The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides

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The Examiner

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ALMANAC FOR JANUARY, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter, 5th day, 2h 10m., morning, S. E.
New Moon, 12th day, 2h. 4 m., evening S.W.
First Quarter, 20th day, 5h. 14m., even, S. W.
Full Moon, 27th day, 9h 18m., evening, S. E.

D M	DAY WEEK	SUN rises h	m	SUN sets h	m	Sun slow clock m	s	Moon rises h	m	H. water h	m	day's length h	m
1	Frid	7	49	4	19	3	58	8	3	even		8	30
2	Sat		49		19	4	26	9	4	1	5[illegible]		30
3	Sun		49		20	4	54	10	5	2	4[illegible]		31
4	Mon		49		21	5	21	morn		3	37		22
5	Tues		49		22	5	48	0	0	4	30		33
6	Wed		48		23	6	15	1	15	5	2		35
7	Thur		48		25	6	41	2	22	6	27		37
8	Frid		48		26	7	6	3	28	7	30		38
9	Sat		48		27	5	31	4	33	8	26		39
10	Sun		47		28	7	56	5	29	9	20		41
11	Mon		47		29	8	19	6	25	10	11		42
12	Tues		47		30	8	42	sets		10	59		43
13	Wed		46		31	9	5	5	52	11	42		45
14	Thur		45		33	9	27	6	48	morn			47
15	Frid		45		34	9	49	7	50	0	22		49
16	Sat		45		35	10	9	8	47	1	2		50
17	Sun		44		37	10	29	9	47	1	41		52
18	Mon		43		39	10	48	10	44	2	20		56
19	Tues		42		40	11	7	11	42	2	58		57
20	Wed		41		41	11	24	morn		3	39		59
21	Thur		40		42	11	41	0	44	4	23	9	2
22	Frid		40		44	11	57	1	46	5	12		4
23	Sat		39		45	12	13	2	49	6	6		6
24	Sun		38		46	12	27	3	54	7	5		8
25	Mon		37		48	12	41	4	59	8	7		9
26	Tues		35		50	12	54	rises		9	9		14
27	Wed		35		51	13	6	4	52	10	8		16
28	Thur		34		51	13	17	6	9	11	6		18
29	Frid		33		53	13	27	7	32	11	57		20
30	Sat		32		55	13	37	8	38	even			21
31	Sun		31		57	13	46	9	50	1	37		23

R. REDDIN

Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

Office:— Great George Street

Charlottetown.

(*Near the Catholic Cathedral.*)

September 3, 1866. tf

B. WILSON HIGGS,

General Commission Merchant

AND

AUCTIONEER,

Charlottetown, ... *P. E Island*

May 27, 1867. 1y

NEW PAINT SHOP!

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public in general, that he has opened a new PAINT SHOP above the Carriage Factory of McPhail & Hunter, Kent Street, where all orders left, either in the

House, Sign, or Carriage Painting,

will be attended to with punctuality, neatness, and on reasonable terms.

FRANCIS McGRORY. Painter.

McPhail & Hunter's Carriage Factory, } Kent Street, May 4, 1868 }

Grain! Grain! Grain!

THE highest price given for BARLEY and OATS, at

Coles's Brewery and Distillery,

☞ Constantly on hand, at prices cheaper than can be purchased in the market, the best of Rum, Brandy Gin, Whiskey, and a superior article of Malt Whiskey. Also—X, XX, and XXX Ale.

Charlottetown, June 20, 1868.

A. McNEILL,

Reading Room Proprietor,

COMMISSION MERCHANT

AND

AUCTIONEER,

Charlottetown - - - - P. E. Island.

JOSEPH McKAY,

BUTCHER,

CORNER OF

Pownal and Dorchester Streets,

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

N. B.—Constantly on hand, FRESH BEEF, LAMB & MUTTON. Also, PORK, Fresh & Salt

☞ VESSELS SUPPLIED TO ORDER. ☜

CARD.

THE Subscriber begs to thank the public for the liberal patronage extended to him during the last year. Having enlarged and fitted up his establishment at the Old Stand, LORD'S WHARF, is now prepared to execute with despatch all orders which he may be favored with in his line as SHIP and GENERAL BLACKSMITH. Fishermen will find Anchors of all sizes for Boats cheaper and better than can be found at any similar establishment in the City.

GEORGE H. FOSTER.

Lord's Wharf, Ch'town, } Feb. 17, 1868. } 1y

JOHN F. BRINE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

May be consulted at the Office of John T. Jenkins, Surgeon.

RESIDENCE:

Mrs. BOYYER's, Great George Street,

Nov 16, 1868. tf

JAMES F. WHITE

COOPER,

Tremain's Red Building, Queen's Whar

FISH, Pork, and Beef Barrels, constantly on hand.

200 PORK BARRELS will be sold if applied for immediately, Cheap for CASH or approved notes of hand.

Ch'town, P. E. I. } August 3, 1868. } 1y

A. HERMANS.

GUN-SMITH,

Bell-Hanger and Tin-Smith,

BEGS to inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has again commenced business on DORCHESTER STREET, next door to the Reading Room Building, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, with neatness and despatch.

—ON HAND—

A Neat Assortment of Tinware Kitchen Utensils, &c, &c.

including the patent BON TON COFFEE POT which received the Gold edal Prize at the Paris Exposition of 1867. Also BON TON LANTERNS, which will surpass everything in the Market, and suitable for either Farm use or on board Vessels.

A few WATER COOLERS on hand which, together with a large variety of other STOCK will be sold cheap for CASH.

Mr HERANS is Agent for

SAWYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE,

a new, economical and superior article used in washing, whereby a saving of fifty per cent. is guaranteed, and for which he begs to solicit the patronage of Laundry Maids, &c.

Ch'town, July 1868.

GOOD FIRES.

NOW selling at the Gas Works a quantity of very superior COKE at FIVE PENCE per Bushel. N B Coke will last longer and give a greater heat than Sydney Coal.

January 20, 1868. ist

A Fortune for Sale!

IN consequence of the death of the Proprietor, the Subscriber is instructed to offer for positive Sale, that beautifully situated well known property, the

Half Way House, Vernon River, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The, Land consisting of about 49 acres, is in that state of cultivation that it has been for some years past, and will for years to come, yield a clear net profit, more than sufficient to pay the interest on the amount of purchase money asked for the whole establishment. As a money making investment this is an opportunity seldom equalled in these Provinces, which fact can be positively proved to any person about purchasing The Stock of Liquors and Stock of Goods in the Store can be taken or not at the option of the purchaser.

For particulars, address,

GEORGE ADAMS,

Half-way House, Vernon River } May 18, 1868 } tf

WOOL. WOOL.

CASH PAID for WOOL, on delivery at the Store of H J CALLBECK

Charlottetown July 13th, 1868. tf

TO LET!

THE HOUSE and SHOP in KENT STREET, lately occupied by Mr JOHN HUDSON, with large STABLE, COACH HOUSE and WAREHOUSE attached. Apply to

W. E DAWSON,
WILLIAM DODD,
Assignees of
JOHN HUDSON.

Ch'town, Sept 7, 1868.

Cheapest School Books

AT

HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,

Sept. 7, 1868. *Queen Street.*

FOR SALE!

Stoves. Stoves

CONSISTING OF

The Yarmouth Cook Stoves, for Wood, (different sizes.)
Yarmouth Niagara do do
Yarmouth Waterloo do do
Yarmouth do do for coal
Yarmouth Cook do do
(The above have all Metal Boilers.)
The Improved Magician Cook, for Coal,
Lady Franklin do
And Box Stoves of different sizes, for Churches, School Houses, &c., &c.

All the above are Nova Scotia Castings. Persons wanting Stoves will do well to call and examine.

TERMS.—Terms made known.

HEYMAN J. P. TERLIZZICK.

P. S.—Hourly expected, Pails, Brooms, Winter Apples, Onions and Groceries. Will be Sold Cheap.

H. J. P. T.

Upper Queen Street, } Nov. 30, 1868. } 2m

Dissolution Notice.

THE Copartnership hitherto existing between STANFORD WELLS & JAMES PHILLIPS, of Charlottetown, Marble Workers, has been dissolved by mutual consent.

The business will in future be conducted under the name of

JAMES PHILLIPS.

The Subscriber has constantly on hand a supply of

Italian and American Marble

FOR

MONUMENTS,
HEADSTONES,
TOMBS,
TABLETS,
TABLE TOPS,
&c., &c.

A superior style of Workmanship to any on the Island. Terms moderate.

JAMES PHILLIPS.

Charlottetown Marble Works, } Nov. 7, 1868. }

BOOK & JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

—AND—

BOOK-BINDING

IN EVERY STYLE,

—AT—

W. H. BREMNERS.

Kent Street, Nov. 9, 1868 3m

"LONDON HOUSE,"

Established 1820

THE Subscribers beg to inform their customers, that they have REMOVED from DODD & ROGERS' building, to their

New Brick Store.

AT THE

OLD CORNER, QUEEN SQUARE,

where they have just opened one of the largest Stocks of

British, Foreign, & West India Goods

ever imported into the Colony

G. & S. DAVIES.

Charlottetown, Nov. 23, 1868.

WANTED,

BY the Subscriber, on the Convent Grounds 214 Tons of Good Building STONE, for which the HIGHEST PRICE will be PAID in CASH on delivery.

JOHN CORBETT, Pownal Street

Ch'town, Pownal Street, } Dec. 14, 1868. }

MAILS.

Winter Arrangement!

THE Mails for the neighboring Provinces and the United States will, until further notice, be closed at this Office every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland, and the West Indies, will be closed every alternate Friday and Monday, at 7 o'clock, p. m., as follows viz:—

Friday, December 25,	Friday, March 5,
Monday, do 28,	Monday, do 8,
Friday, January 8,	Friday, do 19,
Monday, do 11,	Monday, do 22,
Friday, do 22,	Friday April 2,
Monday, do 25,	Monday, do 5,
Friday, February 5,	Friday, do 16,
Monday, do 8,	Monday, do 19,
Friday, do 19,	Friday, do 30,
Monday, do 22,	Monday, May 3.

Mails for Summerside and St. Eleanor s, via Bedeque, will be closed every Tuesday and Friday at 9, a. m.

Letters to be registered, and Newspapers, must be posted half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.

THOMAS OWEN, Postmaster General

General Post Office, Ch'town, } December 16, 1868. }

FARM FOR SALE AT

ROSENEATH.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for SALE his VALUABLE FREEHOLD FARM, in the flourishing settlement of ROSENEATH, on the MAIN POST ROAD, being six miles from GEORGETOWN, and Two miles from a good shipping place. The FARM consists of

One hundred and thirty acres of very rich and fertile land

fit for any kind of crop; 90 acres are cleared and in a good state of cultivation, and the remaining forty acres are covered with hard and soft wood. There are a good new Dwelling House, Barn and outhouses on the premises, and well watered The above property is well situated for mills, Churches, Schoolhouse; is partly covered with mussel mud, and within 1½ miles of the shore, where abundance can be obtained.

WILLIAM HENRY DRAKE

Roseneath, Lot 52, Dec. 14, 1868. tf

SUGAR AND MOLASSES

20 hhds SUGAR,
50 Puncheons choice MOLASSES
For Sale by
CARVELL BROS

KEROSENE

20 Bbls KEROSENE,
For Sale by
CARVELL BROS.

BUTTER CRACKERS

10 Bbls BUTTER CRACKERS,
10 Bbls SHIP BREAD
For Sale by
CARVELL BROS

Oct 19 1868.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

BY various Ships and Steamers from ENGLAND, CANADA, BARBADOES, BOSTON and HALIFAX, the Subscribers have completed their

Importations for the Season

which, having been purchased by one of the Firm at some of the first Houses in Europe, they are enabled to offer their Large and Extensive Stock WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, at their USUAL LOW PRICES.

The present Importation Comprises:—

Hhds. Bright Barbadoes Sugar & Molasses,	Bales Buffalo Robes,
Chests and Half Chests prime Congo Tea,	" White and Colored Cotton Warp,
Cases of Dress Goods in great variety,	" Wrapping Paper,
Cases Readymade Clothing & Rubber Coats,	" Paper Hangings,
Cases Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,	" Bagging and Grain Sacks,
Cases Townend's Hats and Caps,	Casks Assorted Cutlery
Cases Ladies' Furs Mens' and Boys' Fur Caps,	Casks Shot, Traces and Hoes,
Cases Ladies' Straw and Felt Hats & Bonnets,	Bundles Spades and Shovels,
Cases Shawls & Mantles	Bundles Spring and Cast Steel,
" Haberdashery,	Bundles Sheet Iron,
" Floor Cloths,	Tons Assorted Bar Iron,
" Millinery and Hosiery,	Sets Plough Metal,
Cases Silks, Gloves and Ribbons,	Boxes Tin Plates,
Cases Woollen & Fancy Goods,	Packages Nails and Spikes,
Bales Carpets, Damasks and Hearth Rugs,	Packages Ass'd. Paints
Bales Blankets & Horse Rugs,	Hhds. Linseed, Sweet and Seal Oil,
Bales Cloths and Doeskins,	Bundles Sole Leather,
Bales Printed, Unbleached and white Calicoes, &c.	Kegs Mustard, Powder Baking Soda, Tobacco, Barrels Currants Flour, Washing Soda Epsom Salts, Crushed Sugar, Boxes Raisins, Indigo, Soap, Candles and Lozenges, Bags Rice, Coffee and Pepper, Coils Manilla Rope, Dozs. Buckets and Brooms, &c &c. &c.
Bales Stripe, Check Woolen Shirtings & Fancy Shirts, &c &c.	

G. & S. DAVIES.

Dodd & Rogers' New Brick Store

New Brick Corner Queen Street, } Ch'town, Nov. 2, 1868. }

CANADA FLOUR.

RECEIVED, ex Schr. *NORRIS* and Steamer *FLAMBOROUGH* from MONTREAL:

813 Bbls. Canada No. 1 (Superfine)
25 do CORNMEAL (Yellow)
25 do do (White)
30 Bags do
75 Boxes Steele's best family White SOAP.

R. W. BRECKEN.

Water Street, (over Telegraph Office) } January 5, 1869. 3m }

THE SMUGGLER OF ST. JEAN;

OR, THE

HIDALGO'S WARD.

A STORY OF THE SPANISH COAST.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SMUGGLER.

Beyond the point that Nina had reached by the removal of the loose stones the fugitives came to a broad passage, which, though uneven and tortuous, presented none of those jagged angles that had marked the walls of the cavern This passage had evidently been opened by some convulsion in an age long gone, and for many years it must have served as a conduit for the floods of the sea, for in no other way could the stones have been worn so smooth. *After leaving the cavern behind them* Nina was forced to be very careful of her candle, for the current of air was quite fresh and strong.

'We cannot be a great way from the sea,' said Estelle, as they turned an abrupt angle, and came nigh losing their light. 'Hark,—I can hear the roar of the waves.'

'So can I,' returned Nina; 'but it sounds a great distance off.'

'Yes,— but still I can hear it; and I can smell the freshness of the sea breeze.'

'Aye, my lady, — it was the odor of the sea that first made my heart throb. If we can reach the shore we shall be safe.'

'We may escape the Gipsies and fall into the hands of the smugglers,' said Estelle, reflectively.

'Do you fear the smugglers, Senorita?'

'Not as I fear the Gipsies, Nina'

'I don't fear them at all. The Smugglers of Saint Jean are gallant and brave. They are not like the Gipsies. The Gipsies live upon the proceeds of lying, and cheating, and stealing, and robbing; and the poor peasant is liable to be robbed as any one. But the smugglers do no such thing. They wrong only the power of the Government, and the result of their daring is a blessing to the poor people of the neighborhood. The smugglers are a very dangerous set when they are attacked; but let a helpless maiden appeal to them for succor and I am sure she would not appeal in vain.'

'You have seen more of these people than I have,' returned Estelle. 'My relations thus far in life have not led me into an acquaintance with the contrabandista.'

'And,' suggested Nina, with a smile, 'I think you have but very recently commenced studying the habits and character of the Gipsies.'

'True, Nina; and like other lessons illustrated by experiment, those which I have taken on the nature of the Zincali are not likely to be effaced from my memory.'

The Senorita had spoken thus, when Nina, who was a few steps in advance, suddenly stopped, and raised the corner of her mantle to protect the flame of the candle.

'What is it?' asked her mistress, as she also stopped.

'I thought I saw some sort of chasm just ahead of us,' replied the Moorish girl; 'and the air comes more fresh and strong. Do you not feel it?'

'I feel it very plainly,' said Estelle; 'and I think I hear the roar of the sea more plainly also. *Let us move on.*'

Nina removed her mantle, and raised the candle so as to cast a light over the way; but *the current of air was a little too strong*, and before she could recover the candle, or interpose her mantle, the flame was swept out, and the wanderers were in total darkness. Not a glimmer came to their eyes — not a softening from the utter blackness of Stygian night. For some moments they stood in silence. Nina was first to speak:

'Dear lady, I could not help it,— indeed I could not.'

'Hush, Nina, I have no thought of blaming you. It is surprising how you kept the light as long as you did Still, the loss is a misfortune, for we certainly cannot proceed any farther until we have light.'

'It would not be safe to move on at all,' said Nina, 'for I am sure there is some sort of a chasm directly in front of us. We must remain where we are until daylight comes.'

'I hope,' added Estelle, 'that the day will send some of its light in here.'

'So do I,' responded Nina.

'And I think it will,' pursued the mistress.

'I am sure it will,' answered the maid. 'So large a vault as this, open to the sea as this must be, could not be shut entirely from the light of day. However, we must remain where we are until light comes from somewhere.'

'Of course we cannot go back,' said Estelle. 'We should run into the jaws of the demon from which we hope to escape.'

'Then let us sit here, lady. There is no better place'

Estelle sat down upon the hard rock, and by and by Nina found her hand.

'You tremble, dear mistress.'

'How can I help it, Nina. What if the hope which has gleamed so brightly upon us should go out as your candle has done. Oh, it would be dreadful to be taken back by those terrible Gipsies!'

Nina tried to speak cheerfully She held her lady's hand in her own, and asked her to take courage.

'Do you sleep, lady, and allow me to keep watch. I will arouse you at the first gleam of light, and then we will pursue our way Of course the Gipsies will miss us; and they will search for us; and they will find the passage through which we left the cavern; but they may be late in their movements This morning they did not disturb us until the sun was well up If we can have half an hour, even, of daylight to ourselves, we may escape In truth, I think we have reason to take hope. Come—rest your head here. I will keep good watch.'

'I shall rest for a while, Nina; but you are sadly in error if you imagine that I shall allow you to watch during the whole night. I must take my turn'

'As you will, lady; only rest you now, and leave me to keep the first watch.'

Estelle laid her head down in her companion's lap, and at length fell asleep. Nina kept her eyes open an hour or more, and then she closed them. She did not mean to sleep — she only meant to relieve herself of the monotonous pain of gazing out into that gloomy darkness; but her senses left her before she knew it and she was ere long keeping her mistress company in the land of slumber.

'Nina! Nina!'

The maid awoke, and wondered exceedingly to find that she had been asleep.

'Never mind,' said Estelle. 'I am glad you have slept. We both needed it, or the drowsy spirit would not so easily have overcome us But what is the hour?'

'I do not know, dear lady; but I think it cannot be very late. I do not think I have slept long.'

'I am not so sure of that,' returned Estelle. 'I think it must be near morning.'

Nina thought it could not be past midnight, if it was so late. However, the question was put at rest in a very short time by the softening of the gloom by which they were surrounded They had wondered if the light of day could penetrate to that cavernous place; they were glad to find the problem thus agreeably solved Gradually the darkness gave way, and surrounding objects became distinct. They could see no speck of sky—they could see no direct opening to the world of light—but the light came in to bless them, and they hoped to find safety under its guidance. They had not been deceived in regard to the character of the ground ahead of them. Not more than five yards from the spot where they had slept the path ended at the brink of the chasm, and had they attempted to pass on in the darkness, they would inevitably have been lost. Now, however, by the help of the light, they found a safe way across the yawning abyss, and having gained the broader footing upon the opposite side, they hurried on, fully assured that they were approaching the shore of the sea. They were thus moving on, the way growing more light before them, when they *thought they heard something behind them.*

'Stop a moment,' said Estelle, as Nina would have hurried on. 'We must listen till we know what it is'

'It is the sound of human feet,' returned Nina. 'The Gipsies are after us!'

'It must be so,' added Estelle. But we have the start of them. The sea cannot be far off Let us hasten.'

On sped the fugitives over the rough stones, the light growing brighter and brighter before them, while the steps of the pursuers came nearer and nearer behind

'Mercy!' ejaculated Estelle, straining every nerve to keep the distance between her and those dread steps that followed, 'what shall we do! We are not yet free from the cavern, and the horrible monsters are close upon us!'

'The shore cannot be far off, lady,' said Nina, hopefully.

'Aye — but what then? What shall we do when we reach it? The Gipsies must be there almost as soon as we are. O, this is terrible. Nina, I am afraid——'

She did not conclude the sentence, for at that moment the steps of the pursuers came with a louder echo, and she hurried on more swiftly. On—on—the light brighter; the air more fresh; and the murmur of the sea more distinct. Finally the glare of day flashed upon them from the open sky, and they found themselves upon the sand, with a vaulted roof of rock over their heads, and the blue waters rippling before them; but they did not look out upon the open sea They were upon the shore of a deep bay, entirely shut in by towering walls, and they could see no passage leading out from this rock-bound harbor; but that such a passage existed was evident from the presence of a vessel — a small felucca — anchored not far away.

But what now? Which way should they turn? Before them, and stretching away to the right, was a narrow strip of sandy beach, *but to the left towering rock reached to the water.* They took a few steps nearer to the edge of the beach, and not far off Nina saw a small boat, with its bows resting upon the dry sand.

'If we could gain that boat,' she said, 'and push it into the water, we might reach the vessel.'

'And jump from the hands of the Gipsies into the hands of the Smugglers,' suggested Estelle.

'I do not fear the Smugglers,' asserted Nina. 'Would you not rather trust them than trust the men from whom we are flying?'

'Yes, yes. Let us gain the boat.'

But it was too late Even as the Senorita spoke the sound of voices grew alarmingly distinct behind them, and before they could gain the beach outside of the arch which arose above the entrance to the subterranean passage, three stout men were upon them.

'Aha!' cried Juan Bravo, springing forward and catching Estelle by the arm, 'you have had a fine run this morning!'

'Been getting an appetite for their breakfasts,' said Gurabano, as he caught Nina.

The third man, a stout, grim savage, grinned horribly as he gazed upon the two girls, standing ready to render any assistance which his chief might require.

Estelle sank upon her knees, and begged for mercy.

'*Dinelo!*' replied Juan Bravo, 'what would you do? Whither would you go? You are crazy. Back in our cave you will be safe; but here you know not what dangers may beset your path.'

'I fear no dangers here,' urged the maiden. 'Let me go, sir, and I shall be safe.'

'So you will be safe if you return with me. What in the world, Senorita, do you fear? Do you know the character of yonder vessel? It belongs to the *Contrabandista*; and what do you imagine will be your fate if you fall into the hands of him and his crew?'

'It can be no worse than the fate which you have planned for me'

'Bah! You know not the character of Rafael Bertrand, the chief of these Smugglers of Saint Jean Come—you will find yourself much better off to return with me.'

'No! no!' cried Estelle, 'do not force me away from here.'

'Come,' growled the Gipsy chief, drawing her violently towards him.

'Come along!' echoed Gurabano, giving Nina a savage pull.

'Mercy!' screamed the Moorish maid; and then, at the top of her voice she called for help. The call was instinctive, for she had no hope that any sympathizing soul was within the sound of her voice. But, fortunately, the call was not in vain.

'Help! help!'

'*Dinelo!*' hissed the pastry-cook, 'why do you make such a noise? Who do you suppose can hear you?'

'Bring her along,' ordered Juan Bravo.

'*Carajo!* What means this?' exclaimed a new voice.

The three Gipsies, as well as the two girls, turned to see who had spoken.

The new comer was a young man, not more than two or three-and-twenty; tall and well formed; with a frank handsome face; a pair of large, clear, bright eyes; and raven hair curling gracefully about a head grandly formed. He was clad in a sailor's garb, neat and clean, and bore in his hand a stick, or cudgel, of some firm-grained heavy wood, about three feet long, and so shaped as to balance most naturally in the hand.

'*Santa Diosa!*' ejaculated Estelle, 'help! help!'

'*Padre Santo!* it is the Dona Estelle d'Avila!' exclaimed the young man startled with surprise as he recognized her. 'I cannot be mistaken. Tell me, lady—am I not right?'

'Yes, Senor,' replied Estelle, speaking quickly and eagerly; for the moment that her eyes rested upon that handsome, honest looking face, her heart bounded with hope of succor.

'I thought I could not be mistaken. I have seen you in Don Bernardo's box at the *Plaza de Toros*. But, *Santa Madre de Dios!* what has happened? What are you doing in the hands of these accursed Gitanos?' And as he thus spoke he turned his gaze upon the wretch who held her, adding, as he did so:

'You are Juan Bravo, the chief of the family of Gitanos that have pitched their tents on the other side of the mountain.'

'And who are you?' demanded the Gipsy, fiercely.

'I am one who knows you and your tribe,' answered the youth. Release these ladies and leave them to go at liberty.'

Juan Bravo laughed a wild, mocking laugh.

'You are smart,' he said; 'but I have no time now to witness further exhibition of your wit. Stand aside.'

'Not yet,' retorted the young seaman. 'If these ladies will remain with me, they shall do so.'

'Are you not a member of Rafael Bertrand's smuggling crew?' demanded Bravo, covering up his wrath with a grim smile.

'Yes,' was the ready response

'Aha!' cried Gurabano. 'Now I recognize him. He is Bertrand's lieutenant, and his name is LEON MURILLO.'

'Ha!' echoed the Gipsy chief, with a perceptible start, 'is this Leon Murillo?'

'Such is my name,' replied the youth.

Juan Bravo fixed his dark, staring eyes upon the handsome face of the smuggler, and gazed upon him some moments in silence. Finally he said:

'Go your way, young man. We shall meet again.'

Murillo turned to Dona Estelle:

'Lady, before I give final answer to this man, let me hear from you Would you trust yourself with me, under my care?'

'Yes, Yes,' cried Estelle, impulsively. And then, after a moments reflection, she added—But you cannot help me. I would not have you expose yourself to such risk for my sake.'

'Your advice is very wise, Senorita,' said Juan Bravo. 'But I don't think the boy stood in need of it. He cannot be very anxious to put himself against us.'

'By the God that made me?' exclaimed Murillo, his eye flashing, and the rich blood mounting to his brow, 'if these ladies will accept my care they shall have it! I know too much of your accursed tribe to be willing to leave helpless females in your clutches I think you must, by some means, have found your way hither through this cavernous passage; and you may now return that way if you wish.'

Juan Bravo was by this time satisfied that the smuggler meant to interfere, though he had no plea that the young fellow could entertain any hope of success.

'Matobar,' he said, turning to his grim companion, who had as yet had nothing to do, throw that fellow into the water, and then follow me.'

Matobar, so named from his habit of gross intoxication, advanced towards Murillo, and put forth his big dirty hand, as though he would grasp him. The youth raised his stick, and, with a motion which seemed but a simple twist, he tapped the Gitano upon the side of the head with a force that sent him back upon his haunches.

'Death and destruction!' gasped the chief, as he saw this, 'do you dare to try that game; *Dosta!* Thou shalt have enough of it.'

As he spoke he let go the Senorita and leaped towards the intruder, with his broad-bladed knife in his hand. But he was very suddenly reminded that a yard of cudgel could reach further than ten inches of steel.

'Aha, my Juan Bravo, you mean that blade for me, do you!' cried Murillo, as he dexterously knocked down the Gipsy's arm. 'Let me tell you that I have served my time with the Pasiegos; and you had better beware when you find me armed with this bit of hornbeam.' As he ceased speaking he dealt a blow that settled the chieftain upon the ground, and then, without stopping for further parley, he turned upon Gurabano, and knocked him back upon the rocks.

'How is it, my Juan Bravo?' the champion demanded, as the chieftain raised himself to a sitting posture. 'Will you have more of my stick?'

With a fierce oath the chief sprang to his feet; but very quickly he was prostrate again. Matobar was next up and next down.

'Hold on!' cried the pastry-cook, as he found the terrible cudgel raised a second time for him, 'Take the girls and spare my head.'

'Lady,' said Murillo, turning to Estelle, 'You see yonder boat. If you and your companion will hasten thither I will cover your retreat. Fear not for me. I understand these rascals'

Without waiting for further counsel both Estelle and Nina started for the boat.

CHAPTER V.

Gurabano was not a coward. When he begged Leon Murillo to spare his head and take the girls, he meant to gain some advantage of position; but the watchful eye of the smuggler caused him to fail in this, and he leaped to his feet with a furious bound, making a grasp for his enemy's throat. He was beat back from this attack, and when he had next advanced he had drawn his knife.

'*Pantaluno!*' gasped the pastry-cook as he flourished his short blade. 'If we had been wise you would have had a bunch of lead in your heart before this. *Dinelos!* we should have remembered our pistols. But this will do.'

The smuggler realized that he had work before him—work which could not be slighted—and as soon as he had seen the two girls safely out of the way, he gathered himself for decisive operations. For a few seconds master Gurabano managed to defend himself from a disabling blow, but finally he got one that broke his arm, and with a yell of pain he drew back to save his head. The knife had fallen from his nerveless grasp, and he knew that his season of resistance had passed.

Juan Bravo and Matobar were upon their feet, but the youthful contrabandist did not seem to regard them as worthy of much consideration.

'Look ye,' he said, as they advanced upon him, 'I am the best cudgel-player in Valencia. If you tempt me further I may break a head instead of an arm.'

Juan Bravo replied, with an oath, that he would have the girls; but the words were scarcely spoken before he fell senseless upon the sand, for the magic stick had been whirled with such rapidity over his head that he knew not how to avoid its stroke. Matobar showed some fight; but he was very soon disposed of, and then the successful youth hastened to his boat.

'Now, gentle lady,' he said, after he had pushed the boat into the water, 'if you and your companion will allow me, I will help you away from here. I have no wish to kill these wretches, and if we lose no time we may get away before they can come again to the attack.'

'Good sir,' replied Estelle, casting a look of gratitude upon her new-found friend, 'direct me as you please. I give you my trust with my thanks' And the look of gratitude softened into an expression that gave token of emotions deeper and warmer than words had spoken.

'Then,' said Murillo, 'we will hasten into the boat, and go to our vessel; and, so far as it may lie in my power to comply, your wish shall be law. We are rough people, Senorita, and our respect for law is bounded somewhat by the ability of the law to force us into obedience; but I think we are as true to the better instincts of human nature as most people. At all events, until I can deliver you safely into the hands of your guardian, you may be assured that the bosom of a fond mother could not afford you a more holy protection than shall this arm of mine.'

While he had been thus speaking he had assisted the girls into the boat, and had followed them and taken the oars. There was something more than music in his voice; there were the notes of a nature that could not lie, and every word he spoke appealed directly to the heart with its burden of truth and honor. Estelle watched him as he plied the oars, but finally he happened to turn his eyes towards her, and she, blushing to think how she had been caught, dropped her gaze, and resolved not to look at the smuggler again until they had reached the vessel.

Nina, meanwhile, was enjoying the wild scenery by which she was surrounded. She had gazed to the southward, from crag to crag, until her vision had stretched to the far-off peaks of the Sierra, and then she turned to the northward.

'Lady,' she cried, taking her mistress by the arm 'look up there. Isn't that the high table of cape San Martin?'

Estelle looked as her companion directed, and assented to the proposition

'And,' she added, 'I think I can see the very spot where we stood.'

'When we looked down into this very place,' suggested Nina.

'And saw this very vessel that we are now approaching,' said Estelle.

'And saw this self-same boat until it disappeared beneath the arch we have left behind us,' responded Nina'

'You speak of yonder table of rock upon the bluff of San Martin,' ventured Leon Murillo. 'Were you up there day before yesterday?'

'Yes,' replied Estelle.

'I thought I saw some one. It was towards evening?'

'Yes, Senor.'

'It was late for such as you to be in such a place.'

'You are right, senor; and, as you already know, we have suffered the penalty of our carelessness.'

The youth nodded; and after a few moments of silence a smile broke over his face which finally culminated in a light, ringing laugh.

'You sadly frightened our captain, ladies. We saw something fluttering upon the crest of that bluff, and our telescope revealed to us the fact that a couple of females were perched up there. Captain Bertrand feared that somebody had been set to watch him; for just at that particular time he had quite a valuable cargo on his hands.'

'He would have had little fear if he could have known how simple a pair of girls he had discovered,' said Estelle, smiling in turn. 'But,' she added seriously, 'I trust that Rafael Bertrand will be kind to us.'

'Rafael Bertrand will do nothing to harm a friend of mine,' replied Leon. 'He is a bold, reckless man, whom danger has hardened and enmity warped; but he is true to his friends. However, he is not at present on board our vessel He has gone to Calpe to look after a little property which the Spanish officers might like to get hold of if they could.'

As the youth ceased speaking he was obliged to turn his attention to guiding his boat alongside the vessel, and presently he laid down his oars, and stood up to grasp the rail; for the felucca did not set very high out of water. Some of the crew, when they saw what manner of load he had, came to his assistance, and the girls we lifted to the deck without difficulty. At first the rough sailors were inclined to stare rather freely at the fair stranger, for the presence of such company was something they had seldom, if ever, seen be ore on board that craft; but when Leon had explained to them that they were two unfortunate, helpless maidens, whom he had rescued from the accursed Gipsies, they bent their gaze respectfully upon the handsome twain, and expressed their readiness to do anything they could to aid in restoring the wanderers to their home and friends.

(*To be continued.*)

A wager was laid, that it was a Yankee peculiarity to answer one question by asking another. To sustain the assertion a downeaster was interrogated 'I want you,' said the better, 'to give me a straightforward answer to a plain question.'

'I kin do it, mister,' said the Yankee—

'Then why is it that New Engladders always answer a question by asking one in return?'

'Du they?' was Johnathan's reply.

'I declare,' said an old lady, reverting to the promises made her on her marriage day by her liege lord, 'I never shall forget when Obadiah put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said, 'with my worldly goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it I was young and simple, and did not know till afterwards that it only meant one calico gown a year.'

I heard a little incident to-day, which struck me as a very graphic illustration of the hurry with which surgical operations are sometimes resorted to. A brave officer who had been wounded with a musket ball in or near his knee, was stretched out upon the dissecting table of a surgeon, who, with an assistant, began to cut and probe in that region of his anatomy. After a while the 'subject' said:

'Don't cut me up in that style, Doctor! What are you torturing me in that cruel way for?'

'We are looking for the ball,' replied the senior operator.

'Why didn't you say so, then, before?' asked the indignant patient! I've got the ball in my pocket!' said he, putting his hand in his waistcoat and taking it out. 'I took it out myself,' he added; didn't I mention it to you? I meant to.

A gentleman was praising the beautiful hair of a lady, when one of those precocious little misses who always have a word to say, remarked, 'I guess my hair would look as well if I took as much care of it. Mamma never sleeps in her hair.'

What is the difference between a summer dress in winter and an extracted tooth? One is too thin, and the other is tooth out.

Why is a man who makes his will like a potato which is offered as a sample of a lot? Because he is a *testator*.

From the new "Dominion."

At this season, when coughs and colds are so prevalent, an effectual remedy, and one easily obtained Perry Davis' Vegetable PAIN KILLER. It is no new nostrum, vended by unknown agents, but has stood the test of over twenty years and, those who use the article, internally or externally, will connect with it grateful recollections of its worthy inventor.—HASTINGS' CHRONICLE, C. W.

PAIN KILLER.—The testimonials borne to the efficacy of this valuable medicine are sufficient to warrant its introduction into every house. Our own opinion is that no family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour. In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, &c., it is the most effectual remedy we know of. A bottle will last for a very long time, and its low price places it within the reach of all. Our readers will remember that the Messrs. Perry Davis & Son have opened a house in Montreal, whence Canadian orders are supplied.—NEWS, ST. JOHN'S, C. E.

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—From the reports of dealers in this city, we think no proprietary medicine has had a larger sale. Its valuable properties, as a speedy cure for pain, cannot fail to be generally appreciated, and no family should be without it, in case of accident, or sudden attacks of dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, and even Asiatic cholera, yields to its magic power, as we see by reports from those sections in the south-west where the disease has been particularly virulent the last summer.—MONTREAL TRANSCRIPT