

Summerside Journal.

A N D W E S T E R N P I O N E E R .

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE AND NEWS.

Vol. 4.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, February 18, 1869.

No. 21.

THE Summerside Journal.
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING,
BY **JOSEPH BERTRAM,**
AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.
TERMS:
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Job Printing
of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL OFFICE

Almanac for February, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.
Last Qtr., 3rd day, 0h. 43m. evening, W.
New Moon, 11th day, 9h. 42m., morning, S. E.
First Qtr., 26th day, 0h. 54m., evening, E.
Full Moon, 26th day, 7h. 52m. morning, N. W.

DAY	SUN	sun's moon's		DAYS
		risessets	clock, moon's	
WEEK	h m	h m	h m	h m
1 Mon	7 29 4	59 13	52 59	55 11 3
2 Tues	28 5	11 14	1 42	35 33
3 Wed	26	2 14	7 24	57 0 14
4 Thurs	25	7 14	13 7	2 21 38
5 Frid	24	14 17	18 51	2 24 4
6 Sat	22	6 14	21 30	2 26 44
7 Sun	7 21 5	8 14	25 11	40 4 22
8 Mon	19	9 14	27 52	41 5 12
9 Tues	18	11 14	29 33	27 5 53
10 Wed	16	13 14	29 13	59 6 36
11 Thurs	14	15 14	30 54	16 sets 10 0
12 Frid	12	17 14	29 34	19 6 40
13 Sat	11	18 14	27 14	10 7 36
14 Sun	7 10 5	19 14	25 53	47 8 36
15 Mon	9	20 14	22 33	12 9 35
16 Tues	9	22 14	18 12	25 10 34
17 Wed	6	23 14	14 51	26 11 35
18 Thurs	4	24 14	10 30	16 12 36
19 Frid	3	26 14	8 56	0 13 37
20 Sat	1	27 16	57 47	25 1 37
21 Sun	5 59 5	29 13	49 25	44 2 40
22 Mon	58	31 13	42 3	54 3 40
23 Tues	56	32 13	33 41	54 4 39
24 Wed	55	32 13	24 19	46 5 29 43
25 Thurs	54	33 13	14 57	29 6 17 47
26 Frid	52	36 13	4 35	5 7 15 51
27 Sat	50	37 12	53 12	33 7 29 50
28 Sun	6 48 5	38 12	42 49	54 8 43 10 52

Summerside Markets.
Feb. 17, 1869.

Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Oats per bush	2s 6d a 2s 7d
Potatoes per bush	1s 5d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	13d a 14d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	10d a 1s
Hides per lb	4d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	18s a 19s
Pork per lb by carcass	4d a 6d
Flour per bbl	45s a 47s
Island Flour per cwt	17s a 18s
Oatmeal per cwt	50s a 60s
Hay per ton	10s
Fence Boards	4s a 5s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.
Ch. Town, Feb. 17, 1869.

Beef per lb	4d a 8d
Mutton per lb	3d a 7d
Pork per lb, by carcass	4d a 6d
Eggs per lb	6d a 7d
Geese	2s a 3s
Ducks	1s a 1s 6d
Fowls each	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Flour per 100 lbs	20s a 21s
Oatmeal per 100	18s a 19s
Buckwheat Flour, per lb	2d a 2d 2d
Codfish per quintal	18s a 20s
Butter per lb	1s 3d a 1s 5d
Do. by the tub,	3d a 5d
Cheese	9d a 10d
Tallow	1s 3d a 1s 4d
Eggs per dozen	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Potatoes per bushel	1s 6d a 1s 9d
Barley	5s
Oats	2s 8d a 2s 9d
Hay per ton	7s a 7s 5d
Hides per lb	4d
Sheepskins each	3s a 3s 6d
Spruce Boards per 100 ft.	4s a 4s 6d
Hemlock	3s 6d a 4s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.
President—HON. DANIEL BRENNAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

UNION BANK.
Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown.
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.
Discount Days—Wednesdays & Saturdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

SUMMERSIDE BANK.
Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island
President—JAMES L. HOLMAN, Esq.
Cashier—E. L. LYDIAH, Esquire.
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

DR. J. N. FULLER,
Graduate of Bellevue Hospital,
Medical College, N. Y.

Office in the residence of Rev. Mr. Deslinsky, on Water Street—directly opposite the Establishment of J. L. Holman, Esq.
* * * All calls promptly attended to.
Summerside October 15, 1868.

Business Cards.
E. F. PURDY'S
NEW
MARBLE AND FREESTONE
ESTABLISHMENT,
(NEXT DOOR TO BEER AND SONS')
King Square,
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
All orders punctually attended to.
Call and See!
Jan 7, '69 ly

JOHN MCKAY,
Commission Merchant
And Auctioneer,
COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
SUMMERSIDE..... P. E. ISLAND.
REFERENCES:
J. BERTRAM, Printer, Summerside, P. E. I.
J. D. McLEOD, Merchant, Charlottown, " "
J. H. ALLEN, St. John, N. B.
Nov 19, '68

WILLIAM BEARSTO,
Commission Merchant,
Auctioneer & General Agent,
WATER STREET,
Summerside,..... P. E. Island

WILLIAM DODD,
Commission Merchant,
And Auctioneer,
QUEEN SQUARE,
CHARLOTTETOWN --- P. E. ISLAND

R. & W. T. HUNT,
Commission Merchants,
GENERAL AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS.
SALESROOM AND OFFICE
Head of Queen's Wharf
(opposite the Store of Wm. T. Hunt & Co.)
Summerside, P. E. Island.
April 2, 1868. ly

CARVELL BROTHERS,
AUCTIONEERS,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents,
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. Island

J. H. ALLEN,
Commission Merchant,
And Dealer in Provisions, &c.
MARKET STREET,
St. John, N. B.
Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
May 9, 1868.

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Successors to Thomas Hanford,
Commission Merchants,
And General Agents.
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
Chas. U. Hanford Fred. S. Hanford

James Greenough,
FLOUR
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street --- BOSTON
Jan. 1, 1869. ly

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - P. E. ISLAND.

DR. J. H. JAMIESON,
PHYSICIAN-SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR
OFFICE at the residence of the Rev. W. W. Colpitts, Margate.
December 3, 1868.

DR. J. PRICE,
Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1868.

DR. JARVIS
Has Removed His Residence to the House (lately occupied by Mr McKinlay) next to Thomas Hunt's, Esq., St. Eleanor's. He may be consulted every forenoon at the Drug Store of W. T. HUNT & Co., Summerside.
St. Eleanor's, May 18, 1868.

FOUNTAIN HOUSE.
North side King Square,
(next to Park Hotel)
ST. JOHN, N. B.

JAMES W. THOMPSON, . . . PROPRIETOR.
The Proprietor of the above HOTEL takes this opportunity to return thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto received, and most respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.
This HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, and commands a view of King Square, and other parts of the City.
In connection with the Hotel, is GOOD STABLES, and a careful Hostler in attendance. Parties coming from Prince Edward Island with horses will find this establishment the most comfortable in the City, and a person always at the Cars on their arrival.
St. John, Sept. 10, 1868. ly

The Journal is the best advertising medium on the Island.

North British and Mercantile
INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
CHIEF OFFICES:
64 Princes Street, Edinburgh.
61 Threadneedle Street, London.
Risks taken daily, in Town and Country, at the office of the Agent, Reading room Building, Dorchester street.
G. W. DEBLOIS,
General Agent for P. E. Island.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868.—ly*

A. W. ANDRES,
Marble Worker,
Point Du Chene, Shediac N. B.
MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVE-STONES, &c., &c.
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE constantly on hand.
Can furnish Gravestones and Monuments at a less price than any other establishment in the Provinces, and pay a duty besides.
ORDERS can be left at BERTRAM'S Book Store and at D. ENMAN'S, Esq., Summerside, or sent to
A. W. ANDRES,
Point Du Chene, June 11th, 1868.

THE CHURCH UNION.
THIS Paper has been recently enlarged to mammoth proportions. It is the LARGEST RELIGIOUS PAPER IN THE WORLD. It is the leading organ of the Union Movement, and opposes ritualism, close communion, exclusiveness and church caste. It is the only paper that publishes HENRY WALKER'S Sermons, which it does every week, just as they are delivered,—without qualification or correction by him. It advocates universal suffrage; a union of christians at the polls; and the rights of labor. It has the best Agricultural Department of any paper in the world; publishes stories for the family, and for the destruction of social evils. Its editorial management is impersonal; its writers and editors are from every branch of the church, and from every grade of society. It has been aptly termed the freest organ of thought in the world.
Such a paper, offering premiums of Sewing Machines, Dictionaries, Appleton's Cyclopaedia, Pianos, Organs for Churches, etc., makes one of the best papers for canvassers in the world.
Every congregation may obtain a Communion Service, an Organ, a Melodeon, a Bible, or a Life Insurance Policy for its Pastor, or almost any other needful thing, by a club of subscribers.
Send for a copy, enclosing 10 cents, to
HENRY E. CHILD,
41 Park Row, New York.
P. S.—Subscriptions received at this office December 17, '68.—4m.

New England Self-Acting
HAND LOOM!
Just what every Farmer Requires
WILL weave from 15 to 30 yards per day. Any style of goods required. A dozen different twill can be woven upon the same warp. Also
Seamless Bags,
AND CLOTH, DOUBLE-WIDTH.
Can weave a web six feet ten inches wide. Also winds its own quilts; and while it weaves one quilt it winds another. Can also be folded together and taken through a common door with the web in. The whole operation is performed by turning an easy crank, and can be operated by a BOY or GIRL ten or twelve years of age.
S. WELLS & CO.,
General Agents, No. 113, Federal Street, Portland, Me. Also Agents for the LAMB & BRIDGEMAN FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE. (Send for a Circular.)
October 22, '68. tf

Wool! Wool!
THE STANFIELD WOOLEN MILLS at TRYON, having been thoroughly reconstructed and enlarged by additional machinery and Steam Power, will continue to manufacture Cloth from custom wool as heretofore, and at the usual rates. Having doubled their facilities for manufacturing, and procured skillful operatives for every department, the Company feel confident of giving their customers greater satisfaction generally, by manufacturing a better quality of Cloth, and making quicker returns for wool left with them. In addition to the various kinds of CLOTH previously made, they are manufacturing SEVERAL NEW STYLES FOR MEN'S WEAR, and full width Blanketing. Wool, which must be clean washed, free of mats and coarse locks, and of good quality, may be left at Hon. H. J. Callbeck's, Charlottetown, or at the mill, STANFIELD WOOLEN CO. Tryon, May 14, 1868. [m21]

KERSHAW & EDWARD'S
IMPROVED PATENT
Non-conducting and Vaporising
Fire and Burglar Proof
SAFES.
MANUFACTURERS OF
BANK VAULTS, BURGLAR PROOF VAULT DOORS, IRON VAULT DOORS, PATENT COMBINATION BANK LOCKS, DEED BOXES, PATENT JAIL LOCKS & CELL DOORS, &c. &c.
THOS. FULLER, | DAVID STARR & Sons,
Travelling Agent. | Agents, Halifax.
Montreal, Dec 15, '68 y

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL.
No. 9, King Square,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE subscriber having thoroughly refitted and enlarged his HOTEL and STORE, is now prepared to accommodate Permanent and Transient Boarders on the most reasonable terms.
ALSO, in connection, a GROCERY STORE, where every article required for house use may be had.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
Sept. 10, 1868. ly

POETRY.
You Did Not Come.
The sun was gliding down the western sky,
The hours of day had almost reached their sum;
Who kept the trust that was appointed? 'T
You did not come!
I sat and watched the evening's closing ray;
The sunset woods were desolate and dumb;
I waited till the last faint streak of day—
You did not come!
'Twas but to give me back a flower or too,
A ring, my letters—foolish, doubtless—some
Mere trifles! Yet, I thought not so; and you—
Did not come!

The moonlight rose and spread its silver flood;
I heard the death-moth round the night shade hum;
A chilly loneliness froze my fevered blood—
You did not come!
'Twas at the call of war that forth you went,
With blows of trumpet and with beat of drum;
You parting, passed without a farewell sent—
You did not come!
One word upon a scrip of paper writ—
Of pitying comfort but a single crumb;
It was not much—you might have spared me it!
You did not come!

Life cannot be what it has been before;
The hours of joy have reached, alas! their sum:
The trust you keep can return no more—
You cannot come!

Select Literature.

Neil Owen's Two Chances.
The Romance of a Life.
BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.
Concluded.
VI.

And who and what was Amy Northcote to me? What was I, that I had any right to assume an interest in her affairs, and in that one particular affair, about which the advice of intimate friends is scarcely asked?

I cannot explain with this feeble pen all that I felt and all that I wished. The fact that Amy remembered me after the long interval since our childish meeting—the beauty of her face, the kindness of her manner towards me and the look of fixed pain upon it, which I could not but connect with the declaration of Corson to the mysterious woman, that she was engaged to marry him; all this, and more than this, the monstrous character of her betrothed, as his own appearance, as well as the declarations of the woman had assured me of it—all these things joined to give me the most earnest desire to save her from the man. I will not seek to deny that the few moments I had passed in her presence had been enough to fill my lonely, restless heart with wild longings for her—with prayers that she might come to perfect my existence with the holy name of wife—that Heaven would give me such happiness with her as I had not known and could not know without her—but all this was wild, foolish and unreasonable. It could make no difference to me what became of her; I could have no part in her life, nor she in mine; for between her and me there was a great gulf fixed, which I could not pass; but for her own sake, if it could be nothing to me, I earnestly hoped and prayed that I might be enabled to save her.

I did not take the evening train to Redmond; I could not. I went to a hotel and took a chamber, and locking myself in, I paced the floor for hours, trying to find a solution to the terrible question—what shall I do to save her? I could do nothing but confront Corson, in the presence of Amy's father, and denounce him as a villain, on the evidence of—what? What was there to be said, after all, save that a nameless, flighty woman, had declared that she knew how Corson's marriage could be prevented! What was there in this that an audacious man of the world, such as this Corson seemed to be, could not laugh away? In truth, there was nothing; and yet, I earnestly believed that the woman had told the truth, that the man was a finished rascal, and that his marriage with Amy Northcote could be, and ought to be prevented.

And that woman, if I could but find her! And if I could—what then? She had declared that she would not harm a hair of Corson's head; and from her appearance I judged that she loved him as insanely as bad men sometimes get themselves loved by weak women. I might search the city over for weeks, and, after all, never find this one poor wail of humanity; or if I did, and she should close her mouth on all information about Corson—what good was to be effected? None at all; and brain-weary, heart-weary, and with limbs and body aching from the excitement of my thoughts, I threw myself down upon the bed, and slept heavily till morning.

I woke, and surveyed the ground all over again, and came to the same conclusion, I had no valid reasons which I could show to Mr. Northcote why his daughter should not marry Corson. Desperate in the strength of my own belief, I calmly resolved to go at once to the house, to ask for the Northcotes, and then, even if Corson himself were present, to tell them exactly what I had seen and heard, and leave him to explain it, if he could. This would assuredly be the honest, manly way; and neither the Northcotes nor any one else, saving the bad man whom I wished to defeat in his iniquitous intentions, could find fault with it.

It was half-past twelve when I mounted the steps leading to Mr. Northcote's splendid residence on one of the finest streets of the city. I rang the bell, with fast-beating heart; and in a moment it was answered by a servant.
"Is Miss Northcote in?" I ventured. The girl looked puzzled, and I repeated the question.
"You must be a stranger here, sir," she said. "There isn't any such person any more; she was married at ten o'clock this morning."

I had the strength—God knows where I got it—to ask her another question.
"Married—and to whom?"
"To Mr. Corson. They left for New York on the noon train, half an hour ago."
VII.
The night train carried me back to Redmond. The two hours occupied by the journey were passed in a kind of stupor; and going directly home on alighting at the station, I passed up to my room without seeing or looking for my hostess. I slept the night away in fitful slumbers; and it was only when I found the broad light of day streaming in at the window that I found myself prepared to face the realities of my life, and turn my back on its delusions.
What had I to do, but to dismiss from my brain all thoughts of that sweet, pensive face, which so threatened my peace, which had filled me with pleasant memories of the past, and with wild longings for the future—what had I to do but to place all these beneath the iron heel of my duty, and think no more of her who had again for one moment, stepped with the radiance of her presence into the sombre circle of my life? She had come and gone; she was beyond my reach, it indeed she had ever been within it; the wild, yearning wish for her was a foolish wrinkle of my brain, at which I should laugh myself; and therefore my duty was plain.
"Farewell, then, to her sweet face, and forever!" was my thought, as I buried my face in the pillow, with a sob that was heart-felt, if it was not manly. "May God bless you, Amy, forever, in this world and the next; and by-and-by, when we shall both have done with the mystery of this world, it may be that there will be something for us two in the next. It may be—it may be!"
I dressed myself and went below; ate my breakfast, and took some cheer from good old Betty's chatter and gossip; and then, as this was the first day of my second quarter, and as the time was past eight, I took my books under my arm, and started for the schoolhouse. It was, as I said some pages back, over the hill beyond the village, and some distance from it. The depot at Redmond, I may here explain, is at the western skirts of the village; the village itself straggles along a swale towards the hill; and from the depot to the schoolhouse was, I should think, almost about two miles.
The morning air was keen and sharp; and striving to depress all thoughts of what had happened to me in the city, I walked briskly forward, and soon found myself on the top of the hill. I paused a moment to take breath, and looked around at the prospect. My school children were playing below me, filling the air with their gleeful shouts. Redmond and the plain and forest beyond were on the other hand; and as I looked I heard the far-off whistle of the morning express, and in a moment it came into sight, winding like a swift serpent over the plain, and rushing with the clang of its bells, the shriek of its whistle, and the uproar of its wheels, through the village. This train never stopped in Redmond; it was the fastest on the road, and hardly slackened its speed in passing. I watched it, as I always watch a train of cars, with a kind of fascination at its wonderful speed. It thundered over the bridge across the highway, shot swiftly around the base of the hill on which I stood, and swiftly along a high embankment beyond; and then the engine suddenly swerved to the left, lopped over, and went tumbling end over end down the steep embankment, the cars following, and piling themselves atop of it.
Rooted to the spot with a sudden and frightful horror of the calamity, I stood motionless for an instant, while no sound arose from the heap of ruins which lay in the meadow, after the crashing and splintering of timbers had subsided; and then I heard a chorus of shrieks and wails arising from the wrecks, and I ran with all my speed to the scene. I reached it and had time given me to stand and look at the mass of ruins piled before me, and the mangled, dead and dying human creatures weighed down to the earth by it, I suppose I should have grown sick at the sight, and been unable to lend any help. But before I had fairly reached it, I was stopped by the groans of a sufferer near me and I went straight to him. He lay upon his back, his right leg pinned down by a timber which must have been hurled with him to this spot by the force of the concussion. Exerting all my strength I threw the timber from his leg. He attempted to rise his feet, and instantly fell back helpless and inert. He threw up both hands with a despairing cry, and, man as he was, burst into a passion of tears.
"O God, O God! Save my child, and help me to save her! My leg is broken; I can't stir; God help us; what shall I do!" I stooped down beside him, and tried to soothe him, for in his frenzy he was tearing the hair from his head like a madman.
"I'll get you to the village, presently," I said, "where you will be well cared for. You're not injured any more than one leg broken; and I carefully felt of his body and limbs, and satisfied myself that this was true.
"Not myself—not myself," he moaned, rocking his body to and fro in his awful agony of mind. "I could bear all this pain, and would, gladly; but my child, my darling Amy—who will become of her?"
The name sent a quick thrill through my veins; I looked at him closely. He was a man of perhaps fifty-five, with full and florid face, and had the appearance of a business man from the city.
"We can telegraph for your daughter," I suggested. And with that he broke out again into another passion of weeping and moaning, and wringing his hands.
"I did telegraph to the Superintendent of Police of New York—our officers telegraphed, too—to arrest him and save her; and there'll be an officer waiting at the Harlem Depot for me, so I can identify them. And now here I am, helpless on my back, with no one to guide the authorities in finding the man. Don't you understand?" he exclaimed, half fiercely, seeing my look of bewilderment; for I had begun to suspect that the poor man was out of his head. "I tell you my daughter was married yesterday to a man who turns out to be a villain, a bigamist—his wife came to my house not three hours af-

ter the marriage. They left for New York yesterday noon; I hoped to reach there before the scoundrel could get her off on the steamer. And now what shall I do—what can I do?"
A gleam of discovery flashed on my mind. "Perhaps," I said, "you have her picture with you, which you might send to the New York police."
His face lighted up with relief at the suggestion, and he put his hand into his breast-pocket, and drew out an ambrotype-case, which I eagerly seized and opened.
It was as I thought; the face within was Amy Northcote's.

VIII.
With the night train, express, I was speeding away toward the city, with the injunctions and prayers of Caleb Northcote to bring his daughter to his arms. I was strongly hopeful of success, for I should arrive in the city only forty eight hours after them.
In the interval, before leaving Redmond, I had caused Mr. Northcote to be carefully removed to Betty Carpenter's; and his fractured limb had been set, and himself made quite comfortable before I left. But I think it comforted him to see the alacrity with which I offered to go on to New York and procure the detention of Corson, and the return of his daughter. I did not reveal myself to him, of his interview with the poor little boy on the sidewalk, years before; I only told him that I knew Corson, and that I would do all that man could do to effect what he wished. He thought my object was money, and I permitted him to think so, satisfied for the present that he should be ignorant of my real motives. But never, never, I think, did mortal prayers go up more fervently to Heaven than those with which I prayed in all the hours of that restless journey that I might succeed in this pursuit.

I will not dwell now on minor incidents; I feel now, as I felt then, that this was the crisis-time of my life, and I hastened to pass it. The officer met me as I sprang from the car platform at the Harlem Depot. "Your name is Mr. Owen, I suppose?" he said. "All right; I had a telegram from Mr. Northcote, saying you would come instead of him. I picked you out by your face. Northcote is just about as anxious enough for this business," added the shrewd fellow, with a sober smile. He had taken me by the arm, and had me in a carriage, whirling down town, before I could edge in a single word. "I think it's all right," he continued. "There's a couple at the Brevoort House that answers to the little description I got by telegram. You know the man, I suppose?"
"Yes," I replied; and here is the lady's picture." He took it and gave one glance at the face. "We are right," was all he said; and then he leaned back in the carriage with a smile of triumph.

We stopped at the Brevoort; and telling me to remain in my seat a moment, my companion ran into the office, and returned again in hardly a moment more.
"To Pavana Ferry—quick!"
He jerked out the words excitedly and then as the carriage rolled away, he explained hurriedly that Corson and the lady with him had taken a carriage for the ferry not six minutes before; but that another officer whom he had left at the hotel to watch him had mounted the box with the driver, and would not suffer them to get beyond the slip.

We were soon at the ferry, and we hastened into the sitting-room together. The report of a pistol greeted our ears—there was a rushing and swaying of the crowd—I caught sight of the pale, horror-stricken face of Amy Northcote, before she covered it with her hands—and I literally thrust aside and trampled down those between us, until I held my arms about her; and I kept her safely while she was unconscious.
"How did it happen?" I heard one of the officers, the one who had come with me, ask of the other.
"He pointed, as he spoke, to the body of Corson, lying dead on the floor, the blood flowing out beneath it, and his glassy eyes and wicked face turned up with an expression of dying rage upon them.
"He pulled a pistol when I laid my hand on him," was the reply; "and before I could knock him with my club, the hammer caught in the lining of his coat, and so he shot his own miserable self. He never spoke after the bullet hit him."

Amy leaned upon my arm with both her hands, and I drew her away from the horrible sight to the carriage. I looked backward once, and saw a woman prostrate beside the corpse, kissing the dead face, and sobbing "Jack, Jack—dear Jack!" She was the same whom I had seen in the city of the Northcotes' home—the miserable wife of Corson, as was proved before a doubt. She must have followed him upon the same train that brought me, and clung on behind the carriage by which I came to the ferry.

I never saw her again. For the misery of her life one man alone must answer—the man whose cold face she was kissing when my eyes last rested on her.

IX.
I might stop here; I have passed the darkness and reached the light of this, my own life romance, and all that happened after Amy and I came back to Redmond might well be anticipated. But a few more words, and I have done.
There was such a meeting beside the bed of Mr. Northcote, in Betty's spare chamber, between father and daughter, and the mother, too, who had reached Redmond during my absence, as my pen cannot describe. And though the shock of the discovery of Corson's crime, his death, and all the misery that the affair brought upon them, was hard to be borne, yet they rejoiced that Amy was restored to them as from the jaws of a hungry wolf; and to me, in particular, their thanks were given for her rescue.
It was eight weeks before Mr. Northcote was able to be carried on a litter over to the depot; and my reader may be sure that he did not go until he had delighted the heart of Betty Carpenter by giving her twice what she charged, and a handsome present, beside. Eight weeks; that is two months, a