teeth never before displayed themselves so well. In short, they were married, and their wedding was attended with no less an amount of *éclat* than that which attended the marriage of our hero and heroine.

As a reward for his untiring fidelity, Don Zeros Seville gave Jake the deed of a snug little cottage with five acres of land attached, and there Jake and Sophie lived as happy and as contented with their lot, as if they had been the possessors of a province.

What a pity sailor Tom had missed all those happy events. He had been so long accustomed to a sea-faring life that the land had no attractions for him, so he had only remained a few days after their arrival in Canada, when he bade them all a kind farewell, and went once more in search of employment on the seas, promising, as he went, to visit them again whenever the opportunity offered itself.

As for Dr. Bowen, they never heard of him afterwards.

So now we bid adieu to the heroes of our story. We leave them happy, prosperous, up, and using them as characters, we have

endeavoured to portray, some, at least, of the many UPS AND DOWNS of LIFE.

And now, dear readers, my tale is ended. You that have heard me through, be careful not to pass too harsh a judgment on my efforts. Remember that I am but a mortal like yourselves. At the commencement I was well aware that the subject was altogether too comprehensive for my feeble pen; still gold is not often found on the earth's surface, the pearl is not found on the ocean's foam, and as the miner digs deep to obtain his valuables and the diver descends to the ocean bed to obtain his treasures, so likewise must we, who value literature, keep prying into deep subjects, and our success or failure depends on whether or not we may succeed in extracting rich ideas therefrom. But it is time for me to conclude. Still as the golden rays of the summer's sun while setting seemingly linger and glimmer upon the tree-tops, as if reluctant to leave us in darkness, so does my pen linger on the paper, as if reluctant to cease writing. But as the sun must set and leave nature to sink into the quiet stillness of a summer's night, so must I for the present leave off, and now, dear reader, Farewell.

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